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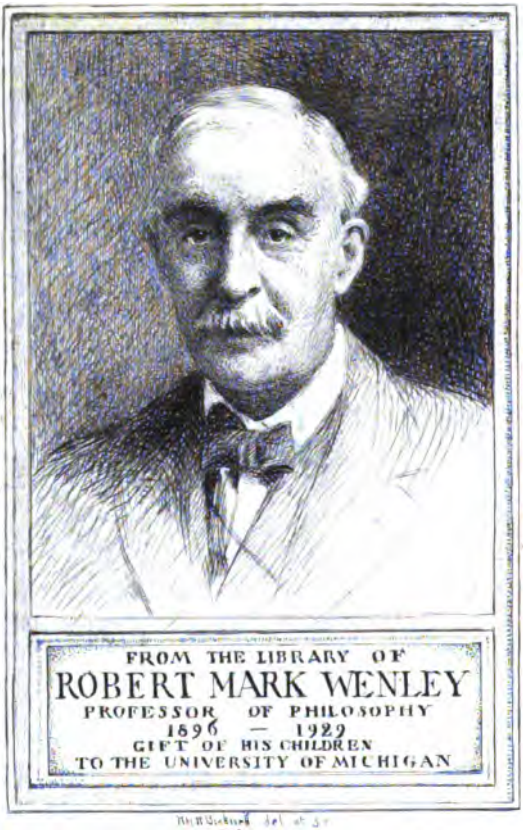

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A

Monthly Magazine

OF

CURRENT TOPICS, LITERATURE, & ART.

Edited by E. M. ABDY-WILLIAMS.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME IV.

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TIME.

JULY, 1886.

OUR LONDON HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

BY CHARLES MARVIN.

WHEN, a few weeks ago, the daily newspapers, in describing the disastrous boiler explosion at Stepney, mentioned casually that seventeen of the injured had been conveyed in cabs in a batch to the London Hospital, Whitechapel, the thought must have struck some reflective people that very probably neither the manufacturer, whose boiler had wrought such terrible mischief among his workmen, nor yet any of the injured seventeen, had ever contributed a penny to the London Hospital in their life. Yet here were seventeen persons, more or less seriously hurt, thrust unceremoniously upon the hospital staff, and five of these had to be immediately provided with beds in the institution on their arrival. Now, a bed at the London Hospital, including all expenses, costs nearly £70 a year to maintain, or about twenty-six shillings a week. The admission of five patients implied, therefore, saddling the London Hospital with a collective cost of £6 10*s.* per week, while the attendance of the rest as out-patients meant probably an addition to this, sufficient to raise the amount to £8 or £9. Two out of the five were tradespeople—a baker and a milkman, who happened to be passing the unfortunate bedding factory at the time, and who may have never subscribed to a hospital, simply because they were able to pay for a family doctor, and may have thought a hospital of no personal value to them. Yet, each of them, the moment he was injured, became entitled to nursing and doctoring in a comfortable ward, costing, inclusive of the maintenance of the hospital, twenty-six shillings a week! Considering that you, who are reading this, are entitled also to the same privilege should you be run over, or in any way be injured, next time you quit your house, the question arises—Do hospitals merit support solely on the grounds of

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charity and benevolence, or are there other reasons that should impel Londoners to give more than a contemptible £30,000 a year to those institutions on Hospital Sunday?

To some £30,000 may seem a respectable amount for London to subscribe on a single Sunday to the hospitals of the metropolis. Yet what is it compared with London's wants? The London Hospital alone costs £50,000 a year to keep up, and thus the whole of the sum annually gathered from the many millions of the wealthiest city in the world, is barely sufficient to provide for the requirements of a mere third-rate hospital of three or four hundred beds, let alone one like the London Hospital with eight hundred. When the Hospital Sunday Fund comes to be divided among the many claimants, the share apportioned to each is, compared with the expenditure of the recipient, so unsatisfactory that more than once the question has been raised—What is the good of Hospital Sunday? The opponents of the Fund argue that the general appeal once a year leads the public to give only once a year, and occasions an erroneous impression that this single donation is sufficient in the aggregate to provide a substantial addition to the ordinary hospital revenue. It is alleged, also, that the hospitals dislike the fund, because it discourages public benevolence, and one serious effect of this allegation is, that persons who desire to satisfy their consciences that they are not mean in giving only a threepenny-piece donation to the fund on Hospital Sunday, invoke an excuse which effectually destroys the effect of the most eloquent sermon.

In the spring I had occasion to visit a number of London hospitals, and with but an unimportant exception or two, found the fund spoken well of by the whole of them. The opinion was general among the hospital officials that the results were very unworthy of the appeal; but there was a clear conviction that the appeal was a right one, and a useful one, to make to the London public. Representing, as I did, one of that public who had been preached at year after year without carrying away from the sermon any special impression of being under a personal obligation to the hospitals of London, my investigations and discussions led to the conviction, that hitherto too much attention had been drawn to the charitable aspect of giving to the hospital funds, and not enough stress laid upon self-interest. So far as my memory served me, I had always been asked to subscribe to the hospitals for the sake of the suffering poor, and not for the sake of my suffering self. When I examined the reports of the principal hospitals and scrutinised the appeals in the daily papers, I found that I was invariably urged to give a donation to benefit somebody else, receiving by implication in return the impalpable "blessing of the Almighty." Yet, wherever I went in the hospitals, I found a very palpable benefit being conferred on the rich and well-to-do public, as well as on the poor; and over and over again

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the lesson was impressed upon me that I ought to support them for the sake of my own sacred self, and without (except under certain circumstances) feeling at all I was playing the part of the good Samaritan.

I have referred to the fact of the hospitals being always open to accident cases. All the year round, night and day, the doctors and nurses are always ready to take in any case; and what this means in a crowded district may be gathered from the fact that the London Hospital sometimes deals with as many as sixty or seventy accidents in a day, and that as many as twenty are frequently brought into the place between midnight and dawn. Last year this hospital treated in the aggregate no less than 8,700 accidents, which included 1,572 fractures, 3,491 wounds, 1,010 contusions, 188 sprains, 171 dislocations, 761 burns and scalds, 34 dog bites, 107 cases of hæmorrhage, and various others —2,000 of the sufferers being accommodated with beds in the wards. It would be easy to quote equally striking figures from the records of other hospitals; but these should be sufficient to convince the most sceptical that in each district the hospitals do an amount of good, which the local and imperial authorities very barbarously requite by making them pay rates and taxes. Considering all the enormous difficulties our large hospitals have to contend with in getting in subscriptions, and make both ends meet, it is a national disgrace to allow them to be taxed. The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, for instance, which everybody knows who has read Dickens' description of it in "Our Mutual Friend," had to pay last year £326 in rates and taxes on the hospital itself, and £80 on the convalescent branch at Highgate—over £400 together! Who can defend this as being fair?

The accident patients of a general hospital are of all classes. When a man is injured on the railway or in the street, no one stops to ascertain his social position, or whether he can afford to pay the heavy fees of a fashionable surgeon; the general impulse is, to get him to the nearest hospital as quickly as possible. In this manner hardly a day passes without the papers mentioning the admittance into a hospital of individuals very far removed in the social scale from the Lazarus class, on whose behalf hospital appeals are commonly made. The late Lord Shaftesbury made many such appeals for money for hospitals, never thinking probably that these institutions would be of any use to himself. Yet, when, in a moment of insanity, he shot himself in Regent Street, it was to a hospital he was driven to receive surgical aid, and thereby afforded a striking illustration of the value of the hospital to the rich as well as to the poor. If you, who are worth £1,000 or £10,000, or £100,000 a year, are always liable to be taken to a hospital to receive the best of surgical skill and nursing, in the event of

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an accident or sudden illness in the streets, is it wholly a matter of charity to give a shilling or two a year to keep an hospital going? It seems to me that, if the hospitals maintain an organisation night and day, from which I may at any moment derive benefit, at a cost of over £1 a week to them, I ought, simply out of pure consideration for my own beloved self, give yearly a donation proportionate to my means. The larger the revenue of a hospital the better it is able to meet the wants, and satisfy the wishes, of a community. The extra shilling I give to-day may mean, with other extra shillings, a softer bed, a more beautiful ward, an ampler diet, and swifter means of cure when I myself am carried to the hospital a year hence, the victim of an accident.

And not only does the hospital do good indiscriminately to rich and poor by accepting all who are brought injured to its door; it is a school where the best surgeons of the day receive their training, where skilfulness is attained which is not merely beneficial to the indigent, but also to the wealthy? Any one who has had a tooth extracted or stopped knows the difference between a good dentist and a bungler. If hospital practice will enable a surgeon to perform an operation on a rich man with a maximum of skill and a minimum of pain, is it purely a matter of charity for the latter to help with a donation to provide that hospital practice?

The argument can still be carried further. Throughout life individuals of all classes benefit by the hospital. The lying-in institutions, which the charitable public are supposed to support for the sake of poor married and unmarried females—chiefly the latter—train hundreds of skilled nurses and midwives, who carry improved methods into the homes of the public, non-charitable as well as charitable, and thereby make it a matter of interest to keep these refuges going. All general hospitals, again, send out accoucheurs to the poor for a mile or more outside their walls, and it is here that the family doctor gets his first practice. Children's hospitals provide specialists in infantile disorders; dental hospitals turn out eminent dentists, both of whom are absolutely essential to every one; and if an individual escapes all diseases in his earthly career, it is rare that his wife and family go through life without having to try the skill of physicians, skilled in the complaints of the eye, ear, and throat—particularly the latter in our changeable climate. It is a well-known fact that a family doctor who has undergone a course at the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, is better equipped for dealing with the common developments of coughs and colds, than a practitioner who has not done so, and is able to save many a life that would otherwise be destroyed by that fell disease. If the training there be thus so valuable, is it an act of charity for you to support such hospitals, thanks to whose training your family doctor may save your life?

No one can go through our London hospitals without being

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struck with the constant progress being made. I had occasion to visit them at all hours, and at some I spent two or three days examining every feature of the institution. That the patients were treated with amazing patience, consideration, and kindness by doctors and nurses; that the kitchens as well as the wards were models of cleanness; that a firm control was kept over unnecessary expenditure and waste,—were points to a certain degree commonplace, provoking simply an enhancement of the appreciation of our London hospitals which had always existed in my mind. What struck me more than all this was that institutions, in which new cures were being perfected and new methods being elaborated for reducing to a minimum the discomfort, danger, and anguish, at present persistently present in certain diseases and injuries, should appeal to the general public in the name of God only. It is not a matter of God, I said to myself—it is a matter of Man. If, in the course of my earthly career, I am liable to be attacked with fever, consumption, cancer, or some other terrible disease, surely it is to my interest to give yearly something to the hospitals, so that, thanks to improved methods brought about by my donation and others, when the fatal hour of attack comes round, the door of recovery may be open to me a little wider than it is to suffering mankind at present.

"For your own dear sake—for Number One," such should be a more frequent pulpit reason in the general appeal on Hospital Sunday. Both the wealthy and the poorer classes give largely to the hospitals; one has only to examine the lists of annual subscribers and workshop collections in the reports of the London hospitals to realise this fact; and, if they might give more largely still, that is a point for separate discussion. What I want to insist on, is this—that between the rich man who can be personally approached, and persuaded to place his name among the annual supporters of the hospital, and the batches of workmen who can be readily got at in a manufactory or workshop, and induced to participate in a workshop collection, there are tens of thousands of people, in receipt of good incomes, who never receive or read a hospital report, who have no social incentive to give five or ten guineas, who are so accustomed to the stereotyped appeals in the papers that they never heed them, who do not realise the personal benefit they derive directly and indirectly from a hospital, and who pass through life ignorant or indifferent to it. These are the people that Hospital Sunday appeals to, and if they have responded in such a shabby threepenny bit manner hitherto, the fault has been largely due to the fact that the appeal to their limited feelings of charity has not been capped by an appeal to their unlimited middle-class appreciation of what is good for their own dear selves.

Considering that the general hospitals are open night and day, to receive and cure the injured bread-winner, or any member of

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his family, who may hurt themselves at home or abroad, why should a man receiving £300 a year be allowed to believe that there is no need to pay for the privilege; why let him imagine he has done enough in putting sixpence in the collection bag on Hospital Sunday? In parts of London the workmen work annually a quarter of a day extra, and give the proceeds to the district hospital. That is a fair and manly course, reflecting credit on the working man, and putting to shame the tens of thousands of better paid persons who give nothing at all, or only the smallest coin of the realm. But, in justice to those tens of thousands, the admission must be made that most of them have never yet been properly approached. Until they or their little ones are carried injured into the hospital, they live in ignorance of the benefit it confers on themselves and the community. They are educated to believe that the hospital chiefly exists for the suffering poor. If this impression be totally wrong, and I was assured it was at all the hospitals I visited, then the sooner steps are taken to rectify it the better for all concerned. The basis of the demand must be changed. There must be less said about Number Two, and more about Number One. Fairly put, I believe there are thousands who would ungrudgingly give half a crown or five shillings a year to the hospitals, for the sake of maintaining institutions so useful to themselves, who now merely convert their regular weekly alms offering of a threepenny bit into a sixpence on Hospital Sunday.

When a man has given a donation proportionate to his means it is time enough to talk of charity. Let him pay first for the privilege every Londoner enjoys of being provided, whenever an accident causes him to want it, with the best medical or surgical treatment and nursing in the world—after he has paid an adequate insurance fee for this, he can then revel in the luxury of doing good, to his heart's content. Without putting himself to any very serious expense there are innumerable ways by which a person may display real benevolence towards the inmates of our London hospitals. What easier, for instance, than for a man, in making the morning round of his garden, to pick a handful of flowers, and send them off by parcel post to a hospital? The outlay will only be three pence and a little trouble, but how great the pleasure it will afford to the patients! In all our hospitals there is a never-ceasing demand for flowers, for newspapers, for toys, for pictures, and for books. It is impossible to be too liberal, too benevolent, in bestowing these on the hospital inmates.

The question sometimes arises as to whether gifts of this kind are properly applied on reaching their destination. What is the good of sending flowers if one is not certain of their being placed in the wards? To this I can reply that I have watched the arrival and distribution of such gifts, and the instances are very,

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very rare, I fancy, where there is any misapplication or misappropriation. If the reader could only see the pleasure the sight of flowers, and particularly growing flowers in pots, afford a sick person; the enjoyment the patients derive from the pictures in the wards and the books in the ward library; and the delight of the little ones when the house governor, or secretary, or matron, enters with a batch of fresh toys—maybe only half a dozen penny ones—he would feel impelled to make a charitable use of the parcel post many times in the course of the year, and be content to consider himself simply just on Hospital Sunday. Particularly as regards books did I find everywhere a great demand—not for religious books or books of theology—but for bright and entertaining cheap works of general literature such as, for sake of example, usually compose the stock of Stoneham's book stalls. Repeatedly, when the woeful little libraries in the wards were pointed out to me, I was asked whether I could not persuade some editor to imitate Mr. Labouchere's annual appeal for toys, and make a collection of books once a year for the London hospitals. I do not know Mr. Labouchere personally, and I confess to having entertained some doubts as to the good that was done by his toys; but wherever I went I heard him so gratefully referred to, and was shown with such satisfaction the toys in actual use, that I am persuaded that if any editor followed his example, in supplying the wards with books, he would render one of the most useful services to a hospital any kindly journalist could conceive.

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REVERED FOOTPRINTS.*

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

FEW who have entered the British Museum can have failed to note the casts of sculptures from the ancient Tope of Amravati, in Southern India, which adorn the walls of the grand stairs, and the attention of many has doubtless been arrested by two slabs, on each of which are sculptured only two footprints. To the devout Buddhists these double footmarks are said to have symbolised the invisible presence of Buddha—a tenet, however, wholly unwarranted by his own teaching.

Passing up these stairs to that corner of the new gallery which is devoted to Buddhist mythology, we note a great stone slab, on which is sculptured one huge footprint nearly five feet in length. The whole is covered with elaborate symbolic carving, and each toe is adorned with a curious object like a large spiral shell. The outline of this foot is defined by a raised border originally carved in a pattern like scale armour; but at a later period this has been coated with plaister and encrusted with bits of looking-glass and coloured glass, representing gems.

All that is known of the history of this once venerated object is, that it was brought from Burmah by Captain Marryat, but by what means he obtained it, or to what mountain or temple it formerly attracted devout worshippers, there is unfortunately no record. Its presence here, however, reminds us that amongst the many singular objects which in divers lands have for ages claimed reverent homage from a large section of mankind, few are more noteworthy than certain rocks, in various parts of the world, which are deemed sacred (and as such have from time immemorial been treated as places of pilgrimage) on account of a natural indentation bearing some resemblance to a gigantic human footprint.

These have generally been somewhat elaborated by pious hands, which define the toes and perfect the outline, and the footprint then becomes an object of most devout homage to thousands of human beings, who believe it to be the true spot of earth hallowed for evermore by the fact that it was the first or the last touched either by the founder of their religion (whatever that may happen to be), or by some venerated hero.

* "Wanderings in China." C. F. Gordon Cumming. Vol. i., p. 49.

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Thus Herodotus tells of a gigantic footprint which he himself saw on a rock near Syras, in Scythia, and which was believed to be that of Hercules. And in the New World we find the Mexicans revering a mark on a huge block of porphyry which they suppose to have been imprinted by the imperial foot of Montezuma.

Most of the world's revered footprints have been appropriated by the Buddhists, who have not scrupled to manufacture a considerable number. I visited one of the latter class in China, on a rock within the Temple of the Five Genii, in the heart of the city of Canton—a temple where the homage bestowed on the footprint is quite secondary to that accorded to five rough-hewn stones, which represent five celestial rams, on which the five good Genii descended to Canton.

It seems probable that there are, or have been, a considerable number of rocks thus sanctified, wherever the religion of Buddha has held sway, for Hiouen-Thsiang, the celebrated Chinese pilgrim, who devoted the years between A.D. 629 and 645 to visiting all the most noted shrines of India, makes continual allusion to having seen among their sacred objects the footprints left by Tathagata (by which name he describes Buddha) where he walked to and fro preaching the law.

He also relates strange legends concerning the actual feet, telling how, when the body of Buddha was about to be burnt, after it had been swathed in a thousand napkins, and enclosed in a heavy coffin which rested on a funeral pyre of scented wood, lo! at that moment, Tathagata revealed his feet, causing them to project from the coffin, and his favourite disciple, Kasyapa, saw that they bore many marks, and as he marvelled what these could be, the dead spoke, and told him that these were the marks of tears, which gods and men, moved by pity, had wept because of his death. (I may observe that two lotus blossoms, bearing the marks of Buddha's feet, are among the subjects which are most frequently represented in the sacred pictures of Japan.)

At the present day, in the province of Behar in India, and also in Siam, at Prabat, near Bangkok, several temples glory in the possession of rocks exhibiting these revered traces of Gautama Buddha—doubtless the very rocks of which Hiouen-Thsiang wrote.

A still more ancient Chinese traveller, Fa Hian, who visited Ceylon A.D. 413, tells of two sacred footprints of Fo (*i.e.*, Buddha), one of which lay quite in the north of the island. More recent Chinese writers attribute the mark on Adam's Peak to Pwan-koo, the first man.

Fourteen hundred and sixty years later, I, too, followed the pilgrim path, to visit several such footprints. The one mentioned by Fa Hian in the far north is now forgotten, but I found one on

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the summit of Allegalla Peak, another on a mountainous mass of red rock at Kurunegalla, and a third (which is emphatically THE FOOTPRINT) on the summit of that beautiful mountain which we call Adam's Peak, but which to the Cingalese of all creeds is known simply as the SRI PADA—"THE HOLY FOOT," though it bears many other names denoting its sanctity.

I was also shown marks—confessedly artificial—in the Buddhist temples at Cotta and at the Alu Vihara, where they are simply revered as models of the True Footprint on the summit of the Peak. Another at the Temple of Kelany, near Colombo, has the credit of being genuine, and is declared by the sacred Buddhist books to be so, having been imprinted by Gautama Buddha when he appeared on his third visit to Ceylon, to preach to the Nagas or Snake Worshippers. But this mark is imprinted on a rock in the middle of the river, and the cool rushing waters circling around it in ceaseless homage, overflow and conceal it from the eyes of men. This is the legend told of a deep eddy in the Kelani Ganga.

A peculiarity of all these footprints is their gigantic size, the smallest which I have seen being that on the western summit of Allegalla, which is *only* four feet six by two feet! Those on Kurunegalla and on Adam's Peak are each six feet in length, as I proved by lying down full length on them in the absence of guardian priests! But to the eye of faith this is no hindrance, for, according to Mahomedan tradition, Adam was the height of a tall palm tree (the tomb at Yeddah, near Mecca, which is reverenced as that of Eve, is seventy feet in length). Buddha likewise is said to have been twenty-seven feet in height, and this is about the proportion which he bears to other saints in Japanese pictures. But in every country where he is worshipped, especially in China and Japan, there are Cyclopean images of him far taller than that.

As regards Siva and Saman, who also receive credit for the big footprint, they, being gods, could of course assume any size they pleased.

Knowing the policy which has led the Church of Rome in all heathen countries, as far as possible, to adapt Christian legends to all objects specially venerated by the people (thus sanctioning their continuance of a homage which could not be at once uprooted),* we need not wonder to find Portuguese writers attributing these revered rock-marks to Christian saints, and De Conto records how, in his time, a stone at Colombo bore the deep impress of the knees of this apostle, who had previously worn a similar hollow on a rock at Meliapore, near Madras. How his poor knees must have ached! Even at the present day, the Roman Catholic Christians of Ceylon make pilgrimage to the footprint on Adam's Peak, as to that of St. Thomas.

* See "In the Hebrides," p. 240. C. F. Gordon Cumming. Chatto & Windus.

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Of an early Christian saint of the Western Church, it is recorded by Willebad (an Anglo-Saxon, who in the year 761 A.D. journeyed in Sicily) that he was shown "her shoe-prints" in the prison at Catania.

Students of Hindoo mythology, or travellers who have ventured to invade the temples of Vishnu, will doubtless remember the reverence accorded to many footprints, ascribed to that god.

Even the grave Mahomedans, with all their theoretic abhorrence of everything savouring of superstition or idolatry, reverence various rock marks which they affirm to have been the footprints of prophets or great saints. Of course the most venerated relic of this class is that at Mecca, where, within the sacred enclosure of the Kaaba (that little temple which to all Mahomedans is the Holy of Holies), there is a small building erected over a sacred stone, which they believe to have been brought thither by Abraham, and on which he stood while building the Kaaba. It bears the impress of his two feet, the big toes being deeply indented. Into these devout pilgrims pour water, and drink thereof, and also wash their faces, as a symbolic purification. This stone is always kept covered with a veil of pure silk; it must on no account be mixed with cotton. Three different veils are kept for use in different years, one green, one black, and one red; all are embroidered in gold.

Another greatly revered Mahomedan relic is The Footprint of Moses at Damascus. Over this sacred rock has been built a mosque, which more than five hundred years ago bore the name of "The Mosque of the Foot." It was visited about the year A.D. 1324 by the celebrated Moorish pilgrim, Ihn Batuta, who, fired with a desire to visit every place deemed sacred by Mahomedans, started from his native city of Tangiers, and for twenty-eight years (when travel was a very different matter to our easy journeys nowadays) wandered in ceaseless pilgrimage from shrine to shrine.

At Shiraz he visited the tomb of the saintly Abu Abd Allah, who, he says, first "made known the way from India to the Mountain of Serendib"—*i.e.*, Adam's Peak in Ceylon. As this saint died early in the tenth century, it is evident that Mahomedans had ere then accepted the footprint on the summit of the Peak as that of Adam—an idea which, strangely enough, they seem to have adopted from the corrupt semi-Christian Gnostics, who borrowed a little from every creed, not even omitting snake-worship; and who gave special pre-eminence to Adam as the original man.

In a Coptic manuscript of the fourth century, which is attributed to Valentinus the Gnostic, there occurs a most curious passage, in which our Saviour is represented as telling the Blessed Virgin that He has appointed an angel to be the special guardian of the footstep impressed by the foot of Ieû (*i.e.*, Adam). It is

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understood that this passage has reference to Adam's Peak, and it is the oldest record we possess of its sanctity.

The legend thus attached to it by the Gnostics was adopted by the Arabs, and so came to be accepted by Mahomedans in general, all of whom reverence Adam as the purest creation of Allah, and so rank him above all patriarchs and prophets—the first of God's vice-gerents upon earth.

As a matter of course, this Gnostic legend of the Footprint was rejected by the early Christians of purer creed, and so Moses of Chorene, Patriarch of Alexandria, writing in the fourth or fifth century, affirms it to be undoubtedly the mark of Satan, who alighted here when he fell from heaven!

According to the orthodox teaching of the Khoran, Paradise was not on this earth, but in the Seventh Heaven; and when Adam was ejected thence, it was he, and not Satan, who alighted on the Peak, and here he remained standing on one foot for about two centuries, striving by penance to expiate his crime. Hence the mark worn on the rock. Poor Eve tumbled into Arabia, and landed at Yeddah, near Mecca, whither, when these centuries were ended, the Archangel guided Adam, who brought her back to live in Ceylon, as the best substitute for Paradise that earth could give. Both, however, are said to have been carried back to Mecca for burial.

Whatever the varieties of creed that exist in this fair isle, all alike agree in their reverence for this one high pinnacle, and, most marvellous to relate, all meet to worship side by side on the sacred summit, in peace and amity.

While the Mahomedans crowd here to do homage to the memory of Adam, the Tamils * believe that the footprint is that of one of their gods, the worshippers of Siva claim it as his mark, while the votaries of Vishnu ascribe it to Saman, who, in India, is worshipped under the name of Lakshmana. He was the brother of Rama, one of the incarnations of Vishnu, whose invasion of Ceylon, to rescue his beautiful wife Sita from the demon-king Ravana, is celebrated in the Ramayana, a nice little epic poem of 96,000 lines! Being a descendant of the Sun, Saman's image is always painted yellow, and to him are consecrated the scarlet rhododendron blossoms which glorify the mountain summit.

It is in his honour that the butterflies—true children of the Sun—bear the name of Samanaliya. They are supposed to be especially dear to him, because of the vast flights which sometimes stream from all parts of the isle, all tending in the direction of the Peak; hence it is supposed that they, too, are on pilgrimage to do homage to the Holy Footprint. (If it seems strange that the Cingalese should call their exquisite butterflies by the name

* Some of these are the descendants of the old Malabar conquerors of Ceylon; others are constantly being imported from the mainland by the planters as labourers. Most of these are of the Hindoo religion.

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of a Hindoo god, we must remember that Buddhism is so very accommodating and all-absorbing, that many Hindoo idols are worshipped in Buddhist temples.)

Very various are the names bestowed by all these religious bodies on the shapely cone, which has been so well described as the sacred citadel of ancient religions. To the Hindoos of all sects it is the Mount Swangarrhanam, "The ascent to Heaven;" but the Sivites distinguish it as Siva-noli-padam, while to the Vishnuvites it is Samanala, or Saman-takuta. To the Mahomedan Moormen it is Baba-Adamalei, which is the equivalent of the European name Adam's Peak, while to the Buddhist the term SRI PADA, "THE FOOTPRINT," is all expressive.

Thus as clouds ever float around the loftiest mountain summit, so have the legends of many races gathered round this high pinnacle, which consequently possesses for Oriental minds a concentrated essence of sanctity altogether indescribable.

To the most careless traveller its natural beauty offers an irresistible attraction, and never shall I forget my first glimpse of it as seen from the sea, when we were still some miles distant from the coast, the mountain lying about fifty miles inland, and apparently (though not really) far overtopping all others. There, in the early dawn, it stood revealed—a deep blue peak cutting clear against a golden sky. To reach this high point became the desire of my heart, but many months elapsed ere I accomplished it.

Meanwhile I found welcome in a lovely home nestling high on the face of a mountain scarcely less beautiful than Adam's Peak, though its name is comparatively unknown. This is Allegalla Peak, which towers majestically above the low wooded hills and the rice-fields of the lowlands, its own slopes being clothed with the richest vegetation, and the lovely foliage of many varieties of palm. Now the railway from Colombo to Kandy winds round the flank of this noble mountain, and the eyes of the traveller are perpetually on the strain, gazing upward to the rocky crest, or down over precipitous crags to the valleys which lie so far below.

It was a long and toilsome ascent from the railway to that home among the coffee shrubs, whence we still looked far up to the stupendous mass of rock round which the thunder clouds so often gathered and burst in wild majesty, followed by such rain as seamed the mountain side with rushing rivulets.

On a glorious day, when not a cloud veiled the tranquil blue heaven, we reached the summit of Allegalla Peak, which we found to be really a double summit, connected by a rock saddle. The Eastern Peak is crowned with palms, as beseems so brave a mountain, but our steps were attracted to the Western Peak, for there, on a rounded slab of rough red rock, is imprinted the footmark to which the inhabitants of this district do homage. I do

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not believe that it has any pretension to be a genuine article, but it is a convenient representative of the true footprint on the summit of Adam's Peak, which, though about forty miles distant, we saw clearly on the horizon, towering above a sea of low-lying white mist. My sketches of Allegalla and this footprint, and of Adam's Peak, its summit, shrine, and its strange triangular shadow, are at present exhibited in the Ceylon Court of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition.

This is a perfect footmark, four feet six inches in length by two feet in width. Before it is a rude stone altar, on which some worshippers had laid their offering of flowers and fruit, and the clear water, which lay in a hollow of the scorching rock, suggested that it had been carried thither and poured out on the footprint as an act of worship. As we looked across the sea of white mist enfolding the base of the distant Sri Pada, a long line of swiftly advancing light rounding the face of the precipice far below us marked the express train rushing down from Kandy to Colombo, suggesting a strange contrast between the pilgrims who through so many centuries have toiled up that hill of difficulty, and the luxurious travellers of these later days, rushing on in their ceaseless race against time.

About twenty miles to the north of Allegalla* is Kurune-galla, which foreigners call Kornegalle, and which is said to derive its name from a gigantic rounded mass of red rock shaped like a beetle. The country hereabouts is dotted with similar mountainous masses of gneiss rock, one of which, close to Kornegalle, is called Aeta-galla—*i.e.*, the Rock of the Tusk Elephant, because it somewhat resembles an elephant lying down. It is a solid red mass about 650 feet high, and on a clear day Adam's Peak is visible from this summit also.

Here, in the court of an ancient temple, the object of special veneration is a "Holy Foot" cut on the rock. It is the right foot; it is six feet in length, and points north-east. It is avowedly only a model of the true footprint, but it has the advantage of being several hundred years old, having been cut to assist the devotions of the ancient kings of Kandy and the ladies of that royal house, when, in the first half of the fourteenth century, Kornegalle was the capital of the kingdom, and the royal residence was situated at the base of the crag, where, beneath the shadow of noble old trees, carved stones and broken columns still mark the spot.

From this point Adam's Peak lies in a direct line to the south, and one of my most delightful reminiscences of a prolonged visit to Ceylon is of a moonlight night spent on the summit of this mountain. I think part of its charm lay in the knowledge that probably not half a dozen white women had accomplished the ascent, for though it really is not very difficult to a good

* Galla means Rock.

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scrambler, it is the fashion to consider it a very great feat, and almost all the gentlemen, who had themselves been to the summit, jeered at the idea of my accomplishing it. It occurred to me, however, that I could probably climb quite as well as the Cingalese and Tamil women of all ages, who, year after year, toil up here for the good of their souls.

Time being no object, we diverged from the direct path to visit the charming hill-station of Newera-Ellia, with its wealth of scarlet rhododendrons and fragrant white trumpet flowers (the Datura), halting on the steep road thither to rest beside the beautiful falls at Rambodde, whose crystal waters and cool spray were a vision of delight in the scorching heat of the noonday sun.

Our pleasant pilgrimage extended over many weeks, as we travelled by easy stages from one coffee estate to another, halting at bungalows which bear such names as Blair Athol, Glen Tilt, and Forres, strangely homelike sounds to my ears, and suggestive of the colony of Scotchmen whom we found settled in every corner. "Forres" was our last resting-place before commencing the ascent. It lies at the very foot of the Peak, or rather, of a long shoulder, along which we toiled for four hours, till we reached an Ambulum, or pilgrim's rest-house, at the foot of the actual cone.

I had hoped that I could have been carried thus far in a dandy which is a strip of canvas hung on a bamboo,—a mode of travel whose advantages I had often proved in my Himalayan wanderings,—but as the track lay up and down frightfully steep ravines, or else through forest so thick that the long bamboo pole could not make its way, I had soon to give up this attempt, and join the walkers, consoling myself for the extra fatigue by the beauty of the undergrowth of ferns, and the wonderful variety of lovely tints, rich madder, sienna, crimson, delicate pink, and pale green, all due to the young foliage which here is ever developing all the year round.

Having started at daybreak, we were all very glad of a halt for breakfast beneath the rough shelter of the said rest-house, which is merely an open shed. Happily we had brought mats of Taliput palm leaf, which we spread on the floor, and thereon rested. Only for our eyes there was no rest, as we gazed upwards at the majestic cone shaped like a gigantic bell, and towering right above us, cutting sharp against the deep blue sky. The other side of the ravine presented a front of mighty precipices.

At this halting place there are a few tiny shops, chiefly for the sale of curry stuffs for the pilgrims, and much we marvelled tc see the multitudes of bottles of Eau-de-Cologne—genuine Jean Marie Farina—at one shilling a bottle. Of course I invested, thinking it would at least do to burn in my Etna, but little did I guess what a villainous compound it was, which the very irreligious

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merchant pawned off on devout pilgrims as a meet offering wherewith to anoint the holy footprint.

The pilgrims are a never-failing crop. All the year round they come and go, but their special season is at the spring festival in April and May, just when the rains are at their height, and mountain torrents are liable to rise suddenly and detain them for days, subject to all manner of hardships; but these, I suppose, only add to the merits of the pilgrimage, for the sanctity of the season prevails, and the pilgrims press on in a continuous stream amounting to thousands annually. The feebleness of old age is no drawback—grey-bearded grandfathers and wrinkled, toothless old hags are escorted by all their family, and sometimes a tottering old granny is borne on the back of a stalwart son,—a true deed of filial devotion,—while mothers help their toddling little ones up the steep ascent which is to secure for them such special blessing.

Some have travelled from the mainland of India, others from the furthest districts of the isle, long and toilsome journeys, and when they reach the base of the holy mount they are so near the accomplishment of their heart's desire, that all weariness is well-nigh forgotten, and ever and anon the stillness of the dense forest is broken by the echo of the shout of praise: "Saädu! Saädu!" which is the equivalent of "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

The great mass of pilgrims approach the mountain from the south, *viâ* Ratnapoora, "the city of rubies," which—unless the accounts which have been published are very highly-coloured—must involve far more difficult climbing and scrambling than anything we had to do. When they have ascended about one hundred and fifty very ancient rock-hewn steps, attributed to good King Prakrama Bahu I.,—himself a pilgrim,—they come to a most romantic bathing place, overshadowed by large trees. This is just above a granite precipice, over which the Sitaganga* hurls itself on to the boulders far below.

In these chill waters the pilgrims must bathe, and so purify themselves ere completing the ascent of the Holy Mount along precipitous faces of rock, where their only safety lies in gripping the iron chains which adventurous climbers have placed here for the benefit of weaker heads.

As a matter of course, traditions, legends, and myths attach to each rock and turn on the pilgrim path; each overhanging cliff, each gushing spring, each rippling rivulet that rushes down the water-worn ravines has its own story, in many cases vague and dreamy as the mists which float around the towering pinnacle.

Our ascent of the actual cone commenced immediately after leaving the aforesaid rest-house. We crossed a clear crystal stream rushing downward from the summit (such as when swollen by sudden storm might well prove a serious hindrance to

* Ganga means River.

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returning pilgrims). Then entering a deep fern-clad ravine, we struggled steadily upward, and a very stiff climb it proved, like that of the very steepest stair up an old cathedral tower. This continued for two and a half miles, sometimes in dark cool forest, sometimes along a face of bare precipitous rock exposed to scorching sun. The path is like the bed of a watercourse coming straight down from the summit, with thick jungle on either side. The ravine is so narrow that it is necessary to go single file, and it really is a serious difficulty to meet pilgrims on their downward way.

I got some help by passing a rope round my waist and sending two coolies ahead with the ends of it, which gave some support and a gentle upward impetus. Some of the steps, certainly, are very high, but the difficulty is greatly overrated, and in fair weather there is no danger whatever, though the iron chains which hang along the face of a precipice at the summit are said to be really necessary for the pilgrims to hold on by, on stormy days; indeed, the great iron chains by which the roof of the little shrine is affixed to the rocks all round tell the same story of the wild sweeping of tempestuous winds and storms which often rage around the summit and invest the Peak with dread.

These chains are said to have been originally placed here by Alexander the Great, whom the Mahomedans affirm to have climbed the pinnacle about B.C. 330, to do homage to the Footprint of Adam. Ibn Batuta, describing his ascent of the Peak in the fourteenth century, tells how a ridge at the base of the cone bears the name of the Conqueror, as does also a water-spring, at which all pilgrims slake their thirst; and Ashref, a Persian poet of the following century, tells how, in order to facilitate the difficult and dangerous ascent, Alexander caused stanchions to be fixed in the face of the cliff to sustain iron chains, by holding on to which they were able to scale the precipitous rock without danger. Whoever has the merit of first placing the chains, there they remain to the present day.

We accounted ourselves rarely fortunate in being favoured with a day of calmest sunshine, for most evenings, both before and after our expedition, closed with terrific thunderstorms, and for hours together the Peak was veiled in dark clouds, so we had fully reckoned on the possibility of such a night of awe. Instead of this, on reaching the summit our eyes were gladdened with a magnificent view of the whole island, outstretched on every side. All around lay a vast expanse of forest-clad mountain ranges—the wholesale destruction of the forests to prepare the way for cultivation being less conspicuous from this point than from many others; and far away, beyond wide sweeps of park-like country, traversed by silvery lines which mark the course of rivers, and vanishing in a soft blue haze, a line of glittering light revealed the presence of the encircling ocean.

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All this we beheld at a glance when, after a final steep climb up the huge naked rock about forty feet high, which forms the mountain crown, we reached a morsel of level ground which lies about ten feet below the summit, from which point a level pathway has been constructed, forming an oval of about seventy feet, passing round the Peak so as to enable pilgrims to perform the three orthodox turns, following the course of the sun, by keeping the right hand next to the rock all the time. The outer edge of this path is happily protected by a low stone wall; sorely, indeed, must the sunrise turns * have tried dizzy heads ere this was built by some pious pilgrims.

So steep are the precipitous sides of this mighty cone, that one marvels how the gnarled old rhododendron trees have contrived to gain, and continued to retain their hold on the rock, or how they find sustenance, There they are, however, with their glossy leaves and crimson blossoms, as gay as though rooted in the richest peat soil, instead of being fed chiefly by the dews of heaven.

A final ascent of about ten steps brings us to the extreme summit of the Peak, which is crowned by a picturesque little wooden temple, consisting merely of a light overhanging roof, supported on slender columns, and open to every wind of heaven —such winds as would carry it to the sea were it not for the strong iron chains passing over it. Beneath this canopy lies THE FOOTPRINT, revered not only by about four hundred million Buddhists, but also, as I have just stated, by Hindoos and Mahomedans without number, and even by Roman Catholic Christians.

Happily for us, ascending at the end of January, we arrived before the annual stream of pilgrims, so we found only a handful —a very varied selection, however, beginning with our own party, which included divers European nationalities, while the Oriental creeds were represented by an old Hindoo yogi in saffron-coloured robes, and wearing a large rosary of black beads; he had come from the Punjab to worship Siva, while his neighbour, a Mahomedan priest, had travelled all the way from Lahore, in northern India, to do homage to Adam on this sacred spot. He found the mountain air exceedingly cold, and crouched over his fire, wrapped in a gorgeous patchwork quilt, smoking his hubble-bubble. Several Christians from the Malabar coast were intent on the worship of St. Thomas.

Strange to say, the only Buddhist priest present was a small boy of the Ambegamoa sect, who slept apart beneath an overhanging rock near our hut, where we heard him singing his midnight prayers most devoutly. He was a pretty little fellow, and

* For instances of SUNRISE TURNS round all manner of sacred objects, see "In the Himalayas," pp. 4, 250, 359, 430, 529, 551, 584, 590. C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Published by Chatto & Windus.

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the yellow robes of the priesthood harmonised well with a clear brown skin and dark eyes. They are worn so as to leave one arm and shoulder bare. A wretched little hut, on the level just below the summit, is reserved for the use of the senior priests, who, however, have more comfortable quarters at the foot of the mountain when not on duty here.

While I made a careful drawing of the scene, my companions were hard at work preparing our night quarters. Happily there still remained the walls of a hut which was built on the occasion of Lady Robinson's ascent, so this was quickly cleaned out, thickly carpeted with bamboo grass, and roofed with the large mats of taliput palm-leaf which we had so fortunately brought with us; so in the course of a couple of hours we had a capital two-roomed house ready. This had the merit of standing a little apart from the pilgrims, and was perched upon rocks fringed with ferns and sweet pink orchids, and overshadowed by rhododendron trees.

Suddenly, about twenty minutes before sunset, to our intense delight, the far-famed shadow of the Peak fell eastward athwart the plain, like a blue spirit-pyramid resting, not on the ground, but on the atmosphere; for instead of assuming the forms of the mountains, it lay in a faultless triangle, the lines as straight as if they had been ruled, although the object casting the so-called shadow is a ragged cone.

I suppose it is due to the fact of the sun being so much larger than the earth, that its level rays, divided by the base of the mountain, seem to meet again on the opposite horizon. But such prosaic speculation as to its cause found no place in our thoughts while gazing spellbound on this wondrous apparition, which each moment grew wider at the base, while lengthening till it touched the ocean on the eastern horizon, and the sun sank beyond the western waves.

When the last glories of the afterglow had faded away, we had a most cheery dinner by a moonlight so clear that we could distinguish the whole island outspread far below us, right away to the sea. Our thinly-clad coolies suffered much from cold, and so tried to warm themselves by dancing round their fires—a curious wild scene. The gentlemen encouraged the dancers, and strove to warm them by administering small drams of brandy, which they received in the palm of the hand, crouching at the feet of the *dorre—i.e.*, "master."

While this was going on, I crept up to the now deserted shrine, and stood there alone beside the rock-mark, which in all ages has inspired such amazing reverence in millions of my fellow-creatures. During the regular pilgrim season the shrine is all hung with white cloths, and the sacred footprint is covered by a model of itself made of brass, inlaid with pieces of coloured glass, which is the modern substitute for the original, which was

of pure gold, inlaid with precious gems, and which was seen here by Dutch travellers who ascended the Peak in 1654.

I had the better fortune to see the rock unadorned, and, if the truth must be confessed, being anxious to measure it accurately for myself, I lay down full length on it, and found it to be four and a half inches longer than myself, whereby I proved it to be just six feet in length. I was told that the breadth at the toes is thirty-two inches. That at the heel is twenty-six inches. The natural mark is merely a slight indentation, eight inches deeper at the toes than at the heel, but the imaginary outline of the foot has been emphasised by a rim of plaster, coloured to match the rock. The toes have also been defined. The footprint points north-west.

According to a tradition quoted in Chinese records of the sixteenth century, the hollow of the footprint should contain a never-failing supply of fresh water, supplied from heaven, and which cures all diseases. I am told that many sick folk make this toilsome pilgrimage on purpose to drink of this water of life. I can only hope that they do not often find the rock as dry as it was on this occasion! There is, however, a well at the foot of the mountain which, although its waters are less sacred, is nevertheless credited with miraculous cures, and this also has been duly recorded by observant Chinese travellers of the fourteenth century. So you see, the further you travel, the more surely you will prove, that there is nothing really new under the sun!

After a while, chilling mists began to arise from the deep valleys, and to creep up the mountain side, and I was glad enough to join the cheery party beside the blazing fire, and then to seek rest in the little hut, truly thankful for the kind forethought which had supplied so goodly a store of warm blankets.

Ere the first glimmer of dawn, I stole forth to look down upon the wondrous sea of white mist, which seemed to cover the whole isle with one fleecy shroud, a strangely eerie scene, all bathed in the pale spiritual moonlight. Ever and anon the faint breeze stirred the billowy surface, and a veil of transparent vapour floated upward to play round the dark summits of the surrounding hills, which seemed like innumerable islands on a glistening lake. One of these, bearing the name of Uno Dhia Parawatia,—a grand square-shaped rock mass,—towers high above the surrounding ridges of densely wooded hills.

Wonderful and most impressive was the stillness. Just before daybreak my ear caught the ascending murmur of voices, and, peering down the mountain side, I discerned the glimmering torches which told of the approach of a pilgrim band toiling up the steep ravine, bent on reaching the summit ere sunrise.

Judging from my own experience, I should have thought they could have little breath to spare. Nevertheless, they contrived to cheer the way with sacred chaunts, and very wild and

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pathetic these sounded as they floated up through the gloom of night.

At last the topmost stair was reached, and as each pilgrim set foot on the level just below the shrine, he extinguished his torch of blazing palm-leaves, and with bowed head and outstretched arms stood wrapped in fervent adoration. Some knelt so lowlily that their foreheads rested on the rock. Then facing the east—now streaked with bars of orange, betwixt purple clouds—they waited with earnest faces, eagerly longing for the appearing of the sun, suggesting to my mind a strikingly Oriental illustration, of the words of the poet king: "My soul waiteth for the Lord, *more than they that watch for the morning.*" *

Gradually the orange glow broadened, and the wetting light grew clearer and clearer, until, with a sudden bound, up rose the glorious sun, and, as if with one voice, each watcher greeted its appearing with the deep-toned "Saädu! Saäḍu!" which embodies such indescribable intensity of devotion.

Beautiful in truth was that radiant light, which, while the world below still lay shrouded in gloom, kissed this high summit and the glowing blossoms of the crimson rhododendron trees, and lent its own brightness to the travel-stained white garments of the pilgrims.

But while these gazed spellbound, absorbed in worship, we quickly turned westward, and there, to our exceeding joy, once more beheld the mighty shadow falling right across the island, and standing out clear and distinct—a wondrous pyramid whose summit touched the western horizon. The world below us still lay veiled in white mist, now tinged with a delicate pink, as were also the mountain tops, which rose so like islands from that vaporous sea. But, right across it all, the great blue triangle lay outspread, its edge prismatic, like a faint rainbow.

We watched it for three hours, during which it gradually grew shorter and more sombre, so that it was actually darker than the forest-clad hills which lay in shadow before us, and across which it fell. As the sun rose higher and higher, the blue pyramid gradually grew narrower at the base, till finally it vanished, leaving us impressed with the conviction that to this phenomenon must in some measure be attributed the sanctity with which, in early ages, a people always keenly addicted to nature-worship invested this mountain top. Their modern descendants seemed to have no room for it in their full hearts.

I may mention that I have witnessed this identical phenomenon from the summit of Fuji-Yama, the Holy Mountain of Japan, while from the summit of Mount Omei, the Holy Mountain of the Chinese Buddhists, is seen a marvellous prismatic halo, which is known as the "Glory of Buddha." Occasionally, when the shadow of Adam's Peak falls on mist, the spectral shadow seems

* Bible version of Psalm cxxx. 6.

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to stand upright, taking the conical form of the mountain, and a rainbow-girt halo rests on its summit.

Intently as we watched each change in this wondrous vision, we did not fail to note the proceedings of our fellow-pilgrims, who, previous to paying their vows at the holy shrine, walk thrice sunwise round it, following the well-worn, level footpath; and carrying their simple offerings of flowers, chiefly the scarlet blossoms of the rhododendron, and the fragrant white champac and plumeria, raised on high in their joined hands. Then a second time they perform the three sunwise turns, this time bearing on one shoulder a brass lota filled with clear, icy water from a spring which lies on the north side of the mountain, very near the summit. Then, ascending the steps, they strike the silver bell which hangs from the eaves of the temple, and also various other ancient bells, then kneel in lowliest adoration whilst the priest pours out their offering of water upon the Footprint, on which they also lay their gift of flowers, and a few small coins for the use of the priests. Then, dipping their hands in the water thus sanctified, they wash their faces, in symbolic purification.*

Afterwards it is customary for each pilgrim to tear a fragment from his scanty raiment and knot it to one of the iron chains, to remind heaven of the petitions offered on this sacred spot. These rags, old and new, form a fringe of many colours, enlivening the rusty chains which secure the temple to the crag. Some of the links in these ancient and modern chains are inscribed with the name of the donor, who has thus presented a more enduring memorial than the rag of his poor brother. Strange, is it not, how this identical custom of rag-offering prevails in all regions of the earth, from Ireland's holy wells to Himalayan mountains and sacred bushes?

Some of the pilgrims had brought with them long strips of linen, wherewith the little priestling covered the mystic rock, and on which he traced an exceedingly well-defined footprint with red paint; these were hung up to the eaves of the temple, and thence fluttered flag-like, till thoroughly dried, when the devout pilgrims would carry with them to distant lands, for the edification of less fortunate believers.

Thus year after year, from the earliest ages of human history, have pilgrim bands climbed this lofty summit, to worship on the pinnacle which, though we believe it to be no nearer to heaven than the murkiest street of our crowded cities, is certainly far uplifted above the levels of earth.

To say that the aboriginal native worshippers of the isle

* For examples of precisely similar pagan customs of our own ancestors, see "In the Hebrides," C. F. Gordon-Cumming. Published by Chatto & Windus. *Sunwise turns*, pp. 241—245. *Anointing of sacred rocks*, pp. 71, 167, 192. *Hanging up of rags*, p. 210.

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revered this rock pinnacle long before the days of Gautama Buddha is nothing; for, though he is said to have appeared here more than five hundred years before Christ, he was only the most recent of a series of Buddhas—holy beings who are supposed to have honoured this earth with their presence in divers ages, and of whom four are said to have revealed themselves on this spot.

The first of these was Kukusanda, who appeared about B.C. 3000, and found the Peak already known as Deiwakuta, "Peak of the God."

The second Buddha who here revealed himself was Konagamma; he appeared B.C. 2099, and even at that early date the mount (so they say) was already known as Samantakuta, in honour of Saman, who three hundred years previously had, as I have already observed, accompanied Rama, when he conquered Ceylon.

The third Buddha, known as Kasyapa, appeared about B.C. 1000, and then, B.C. 577, came Gautama Buddha, the prince of Lucknow.

Since the successive kings and nobles have come here from far distant lands, on solemn pilgrimage, and many a picturesque company (some robed in all the gorgeousness of Oriental splendour) has wended its way from the coast, through the dense beast-haunted forests which clothed these wild mountain ranges, to toil up these self-same rock-hewn steps, since, in the year A.D. 24, Meghavahana, king of Cashmere, came all the way hither to worship on this summit.

That the kings of Ceylon should be numbered amongst the pilgrims is only natural, though doubtless it was a notable event that they should make the journey on foot, as did the great Buddhist king, Prakrama Bahu I., who, about A.D. 1153, "caused a temple to be erected on the summit of Samanala" (so it is stated in the Rajavali).

Thus, through each successive age has the ceaseless offering of prayer and praise ascended from this majestic mountain-altar to the great All-Father, whose tender mercy enfolds all His children, albeit so many can but feel after Him, through the blinding mists of heathenism. But we, who *know* His all-enfolding love, and grieve to see these weary ones pleading with "unknown gods," can but echo the hope of him who wrote—

> "What if to THEE in THINE Infinity
> These multiform and many-coloured creeds
> Seem but the robe man wraps as masquer's weeds
> Round the one living truth THOU givest him—THEE?
> What if these varied forms that worship prove
> (Being heart-worship) reach Thy perfect ear
> But as a monotone, complete and clear,
> Of which the music is (through CHRIST'S NAME) LOVE?
> For ever rising in sublime increase
> To "Glory in the Highest—on earth peace."

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THREE QUESTIONS ABOUT IRELAND.

BY "WANDERER."

In the following pages an attempt will be made to place before the English public an impartial examination of the Irish question from the Irish standpoint.

Absolute impartiality is always difficult to attain; on all subjects connected with Ireland it has hitherto been not only difficult but impossible. The writer cannot pretend to a power of judgment and a calmness of temper denied to abler and better men who have attempted to deal with the affairs of the sister isle in good faith. But he starts with some advantages which have not, so far as he knows, fallen to the lot of the majority of the writers on the subject.

He is neither a landlord nor a tenant; he has no vested interests of any sort in the country; he belongs to neither of the great religious parties which divide its population; he has no official position which a change of government might improve or endanger; yet he has lived among the people of the south-west for a period which can already be counted by years, and he has been in a position to acquire the confidence, and witness for himself the home life of all classes.

This much egotism is necessary to explain why the writer ventures on ground which is already crowded. Hitherto, the Irish who have dealt with Irish matters have belonged to one or other of the two parties, while the English writers have either been officials of some sort, or have had but few opportunities of acquiring knowledge of the difficult circumstances of the country.

The ground being thus cleared, it is perhaps wise, as it is certainly convenient, to drop the third person, and to write, as the author of these lines does, from his personal experience.

In order to be in a position to form an accurate judgment on the measures lately before Parliament, it is, I think, necessary to inquire—

Firstly, What is the present position of Ireland?

Secondly, Do the majority of the Irish people wish these measures to be passed?

Thirdly, What would be the result?

And in endeavouring to answer these questions, I shall try to

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keep to the merely Irish standpoint, siding with neither Conservative nor Liberal in English politics, but confining myself as much as I possibly can to statements of Irish feeling, of the effect of measures on the Irish people, and of the results of laws passed or contemplated on Ireland only.

For not only can the English and Scotch public be trusted to take good care of purely English and Scotch interests, but (which is more important) there is a large and increasing number of English and Scotch politicians striving honestly to do the best for Ireland. These men rightly place justice on a higher pedestal than imperialism; they discard the heathen *Civis Romanus sum* in favour of the loftier Christian ideal of mercy, benevolence, and self-sacrifice. If they support the Home Rule Bill, it is from a sincere conviction that it would be a good thing for Ireland; if they oppose it, it is because they believe its results would be injurious, not to England or Scotland alone, but to Ireland, for which they are now called on to legislate.

Unfortunately, however, ignorance of the real wants and real position of the Irish is all but universal in England. Neither the official from Dublin Castle, nor the casual tourist, nor (still less) the minister or ex-minister who stumps the country, can possibly acquire the intimate knowledge of the people, their ways, their means of living, their character, and their future, which are absolutely necessary to decide the momentous questions now before Parliament. Among the Irish themselves there is knowledge in abundance, but there is also party passion, and the still stronger feeling of self-interest. A Nationalist honourable member is no more likely to be able to judge the position impartially, no more likely to write of it temperately, than a landlord or a landlord's agents. An Irish Protestant cannot frankly take a judicial view of an agitation largely supported by Roman Catholic priests; a Catholic from the south or west will not be able to discuss, with any degree of calmness, what he considers the unjustifiable supremacy of the Anglican gentry and clergy.

Hence it happens that our law-givers and law-makers are moving in darkness which is almost appalling. That this should be the case is not the fault of the law-givers or law-makers; it is simply a natural result of the circumstances. Eighty-five men treat the question from one standpoint; twenty-one take a view precisely opposite; both sides are equally vehement and equally convinced; both sides are presumed to "know all about it;" but, unfortunately, both are equally prejudiced, and deny to the other side every virtue if they do not attribute to it every vice.

Let me copy the modest title assumed by many French historians. They write *Mémoires pour servir*. They do not presume to write history, but only to contribute to the material from which history may, by-and-by, be written. I do not

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pretend to enlighten the British public on the true state of Irish affairs; I only hope to lift a corner of the dense veil which conceals them.

First, then, what is the present position of the country? I will at once state that from the reply to this question I exclude Ulster. Of that province I know but little, sharing only the knowledge common to all newspaper readers. It may, however, be assumed that a large majority of the Ulster voters are in favour of maintaining the Union. Thus the sphere of the inquiry is limited to Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, the three provinces in which the majority of the population are Roman Catholics and agriculturists, while the majority of the landowners are Protestants; in which there are scarcely any manufactories, and the only important industries, besides farming, are breweries, flour mills, and distilleries.

Over these three provinces the National League exercises a sway of which the power and extent would be incredible if it were not true. Neither the *Vehmgericht* of Germany, nor the *Carbonari* of Italy, nor even the Holy Inquisition itself, ever wielded so great an influence. Traders will later on judge whether this influence is for good or for evil; it is my present business only to state facts, and not to draw inferences. Not one of the statements I make is pure hearsay; they are all culled either from immediate personal knowledge, or from evidence impossible to doubt. The National League has a branch in every village; where there is no village, where the farmers and labourers dwell in scattered cottages, a convenient centre is fixed on where the branch holds its meetings. Nothing is too trivial for the attention of the National League branch, nothing is too important. In the great majority of cases, the parish priest or his coadjutor is one of the chief officials of the branch—its president, vice-president, or treasurer. One portion of the work of the League is similar to that performed by caucuses in England. (I use the term for want of a better, and not in any invidious sense.) It selects candidates for all municipal or other offices in the district, and works for the selected candidate through its members. Elections of the Board of Guardians, of the representatives of the Associated Taxpayers at the Road Sessions, of the medical and legal officers to the Union, and all others,—including, of course, parliamentary elections,—are dealt with by the branches of the League. And they possess an advantage not shared by the Caucus in England. They are all affiliated to headquarters at Dublin, and whenever the election is of more than merely local importance, they receive their orders from headquarters, and almost invariably obey them. In the larger towns they play a very important part in municipal elections.

Their next function is to prevent what is termed "land grabbing," an expression which probably conveys a much more heinous crime

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to the English reader than it really means. Before the League was established there were generally many persons willing to pay comparatively large sums for the privilege of taking farms from which tenants had been evicted for nonpayment of rent. Those who offer such sums, and, in fact, all those who take farms from which tenants have been evicted, are now termed "land grabbers," and are punished by the well-known system of boycotting.

Thirdly, it is the special business of all the branches of the League to reduce the rents. Their speakers lay down the principle that the farmer must spend his money in keeping his family comfortably, and in cultivating his farm, and that only if there is anything left after thus providing for the wants of his children, his relatives, and his land, a portion of the balance may go to the landlord. The entire abolition of rent has been very frequently advocated in public, and the right of the farmer to the fee-simple of his occupation asserted; but I have not yet heard that the entire abolition of all rent or substitutes for rent has become an article of the official programme at the headquarters of the League. Entire separation from England has, of course, long been the chief principle of the League throughout the country, and on this principle the selection of candidates is based. But the work of the branches is mostly confined to carrying out the three matters above enumerated. The machinery by which the National League achieves its ambitious objects is as ingenious as it is simple. Few of Parnell's followers would sit in the House of Commons, or draw their sustentation allowance, were it not for the League. Their political existence, and often their personal comforts, depend on the League, of which they are, therefore, the warmest supporters. Among these men the chiefs and wirepullers are recruited, and all of them are its willing agents. Each one of these men has his friends and supporters in the electoral district which he represents, and these again see their reward for upholding the League in the various paid and honorary offices which are filled up by election. Every Irishman likes to address meetings, and to occupy a public position, even if there should be no emoluments attached to it, and the competition for seats on the several Boards is almost, though not quite, as keen as that for the paid posts of medical officer, solicitor, or engineer. Again, a petty local attorney, or a doctor, who is a prominent member of the National League, has a far better chance of clients than one who opposes it. All these causes suffice to ensure in every district returning a Nationalist member of Parliament a compact and active, though possibly small body of supporters of the League. Every one knows that in country towns and rural districts a very few energetic men co-operating vigorously soon acquire great power and influence, particularly when their opponents do not attempt to work together, and

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possess no organisation worthy of the name. Thus the nuclei of the branches were formed, and were soon strengthened by the public or private adhesion of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The programme of the League, which included the abolition, or at least the reduction of rents, ensured to it the hearty support of many farmers, who were induced to believe that it was possible for them to obtain the fee simple of their tenancies for nothing, or for a nominal sum merely. Finally, the sons of these men, many of them youths who prefer a life of adventure to one of work, who considered themselves too good to plough and reap, but were not sufficiently educated, nor sufficiently intelligent, nor, perhaps, sufficiently steady, to seek their fortunes in cities or abroad, became the executive officers, willing to carry out the decrees of the branches.

In early times the Land League and its successor, the National League, devoted its attention chiefly to the landlords. The landlords and their agents were the victims of boycotting and of other outrages. The latter were not officially the acts of the League, which on some occasions disavowed them. They were merely the natural results of the intoxication caused among a number of rude and reckless youths by inflammatory speeches and writings of various agitators. But the anger aroused in England against the instigators of brutal murders, and the spirit of staunch resistance stirred up among the landlords and their friends have caused a change of policy. Landlords are now no longer boycotted; they and their agents are seldom shot at; their cattle are left to graze in peace. The leaders of the National League have entered on a totally different policy, are far more comprehensive, far more astute, and far more likely to be successful. Their object is now simply to make every Irishman become a member of the League, and therefore, *ipso facto*, an instrument to carry out the League's decrees. The system by which this is effected is, again, ingenious and simple, like all great systems. If a farmer refuses to become a member when asked to do so no active steps are at first taken. He is simply watched. The executive officers, with the volunteers, who are always numerous, find out the tradesmen with whom he deals, the dealers to whom he sells his cattle, the labourers whom he employs. If he pays his rent punctually and in full a handle is at once found. For in such a case a meeting of the tenants of the same estate is summoned by the Branch, and it is of course easy enough to obtain from them an almost unanimous resolution in favour of a large reduction of rent. They are directed to refuse to pay any rent at all unless the reduction be granted, and there is no difficulty to persuade a body of men to keep their money in their pockets. Now if, notwithstanding this resolution, the "objectionable" farmer pays the rent due his doom is sealed. He is officially summoned before the Branch of the League and fined heavily. As a rule he

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apologises, and becomes a member, and thereupon a portion of the fine, or the whole, is remitted. But if he remains obstinate boycotting follows. The Branch resolves formally "to leave him sternly alone." This means far more to the isolated farmer in a remote country district, or to the inhabitant of a small village, than to the landlord who has resources of his own, who belongs to a different religion, and who can obtain goods by post or rail from a distance. The recalcitrant farmer finds that the congregation leaves the chapel when he and his family enter it. His children cannot attend school, for it is intimated to him that if they do all the others will leave, and the school will close for want of scholars. The blacksmith will not shoe his horses, for fear of the same punishment. His house will be avoided by the neighbours as if it were plague-stricken. When on a stormy, wet evening he enters the little roadside inn where he has been in the habit of chatting once or twice a week over his whisky, a dead silence will fall on those assembled; they will slink out by ones and twos, and on his next visit the landlord will intimate to him that he cannot be served with his usual refreshment. When he appears at the market to sell his cattle the dealers will be afraid to buy, lest all others should refuse to sell. So after a period of resistance, which seldom extends beyond a month or two, the farmer gives in, pays the fine, and joins the National League, of which he becomes henceforth a useful member.

But the punishment of boycotting is not confined solely to those who pay their rent or refuse to join their fellow-tenants in action against the landlord. A non-member of the League is now exposed to serious consequences for a great number of acts which, in a member, would be either condoned or not noticed at all. If he discharges a lazy labourer, and that man be a member of the League, the employer will be summoned before the Branch, and woe be to him if he decline to attend, or prove contumacious when he does come. Among the other offences invented by the National League are the following:—Dealing with persons objectionable to their neighbours"—*i.e.*, boycotted; voting at any of the local elections for candidates not supported by the League; obtaining supplies from a distance where shopkeepers who are "patriots" live within reach; refusing a contribution to the funds of the League; employing non-members of the League when members—however unfitted for the work—are anxious to take it; and so on.

If the ordinary official boycotting fails in its effect, spiritual aid is enrolled. The priest, himself an active member of the Nationalist party, gently admonishes the sinner. He points out how beautiful it is to live in peace with one's neighbours, and how wrong to set up one's own private judgment in opposition to that of all the better and wiser men around. Should these persuasions fail, the wife is first gently, and then sternly,

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admonished by her confessor, and discussions in the cottage are a certain result of the farmer's obstinacy. Finally, should all these gentle means fail, should boycotting be resisted, the priest rebuffed, and the wife reduced to silence, the National League ignores the offender, and, like the Holy Inquisition, hands him over to the fleshly arm. It is whispered about that, severe retribution must be meted out to so hardened a criminal. The branch of the League mentions his name no more at its meetings, and the priest holds up his hands in holy horror when the reprobate is spoken of. He is admitted to be a bad Irishman, a traitor to his country and his people, an outlaw. A few days later—a few weeks, perhaps—the man one morning discovers his cattle cruelly maimed and rendered useless; or he is awakened in the dead of night by an alarm of fire, and has to look on helpless while his cottage and his ricks are being consumed; or, possibly, he is attacked at his very hearth, his son or his daughter butchered before his eyes in defence of their father.

Such outrages as the last are, however, rare; not for want of inclination to commit them, but because there is no occasion for them.

The cases in which a man resists even ordinary boycotting are becoming fewer every day. Those in which he proves obstinate against spiritual influence and that of his womankind are rarer still. And the few, the very few, who are strong enough, and brave enough to hold out so far are reduced to obedience by houghing and burning, so that there is no necessity to resort to the *ultima ratio* of wounding and slaying.

The National League has now so enormously increased the number of its members, that even boycotting is becoming rather less frequent, while the other outrages have diminished very considerably. Nearly all the farmers, the great majority of the tradesmen in the smaller towns, a very large proportion of the attorneys and medical men, all the cattle dealers, and many even of the merchants and tradesmen in the cities, have become members of, or, at any rate, contributors to, the League.

Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.

This is a plain and truthful statement of the present position of the Irish people in three provinces.

It may be asked how it was possible for the National League to return all its candidates to Parliament, since unwilling members, or those who have refused to become members, would vote as they liked under the protection of the ballot.

The reply is, that although the ballot may be secret where the constituency is intelligent and educated, it is no protection at all in most districts nor where suffrage is practically universal. There are still too many really illiterate in Ireland; these men were all asked how they would vote, and not one of them dared

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give any other reply than the name of the Nationalist candidate. Priests attended at every polling station, and though the ballot may have been made secret by human laws, the Divine law, as explained by the clergy, demands that its secret should be unveiled in confession. I have myself heard the priests direct every man how he should vote, threatening those who did not at once promise willing obedience (a small minority) with the most awful punishments. Nor was this done in secret. On the contrary, the agents of the opposite party could hear and see what was going on.

Why, then, were not the elections invalidated?

Simply because a petition is expensive, and if successful could only have resulted in another Nationalist candidate being returned after much trouble, and, possibly, some outrages.

Very few words will explain the position of the landlords. They have shown themselves entirely unable to cope with the organisation of the Nationalists. They have reckoned throughout on the support of the British Government. This has failed them, and they are helpless. There are Defence Leagues and Loyalist Associations, but only a minority even of the landlords belongs to them, and they reckon among their supporters but few of any beyond the landed gentry. For centuries the owners of the soil have occupied a position very similar to that of the French nobility under the *ancien régime*. They have not, indeed, abused it to anything like the same extent. But with few exceptions they have hitherto not realised that property has its duties as well as its rights. Rents were formerly considered as certain as consols, and Irish tenants were not thought to deserve any different treatment, if they did not pay, than a railway company which refused to hand an accrued dividend to its shareholders. The tenants were simply so many paying machines. This state of things was largely due to absenteeism, but it must be admitted that absenteeism is quite inevitable in a very great number of cases, where the estates were too poor or too small to permit the landlord to live on them, even in the good old times, or where they are subdivided and heavily burdened, so that the nominal landholder obtains only a nominal sum. Absenteeism has largely increased during the last few years. For not only is Ireland no longer quite so pleasant to live in as formerly, but—and this is a far more satisfactory reason—many younger members of the landed gentry, finding that the funds they obtain from real estate insufficient, have gone into learned professions, into business, or have emigrated.

I now come to the second question.

By writers of every shade of politics, on both sides of the question, by speakers of both parties, it is tacitly assumed that the Irish want Home Rule, and that, therefore, the only doubt is whether it shall be given them.

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This assumption, which reappears not only in Mr. Gladstone's recent manifesto to the electors of Midlothian, where it may possibly be employed as a political argument without implying implicit belief in it even by the author of the manifesto, but also in numerous newspaper articles on both sides, is a more complete proof of the British ignorance of matters Irish than could be any elaborate series of small and big mistakes.

There could be but two reasons for bringing forward the Home Rule Bill. One is, that Home Rule is universally or generally desired by the Irish people.

The second is, that Parliamentary Government without the aid of the Parnellites being impossible, it is necessary to conciliate that party, or to get rid of it altogether.

Of course there might be a third reason—a universal or very general desire on the part of the electorate of Great Britain to give their neighbours Home Rule. But this has never been alleged, and may, therefore, be neglected.

The second reason I have stated—the anxiety to conciliate or get rid of the followers of Mr. Parnell—is stated by the majority of Conservative speakers and writers to be Mr. Gladstone's chief motive.

Whether this be true or not is not my object to inquire. The allegation is, at any rate, full of odium. No honest statesman would bring in a measure of this Imperial importance for so poor and insufficient a reason; no statesman, honest or not, could avow that this *was* his reason.

By the supporters of the Government Home Rule policy, the injustice of continuing to oppose the pronounced will of the Irish nation has always been declared to be a sufficient and overwhelming argument in their favour.

By the opponents of the policy, the sufficiency of the argument has been doubled, its premisses very seldom. Few have, like Lord Cowper, dared to maintain that a very small majority of the Irish, if any, really wish for Home Rule at all.

But it appears to me that the new departure is, as even its supporters admit, so full of risk, if not of danger, that it is worth while to examine whether, after all, both Unionist and Separatist newspapers and orators have not been arguing on erroneous premises.

Persons who are mere Gladstone worshippers will reply by quoting Mr. Gladstone's opinion, and those who simply judge by the result of the polls, without going below the surface, will say that there can be no doubt of Irish opinion, since four-fifths of the representatives of Ireland have been returned pledged to Home Rule.

If, after reading the previous pages in which I have endeavoured to show how Irish opinion and Irish votes are manipulated and manufactured in the south and west, honest and thoughtful

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persons can still believe that the result of the recent polls was a free and genuine expression of the wishes of the majority, my pen must be very weak and my statements must be assumed to be false. The former I admit with sorrow; the latter I deny altogether. I have carefully understated the facts. On May 3rd, Mr. Morley, in the House of Commons, admitted nine hundred recent cases of boycotting reported to him. I know of eleven recent cases in my immediate neighbourhood. Of these one only has been officially reported to Dublin, and unofficially to the "Defence" Committee. The other ten have not aroused sufficient public attention to be even mentioned in the county newspapers. They are considered as of no consequence—as matters of course. Any one of them, if it had occurred in England, would have excited the whole district, and would have attracted the attention of police, press, and Government. Now I know, of my own certain knowledge, of these eleven flagrant cases, have spoken to the boycotted persons, have inquired into the reasons for the ban under which they have been laid. These eleven cases affect about fifty individuals in all, including the wives and children of the victims. I am told of many other cases in the same neighbourhood. But I confine myself to my own personal knowledge —to facts which I can prove on oath. Fifty persons suffer from boycotting against one case reported to Mr. Morley. *Ex uno disce omnes.* If anything like the same proportion holds good in other districts,—and there is no reason why it should not,—then about forty-five thousand individuals have been recently placed under the ban. No doubt many sentences of outlawry will shortly be rescinded, many of these forty-five thousand will have regained the permission to buy, to sell, to learn, to attend public worship—in fact, to live. But only at the cost of joining the dominant party. Perhaps thirty thousand new adherents will have been gained, and the other fifteen thousand will remain obstinate loyalists for a longer or shorter period. Meanwhile another batch will be outlawed, and thousands more converts will be made.

After the recent parliamentary elections, I asked fifty different individuals—all either farmers, labourers, or village tradesmen—which way they had voted, and why. They knew that I should not betray them. I asked the questions privately, and no one heard the replies. Of these fifty seven refused to answer. Seventeen told me that they would have voted for the Unionist candidate if they had dared, but had voted the other way for fear of the consequences. Six boldly stated that they voted for the Nationalist, and would do so again. Six stated that they had voted for the Unionist. Fourteen had abstained from voting, and of these five said that they wished to vote for the Unionist, but did not dare.

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Now see the result of the polling of these fifty persons:—

For the Nationalist candidate	23
For the Unionist candidate	6
Abstentions	14
Doubtful—probably mostly for the Nationalist	7
	50

Giving the Nationalist the full benefit of the seven persons who would not tell how they had voted, this means thirty votes for Home Rule and six against—just about the same proportion as was obtained in the whole of the electoral division.

Now, supposing there had been no boycotting, no spiritual influence, and no agitators, but that each man had voted freely and secretly according to his conscience, the result would have been as follows, again giving the Nationalist the full benefit of those who would not speak, and who abstained:

For the Nationalist candidate—	
The bold ones, as before	6
The silent ones	7
The abstainers—viz., fourteen *minus* five.	9
	22
For the Unionist candidate—	
The bold ones, as before	6
Those intimidated into supporting the other side	17
The abstainers by intimidation	5
	28

That is, even in this hotbed of nationalism, and giving the Nationalists the benefit of every doubtful vote, a *decided majority against Home Rule.*

I may add that I did not pick and choose the men whom I asked. I made my inquiries just as happened to be convenient, from any man with whom I had an opportunity of an unobserved chat. In no single case did I know beforehand what the reply would be, and I was as much surprised at the result as, no doubt, will be most of my readers.

Seeing, then, what material and spiritual influences have been brought to bear during the last three years, seeing how complete is the machinery, and how unscrupulous the management of the Nationalist party, seeing the ingenuity with which recalcitrants are successively brought over to swell its numbers, and the unlimited power it has obtained over the poorest and most numerous class in the country, there can be no doubt that the recent parliamentary elections are no test of the genuine feeling of the population; but that, taking even the mere numbers, and without regard to intelligence, money, or commerce, *the majority of the* IRISH *are not in favour of Home Rule.*

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Now, supposing Home Rule were granted, what would be its results?

Again I abstain from Imperial political considerations. I will not discuss the position of Ireland as a separate dependency or as a Crown colony; the effect on British prestige; the possible hostility of Irish Parliament to Imperial interests; the probable war of tariffs, and the certain quarrels over customs. I will confine myself simply to the effect, on the material and social prosperity of Ireland itself.

In order to be able to forecast the future, we must consider what has happened in the past. It is necessary, therefore, to examine briefly what has been the consequence of the present agitation in favour of Home Rule, and of the Nationalist movement generally.

When Mr. Gladstone's Government came into office in 1878, the Land League agitation began, and culminated in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Bourke in May 1881. The Coercion Act was then passed, and the League was proclaimed. In May 1885 the Act was allowed to drop by the Conservative Government; in December the Liberals returned to power, and it was whispered that Mr. Gladstone had become a convert to Home Rule. Not many weeks elapsed before the whispers were confirmed, and became an acknowledged fact. In April Mr. Gladstone laid his scheme before Parliament. Now let us see by the light of chronology what was the material effect on Ireland of these successive events.

Before 1878 Ireland was unrivalled as a sporting country. Hundreds of wealthy men came annually from England to shoot, to fish, and, above all, to hunt. Many of them brought a number of servants; all came to spend money in Ireland. The Duhallow hounds, the Curraghmere, the Meath, the Tipperary, the Galway Blazers, attracted sportsmen from every English-speaking country, and even foreign royalty selected Ireland as her favourite hunting-ground. In consequence of the agitation of the Land League, Lord Waterford gave up the Curraghmere hounds, and nearly one hundred Englishmen who formerly came to hunt in County Waterford every winter sought fresh fields and pastures new. The marquis himself became an absentee. His expenditure in the county was variously estimated from £10,000 to £20,000 annually; that of the followers of his hunt was at least £20,000. About £75,000 a year were therefore withdrawn from one of the poorest counties in Ireland.

Next, the Muskerry hounds were stopped, and about £15,000 a year lost to the East Riding of the county of Cork.

As long as the Coercion Act remained in force no further diminution occurred in the number of packs. Subscriptions fell off without rents as soon as it was dropped. In the winter of 1885-86, shortly after Mr. Gladstone's Government returned to

power, Mr. T. Gubbins was interfered with. He sold his hounds and his horses, and the loss to the town and county has been estimated by the Limerick people themselves at £27,000 per annum.

Within a fortnight after the announcement of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill Mr. Bagge gave up the mastership of the Duhallow hounds. No successor has been found, and before July this celebrated hunt will have ceased to exist, while the county of Cork will lose a further annual sum of some £7,000 to £8,000.

The Galway and the Westmeath hounds are seeking everywhere for a master who will undertake the heavy responsibilities of the hunt in face of diminishing subscriptions and growing opposition. They will scarcely succeed in their endeavours.

The Carbery hounds and several other smaller packs will not resume hunting next winter.

The United Hunt may linger on for a season or two, but its doom is sealed whenever the present master resigns the horn. There are a number of other packs in the same position.

To assume that the farmers and labourers in the south and west have already lost nearly a quarter of a million annually of English money by the cessation of hunting, is but a moderate estimate.

There is great agricultural depression in England, but this depression is further intensified in Ireland by the limitation of the markets. Boycotted persons are not allowed to buy or to sell, and landlord's cattle can only be exported with difficulty. Hence the farmer who supports the National League is exercising a constant pressure on the prices of his own produce. The Land Act was professedly passed to insure security of tenure at moderate rents, and to enable the farmer to buy, sell, or mortgage the tenancy of land. The National League has rendered the second object of the Act entirely nugatory. Farmers are afraid to bid for the tenancy of a farm, for fear of being called land-grabbers, and treated as such. Banks will no longer advance money on a farmer's tenant-right, as, if they should be compelled to foreclose, no buyer will dare to appear. The papers are full of such cases. Yet, notwithstanding the universal cry that it is impossible to pay the rents demanded, fancy prices are still paid for farms whenever there is real competition, which is very seldom the case. Within the last few days two fields containing eight acres were put up to auction. These were held under a judicial rent of £24, or £3 per acre. The tenant-right was knocked down to a farmer for £175, so that the purchaser was practically undertaking a rent of £4 per acre. As all farmers sometimes wish to raise money, and Irish farmers are no exception money-lenders are appealed to when the banks refuse. These, men have in most cases joined the League to protect themselves.

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They advance the sum required at three, four, or even ten times the rate which would be asked by the banker if the securities were good. The farmers have therefore succeeded in—

1. Driving out of the country their best customers for hay, straw, oats, etc.

2. Limiting their own markets, and thus largely increasing the prevailing depression.

3. Destroying their own security, their own borrowing powers, and their own credit.

As a set-off to these items, they have managed to effect a certain reduction—probably averaging about 25 per cent.—of rent. But as the depression of prices is nearly or quite as great as this, they have reaped no advantage to compensate for driving out their sporting customers, nor for the fatal destruction of their own credit.

Such being the present position of the agricultural interest, will Home Rule bring back to it the prosperity it has lost?

The mere anticipation of Home Rule has had a singular effect on Irish securities, and the price of public securities, such as banks, railways, and industrial undertakings, has always been acknowledged to be an infallible measure of public confidence. If Home Rule were, in the opinion of Irish holders of stock of all sorts, likely to prove beneficial to the agriculturist, such stocks would rise. In a country so entirely agricultural as the south and west of Ireland the prosperity of the farmer means the prosperity of the large majority. It means good business for tradesmen, brewers, distillers, and manufacturers. On the other hand, if the farmer cannot pay, prices of stocks in railways, banks, and manufactories must fall.

Let us now examine a few of the leading prices.

	During Coercion.	Dec. 1st, 1885.	May 1886.
Bank of Ireland	330 to 335	275	250
Great Southern and Western Railway .	115 to 120	98	90½
Midland Great Western " .	78	66	64½
Cork and Bandon " .	74 to 85	64	58
Provincial Bank of Ireland . . .	30	24	20½
Goulding & Co. (Ld.) (Manufacturers)	9½ to 10	8½	6
Dublin Tramways	12½	9⅞-10	9½

The conclusions are obvious. Apart from any question as to imperial policy, apart from the security of life and limb of Unionist subjects, apart from the political and fiscal difficulties of the measures now proposed, and keeping in view only the wishes of the Irish themselves, and the effects on Irish material interests; further, neglecting busy and protestant Ulster, the impartial observer, who has spent some years in the country, cannot shut his eyes to two facts.

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The first is: *That there is no sufficiently general desire for Home Rule to justify the experiment.*

The second is: That since the mere anticipation of its possibility has depreciated every class of real and personal property, *the introduction of Home Rule would entirely destroy the prosperity of the country.*

SOUTH-WEST OF IRELAND,
June 1886.

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A BANKER PRINCE.

BY E. S. MORGAN.

VISITORS to Rome of late years often saw driving in an unpretending carriage, or devoutly attending mass at St. Mark's church, a man of venerable but strange appearance, who by his aspect seemed to belong to a bygone generation. He might almost have been taken for one of those pensioners who may still be seen in remote almshouses, rare survivors of the energetic reforms of the Charity Commissioners. He was always to be seen dressed in a long snuff-coloured coat, reaching nearly to his heels, cut after the fashion in vogue in 1820, a large double-breasted waistcoat, and trousers fitting closely to the leg but spreading out bell-shaped over the foot. His wristbands, limp and starchless, hung down far beyond the sleeves of his coat, and on his head he wore one of those genuine old beaver hats dear to our grandfathers before the age of silk. In cold weather he was wrapped in a cloak that might well have scandalised the eyes of a modern tailor. It was confidently affirmed that the owner had worn it for nearly sixty years, ever since he made his first trip to London in 1829.

A strange figure this was to meet in the last quarter of the nineteenth century even in Rome, where strange sights are even now common. Yet anyone that had an eye to see would have been more struck by the features of the man than by his clothes. The heavy beetling brows, the keen eyes, the square-cut mouth and determined chin could hardly belong to a man without a history.

The question, Who is this? was pretty sure to rise to your lips on seeing him, and no passer-by but could answer the question at once, for Prince Torlonia had during many years been a notable character in Rome. He was the chief member of a family whose name had for more than half a century been to Romans a synonym for wealth, luck, and liberality.

Even the Rothschilds could no more than vie with the Torlonias in their rapid rise from poverty to opulence and their magnificent expenditure of a huge income. The story of that rise can be told in a few words.

In 1780, when the Ancien Regime was drawing to a close, two brothers, Marino and Jean Torloni, herdsmen in what is now

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the department of the Puy-de-Dome, finding life hopeless under the grinding oppression of their noble lord, left their home to seek their fortunes in Paris. There they started humbly in business, opening a small shop for the sale of second-hand wares, but by dint of constant attention and of that inflexible economy which is so characteristic of the French peasant, they so prospered that at the end of ten years they were able to make a successful tender for a contract as purveyors to the army of Italy. With that army they reached Rome in 1792, but the hardships of the march proved too much for the elder brother, and he died a few days after entering the city.

Jean Torloni, now alone in the world, continued to prosper. With judicious patriotism he supplied the French troops without pressing for immediate payment, and thus won the confidence and esteem of Hugh Basserville, French ambassador in Rome; so much so, that one day, as the tale runs, the ambassador sending for him said: "I have here a large sum of gold in my charge which I dare not keep in my own house, for I have a presentiment that I shall soon be assassinated and robbed: I entrust it to you for safe keeping." Torloni took the money, and within a few days Basserville died, as he had foreboded, and the money remained as a deposit on trust in the contractor's hands.

Torloni, or Torlonia as he was now called, thought himself justified in using temporarily for his own purposes the money that had thus strangely come into his possession, provided that he should in the end restore it, as he subsequently did, to the representatives of the Republic, and opening a bank he was able to conduct operations of considerable magnitude.

It is but fair to add that the admirers of the Torlonia family treat this version of its origin as a myth. They maintain that the Tourloniy, who coming from Tours took their name from that town, migrated into Italy in the eighteenth century, and settled in Sienna. There, in partnership with a certain Cecchi, they went into business as drapers. While the family was established there they changed their name from Tourloniy to Turlò, and then into Tourlonia, and the signboard inscribed with the names of Cecchi and Turlonia may, it is asserted, still be seen in that town. It is further said that in 1792 Cecchi and Turlonia had established themselves in Rome, in the Corso, as bankers. So various, as old Herodotus said, are the accounts which men give with regard to the most patent facts. Readers interested in the study of the mode of the rapid development of legend will be interested to see the two versions of the story side by side.

Any way it was about this time that Torlonia married a Roman lady, Anna Sculteis, of respectable though not noble birth, widow of a wealthy corn merchant, and by the help of the new connections thus formed he was soon able largely to extend his banking operations, and before long numbered among his clients

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the Pope and many of the chief families of the Roman aristocracy. One well authenticated fact remains on record which enables us to form an estimate of Torlonia's prosperity towards the end of the century, and is also interesting as throwing a side light on the organisation of the Pontifical State where the usages of the middle ages lingered so persistently. It was in 1796. The French forces were again approaching Rome. The Papal army seemed insufficient to defend the capital, and an appeal was made to the patriotism of the Roman citizens. The mode in which French armies treated towns that were unfortunate enough to fall into their possession was by this time well known, and self-interest no less than patriotism stimulated the wealthy class, which had indeed most to fear from an occupation, to the utmost exertion. Every one contributed according to his means, and Torlonia equipped, armed, and maintained at his own charge during the struggle a body of eighty horsemen. Within a short time, however, the French army entered Rome, and early in 1798 Torlonia raised for the Pope a loan of nearly 40,000,000 francs to pay the indemnity demanded by the French commander.

In addition to this indemnity, the French did not scruple to exact contributions from private individuals in a mode which was even then considered altogether unwarranted by the usages of war. The Borghese and Piombini had to pay a ransom of 120,000 scudi each, the Colonnas 60,000, and other families smaller sums. The intimate relations which Torlonia had established with the French ambassador in former years now stood him in good stead, and he played his cards so well that he got off scot free.

Not only did he lose nothing amid the pillage of the wealthy families of Rome, but he found, or made, in the general distress, an opportunity of securing his own prosperity. Estate after estate was thrown upon the market by noble owners, who had no other means of raising money to satisfy the rapacity of the French, and Torlonia was the only, or almost the only, purchaser. He bought enormous tracts of land on advantageous terms, paying in paper money which soon suffered a depreciation of sixty per cent., and thus acquired a large part of the fifty-two separate estates which the family now owns in the Agro Romano.

It was at this time too that the Torlonias first entered the ranks of the Roman nobility, and thereby hangs a tale.

Torlonia's wife, to whom his wealth and influence opened every door in Rome, mixing with a nobility to which she did not belong, was constantly exposed, owing to her want of rank, to slights which were not the less galling because unintentional, and merely the result of social routine.

Among other usages which an antiquated etiquette prescribed in Rome at the end of last century, was that which regulated

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the ceremony of departure from the evening receptions given by the ladies of the nobility. Guests of an equal rank with the entertainer were escorted down the long stone staircase, and across the gloomy courtyard of the family mansion by four footmen carrying blazing torches, titled guests of lower rank had to be contented with two footmen only, while ordinary plebeians were lighted out by the lantern of their own servant.

The humiliation of this was, we are assured, so keenly felt by the banker's wife, that she gave her husband no peace till he had obtained from the Pope, in 1798, a patent, creating him Marchese of Roma Vecchia, his title being taken from that huge pile of ruins, so familiar an object to the tourist in Rome, which marks the site of the suburban villa of the Emperor Commodus. Four years later Torlonia became Duke of Bracciano, purchasing the estate of that name, and the title which went with it, from the Odescalchi; and from that time as a sign of the feudal authority which, as duke and judge, he exercised over his new estate, and its inhabitants there, was to be seen in his house, as in that of the other feudal nobles of Rome a *baldacchino*, a crimson canopy suspended over the great armchair which he occupied on state occasions. Torlonia, however, was not the man to allow this pursuit of titles to interfere with his business. In 1796 he had obtained a certificate from Pius VI., appointing him purveyor and banker to the Pontifical court; and the very lucrative clerical business which he thus secured was not the only, was not perhaps even the chief, resource of the bank.

From 1798 till 1813 Torlonia kept up intimate relations with the officers in command of the French troops in Rome and throughout Italy, adding thus a fresh branch to his banking business, and using those relations as a means by which he often obtained early notice of political events that enabled him to make large profits without risks in his stock exchange operations.

It was during these years that Torlonia began to give those sumptous entertainments, which soon obtained a European celebrity, and have been described by Lady Morgan, M. Sthendal, and other anecdotists of the time. In his magnificent residence he kept open house for all his clients, and his drawing rooms were the common meeting ground where all sorts and conditions of men, from the reigning prince to the vagabond artist, jostled each other, staring at the priceless furniture of the house, and discounting the reputations of the guests. There might have been seen Don Carlos, Don Miguel, Queen Christina of Spain, the Buonapartes, the Royal family of Saxony, of Bavaria, of Loraine, the Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns, reigning princes, and princes deposed, enjoying the hospitality of the rich banker, and rubbing shoulders with his plebeian clients.

Thackeray's description of these receptions, as afterwards

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carried on by his son, cynical though it be, is too graphic not to quote:—

"All the great company in Rome thronged to his saloons—princes, dukes, ambassadors, artists, fiddlers, monsignori, young bears with their leaders—every rank and condition of man. His halls blazed with light and magnificence; were resplendent with gilt frames (containing pictures) and dubious antiques; and the enormous gilt crown and arms of the princely owner, a gold mushroom on a crimson field (the colour of the pocket-handkerchiefs which he sold); and the silver fountain of the Pompili family shone all over the roof, doors, and panels of the house, and over the grand velvet baldaquins prepared to receive popes and emperors."

In spite of this profuse expenditure, perhaps in part, because owing to it, for Giovanni Torlonia however open handed never squandered his money without reason, never sowed except where he expected to reap, the capital of the bank continued steadily to grow, and at his death in 1829, Torlonia left a fortune, enormous for those days, of £1,200,000 besides heaps of valuables, and a large assortment of titles.

By his will he divided his realised property equally between his two sons; but to the second, Don Alessandro, who alone inherited any share of his business capacity, he left the bank.

"To my elder son," he once said to a friend, Miss Bathurst, "I shall leave many million francs and two dukedoms, but to the younger, Don Alessandro, who is a real man, and knows the value of money, I shall give my bank. He will increase its capital, extend its operations, and will some day be not as rich as a prince, but as rich as all the Roman princes put together; then, if he has half the prudence of his father, he will, I am sure, succeed in making his son a pope."

These previsions of the shrewd old man were fully justified. As far as amassing money, the son did all and more than all that his father could have hoped, and, if he had had a son, his influence would in all probability have sufficed to seat him on St. Peter's throne. It was the one great disappointment of his life that no son was born to him and his wife Donna Teresa Doria Colonna; for the descendant of the poor French peasant, whose father till his death kept as a precious memento the pewter spoon with which during the hard days in Puy-de-Dome he had eaten his scanty allowance of soup, had taken to himself a wife from the proudest family of the Roman nobility.

Alessandro Torlonia had hardly become master of the bank when his courage and sagacity were put to a severe test. In 1831 the Commune of Rome was on the verge of bankruptcy; the salaries of all public servants were in arrears, creditors were ready to foreclose, the contractors who carried on the ordinary work of the town, cleaning, lighting, and so on, threatened to

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strike, and a general crash seemed imminent. Then Torlonia came to the rescue. He would save the town, and the town would make him. He staked all on his ability to sustain the public credit. In return for a valuable consideration, to be realised if he should succeed in averting the impending ruin, he took upon his shoulders all the liabilities of the municipality, and during three years of distress he was paymaster-general for all public outlay, earning for himself the title of second saviour of Rome from the grateful populace.

If in this crisis Torlonia justified the opinion that his father had formed of him by the moral courage and foresight which he displayed, another story told of him shows that his physical courage and presence of mind were no less remarkable. It was the 16th of November in the year of revolution, 1848. Prince Torlonia was holding conference with General Lambruschini and Duke Massimo in the consulta, that is, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which faced the Papal palace on the Quirinal; suddenly the uproar of a thousand voices and the tramp of a rushing mob were heard from the Piazza below. The rabble, headed by a body of republican troops bent on murder, were beating in the door of the palace, and had soon forced their way into the building. The general and the duke escaped to the stables, and hid themselves under a load of hay. Not so the banker; he found a uniform belonging to a municipal guard, slipped into it, shouldered a musket, and so, passing out unrecognised and unharmed, went and offered his services for the maintenance of order. As a rule, however, like many great capitalists, Prince Torlonia stuck to his business and held aloof from politics. He had no strong predilection for one form of government over another, so long as individual liberty and the security of property was guaranteed. The bias of his character tended to make him a moderate. He disapproved of the excesses of the restoration as he had disapproved of the excesses of the revolution. Pius IX., who sincerely liked and respected him, often asked Torlonia for his advice, and that advice, if it had been followed, might have saved the pope from the troubles of his later years. But though Pius IX. was himself inclined to act on it, the Jesuit cabal that surrounded him proved too strong for his mild tendencies towards liberalism. The old traditions of repression and absolutism which men hoped had been buried with Gregory XVI. were revived, the papal administration was again disgraced by tyranny and persecution, and the consequences, which Torlonia had foreseen, followed. Later on, when the temporal power had been swept away, and the King of Italy occupied the papal palace on the Quirinal, Torlonia was prepared to accept accomplished facts, and, though a staunch Catholic, he did not think that loyalty to his religion laid on him any obligation to be disloyal to the established government. In 1872, when the wave of party spirit ran high, and threatened, in Rome at

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least, to swamp the patriotism that had made united Italy, Torlonia was requested to allow his name to appear in the municipal elections on the clerical list, consisting of men pledged to use every means for thwarting and discrediting the king's government. The answer he gave showed what was his estimate of such manœuvres, and may serve as an illustration of his political creed:—"I have never been, and am not now a conspirator. I mind my own business, and I have my own way of looking at things; from this point of view I never swerve, and for it I have a right to claim the respect of others." That point of view included a generous appreciation of all who had deserved well of their country, whatever their creed, and whatever their politics. When, in 1875, General Garibaldi visited Rome, with his mind full of a scheme for the drainage of the Campagna, he wrote to Prince Torlonia, whose great work of draining the Fucine lake had then lately been accomplished, expressing a desire to make his acquaintance. The Prince at once invited Garibaldi to his house, and the two men had a long talk about the prospects of the proposed improvements. This liberal-minded act, for at the Vatican Garibaldi was looked upon as the incarnation of everything vile and unholy, brought down on Torlonia an angry scolding from the editor of the *Unita Catholica*. Torlonia's reply was short and restrained, but the implied rebuke was none the less pointed: "The motive that has guided my course throughout my life has been to win the esteem of honest men."

During all this time Torlonia had never flagged in the work of making money. From Pius IX. he obtained a monopoly for the sale of tobacco and salt, which added millions to his already huge fortune; and the banking business was conducted with energy and prudence. But the banker prince, if even more successful than his father in the accumulation of wealth, was not less liberal in spending, and the sumptuous entertainments commenced by Giovanni Torlonia were continued by him with even more lavish profusion, till the house was closed many years ago by the hopeless illness of his wife. The strict economy, not to say niggardliness, with which he regulated the ordinary outgoings of his household and his own personal expenditure were in striking contrast with all their ostentation. He slept in a small room on the third floor of his enormous mansion plainly, not to say meanly, furnished. He rose early, and spent the greater part of his day in business with his lawyers and managers. His dinner was frugal, consisting of a plate of soup, a plain dish of meat with vegetables, a little fruit, and half a bottle of wine. He exercised a rigorous control over every item of household expenditure, insisted on having vouchers for every penny spent, and refused to pass any account that was not absolutely correct to the last farthing. The story is told that one day, when quite an old man, he rode over to one of his estates, some distance from Rome,

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to examine the accounts. He there found an entry for the repair of three panes of glass in the windows of the farmhouse. Remembering at once that the same window had been broken four months before, he absolutely refused to allow the item, insisting that the farmer should pay for his own carelessness.

On the other hand, he was always ready to spend his money freely on any object that he considered worthy. Of all his undertakings, that by which his name will live longest is the draining of the Fucine lake.

This great work projected by Julius Cæsar, attempted but left unaccomplished by the Emperors Claudius and Hadrian, was at last, after the lapse of sixteen centuries, taken in hand and carried through by Prince Torlonia. The engineering difficulties that had to be surmounted were immense. In 1855 the work was begun, and for twenty years Torlonia pushed on the undertaking with admirable tenacity expending on it no less than £800,000. At last in 1875 the sluices were open, and fifty thousand acres, partly lake and partly swamp, became a healthy and fertile plain, the surrounding country being at the same time greatly benefited by the reclamation of what had been a hotbed of malaria.

In honour of this great work the king conferred on Torlonia the title of Prince of Fucino, presented him with a gold medal struck in commemoration of the successful termination of his enterprise, and made him Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus.

With reference to this a characteristic story is told of the old man who knew so well how to hold his own against all comers. On receiving the medal and the patent of nobility Torlonia had gone to the Quirinal, for the first time since the transference of the capital to Rome, to thank the king and do homage to him, having first obtained the approval of the pope, who sanctioned the acceptation of the title on the characteristic ground that the Fucine lake had not been included in the estates of the church annexed to the new kingdom, and that he did not, therefore, by recognising the king's title to rule over that district, condone an act of sacrilege. Don Margotti, however, editor of a Catholic journal, more papal than the pope himself, was wild with fury at the idea that so devout a servant of the church should recognise the "usurping king," and reminded Torlonia that, standing on the threshold of the tomb, he would soon have to answer before the judgment seat of God for this act of homage done to the pope's enemy. "It is," answered the Prince, "precisely because I know I shall soon stand in the presence of my God, there to give an account of my actions, that I feel that to Don Margotti I have no account to render."

Prince Torlonia was also well known as a liberal patron of the fine arts. He bought with judgment, seldom paying high prices, but his collections are among the most valuable in Rome; and the

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sculpture galleries, which contain a larger number of magnificent works of ancient art than are to be found in any other private collection, many of the specimens having been found on his own estates, are yearly visited by thousands.

But the noblest monument of the Prince are his charitable institutions. On the Janiculan Hill beneath the Church of St. Onophrio, and the gardens where Tasso used to sit, stands a group of buildings including an orphanage for eighty orphans, an almshouse for forty old men and women, a home for infants, a dispensary where all applicants are treated gratuitously, and a technical school in which three hundred boys and girls are clothed, maintained, and taught. In these institutions, which he had built and which he supported at his own expense, the Prince took an unfailing interest, visiting them almost daily and supervising all the details of the work.

Though in his eighty-fifth year and somewhat feeble Prince Torlonia enjoyed good health, and the news of his death took all Rome by surprise.

On the 7th of February last, just after returning from his usual afternoon's drive, Alessandro Torlonia, Prince of Civitella, of Musignano, of Canino, of Farnese, of Fucino, Duke of Ceri, Marquess of Roma Vecchia, and of Torrita, died suddenly, attended by his daughter, the Duchess of Ceri, and her husband.

Of his many titles, one, and that not the lowest, was purchased for exactly one crown. The former Prince of Canino, a Buonaparte, having had some difference with the Pontifical court, determined to sell all his estates in the Papal territory and part with his title. Torlonia agreed to take both the one and the other off his hands, and in the deed of sale, which was made out for nine hundred thousand and one crowns, it was expressly stipulated that nine hundred thousand was the price of the estates, the one crown being paid for the title of Prince.

Torlonia's enormous wealth, estimated at from £6,000,000 to £13,000,000, with the exception of some small legacies, he has left in equal portions to his daughter and her grandson, if any should be born, who is to take the name of Torlonia; for on this point the old man was very tenacious.

His daughter might have married one of the reigning dukes of Germany, but Torlonia would not consent to any match that would leave him without an heir to keep his name alive.

The death of the Prince was mourned by all classes in Rome, but most of all by the poor and destitute, who had found in him a sure friend and protector, from whose doors they were never sent empty away.

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SIC TRANSIT.

BY I. M. ELTON.

ONE spot is perfect still; a quiet place
Where lies a pool far hidden in the trees,
Where waterlilies float in sleepy grace,
And branches whisper in the evening breeze.

There sombre fir-trees raise aspiring heads,
And point for ever to the clear pale sky.
While at their feet a mossy carpet spreads,
Where thousand rippling streamlets hurry by.

No voice of man e'er breaks th' eternal peace,
For there majestic solitude doth reign.
In her still kingdom human discords cease,
And Beauty's voiceless children hold domain.

Cut down the trees, oh man! and drain the pool,
Silence the music of each rippling stream.
Then, spite of all the art of culture's school,
Lament; too late that beauty is a dream.

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THE DOMAIN OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR MUNROE SMITH.

THE term "political science" is greatly in need of definition. Technical terms should have a limited and exact meaning; but this particular term is used vaguely, not by the laity alone, but by professed experts. These speak sometimes of a "political science;" at other times of a plurality of "political sciences." Again, the sciences which are commonly described as "political" are often designated as "social;" and besides the various "social sciences" there appears to be a "social science."

A more exact use of these terms is certainly desirable. This, it seems to me, is more likely to be obtained by endeavouring to establish the respective domains of the sciences in question and their relation to each other, than by laying down dogmatic definitions, the practical value of which is often overrated. A neat definition is a very attractive thing. It seems to offer the conclusion of wisdom in portable form. It is, in fact, the condensed result of a great deal of hard thinking; but to understand it, to appreciate what it includes, and what it excludes, the thoughts of the definer must be thought over again, until the disciple has gained the same outlook over the subject as the master—and then he no longer needs the definition.

Social science, in the broadest sense, deals with all the relations of man in society; more precisely, with all the relations that result from man's social life. It may be questioned whether it is proper to speak of *a* social science. We certainly have no general social science in the sense in which we have particular social sciences. In politics, in economics, in law and in language, we are able to some extent to trace phenomena to their causes, to group facts under rules, and rules under principles. But the laws which underlie man's social life as a whole have not been grasped and formulated. Social science or sociology, if we use the term, is, therefore, simply a convenient general expression for a plurality of social sciences. But social science is used in another, and a narrower sense. The various social sciences do not cover the entire field of man's social life. There are portions of that field —*e. g.*, movement of population, vice, and crime—which lie beyond the domain of the older and better-defined sciences; in which the preliminary work of exploration has only recently been undertaken; and in which little has been accomplished beyond the collection of data by statistical observations. For lack of a more

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definite term,* social science is used in a restrictive sense to describe these newly-entered domains of investigation.

Among the social sciences we find some which are designated as the political sciences. Political science signifies, literally, the science of the state. Taken in this sense, it includes the organisation and functions of the state, and the relation of states one to another. But what are the political sciences? Are they subdivisions, or special branches of the science of the state? Economic science is obviously regarded as one of the political sciences, for the term "political economy" is used more often than "economics," and commonly in quite as broad a sense. But economic science does not occupy itself simply with the state. It is the science of wealth. It deals with the finances of the state, but it deals also with the accumulation, exchange, and distribution of wealth by individuals. But the political sciences may perhaps be taken to be those which deal with the relations of man in the state, *i.e.*, with all the relations which *result* † from man's political life. But is economic science a purely political science even in this sense? Do we not find, for example, private property and barter among people, who, like Homer's Cyclops, know no other social organisation than that of the family? If economics be a political science, much more must law be so. Law, like economic science, deals with many relations not resulting from man's political life —*e.g.*, property and family relations,—but its rules are at least formulated by state organs, and enforced by governmental machinery. Nevertheless, law is not commonly classified as one of the political sciences. It seems preferable, under these circumstances, to recognise but one political science—the science of the state. The relations with which this science deals may, of course, be subdivided and treated separately. We may separate the relations of states one to another—the international relations from the national. We may divide the national relations into questions of state organisation and state action. We may distinguish between the various functions of the state. But there is no good reason for erecting these various groups of questions into distinct political sciences. The connection of each with all is too intimate.

In endeavouring to distinguish political science from the so-called political sciences, I have no thought of denying the close connection which subsists between political science, as here defined, and the sciences of economics and law. On the contrary, it is a chief object of this article to demonstrate the inter-dependence

* For the science of population the Germans are beginning to use the word *Demologie*. This new science, strictly speaking, lies only in part within the circle of the social sciences; in part it reaches out into natural science, *i.e.*, biology.

† This limitation is obviously necessary. The mere fact that certain relations exist in the state does not make them political; otherwise, in the present stage of civilisation, all social relations would be political. The question is: Do the relations exist *because of* men's living in and under the state?

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of these sciences. In defining them we emphasise the point of view rather than the field of view—the side from which social relations are regarded rather than the relations themselves. Thence arises an impression that the domains of these sciences are more distinct than is really the case.

> "Leicht bei einander wohnen die Gedanken,
> Doch hart im Raume stossen sich die Sachen."

Each of the three sciences we are now considering holds a large proportion of its territory in common with one or both of the others. Law and politics have common ground in the organisation and operation of government in the single state. Law and economics are both concerned with all commercial transactions. The theory of governmental administration is largely economic; and state-finance is a part of the administrative system of the state, is based on economic theory, and is regulated by law. The relative position of these sciences may be indicated by drawing three circles or ellipses, each of which intersects the other two, with a very considerable space occupied by all in common. Nor is the ground which these three sciences cover proper to them only. All the social relations with which politics, law, and economics have to do lie within the domain of ethics. Duty, loyalty, honesty, charity—these ideas are forces that underlie and support the state; that give to law its most effective sanction; that cross and modify the egoistic struggle for gain.

Politics, law, and economics—political, legal, and economic science—these two classes of terms have thus far been used indiscriminately. But it is obvious that the politician and the lawyer are not necessarily political or legal scientists, any more than a man who busies himself in devising new means of gaining wealth is an economist. Primarily, of course, the difference is in the aim. Science aims at the discovery of truth. But the methods must be such as are adapted to realise this aim. What then are the methods of the social sciences? All the various methods employed may be grouped under one term—*comparison.* The single fact means nothing to us; we accumulate facts that seem akin; we classify and reclassify them, discarding superficial and accidental similarities, as we discover deeper substantial identities. We accumulate and compare facts from our own and from foreign countries; we accumulate facts from the immediate and more remote past, and compare them with each other and with present facts. Statistics, comparative legislation, history—these are means and modes of accumulating facts for comparison.

The ancillary relation which these studies bear to the social sciences is often lost from view. We speak of an historical science, of a science of comparative legislation, of statistical science—and thus apparently co-ordinate these studies with the social sciences of politics and economics, law and ethics. But they should not be so co-ordinated. History, for example, is not a

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social science in the same sense as economics, for it does not deal with a definite group of social relations. It is a mode of investigating all sorts of social relations. The same is true of statistics and comparative legislation.

I have not the slightest intention of denying the existence of a science of history, of statistics, or of comparative legislation. There are methods of accumulating and using facts (?) that are inaccurate and deceptive. The number of these methods is as unlimited as the ingenuity of ignorance. There are, on the other hand, methods of collecting, testing, sifting, and using facts that give approximately accurate and reliable results. These are properly called scientific methods. They are limited in number; and the most important are those which we call the sciences of history, of statistics, and of comparative legislation. But the relation of these sciences to the social sciences is not co-ordinate, but auxiliary.

Of all these auxiliary sciences, the most important is history. All other methods of comparative study may be said to operate on a single plane—the plane of the present. History gives to the social sciences the third dimension, and thus indefinitely increases the range of comparison. But it does far more than this. To the application of the historic method we owe the discovery that social institutions persist and at the same time change from generation to generation, and from century to century; that these changes, in the case of each single institution, are not fitful but steady, and are of such a nature that we involuntarily borrow words which describe the processes of organic life, and speak of their "growth" and "decay;" and when we take a further step, and compare the social institutions of the present time, in their totality, with those of earlier and still earlier periods until tradition vanishes in the "infinite azure of the past," we discover a constant tendency from the simple to the complex, a constantly increasing differentiation of form and specialisation of function; so that we borrow another phrase from the science of biology, and speak of the "evolution" of states and law, of art and language. The sociologists have borrowed the word from the naturalists, but not the conception. Before the naturalists made the word technical, German philologists had demonstrated the evolution of language, and a German jurist had said: "Law is not made, it grows; it is as much a part and a product of a nation's life as is its speech.*

We have already seen that the domains of politics, economics, and law are largely coincident. From that coincidence alone would result a close interdependence. This interdependence is greatly increased by the use of the comparative and especially of the historical method. To use statistics safely, the sociologist must take into account the entire social condition of the

* Savigny, "Beruf unserer Zeit" (1815).

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state in which the statistics are gathered. Political or legal as well as economic differences may make the statistical reports of two states upon the same subject valueless for comparison. The intelligent use of foreign legislations by the jurist, the economist, or the student of politics, implies not only an acquaintance with the general principles and technical structure of foreign law, but of the political and economic conditions of the country in and for which each particular law was made. But it is in historical investigation that this interdependence of the social sciences becomes most sensible; and it is through historical investigation that we gain insight into the cause of this interdependence. It is rarely possible to stamp an historical fact as exclusively political, legal, or economic. The student will naturally approach it from one of these sides, and is in danger of failing to see the others; but a one-sided view is never a true view. Take, for example, the agrarian bill of the younger Gracchus. To the economist, its principal interest lies in the attempt to break up the *latifundia*, the great cattle-ranches, and to re-establish small agricultural holdings. To the lawyer, the chief points of interest are the tenure by which the *latifundia* were held, and the proposed inalienability of the new properties. To the student of politics, it is a phase in the struggle between the senatorial oligarchy of Rome and the democracy of the peninsula. But to view the fact truly, each of the three should be able to see it on all sides.

If we seek to trace through history the evolution of the state, we find each step in its development recorded in the evolution of law, and explained to a great degree by economic changes. The transformation of the nomadic clan into the local community and of the tribe into the primitive state is accompanied and conditioned by the development of agriculture. The substitution of aristocracy for kingship in the ancient world, and the analogous development of feudalism in mediæval Europe, are results of the development of private property in land. The substitution of monarchy for aristocracy, and of democracy for monarchy—the cycle through which Aristotle already saw the little states of the ancient world moving—and the similar substitution, in modern Europe, of absolutism for feudalism and of democracy for absolutism—these further changes are necessitated by the development of commerce and the increasing weight of movable wealth.

If it is the evolution of law upon which our attention is primarily bent, we find that in primitive society rules which we should to-day call legal are inextricably blended with moral precepts and religious dogmas. Properly speaking, there is neither religion, nor morals, nor law in this stage of social development, for these distinctions are not yet drawn. The only sanction of these undifferentiated rules is religious fear and the moral sense

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of the community. But as the tribe becomes territorially fixed and the state takes form, the physical power of the state begins to be applied to compel obedience to a certain portion of these traditional rules, and law begins to separate itself from religion and ethics. As civilisation becomes more complex, the state plays an increasingly important *rôle*, and the domain of law widens. But every step in its development, as in that of the state, is conditioned to a great extent by economic changes.

Finally, if we take economics as the immediate object of investigation, we find that the operation of the social forces with which this science primarily concerns itself is constantly modified by the development of ethics and law. In the struggle for existence into which men enter with unequal endowments, it is at first the physically weaker who goes under, and the physically stronger who survives; but the cruder forms of violence are gradually tabooed by ethics, and at last law interposes its imperative *vim fieri veto*, ends the reign of force, and makes the plane of struggle intellectual. Then cunning and fraud take the place of brute strength; but law meets fraud with equitable interposition, and develops a system of checks that grows more complex and refined as the increasing ingenuity of man develops subtler forms of iniquity.

It is a result of the entire preceding discussion that political, economic, and legal science are so interdependent that the investigation of any one of the three implies the investigation of both of the others. Choose which you will, the others are necessary auxiliaries. But of the three, the science of the state is assuming more and more the dominant position. The principal legal question of the day, in America, is: To what organ or organs of the state shall the development of law be entrusted—to the judicial *and* legislative, or to the legislative alone? This is the essence of the question of codification. Behind this is rising a second question, which England will soon be called upon to answer: Shall the development of law be partly local and partly national, or national only? Both of these questions are political. Again, the burning economic questions of the day all turn on the advisability, the extent or the method of state interference: between landlord and tenant in Great Britain; between capitalist and labourer in Germany; between corporations and the public in the United States.

The conception of the state as a mere protective association against external force and internal disorder is antiquated. The state is everywhere exercising other functions than the protection of person and property and the enforcement of contract. Whether the increasing importance of the state be deplored or applauded, the fact remains that it is rapidly becoming, if it is not already, the central factor of social evolution.

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KETTNERISTES.

A COLLOQUY OF DERBY NIGHT.

It was the evening of the Derby day. Jawstone, Heartfelt, Socrates, and I had been there, enjoying the fitful gleams of sunshine over the nomad encampment, the noble struggle of the hero horses, the ignoble contrasts of human nature, the triumph of pedigree, and the masquerade of man. Jawstone, the socialist radical, Heartfelt, the cautious Whig, I, the eager Conservative, Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, whose "positively last" reappearance had been "by kind permission of Messrs. Myers and Gurney." Socrates had been a trifle bewildered by the costumes and the atmosphere, but the race appealed to him as a familiar experience. After all he had said, "Hellenism survives." Our efforts were naturally directed to do the great ghost honour: our clubs he rejected contemptuously as concourse without friendship, so we directed our footsteps to a snug restaurant in the neighbourhood of Soho, where Greek wines, fritture, and olives were procurable. The banquet was to his taste, the strange types of our modern civilisation sociable over their dominoes pleased him, and after a smiling silence he thus began, "Do not imagine that your life is wholly unfamiliar to me; the shades are permitted at times a phantasmagoria of the world as a sort of theatrical relaxation; I am somewhat acquainted with the English; sport and politics are your passion; and, indeed, they are kindred elements: breed, race are everything for the horse as for the man,—the best horses win, the best men govern. You must be proud to have inherited your fine qualities, and your yearly Olympia must allegorise the lesson for you." "Pardon me," interrupted Jawstone, somewhat rabidly, "you are doubtless thinking of an earlier period; are you aware that we are living under a democracy?" "And how," retorted the sage, whose nineteenth century habiliments lent him something of Mr. Spurgeon's protuberant gravity, "how would you define democracy?" "Can *you* ask?" rejoined Jawstone, who carefully abstained on this particular occasion from the classical quotations so embarrassing to his friends. "Democracy is government by the majority." "So then," ironically retorted the sage, "the dead rule the living, for the dead are your truest majority." "You jest, as of old," was the answer. "Indeed, no, for you are the

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happy possessors of that which I fondly hoped our Athenians might attain—a constitution, and a constitution is the inspiration of those passed away but undying." "But our constitution is undergoing 'important modifications,'" was the impatient answer. "I myself——" "Indeed, I am aware of your career," laughed the philosopher, and "forecasted it centuries ago in my 'Democratic Man.' But how to live well is still my hobby, and I would fain discard the individual and approach the State, for even you will admit that it is as a citizen that a man lives best." "Indeed, he does," chimed in Heartfelt; "and here is the very pinch, Socrates, of our friend's argument, for a democrat, I maintain, cannot be a citizen; he lives for himself alone, he has cast 'justice' far from him, and is the wooer of 'equality;' and if every one be equal, it is manifest that none can be responsible for his neighbour's improvements; otherwise inequality at once sets in, and democracy commits suicide." "There I quite agree with you," I remarked, lighting a cigarette. "See now," continued Socrates, as the tears came into his eyes, "I protest that your aromatic and dreamy vapours are blinding me; and were it not that I have sped straight from the contemplation of the Good I should be unable to see clearly; we must try to dispel the mists. Tell me, you do not yet leave the choice of your president to the arbitrament of the lot? You are ruled by a constitutional monarch, are you not?" "Of course," impatiently resumed Jawstone. "Indeed, I have just returned from a visit to our sovereign Lady, but none the less we ARE a democracy. The constituencies who return our members, and who now (thank Providence!) comprise the worst instructed, are our masters, and the statesman exists to enforce their mandate through the machinery of our Parliament." "So then," replied Socrates, "the constituencies reign, and not the constitution." "There again you misapprehend" urged Jawstone; "the constituencies are created by the constitution." "Tell me," said Socrates, "is not your constitution, at least this, a method of discipline?" "Certainly," I answered; "and is not discipline a sort of proportion?" "Very true." "And does not proportion depend in a manner on moderation?" "That may be so," growled Jawstone. "Did you not," resumed Socrates, "just inform me that your least instructed are enfranchised?" "I did." "And are those who are neither trained nor taught moderate either in their desires or voices? Could, for instance, the unschooled racehorse win the prize?" "Certainly not," Heartfelt answered, glancing at a small manuscript volume of accounts. "So, then, the immoderate rule, if what you say be true. How, then, can the constitution be upheld which we agreed was in itself a sort of moderation; for I feel sure you will grant me this principle, that like produces like. Am I then to understand that the constitution is a suicide? for this is what you would have me believe." "Yes, indeed," rapidly interpolated

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Heartfelt (for he discerned a deluge of verbosity impending from the precipice of Jawstone's mouth), "that is what is happening ever since the Whig families have ceased to predominate in Downing Street." But Jawstone could contain himself no longer. "You are at your old tricks of irony, Socrates," he blurted out, while the sage winked mildly in my direction, "and are in truth the greatest sophist of them all. You argue that a democracy cannot be constitutional, because it may be intemperate; but, indeed, our constitution, which is based on popular representation, nourished from the very first the germ of democracy; while the masses were the serfs of the landlord, they were dumb, but feudalism is exploded; the sense of the country is audible in the press, at popular meetings, even on railway platforms the voice of the mob is omnipotent, and must be obeyed." "So then," sighed Socrates, "democracy may be defined as 'dictation by the mob'? I had fancied your member of Parliament was a mediator between wisdom and ignorance, a constitutional representative of people who borrowed his judgment." "By Autonomy, no," barked Jawstone. "And yet," mused the master, "Burke told me so only yesterday, but come, let us approach the subject from another side: Democracy implies equality, does it not?" "Certainly," said Jawstone, "we are all equal in the eye of the law." "Am I then to believe," he continued "that to-day's titanic crowd, the rich and insolent, the starved and suffering, the thief, the preacher, and the card sharper are all equal?" "There are inequalities in human nature of course, but they have no place in the Jawstonian commonwealth," was the reply. "Then to be unequal is natural?" rejoined Socrates. "Certainly," asserted Jawstone, with some uneasiness at the double meaning; "and we are agreed that a democracy implies equality?" "Well!" "We cannot, therefore, unless our vision is obscured with cigarette smoke," he resumed, "resist the conclusion that democracy is unnatural." "But even granting this, and I will grant nothing to wordsplitting of this nature (for indeed a question is a question, and a statement a statement)," stammered Jawstone vehemently, "government is itself not natural, and rights themselves are not natural, but acquired so that any form of State is equally open to your reproach of being unnatural." "Tell me," said Socrates, "among horses do not the best by nature win, if they are properly tended and disciplined?" "Certainly." "And are not your English racehorses rightly regarded as leaders and governors of the stable?" "I do not understand your analogy." "It is, therefore, natural that the best should rule, and we are agreed that equality is unnatural; does it not, therefore, follow that some form of government is according to nature, but that equality is not?" "That may be a general, but it is scarcely an absolute truth," was the rejoinder. "And further," proceeded the sage, rising to offer a libation before the buffet, which he mistook for an

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altar, "did you not assert that no rights are natural?" "And yet," I interposed, "he is always gabbling of natural rights." "So then rights which are the growth of your constitution do not depend upon equality, but on our old principle it is at least possible that they may flow from government or discipline?" "Indeed, Socrates," I earnestly answered, "you speak admirably, and I cannot but think that this palaver about democracy from men who are enjoying the material benefits of a royal Republic which, like the Periclean, holds the reins of control lightly on the neck of the State, resembles the action of those silly folks whom we see holding up umbrellas in a dark sky when there is as yet no rain." "You mean," he said, "that they forestall their mad inclinations by a futile pretence." "Indeed, I do," I said. "Liberals and Radicals must alike share this reproach." I looked round; Jawstone had gone; and as I uttered the word Liberal, Heartfelt, with a scared expression, muttered the name "Labouchere," and fled. A luminous loveliness enveloped the snub-nosed sage. "My dæmon summons," he murmured; "I must away. Young man, remember that the wisest of Athenians fell a sacrifice to that anarchic feebleness which men call democracy. We have another name below, he whispered; and that is 'Dissolution.'" He had vanished: I alone paid the bill.

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A HOUSE OF SPLENDID HORRORS.

BY HUGH C. DAVIDSON.

As secretary to that eccentric nobleman, the Earl of ——, I have been entrusted with many strange commissions, but the strangest of all was the one I received upon the death of the Countess, a celebrated beauty many years younger than her husband, who was devotedly attached to her. So was every one who had ever known her; for she was as good and gracious as she was beautiful. Never shall I forget the day when she died; of the crowds that flocked to the hall there was not one but mourned for the loss of a friend. The earl locked himself up in the room in which the body lay, and refused to see even his own relatives. But next morning he sent for me, and in a few broken sentences gave me certain instructions which almost made me doubt his sanity. Horrified as I was, I knew remonstrance to be useless, and a few hours later was on my way to a city which there is no need to indicate here.

It was late on a September afternoon when I reached my destination, an immense house at the corner of a square in which children were playing around a fountain, while their nursemaids sat in groups under the trees. Were it necessary I could describe every detail of that peaceful scene, so sadly out of harmony with my own thoughts, that the merry young voices fell upon my ears with a sense of positive pain. For it was with fear and loathing that I regarded the stuccoed columns, the stained glass windows, the florid balconies filled with flowers, whose sickly odour I can recall to this very day, and the massive front of the house before me. This feeling, I should explain, was caused not by the building, which many would have admired, but by the knowledge of the occupation of the remarkable man who dwelt there. At first I felt inclined to beat a retreat, but after some hesitation ascended the steps and rang the bell.

Instantly and noiselessly the huge door swung open and, when I had entered, closed behind me. The panelled walls of the large and lofty hall in which I found myself were hung with costly pictures; the niches were filled with statuary, most of it life-size; grotesque figures in bronze held aloft a number of lamps; the broad staircase was of white marble, with balustrades of some dark green stone that resembled malachite; and a strip of black

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carpet was stretched along the centre of the tesselated pavement, upon which the coloured lights from the circular stained-glass window in the roof wrought the most curious patterns. All this I noticed in the first hasty glance, but my attention was especially directed towards two rows of tall footmen, arrayed in scarlet and gold liveries, and all standing perfectly motionless by the side of the carpet.

Had one of them opened the door for me? No, that was impossible. So far as I could see no hand had touched it, and certainly none of that stolid group had stirred a muscle. If self-control be accounted a virtue in servants, I can safely affirm that a more virtuous set I have never beheld, for not one of them turned his head towards me.

While I was gazing at them in bewilderment, not knowing what to do in this embarrassing situation, a large clock began to strike the hour of six, and at the same moment a procession of little figures issued from a door in the carved woodwork of the case, enacted some fanciful scene, and then retired. The contrast between the lively movements of these puppets and the changeless attitudes of the footmen had a most weird effect. Could they move, these stolid giants? or had they been planted like cabbages? With a slight shiver I advanced towards the nearest, whose chubby face seemed to wear a perpetual simper.

"Is M. Flavel at home?" I nervously inquired.

He gave me no answer; he never even looked at me. There was something so unpleasant in his persistent silence that I felt as if a bucket of cold water had suddenly been poured down my back. But the momentary faintness was succeeded by a feeling of anger, for it struck me that this pompous parade must mean the expected arrival of some great man—a supposition that would probably explain the insolence shown to me. Standing there like a fool, I was strongly tempted to pull the fellow's nose—a handy one for the purpose, by the way.

"When I see your master," I said indignantly, "I shall not fail to report your conduct."

My words were echoed back from the hollow roof, but no other sound broke the silence. Was he a creature of flesh and blood, this strange being with the stony smile who stood there as motionless as a statue? He was; for my hand, as I stretched it out to emphasise my statement, came in contact with his, and I knew then that this was no waxwork image, but a man. The discovery of this fact, which I had almost begun to doubt, stirred my wrath anew.

"You shall be dismissed for this," I said. "The earl ——"

A movement at the far end of the strip of black carpet having caught my eye, I stopped abruptly. A door had opened in the panelled wall, and the footman nearest it appeared to be bowing towards me. Taking this as an invitation to advance, I walked

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down the lane of motionless servants, the unsteadiness of my gait being only aggravated by my desperate attempts to assume a dignified bearing. Were those hateful creatures laughing at me? I disdained to look at them, and turned neither to the right nor to the left until I came to a handsome octagonal room furnished as a library.

Here, as in the hall, stained glass windows cast a dim religious light upon the scene; the atmosphere was laden with some aromatic perfume which made me feel quite faint; and when the door closed as noiselessly and mysteriously as the other had done, I felt as if I had been for ever cut off from the outer world of life, and change, and movement. And yet there was a goodly company in the library, though none took the smallest notice of me, all being absorbed in reading. The massive furniture, upholstered with red morocco, consisted chiefly of luxurious armchairs, each tenanted by some patient student who, I supposed, was waiting for an audience with the celebrated M. Flavel. They were of all ages and nationalities, men as well as women, and their clothes were characterised by a uniform shabbiness which perhaps was not inconsistent with their scholarly occupation. They might have been reading the same books for years, so firmly riveted were their eyes upon the dusty pages before them, and so oppressive was the stillness. If I coughed would any of them look reproachfully at me? I felt constrained to try. But eagerly as I watched for some result, I could not detect the quiver of an eyelid among the whole party.

At the corner of the central table sat a grey-bearded Turk, wearing a scarlet fez, his head resting on his hand as if he had fallen asleep. His neighbour was a closely-cropped Frenchman, whose hair rose in impatient bristles, and who had just dropped a cigarette by the side of his book. There was more animation about him than about any of the others, and relying upon the politeness of his race, I thought I might venture to whisper a question in his ear. But as I approached, my footfall making no sound on the velvety carpet, a vague dread seized upon me, and I hastily retreated to the background, where I stood wiping the perspiration from my forehead.

It was very absurd, I tried to argue with myself; what was there to be afraid of? I who had faced as many dangers as most men found myself in a novel situation, and lo! no child could be more timid. But argument failed to bring any comfort, so I determined to seek the same distraction as the others, and accordingly, walking to the nearest shelves, pounced upon the first book that came to hand. To my surprise, it resisted all my efforts to drag it from its place; so did the next and the next. Closer inspection proved them to be merely blocks of wood carved and painted so as to resemble handsome volumes. Amazed at this strange discovery I turned once more to look at

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my companions. Where had they procured the books they were studying with such engrossing interest? This question, so full of disquieting suggestions, had to be settled at once. I crept forward and, peeping over the Frenchman's shoulder, saw that the book before him was M. Deleuze's "Histoire Critique du Magnétisme Animal." This was somewhat reassuring, for a doubt had come into my head as to whether these people were reading at all. "A treatise on Mesmerism!" I kept repeating. "Am I witnessing an exhibition of that wonderful science?"

The sound of music stopped my reflections for the time. Looking up I saw that a footman, whom I had not noticed before, was standing by an open door as if he expected somebody to pass through. As none of the others showed any disposition to rise, I went, hoping to obtain an immediate interview with M. Flavel.

It was a drawing-room that I now entered—a large circular room divided into snug little nooks by the arrangement of the black and gold furniture. The walls were panelled with some dark blue material like velvet framed in embossed leather, and in the centre of each panel hung a plate of beautiful china, a perfect picture. Had it not been for my discovery in the library I should have said that the mirrors were framed in ivory, but I was now disposed to regard M. Flavel as a fraud. For the same reason I viewed with suspicion the many nicknacks, costly though they looked in that variegated twilight.

As for the occupants of the drawing-room, they were decidedly superior in rank to the students in the library, if dress be any criterion. Seated on a raised couch, a magnificent old lady in black velvet and diamonds was the centre of a group of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, all listening with the closest attention to a musical box which was playing a variety of lively airs. Taking her to be Madame Flavel—as, indeed, I afterwards learnt she was—I made her an awkward bow; and then, as she did not notice me, staggered to the nearest chair. There really was something very uncanny about the whole affair.

When sufficiently composed to look round me, I found I was in one of the cosy nooks already referred to, the only other occupant being a young lady, singularly beautiful, and dressed in a quaint, old-fashioned style, that only added to her charm. She wore a very large straw hat, decked with poppies, a white, high-waisted muslin dress, a blue sash, and a gold chain round her neck; and yet in this simple costume she far outshone every woman I ever saw. Her soft cheeks were dimpled in a smile, and though her face was partly turned away from me, and the long lashes drooped over eyes which I knew must be of a deep blue, I fancied she was coyly peeping at me.

"Ahem!" I said, by way of opening a conversation gracefully. "The weather is very sultry to-day."

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She gave me no answer, the artful little coquette.

"A great change from yesterday," I went on, warming to my subject. "Don't you think so, mademoiselle?"

Still not a word.

"Ah!" I said, after a pause, "you are vexed with me for interrupting the music. What a grand thing it must be to have a soul! To float away on sweet sounds—to—to—in fact," I stammered, for I was much disturbed by her indifference, "to be a great musician—as I have no doubt you are—if you will permit a stranger to say so."

Though she still remained silent, I thought that the dimple deepened, or it may have been the effect of the red light which formed a sort of halo around her golden head. She had taken off one glove, and her hand was so close to me that I felt I must touch it—quite accidentally, of course. Pray, understand me! I am not in the habit of thus establishing contact with strange ladies, but in the present case I was so bewildered and so oppressed by my surroundings that I yearned to feel the touch of a human hand and to hear the sound of a human voice, if only to be reassured that I had not taken leave of my senses. If that hand and that voice happened to belong to a charming young lady, so much the better. Accordingly, I dropped my hat, blundered in picking it up, and so touched her hand. She did not withdraw it, neither did she speak! What was I to infer from that?

While I was debating this question, a sliding panel opened in the wall, and a child skipped into the room, a dark-eyed little girl, dressed in black with white bows. With her fingers in her wee mouth, she stood for a moment listening to the music. Nobody paid the least attention to her, and she appeared to be quite as indifferent to us. But the sight of her innocent face made me rejoice exceedingly, and, sitting like one in a dream, I watched her with a fascination which I could not explain. Presently she approached rather timidly a venerable old gentleman with an immense white beard, and tapped him on the knee.

"Dead!" she said, with an eerie little laugh which made my flesh creep. "Sit welly still, oo funny ole man, for oo's dead, oo know."

Oh, the sudden horror of that moment! I could not even yet understand it, I was so scared. With clammy hands and trembling limbs, I stared at the impassive faces of my companions, all of whom sat as silent and motionless as the beautiful girl by my side. The musical box changed to another tune, a waltz; and, stupefied as I was, I remember how distant the sounds seemed to have grown.

The child went to the next figure, a stiff elderly lady in a poke-bonnet, dark dress, and grey shawl, which was tightly wrapped around her sloping shoulders.

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"Oo can't scold poor ickle Didon no more," said the child, not without a secret distrust of her own words, "for oo's dead too. Dead, too, I say," she repeated, with an emphatic gesture. "Dead, naughty aunt."

With a backward glance she passed rather hastily to an amiable-looking gentleman with grey whiskers and a bald head. Like the others, he appeared to be absorbed in listening to the music, and he was leaning forward in his chair, his gaze fixed upon the ground.

"Naughty aunt sha'n't scold poor ickle Didon," she said to him, in her pretty foreign accent. "Oo's dead too; but oo won't let her, unkie, will oo? Nurse says Didon is a dood dirl; tell naughty aunt, unkie. Dood unkie, do."

And so she went round the circle, talking to all in turn, until at length she came to me and stopped wonderingly, her little hands clasping her black dress in front.

"Dead!" she said in a doubtful way. "When did oo come? and what's oor name? I's never seen oo before."

"No," burst from my lips, which until now had lost their power, "I am not dead. I'm—I'm—— I don't know what I am. Mad, I think; I must be mad. And who are these? Why don't they speak or move? Oh, this is dreadful! Where is your father, if M. Flavel is your father? My poor child," I added more gently, as I rose to my feet, "don't be frightened."

After the first terrified look out of those big dark eyes of hers, she turned from me tremblingly to stare at the lady in the poke-bonnet, as if afraid that she also had started into life. Notwithstanding my mental prostration, I remember thinking how strange were this little elf's ideas of death; beyond a wavering belief that it caused immobility and speechlessness, and an incapacity to do harm, though perhaps not to do good, she clearly knew nothing whatever about its nature. Was she human? Or was she merely a phantom of my own brain? I pressed my hands tightly against my throbbing temples, and sought for something real amid so much that was unreal.

Suddenly she uttered a cry of pleasure, and began to run towards the door which had been thrown open to admit, amid a flourish of invisible trumpets, a tall and burly man wearing a blue frockcoat, light trousers, varnished boots, and an abundance of jewellery, especially of diamond rings. He had a pleasant ruddy face, a fine forehead, little twinkling dark eyes, scanty grey hair, and a heavy grizzled moustache. Without any doubt, this was M. Flavel; he looked so perfectly self-possessed and so cheerful.

"Pappa, pappa!" cried the child, clasping him round the knees, "Ook! he's not dead."

"So I see," pleasantly replied M. Flavel, as he stooped down to pat the little black head.

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"But naughty aunt's dead, pappa."

"Oh yes, dear, she'll never trouble you again."

With Didon trotting by his side, and still keeping a doubtful eye upon the lady in the poke-bonnet, he walked across to where I was standing, and, with an elaborate bow, inquired:—

"Secretary to the Earl of ——, I suppose, sir?"

"I am."

"Ah, I thought so. I received his lordship's telegram stating the probable hour of your arrival. Permit me, sir, to congratulate you on your safe journey." And he surveyed me critically as if he was debating upon the proper treatment in case I had met my death by the way.

"Thank you," said I, shrinking from the hand—a very large one with long powerful fingers—he held out to me.

He looked at me curiously for a moment, and then laughed.

"You don't like my profession," he said.

"Candidly, M. Flavel, I do not."

"Some people have queer tastes," he returned, still in the same genial way which only repelled me the more, though I could not help puzzling over his nationality, for his accent, if always distinctly foreign, was very variable, and I could find no clue in his language. "I am proud of my profession, sir," he went on with sudden enthusiasm; "there is none more splendid, none more honourable, none more deserving of the gratitude of humanity. Look at this house, superb, unapproachable! Look at these orders"—he pointed to several which decorated his breast—"the gifts of different governments! Look at these people here, my everlasting monuments! Do they not prove my words? Men talk about Harvey, but what did he do? Discovered the circulation of the blood, which any one with eyes in his head can see for himself. It is the same with all who are called great discoverers. Great discoverers, indeed! Some one finds an addled egg and cackles over it, and behold! all the world runs to cackle to the same tune. As regards myself, it is very different, for nothing but an extraordinary combination of circumstances perceived by a keen eye and guided by a skilful hand, could have led me to the proud position I now occupy. I don't think I can be accused of egotism when I say that my discovery is the most marvellous and the most valuable of all time. Why, it enables mankind to live for ever in form and feature. Just think of that! Amazing, is it not? But," said he abruptly, leaving enthusiasm for courtesy, "pray excuse my rudeness, sir. I forgot you were standing all this time. You will find that couch comfortable, I think. This chair next this charming young lady will suit me capitally, and you, Didon, may sit upon my knee if you are good."

Thus arranged we sat down, the young lady and M. Flavel side by side, a tapestry screen behind them. I was opposite, a few feet away from them. As M. Flavel caressed the child upon his

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knee, he shot a searching glance at me as if to mark the effect of his words, but at first I was too horrified at my position to speak. The motionless figures, the coloured lights, the lively music, the grandeur of the room—all increased the awe with which I regarded this incomprehensible man. At length I found sufficient courage to inquire:—

"Who are these strangely quiet people here?"

"The everlasting monuments to my fame," he replied, briskly rubbing his hands. "Beautiful, are they not? A magnificent advertisement. All embalmed, every one of them."

Though the terrible truth had been gradually dawning upon me, its expression in speech almost petrified me. For a few moments I think I must have lost consciousness. The next words I remember hearing were:—

"That splendid old lady in black velvet and diamonds is my first wife. There are two vacant places besides her, you will observe; one is reserved for me, and the other for the present Madame Flavel, Didon's mother. A nice little family group! In the years to come many and many a pilgrimage will be paid to that shrine. Little Didon here will marry, and, when I am gone, carry on the business, as will her children after her. And so, when the Last Trump shall sound, we shall all be found sitting here together. A truly poetical idea, if ever there was one. You noticed the people in the library as you passed through. Of course, they belong to a very inferior class; but thanks to my wonderful discovery, they are quite passable as works of art."

Strange as it may appear, this astonishing speech tended to restore my composure. M. Flavel, I began to see, was not merely a heartless charlatan whose fantastic grandeur was his advertisement, but he had allowed a single idea to run riot in his brain until it had turned all others topsy-turvy. There was, too, a fascination about his person which drew my attention from my ghastly surroundings and concentrated it upon himself; and though I still shrank from him, much as one would do from the public hangman, I could nevertheless regard him with gruesome interest. For if he was a satire upon himself, was he not also a satire upon our common humanity? And so, much to my own surprise, I found myself talking to him quite coolly.

"Do you find many," I asked, "able and willing to pay your fees, which are doubtless very high?"

"They are increasing. My fame is but a little spark as yet; soon it will shine upon the whole earth; and then my hands will be too full."

"If it costs so much to preserve the body, the soul——"

"Is too ethereal," he interrupted with a shrug. "Spirits of wine will not hold it. Puff! it is gone. Like Didon's smile here, it flees at a woman's frown. Sit still, Didon! you needn't

be afraid ; your aunt will trouble you no more. But the body," he continued, turning to me, "is with us always—at least, if application is made to me in time. You have brought the countess with you ?"

"Yes," I replied with a shudder.

"Good," said he, rubbing his hands. "We'll commence operations to-morrow."

The musical box had stopped, and darkness had been coming on rapidly. But now a great number of coloured lamps were suddenly lighted by some invisible agency, and, multiplied by their reflections in the mirrors, made the scene exceedingly brilliant. A burst of melody swept away the silence, and all the air seemed to be full of movement. Everywhere the eye was caught by the sparkle of jewels, their fitful flashes presenting a strange contrast to the fixed attitudes of their wearers. Didon clapped her little hands in glee.

"Oh, dis is welly boofle!" she cried. "Some day, pappa, if ickle Didon's a dood dirl, will she have dimons ike madame ?"

"Indeed, she shall," replied M. Flavel, kissing her.

"But look, sir!" I cried, with sudden horror, for something very startling had fixed my gaze. "Is she alive ? By heaven! she is alive."

Didon, of course, thought of the lady in the poke-bonnet, and made a wild spring at her father's neck. Caressing her all the time, he gently disentangled himself from her arms.

"That would indeed be a glorious advertisement for me," he said. "But why do you frighten the child ?"

Staring glassy-eyed I could only point at an elderly lady with corkscrew curls who had just risen from her seat. M. Flavel's expression of surprise soon changed to a smile. He rose, and placed Didon on the chair he had just vacated.

"No doubt another visitor," he explained. "Excuse me! I must go and speak to her."

She had apparently emerged from a sort of trance, and could not even yet shake off the effects. Dazed by the lights, the music, and the weird magnificence around her, she must have fallen had not M. Flavel hastened to her assistance, and reconducted her to a seat.

Presently he returned to me, concluded the necessary arrangements for the morrow ; and then, apologising for having to leave me, proceeded to escort me to the door. As I passed the venerable gentleman with the long white beard, I could not help thinking of the Roman senators who, arrayed in their robes of office, sat in the Forum, silently awaiting the coming of their conquerors and their doom. That inferior class, the patient students in the library, had now acquired a new and terrible interest, and so had the stolid footmen in the hall. At the door I ventured upon a remonstrance.

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"M. Flavel," I said, "why don't you send your little daughter away?"

"I don't quite understand you," he said, with an elevation of the eyebrows.

"I mean, it is dreadful to think of her amid such surroundings."

"Dreadful! That is strange. Permit me to say, sir, you are a very incomprehensible person. Why, she is a little goddess. Cradled in fame, nursed in luxury, living among all that is splendid, and beautiful, and enduring, what more would you have?"

"Excuse me," I replied, "I see we can never understand one another." And raising my hat I walked away.

I had to pay many subsequent visits to the house, but there is no need to describe them. It will be sufficient to say that M. Flavel performed his work entirely to his own satisfaction, and received the extremely handsome cheque with which his lordship had entrusted me. After that I was free to take my departure, which I did by no means unwillingly.

It was nearly midnight when I approached the end of my long journey. The railway station—a small wooden structure—was draped in black for the occasion. The earl himself stood on the platform, rather in advance of a party of relatives and friends; and by the aid of the bright moonlight I could see that the road was lined with the tenantry. The stamping of horses and rattling of harness mingled with the shrieks of the engine, and then with a jerk the train came to a standstill. The earl advanced to my carriage at once.

"What a time you have been," he said impatiently.

"M. Flavel said it was necessary, my lord," I replied.

"And is he satisfied?"

"Quite."

"Then let us start."

The burden with which I had been charged was accordingly placed in one of the carriages in waiting, and the procession moved off towards the hall, a castellated building, just visible above the trees which crowned a hill about a mile distant. Our arrival was a most ceremonious affair, picturesque no doubt, but too full of detail to be described here. At length the carriages drove away, the tenantry dispersed, and the earl shut himself up in his wife's boudoir and remained there all night.

In the morning the household was summoned and requested to enter. Never shall I forget the awed and astounded faces of the servants as they beheld, seated in a low chair by the fire, the countess, apparently alive and well, and more beautiful than ever in her bridal dress, veil, and orange wreath. The same scene was often afterwards repeated, for not only the earl's friends were admitted to these grim receptions, but also the

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tenantry. I know of more than one old woman who never recovered from the shock. Even when told that the body had been embalmed, they were in no way reassured, but shook their heads and muttered something about the Prince of Darkness. One of them, I remember, made a very shrewd remark.

"The countess!" she exclaimed, as she was leaving the hall. "The countess used to smile upon us and talk to us and cheer our hearts with her pretty ways. That's not her ladyship at all."

And so the earl, who shut himself up alone in the boudoir for several hours a day, came to see in time. There was a mockery in the sightless eyes and silent lips that drove him to the verge of madness. It was a statue, and not a woman, that he gazed upon, and M. Flavel's vaunted discovery was but a deadly method of petrifaction. But even here, as a few months showed, he had bungled terribly, and I was again sent on the same mission as before.

This time I approached his house with more composure, but a new surprise awaited me. A slovenly shock-headed fellow with a red nose opened the door a few feet, and pushed his unwashed face through the aperture. I staggered back, but soon recovered sufficiently to ask:—

"Is M. Flavel at home?"

"I'd hardly take upon myself to say," he answered, with a broad grin.

"What do you mean?" I demanded indignantly.

"Just what I say, no more nor no less."

"You have been drinking," I said, for the odour of gin was unmistakable. "Can I see M. Flavel?"

"Certainly," he said; and with one hand to his mouth threw the door wide open so that I could see the double row of motionless footmen, who must strongly have resented the intrusion of this shabby ruffian.

He led the way through the hall, through the library, and so into the drawing-room, where the musical box was still playing as if it had never left off since I first heard it.

"There," said he with a loud guffaw, "is M. Flavel."

Turning in the direction he indicated, I perceived that the two seats by the side of the splendid old lady in black velvet and diamonds were now occupied,—the one by M. Flavel, and the other, as I afterwards learnt, by Didon's mother. So the three—the husband and his two wives—were strangely united in death, a fact that I took some time to comprehend.

"Pizened," explained my guide. "Fust he pizened her, then he pizened hisself. And both has been cured by his apprentice, and set here, for he left his orders behind him."

"And who are you?" I inquired.

"A bailiff, sir, at your sarvice. There's a bill of sale on the

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house and things, and I'm in charge till to-morrer. The auction's to-morrer, you know. That's why he pizened hisself."

M. Flavel had lived for effect. I saw now, that, true to himself to the very last, he had also died for effect. The hand of man, he had determined, should not spoil the family group upon which he had set his heart. And there they sat together, waiting—for what? Oh, bathos! the ring of the auctioneer's hammer.

"And the—the people here?" I inquired.

"The perlice says we must bury 'em."

"And what has become of the little girl, Didon?"

She answered for herself. I started back at seeing her run toddling by, so softly had her footsteps fallen upon the carpet. She flung her wée self upon her father's knees, and, sobbing bitterly, cried to him:—

"Oh, pappa, pappa, 'oo's not dead too. Didon's a dood ickle dirl; speak to her, pappa!"

The tears started into my eyes. As I was wiping them away, a nurse hurried in and carried her off in an ecstasy of grief.

I went again to the house next day, for I was anxious to witness the last scene of this singular drama. The hall had been cleared of its gorgeous footmen; the library of its patient students; and the drawing-room of its superior inmates. Curious visitors lounged through the rooms, and blocked up the passages as they inspected the dismantled furniture, most of which turned out to be merely cheap stuff got up for show. Where silence and order had once held sway, there was now nothing but clamour and confusion. The auctioneer stood just where M. Flavel had sat in state between his two wives, magnificently arrayed, and as his hammer descended upon the table before him, I seemed to hear, amid the hush of bidders, the old familiar words: "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities: all is vanity."

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HELOISE

BY CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN.

I.

BRIDE.

COME in my dreams, belovëd! though thou seem
  Less kind, less noble, than by truthful day;
  Even in sleep my heart has strength to say—
"His love is changeless—this is but a dream:"
Yet rather come at sunrise, with the beam
  Of thought renewed; and still, when eve is grey,
  Inspire me, as I treat my lonely way,
With thine own dauntless will and hope supreme.
Ah, let me die, ere meaner moods have power
  To dim these glories that within me shine!
Give me black night, or this unclouded sun,
Swift death, or life immortal, in that hour
When all my soul is filled and fired with thine,
When thou and I are equal, being one.

II.

NUN.

This is the doom I must henceforth fulfil:
  To hide my heart through days, and months, and years;
  To look in anxious eyes, and lull their fears;
To lose all hope, and strive with joyless will;
To sing and pray, since knowing good from ill;
  To hear state converse, as an idiot hears;
  To tread the cloistered courts with burning tears,
Forced backward to their fount, yet rising still.
Nay, there is comfort! E'en the sick may smile,
  Knowing for pain a swift and gentle cure;
I can be patient, and can wait awhile,
Nor curse the heedless heavens with moaning breath:
  Though for a night my weeping may endure,
Joy comes with morn—that joy, whose name is Death.

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III.

ABBESS.

Sweet is life's crown of a quiet; sweet is age,
With tranquil days, unmarred by joy or dole,
Void of desire, save that with just control
I may administer Christ's heritage:
Long since he heard my vow, the heartless gaze
Not spurning; took my tear-stained, love-writ scroll,
And words of strength and healing for the soul
Wrote with his own heart's blood across the page.
Passion is all forgotten, pain is fled:
Yet oft, 'mid idle phantoms of the mind,
Returns my earlier self, with scornful eyes,
Saying, "Thou deemest age hath made thee wise,
And knowest not that thou art deaf, and blind,
And palsied. Live in peace; for I am dead."

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ABOUT A HERMITAGE AND THE HERMIT'S NEIGHBOURS IN ARCADIA.

BY FREDERICK GALE.

THERE are lying before me at this moment four old newspapers of priceless value to the writer of this article. No. 1 is the *Parliamentary Scout* communicating his "intelligence to the kingdom," and dated 1644. No. 2 is the *Mercurius Politius*, comprising "the sum of foreign intelligence for the information of the people," and dated 1660. No. 3 is the *Parliamentary Intelligencer*, comprising "the sum of foreign intelligence, for the information of the people," and also dated 1660. No. 4 is *The Kingdome's Intelligencer of the Affairs now in agitation in England to prevent False Newes.* Published by authority, and dated February 11th, 1661.

The first describes the keeping of Christmas Day as a fast, with an ill-natured remark "that children lay much to heart the loss of pies and plum-pottage." The second contains the resolution of the House of Commons "that His Majesty be humbly moved to call in Milton's two books" (evidently "Iconoclastes" and "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano"), "and order them to be burnt by the common hangman."* The third contains the orders of both Houses of Parliament "for the digging up of the carcases of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, and carrying them on a hurdle to Tyburn, where they are to be first hanged up in their coffins, and then buried under the gallows;" and the last contains an account of setting up the heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw on the top of Westminster Hall. "The heads of these three notorious regicides, Oliver Cromwell, John Bradshaw, and Henry Ireton to be set upon poles at the top of Westminster Hall by the common hangman. Bradshaw is placed in the middle."

These newspapers until lately belonged to a hermit now living in Arcadia, and a sketch of his habits and customs have been proved to myself beyond doubt to be true by ocular demonstration.

Those who visit Lakeland, and follow the tourist's track, are a little at a loss in finding a quiet spot where they can be alone

* There has been a popular fallacy that "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" were the two books, but they were not published at the time.

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and indulge in peace the picture of constantly-changing tints of lake and mountain, without being interrupted by sightseers, who, with guide-book in hand, are "doing the lakes" instead of enjoying the peace and quiet which they engender. This class of doubtless worthy people appear to be impressed with the *one* idea that the lake district was specially created for Arnold, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth; and, in fact, bore one a little about these three worthy men, and at the *table d'hôte* and in the drawing-room are retailing, or, worse still, reading out loud the London news, which every one is trying to forget. The same class besiege the hermitage, of which a great deal will be said directly, and if the hermit goes out, follow him like a lot of little boys after a Punch and Judy.

The hermit, still alive and well, to some extent has established an Arcadia of his own, approached by one road only quite away from any house. His cave contains many cells, one only of which is sacred to himself, and at the door of which no one ever knocks unbidden, and into which no one ever enters unless invited. He is not an ascetic in the sense of the *Edwin and Angelina* ballad, far from it. There are womenkind near and dear to him, one of whom is the wife of a well-known artist, who has his home there. Nor are children wanting; and the chances are that unless you look out you will tumble over a little Red-riding Hood, with cheeks like two apples; or a little man with long auburn curls, attired in a watchman's coat of the time of George I., for a representation of which *vide* William Hogarth, the limner, his works.

The hermitage stands on a plateau dug out of the precipitous side of a hill, which is wooded up to the summit, and well above the lake on the side opposite to the village of Coniston. It is small enough to be snug, and large enough to be very comfortable, with thick stone walls and plenty of windows, and blazing fires everywhere. At the bottom of a large very steep meadow which runs from the road down to the water is a private quay with many boats, and the women-folk, if they want anything, just go down and row themselves across the lake to Coniston without any fuss or bother. It is a home of perfect peace and quiet, and everything seems to move in a groove of its own. There are no sounds of people shouting for a lost book, or missing things of any kind. You may laugh as much as you please, but the golden rule of the home is "study to be quiet;" probably there is not a door in the house which could be slammed.

On arriving at the house you may count on finding the hermit on the doorstep ready to welcome you with both hands in the good old-fashioned style, but on going away it is more than probable that you will be asked into the cell to receive the last kind word he wishes to say in there, and his kind words are many and sincere. And probably the outward world believe in the last-named fact, for when the hermit was suddenly ill a few

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months back, it required the calling in of extraneous aid to answer the letters and telegrams which came from all parts of the world, sent by intimate friends. An immense number of people, too, who never saw him are followers of him in the paths of the arts and in the beauties of literature, in both of which he is himself a well-known master and writer, sent telegrams.

In most of the sitting-rooms, from floor to ceiling, are bookcases marvellous for their simplicity, and solidity, and finish. These were never put up by the "strike" gentlemen who forfeit so much for putting more than a regulated number of strokes of plane or hammer per minute at their work; and behind the glass doors are priceless books, especially in the hermit's private cell. The books are priceless to him, although not much so to the outward world, who do not know the story of them, and each class of books has a link with some period of history, as regards the advancement of art or science, and some beauty which lies beneath the surface, the key to which is only discoverable to the master-mind.

Amongst all the treasures in literature most convenient to his hand are Maria Edgworth's works, as he has a firm and heartfelt belief still in "Lazy Laurence," "The Basket Woman," "Waste not, want not," "Simple Susan," and all the charming stories which were the delight of our forefathers and of ourselves, and ought to be the delight of childhood in all ages.

But there are plenty of books besides those of deep research; all *Punch*, and the *Illustrated News* from the first number onwards, and light and amusing books of all sorts are in the rooms common to guests.

Nor is the Hermit an absolute recluse. He likes to be entirely independent of the household as regards times for eating, drinking, and sleeping, and to come and go where and when he pleases; and when he comes into the drawing-room, it is generally for a little music, or to read something which has interested himself, and which he would like to enjoy with others. Often it is something out of Scott's novels, and if Sir Walter were to come back to life, he would be quite satisfied that at least he had left one behind him who could do justice to his ghost; for possibly none can read better than the Hermit the humorous or touching portions of Scott's works.

Sometimes a question connected with the outside world intrudes itself in the Hermitage.

There was one memorable occasion when a sea-gull arrived in a hamper as a present; and then arose a searching inquiry into the food for a sea-gull. All the household and guests were setto work, and even Tommy, a tall youth and retainer, given to dancing, natural history, and the care of the Hermit's pony, whose—the pony's—work seems to be to enjoy what the Hermit would call an ever-blessed rest, stood dumb in confessed ignorance.

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At last the question was solved by the least scientific of the council remarking, that after crossing the sea to any port which was approached by a river with smooth water, the steward always contrived to get the price of one more meal out of the passengers by supplying breakfast, luncheon, or whatever meal it might be according to time of day, and that the sea-gulls followed the wake of the steamer to pick up all scraps which were thrown overboard. This fact was hailed as decisive, so the "gool," as Tommy calls him, was put on a diet consisting of remnants of feasts, which he heartily seemed to appreciate, and appeared indifferent whether his meal consisted of fish bones, meat bones, potato peelings, or anything else, and he was prescribed anything from roast pork to pickled cabbage.

There are throughout the whole hill country here and there *bonâ fide* residents of position, who have been bred and brought up in the non-cockney parts of the lakes, and who have the pure Arcadian spirit in them. The relationship between themselves and those who are supposed conventionally to be below them in rank, is well "within touch" of pure Christian love, and fellowship, and kindly feeling. The fact is, that there are no theatres, and music halls, and outside gaieties to disturb their minds, and most of the inhabitants of the lake and mountain districts of all classes are well educated, and self-dependent for amusement and recreation. They live before each other in shut-in, secluded vales, hardly to be called towns; their relationship is somewhat of the old "foster-brother" kind, so frequently mentioned by Walter Scott, and any bright deed is an honour to the country side, and any malfeasance would be the contrary. Doubtless many of the families in such districts are the Early Old English families. The men and boys are great at sports, especially wrestling, which is a manly and beautiful science, quite akin to the athletics of the Greeks and Romans.

It is whispered that among the miners such a thing as a "main of cocks" is not unknown in the hills, but it is kept very dark. Dancing is a passion with all lads and lasses, and is conducted with a spirit which would astonish some of the "Mashers" who revolve one turn a minute, and that out of time, like a half-greased weathercock.

When a concert takes place—a great part of the entertainment at which is home-taught, admirable part singing, aided by a few ladies and gentlemen in the district, and sometimes by a volunteer with a bass voice, so tremendous that it goes down through the heels of his boots into the foundations of the building,—as soon as the performance is over it is a case of "clear the kitchen." All hands set to work and pile up forms, and water and sweep the room. The piano is closed as of no use, and a lusty dalesman, with a piccolo flute which would wake the dead, and a fiddler whose elbows must evidently have been well oiled, form the band.

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At these concerts it must be mentioned that families bring all the household, ladies' maids, valets, housemaids, etc., etc., and all the village tradesmen are there, you may be sure. There is no ceremony, no patronage; like, as at a cricket match, every one who plays is brother well met, so at these part-concert dances; for the love and art of dancing all are equal. One lady dances with the carpenter, another with the blacksmith, and a gentleman with a housemaid. The piccolo, flute, and fiddle are masters of the situation, and give their orders if any couples go wrong. There are country dances, polkas, cottager's dances, but above all things comes the *coodle* (cuddle), which is common to the hill country. There is nothing indelicate about it, and the dance belongs to the natives on grand holidays.* The reader must have seen specimens of the old bolt-shot. It consisted of two large cannon-balls, attached by an iron bar, and, when fired longways, revolved. Just so the "coodle." The gentleman takes the lady by the shoulders, and *vice versâ*, and the feet being close together form a pivot for the revolving bodies. Admirable time they keep,—and pretty hard work it must be,—nevertheless it is real dancing. And here be it remarked that Tommy had actually torn himself away from the "gool" for the love of the dance. These dances exactly tally with the description of the dancing in the dear old song, "Come, lasses and lads," and I fancy the "coodle" must be "Sellinger's Round" recorded in the old ditty. The price of the ball ticket is sixpence to dance, and the money goes to the public room.

The hermit has always pined for an Arcadia. Hermits are dry dogs, and keep some of their thoughts to themselves. Perhaps he *has* now got his Arcadia, and does not choose to tell the outside world so; his cell most resembles the ideal rest of which he writes.

Now let us hear what those who have entered his cell say. Their record is that there is no suspicion of parched pease and pulse, or hair shirts, or mortification in any way. Fish, flesh, and fowl, mustard, pepper, and salt, and perhaps Worcester sauce and pickles, are well known there, and also the blood of the grape. It seems what he himself would call "an entirely blessed room;" windows opening towards the lakes, an everlasting view of flying clouds, sky-line of mountains; constant quiet and rest are there, and all round him treasures which some of the sellers of curiosities would remarkably like to have the handling of, and to expatiate on. "You might like to see some of these," he remarks, taking down the original MS. of some of Walter Scott's novels, written in the great novelist's own hand for press. "Here," opening a glass door, "is one of the finest missals, perhaps, in the world: a little thing which many would pass by unnoticed; there are

* Such as Forrester's fêtes, etc., three-penny balls are inaugurated, with plenty of fun, and with entire absence of vulgarity or horse-play.

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fossils about which open, to those who have studied the subject, the doors of many latent arts; and here, too, is the finest specimen of binding and caligraphy extant," taking down other books; "and here are some very old newspapers published in the troublous times of the Puritans and Cavaliers." And so he goes on from one rarity to another, all comprised in the space of a charming study, neither too large nor too small. "And here, if you like to read it" (putting a large packet of beautifully written MSS. into the writer's hands), "is the entire MS. of a little thing I am issuing to the world in fragments, called, 'Præterita.' It is completed, but may be somewhat altered as the numbers come out—if the whim takes me; but it is done."

On looking at the endorsement on the cover of the four newspapers relating to a Puritanical Christmas and to Messrs. Milton, Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw, and Pride, all of which gentlemen have been heard of in history, I find a memorandum that the four papers—which are now my property—were given to me in the study at Brantwood (which is the cell) by the hermit himself as a memento of a three days' visit which I paid there late in October 1885.

The memorandum is true enough, and the papers are tangible facts before me, and I will swear that the sea-gull was a fact, as was Tommy, his master, who is the noble dancer. Is it possible that so much pleasure was really contained in three days, especially to one who has had no holiday in 1885? Who would have thought when I started—somewhat unwillingly, being very unwell, on a business engagement to Windermere, that such an unexpected rest and unexpected pleasure were near by, at Brantwood—to be mine; especially, as tobacco not being popular inside the hermitage, I could smoke my pipe in a comfortable wood-house in the garden, commanding the whole range of lakes, away from posts, telegrams, and newspapers, as regarded myself personally, in the company of Tommy and the sea-gull?

Poor "Gool," his home was happy, and "it" (sex unknown) used to take his or her swim on the lake, and come back to Tommy; but—master and bird being unhappily forgetful of St. Valentine's day—since that day Brantwood has been "gull-less." *It* can return at any time, no questions asked, and full forgiveness promised.

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UNCLAIMED MONEY IN CHANCERY.

BY A SOLICITOR.

HISTORY repeats itself, and the craze for gold that found an opening in the South Sea Bubble is faithfully reflected to-day in a certain class of the public; only the hopes of the aspirants, instead of wandering to the far-off Pacific, are centred in the Chancery Division of the Royal Courts of Justice, or, *in vulgo*, "in Chancery."

The amount of credulity which exists even in these enlightened times is so appalling that one is obliged to confess there is some truth in the philosopher's sarcastic remark that half the world consists of fools, and the other half of knaves. With our superior knowledge we laugh at the alchymist, who spent his life in the vain endeavour to manufacture gold, but do the very thing ourselves by rushing headlong into the more attractive net which modern ingenuity has spread before us. For of late years some self-appointed philanthropists have discovered the shortcomings and delinquencies of former Chancellors of the Exchequer. These officials, among the highest in the realm, have for generations been living (so we are now informed) in prodigality on other people's money; but it has been reserved for some magnanimous gentlemen of the present day to tear aside the veil, show up these miserable parasites, and, for a suitable consideration of course, to put "the public" in possession of their own again. It is said that each generation produces one great man, but here we have not one but several rival firms. Wilberforce was a philanthropist, so was Shaftesbury; but what are they among so many? Strange to say, these benefactors of mankind have had some feuds among themselves, which have ended, alas! in one or two Chancery actions. However, when all the money, variously estimated at from sixty to one hundred millions, has been equitably divided to the last shilling among innumerable claimants, then, if ever, will these philanthropists retire from public life to await their final honourable consignment to the shades of Westminster Abbey, where their graves will incessantly be visited by the countless families whom they have in their lifetime enriched.

Before endorsing this panegyric, however, let us just, as a matter of curiosity, inquire into the facts of the case. The Court of Chancery had its origin centuries ago, when the business

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dealings of mankind were simple, and the complications of modern times undreamt of; and as time passed on, the Chancery judges seemed to set their faces against any innovation, so that its machinery became out of date and its procedure expensive, formal, and, if the expression may be used, more showy and bordering on the mystic; its resources were less known than those of the other courts, and mankind is naturally inclined to exaggerate the unknown. Recent Acts of Parliament, however, have done much to alter this state of things.

It is evident that in the administration of justice in a large and wealthy country like England it would be necessary that provision should be made for taking care of and distributing the property, whether money or otherwise, of suitors or other persons; and this duty, for reasons which need not be mentioned here, devolved on the Court of Chancery. Thus it happened that property about which there was any dispute was held in trust by the Court until it was definitely settled to whom it should belong; the money of a ward in Chancery was naturally managed by the Court itself; and trust moneys have continually been paid in. It will be readily understood how from these and many other causes Chancery became trustee for an almost fabulous amount of money; nor is it difficult to see that among so many accounts the rightful owners should sometimes omit to send in their claims, and this frequently happened, because the amount itself was so small that it would be more than swallowed up in the expense of obtaining an order to take it out; and thus the Court became in time possessed of money due to the legal representatives of these non-claimants. And when once money has been paid in, of course it is not paid out until public notice has been given by advertisements, so as to ensure that nobody interested has been overlooked.

This is, then, the origin of those startling placards and notices which meet the eye at every turn, and appear in every little country newspaper, generally commencing with the magic words in large type, "Unclaimed Money," and then going on to say that an immense sum, varying from fifty to a hundred millions, is only waiting to be claimed. The astonished reader is next informed that a complete list (of about as many names as there are in existence) and "instructions" can be obtained for a few shillings, and if he makes the investment the purchaser is almost certain to find his own name there, for the reason just mentioned, that almost every name is inserted. What a shock to the nerves of the poor deluded reader, and how his heart seems to jump into his mouth at the thought that a fortune may be hid without his knowing anything at all about it! how he fancies himself already a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt! In feverish haste he turns to another part of this valuable book and looks for his "instructions," which tell him (one guesses what is coming) to apply at once to

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the compiler and enclose the trifling sum of a guinea as "search fee." The amount being sent, and, after a little delay just for decency's sake, and to make it appear as if the search was really lengthy, though in fact it cannot take more than a few minutes, a copy of an advertisement dated some ten, twenty, or fifty years ago is produced. This advertisement may, on the face of it, be a veritable "blank," and lucky is the investor when it is so; but more likely, instead of learning that the police authorities or the creditors of John Smith will reward whoever may supply such information as will lead to the capture of the said John Smith,—instead of this, the advertisement may be to the effect that there is some money due to his representatives, in which case the inquirer is informed that on payment of a "preliminary fee" of a few guineas further inquiries can be made, and he will be put in the right way of obtaining any money which may be due to him. It is interesting to note how the scale of charges increase step by step like the civil punishments awarded to evil-doers. If this preliminary fee is paid, then further demands, on one excuse or another, will be made on his purse, until at last he is left considerably poorer than when first the tempting bait was dangled before his eyes, with the old adage ringing in his ears, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

This is not an imaginary case, but one of frequent occurrence; and nothing is done to punish this parasite of society, partly because experience has taught him how to avoid becoming amenable to the law, partly because the dupe is only too glad to hide his diminished head in oblivion, and partly because most likely he has not the pecuniary means to take proceedings against his oppressor.

But is it true that there are a hundred, or even fifty millions of *unclaimed* money in Chancery? No, it is most untrue; for although there are about eighty-four millions of money in the Court, yet here the placard and newspaper information ceases, because out of this sum it is well known to what persons eighty-three millions belong, and to them the dividends and interest are being regularly paid at the present moment! So that the whole hubbub is about a sum rather less than a million! and if we analyse still further, we shall make some more instructive discoveries.

In the first place, there is no *large* sum of unclaimed money standing in the name of any one person; on the contrary, the sums are ridiculously small, and the number of accounts exceeding a thousand pounds might be numbered on the fingers of one hand, while even those going into three figures would not be very many, and all the rest consist of small sums of a few pounds, so small that, as has been already remarked, it would hardly be worth the trouble and expense of getting them out; in fact, I believe that more money has been spent in fees to

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these humbugging advertisers than is now lying unclaimed in Chancery.

Not only, however, do these advertisers omit to furnish the whole truth, but they go still further and overstep the bounds of veracity by positively asserting that they can obtain an order to take the money out of Court. Now, this is absolutely untrue, for no application will under any circumstances be entertained by the paymaster-general, unless made in writing by the person entitled to the fund, or by his solicitor.

As a matter of fact, however, anyone who thinks he has any claim on funds in Court need not spend his money in buying a worthless and misleading book, for an official list of unclaimed dividends is now published every three years in a supplement to the *London Gazette*, a copy of which is placed in the Law Courts, outside the paymaster-general's office, and is open to public inspection.

But, some unbeliever may argue, look at the windfalls some people have had, and what huge sums have been recovered!

Perfectly true, but then the person who obtained this piece of luck knew all along where the money was, or, at any rate, some member of his family did; certainly, the information was never sprung upon him by any speculator's list. Although these lists are continually being enlarged, and replenished with fresh names, yet in spite of the fact that so much money is being annually paid out of Chancery, and so many accounts closed, I never heard of a single name when once inserted being taken out! Even after money has been paid out the name is still kept in the list. This fact speaks for itself.

The persons who insert these advertisements do so with the express purpose of making money, aud are not over scrupulous in obtaining their end; they know the credulity of mankind, and that even the sceptic can be persuaded to believe the most unvarnished lie when it would, if true, coincide with his own desires; as the drowning man will clutch at a straw, or the gambler stake his last coin on the throw of the dice, so will the needy man make himself more needy still by investing his hard-earned savings on the illusive promise of a golden harvest:—

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Perhaps an incident which came under my own observation may be usefully mentioned here:—

A client of mine saw his name in one of these lists and the actual sum he was to obtain placed opposite. His name was uncommon, so much so that there is not another like it in England, and there were other circumstances which rendered it highly probable that he might be entitled to some money, so that his case was altogether much stronger than the usual one of Mr. Jones,

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who never before had any reason to suppose that any of his numerous ancestors had died worth a shilling. I told him that it would be throwing away his money to pay a guinea for a copy of any advertisement; however, I looked at the official list, but his name was not there. As he still remained unconvinced I paid the guinea at his request, and obtained a copy of the advertisement, which was, in the first place, copied out of a newspaper forty years ago, and which went on to say that if the representatives of my client's ancestor named would apply to Mr. Smith (it need hardly be said that I suppress the correct name), at a given address, they would hear of something to their advantage. On calling at his address, and asking if Mr. Smith was at home, the woman who opened the door at once replied in an aggrieved manner, "Oh, dear me, no sir; he left here several years ago. I suppose you've come about one of those advertisements asking people to call on him, and they would hear of something to their advantage?" In an instant I saw how the land lay, and as it was evidently useless pushing the matter further, I asked the woman what she knew about Mr. Smith. All she could tell me was, that it was a perfect nuisance to her having to answer so many inquiries about a man who had left several years ago, for people were continually inquiring about him; from some people he had extracted various sums of money, giving them nothing in return, and of course they had gone away vowing vengeance, but all to no purpose; many of the inquirers, however, had come in consequence of seeing their names in some "next-of-kin book." One case seemed particularly hard; a poor old woman and her son had come from some distance in the country, having actually sold some of their furniture in order to defray the expense, and when at last they found the whole thing was a hoax, the woman burst into tears, and utterly broke down, for she had spent almost her last shilling, and she and her child were now alone in London without a friend to help or advise them.

This is enough to give an insight into the kind of business that is being carried on, and those who refuse to take my warning can only blame themselves for any consequences that may happen.

E. J. MOERAN.

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THE WORLD BELOW.

A Novel

BY E. M. ABDY-WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Nay, here midst Rhodian roses,
'Midst tissues of Cashmere,
The soul sublime reposes,
And knows not hope nor fear."—A. LANG.

THEY went to a great ball on the following evening.

Love was dressed in white from head to foot, white satin and lace draping her slender figure, pearls encircling her white neck, white flowers on her breast and in her hair. She looked almost ethereally fair as she followed Miss Rhys up the stairs and into the reception-room of the brilliantly-lighted, flower-decked mansion, unconscious of the glances of admiration which were cast upon her from all sides.

The hostess, who was a granddaughter of old Lord Stourfield, and a noted beauty herself, though a little past the first flush of youth, gazed kindly at the girl.

"You are so deliciously fresh, my dear," she said, "and that colourless dress suits you exactly." Then she turned to a young man standing near her, "We old fogies would give a good deal to be able to venture on such simplicity, Mr. Prior."

If the expression were not incompatible with Mr. Prior's good-breeding and excellent manners, we should feel bound to say that he was staring at Miss Owen. At all events, Lady Goring's delicate piscatorial effort met with a very clumsy response.

"Yes, to be sure," he answered. "But I—er—who is that girl? She's perfectly lovely. I don't remember meeting her before."

"You probably have not met her before, for she is only just out," said Lady Goring, amused at his *empressement*. "As to who she is—you remember Dick Owen? No, of course you don't, though, he was long before your time, I was a child myself in the days of his prime. Well, this is his daughter. The mother was a great beauty, but died young, and quite suddenly,

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and Dick Owen had never been seen or heard of since till Miss Rhys brought this girl out a month ago. Now we hear that he lives like a hermit at his place down in Wales, and when he dies his daughter will be well enough off, £3,000 or £4,000 a-year, I believe. Ah, here is the Prince."

She broke off to receive a foreign Highness, and Prior heard no more. Nor had he the opportunity of asking to be introduced to Miss Owen, for although he was one of Lady Goring's intimates he had already been unusually honoured by the extent of attention bestowed upon him, and he knew he need hope for no more that night.

So he wandered away in quest of Tom Pwllmeyric.

Sir Frederick Goring had been at Harrow with Pwllmeyric and Prior, and had made more than one attempt to renew his acquaintance with the former on hearing from Prior that he was living in town. But Tom set his face against society, and had only been induced to come to-night by the promise of an introduction to Lord Stourfield, for whom he had a great respect and admiration.

He was with the old man when Prior found him, explaining the scheme of the artizans' hall.

"I am only afraid they'll not find it pay expenses," Lord Stourfield was saying, as the barrister joined them. "But if they think my influence would be useful in helping them to lecturers, or anything else, I hope they will command me, for I consider the idea an admirable one—in theory. In practice, my dear sir, in practice—query?"

Then he turned to speak to some one else, and Prior seized upon Tom.

"I say, there's an awfully pretty girl here. Come along, and I'll show her to you. I want to get introduced to her."

He dragged Tom through a crowded ante-chamber to the conservatory, which was somewhat dimly lighted. The air was heavy with the scent of stephanotis, heliotrope, and Cape jessamine, and in a distant corner a fairy-like fountain was playing musically over a rockery, green with masses of maiden-hair and lycopodium. Great palms and tree-ferns reached to the roof and over-shadowed the place, and beneath them, on luxurious couches, judiciously arranged for no more than two persons, various men and maidens sat, looking more or less, but generally less, interested in themselves or their companions.

"I saw her go in here after the last dance," said Prior. "We'll just stroll round, and see where she is."

Pwllmeyric objected.

"What's the good?" said he.

"Oh, never mind that," answered Prior. "I want you to have a look at her."

"Seems to me a clear case of love at first sight. Something

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new for you, Prior, to be taking all this trouble just to look at a young lady."

"You might know her. I believe you know the lady she's with. There she is. Now, did you ever see anything more exquisite?"

Under a drooping acacia beside the fountain stood a young girl, a gleam of light falling across her brown hair and giving it a tinge of gold, and her beautifully moulded neck and arms gleaming like alabaster in the dusky corner. Her face was turned away from the two men, and she was toying with a broken lily, while her companion, a stalwart young Guardsman, leant against the stem of the tree lazily fanning her.

"A very pretty picture," remarked Pwllmeyric, somewhat cynically, "and having done justice to it, perhaps we may now leave the subject of it in peace. I don't approve——"

He broke off suddenly, for at that moment the girl made a movement which brought her face into the light.

"Miss Owen! I had no idea you were here!" he exclaimed, stepping eagerly forward, with a glow of delight transfiguring his handsome countenance.

Love had already seen him, having passed close by, though unobserved, while he was talking to Lord Stourfield. So she received his greeting quietly.

"I am very pleased that we meet again," she said, withdrawing her hand gently from his somewhat prolonged clasp of it. "It is a long time that we are here, and you have not come to visit Miss Rhys yet."

"Awfully sorry," drawled the Guardsman—"next dance beginning. Engaged for it. Take you back?"

"Are you disengaged?" asked Tom. "Will you give me this valse?"

The Guardsman laughed.

"No good to ask Miss Owen this stage—always engaged all through long before."

Love smiled pleasantly at him.

"You flatter me too much," she said. "Do not let me detain you longer. Mr. Pwllmeyric will take care of me."

"You will give me this dance, then?" said Tom.

"I will at least stay here until my partner comes to seek me."

Meanwhile Prior hovered round, and at length, perceiving that Pwllmeyric had forgotten his existence, he came forward, and, resuming his usual demeanour, the calmness of which had been so remarkably upset by the appearance of Love, he said, quietly,—

"May I have the honour of an introduction?"

Pwllmeyric awoke to a consciousness of his remissness.

"I beg your pardon, my dear fellow," he said. Then he turned to Love, "Miss Owen, may I introduce my old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Prior? He has been wishing all the evening to have

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the pleasure of making your acquaintance, but I had no idea that you were the lady in question until we came upon you here."

Love bowed, and gracefully regretted her inability to give him a dance. And then Prior unwillingly retreated in search of his partner for the valse which had already been in progress for several minutes, and Tom was left alone with the girl he loved.

"Why have you not come to see us?" she asked, without raising her eyes from the mutilated lily she still held. She did not say "to see Miss Rhys" this time; but Tom was too little conversant with the ways of women to note the difference.

"I'm so awfully busy," he said, "and then—well, to tell you the truth, I know Miss Rhys won't approve of the line I've taken up, and so I have kept out of her way. You see I'm very fond of her, and I don't look forward to losing her good opinion."

"I do not think you will. She says she respects you. But tell me, are you very happy? Does it not make you sad to see so many poor and sick?"

"Why, what do you know about it? You've never been out our way?"

"Ah, no, but I have seen things that tell me London is not all happiness, as it seemed to me at first. But what is this line that you fear Miss Rhys will disapprove?"

"It's not at all easy to explain. You know I've always been a Radical—that was what my father and I first quarrelled about."

"Yes? my father is Conservative, but for myself I do not understand what it is."

"I don't think you need trouble to understand it yet."

"I wish to."

"Well, in brief, I suppose one may define a Conservative as a man who is content with the present state of affairs, and only wishes to patch up and improve a bit here and there without making any fundamental change; while a Radical thinks pretty nearly everything is wrong, and would like to upset the whole existing condition of things, and to reform society altogether. There are shades of opinion, of course, but I think that about expresses the honest Radical's ideal policy."

"I think society is very well as it is," observed Love, glancing towards the brilliant ball-room, gay with revolving figures, just visible from where they sat.

"I don't mean society in that sense," said Tom, half-smiling, for all his earnestness, "I mean society in the aggregate, rich and poor, high and low, the whole social fabric, in fact. There can be no doubt it terribly wants reforming, for it never can be satisfactory to Christians or anybody else while it remains as it is now—one lot of us getting all the happiness, and the other lot all the misery."

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"How can that be? Everyone must be unhappy sometimes; who can have all the happiness?"

"We do—of course comparatively speaking. Here we are now, for instance, enjoying ourselves (at least I hope you are, I know I am) in the midst of everything delightful that money can procure, while out there where I am living, hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures are starving, not perhaps actually for want of bodily sustenance, but for light and air and all that makes life worth having, just because they have no money, and, thanks to our social system, they never have had and never will have any money, beyond the miserable pittance they slave for, or steal, to keep body and soul together. Am I not right in saying we have all the happiness? What suffering of ours can be reckoned in the balance against their life-long struggle for bare existence in the midst of disease and pain and shame that makes one sick at soul to witness or to think of?"

He broke off suddenly, finding Love's eyes fixed upon him with curious intensity.

"I'm tiring you, I'm sure," he said, in a different tone; "you will gather that I'm rather mad on the subject, and you will be quite right. I expect you'll cut my acquaintance one of these days."

"I am interested," answered Love, "and I will never cut your acquaintance. I wish to understand this subject; please explain it to me."

"Explain it to you! That's not easy, I never know how to begin converting people. I always wonder how a missionary begins on a nigger. I believe he generally says, more or less politely, 'You're a fool,' and proceeds to demonstrate the fact."

"It would not be polite to say to me, 'You're a fool,' but you may say so if it is necessary," laughed Love.

"That's the way we are apt to begin, and we make a great mistake; generally we say too, 'You're a scoundrel and a fool as well." Now I prefer to address the people I want to convert more in this strain. 'Dear erring brother (or sister), you mean very well, but you're sadly out of it.' But somehow, Miss Owen, I don't fancy any of these commencements are quite the thing to convert you."

"To what would you convert me?"

"To Socialism. Don't look horrified, it's the only name for it."

"But are they not Socialists who would assassinate and make revolutions in Germany and Russia? I can have no sympathy with such opinions as those."

"Theirs is Socialism gone wild. Every good thing tends to run into extremes, you see. We don't want to assassinate or revolutionise in that sense—heaven forbid! We do want to revolutionise society, it is true, but we wish to do it by fair means, not by foul, and zealots who are carried away by their feelings

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and advocate using force of that kind do more harm to the cause than we or anyone else can estimate."

"I do not follow all you say very well, but I think it is very terrible to see so many weary and sick faces as last night, for example. And then to see a woman dying, and to be forbidden to help her!"

"How is that? Have you had any such experience already?"

She told him what had occurred on their way home from the twopenny concert in Kensington. Tom's face grew dark.

"And De Limousin would not let you stop! These are the things that drive one to the worst forms of Socialism. What if the poor wretch were drunk? What if she were a sinner? It would not have contaminated your purity if you had held out your hand to her."

"It pained me very much. I seem to see her sad eyes even now."

"You are in the right road, Miss Owen, you will be a Socialist yet."

"Of what use would I be? And how shall I learn to understand?"

"The way to be useful will make itself plain to you later. As to learning—oh, you will learn about it by thinking, by a word dropped here and there, a casual talk, an article in a magazine, all or any of these will rouse trains of thought that you are now following almost unconsciously; and you will see the fitness, or rather the unfitness of things. The *Zeitgeist* is thinking that Socialism is the thing, and every one who perceives the mighty spirit's thought is already a Socialist, in the best sense of the word, though he may not know it."

A voice broke in upon Pwllmeyric's earnest talk.

"Miss Owen," it said, "I've been hunting everywhere for you, and now the dance is over. How cruel of you to hide yourself away like this!"

Love looked up, to behold the gentleman she ought to have been dancing with watching her with a twinkle of fun in his eyes. He was a middle-aged man, and she knew him rather well.

"You should have put on your *pince-nez*," she said, "then you would have seen me."

"None so hard to seek as those who don't want to be found," he retorted. "But now I am going to earn your undying hatred at one fell blow. Miss Rhys desired me to tell you that it is getting late, and she wishes to go on to Mrs. Vanderman's at once. I am so sorry, Miss Owen, for I am not going on, so you won't be able to make the *amende honorable* by giving me a dance there."

"I wish we were not to go," said Love, "but Miss Rhys accepted that invitation the first. Come, Mr. Pwllmeyric, you must talk to Miss Rhys now."

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They found her at the head of the stairs, chatting with Prior, who had obtained an introduction, and had contrived to make a favourable impression.

"If you are fond of cameos," Miss Rhys was saying, "I should like to show you mine. I have some very fine ones."

Of course Prior wished for nothing better, and before she said "good-night" to him, she invited him to lunch the next day. Then he took her to her carriage, Love following with Pwllmeyric. After which, neither of them feeling inclined to return to the ball-room, the two young men parted, Prior going to his club, and Pwllmeyric to his lodging in Stepney. But although their bodies went in opposite directions, their minds converged. For each of them was thinking wholly and solely of Miss Loveday Owen.

Chapter XVIII.

"Ah, who swayed our choice, and who decided
What our gifts, and what our wants should be?"

Matthew Arnold.

Prior lunched in Park Lane on the following day, and called the day after, and met the two ladies at the theatre the day after that, and lay in wait for Miss Owen in the Row the day after that. By which time he had established a firm footing with Miss Rhys, who thought him a very agreeable, well-informed young man, and gave him an open invitation to come to her house whenever he pleased. He was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity, but he had the good sense not to make his admiration for Love too conspicuous at first. He soon discovered that he had to deal with a character considerably above the average, and he thought his wisest course would be to win Miss Owen's regard before attempting to gain her affections.

But her simplicity puzzled him. She looked at the world with such different eyes from those of the young ladies whom he was in the habit of meeting. And he felt, though he would not admit it to himself, that he did not interest her, that they had nothing in common. He, poor fellow, grew daily more attached to her; and he would have given worlds to see at his coming the faint colour in her cheek and the subdued light in her eye, which had responded to Pwllmeyric's sudden greeting on the night when first he met her. But no such signals were ever hung out for him. Hoping against hope, he passed week after week of those long summer months, seeing Miss Owen perpetually, paying her every delicate attention that the mind of man could conceive, and yet never advancing a step nearer to the attainment of his desires.

July began with a fortnight of burning heat, and before the first ten days of it were over Mayfair was half empty. Miss Rhys stayed on to receive an old friend who was passing through London *en route* for America, but she was impatient to be

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back in the country, and when she found that her friend was leaving England earlier than she had expected, she at once decided to return to the Barony on the following Monday.

It was Saturday when Miss Rhys made up her mind to this, and she and Love were sitting in the morning-room, which was kept as cool as might be by the aid of green blinds and closed windows.

"I don't think I can possibly go to Hurlingham this afternoon, my dear," she said. "This dreadful heat makes me feel so languid and good for nothing."

Love glanced at her with a slight feeling of anxiety, for she had not been very well of late.

"Let us then stay quietly at home," she answered. "For my part, I care nothing for polo or pigeons."

"Very well. I shall be quite glad of the rest, especially as we must, I suppose, go to that *conversazione* to-night. I wish I had had the strength of mind to say no at once."

"It is not easy to say no when the President of the society himself implores you to say yes. But if you feel ill we will send an excuse, president or no president."

"I don't feel ill, thank you, my child, only tired and stupid. What will Mr. Prior say to our playing him false this afternoon?"

"He will gaze at you—so." Love drew her mouth down at the corners and twisted an imaginary moustache with a serious air. "And he will delay going until it is too late, and then he will suddenly look at the clock and say, 'I'm really very sorry, Miss Rhys, I had no idea of the time.' Has he not done this a hundred times already when he has called on you?"

"You are a naughty girl to make fun of your friend."

"My friend! But he is yours."

"Not he."

"Indeed, he has said to me very often that Miss Rhys is the most charming woman he knows."

"I daresay. Because he does not consider you a woman."

Further argument was cut short by the entrance of the gentleman in question, who was very much concerned at hearing that they were not going that afternoon. However, he stayed to lunch, as usual, and in the course of the meal learnt to his dismay that they were leaving town two days hence.

"If that is the case," he said, "I shall scarcely see you again, so I shall certainly not go down to Hurlingham without you to-day."

"Do you propose then to carry us there by force?" asked Love.

"No, I mean that I shall not go. But if it's only Hurlingham that you object to, Miss Rhys, why not come out on the river instead? It's always cool on the water."

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"Ah! that would be pleasant," exclaimed Love.

Even Miss Rhys confessed herself tempted by the suggestion, and Prior made the few necessary arrangements so dexterously and so promptly that there was no time for her to think of any objections.

Richmond of course suggested itself first. But Richmond on a Saturday afternoon would be crowded with Londoners of the least agreeable type, and neither the drive down nor the river would be pleasant.

"We will go to Staines by train," decreed Prior, "and I will row you a mile or two up."

So they went to Staines, arriving there about four o'clock, when the river was just beginning to be over-shadowed, and the lazy wind was bestirring itself ever so slightly to greet the approach of evening.

Miss Rhys leant back among her cushions in the stern, Love steered, and Prior pulled. But there was no hard work that afternoon.

"Let us take life quite easily for once," said Miss Rhys to Prior. "I cannot feel thoroughly comfortable if I see you labouring at the oars, so you must not labour; only just keep us moving."

There were plenty of other people on the river, chiefly jaded fashionables, idling, like themselves, for poorer London seldom gets so far out of town.

A spider-like outrigger spun by, the "blazer" of the occupant positively startling in its combination of colours.

"There is more of the man than of his boat," exclaimed Love. "How can it hold him?"

Then a gay gondola came in sight, gracefully guided by a tall girl dressed in white and orange-colour, who formed so charming a picture that both Prior and Love felt a pang of disapointment when she turned towards them and disclosed a remarkably plain face.

"I call that a regular sell," said Prior.

The joke was not a good one, but it amused them both. It needs little to raise a laugh when one is young and happy.

They had not done looking at the orange-coloured sash when another boat attracted their attention; not a smart craft this, but a common pair-oar, manifestly hired, and containing a somewhat motley crew. In the stern sat a young woman, very shabbily dressed, and a respectable-looking young mechanic. In the bows sprawled a boy, on whose sharp features and stunted limbs "*gamin*" was legibly written: and at the oars were a strong-armed but sickly-faced girl, presumably from some factory, and a singularly handsome young gentleman.

Miss Rhys stared at them for a moment in mild amaze, wondering how such a heterogeneous company had come together, but

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Miss Owen understood it directly she recognised the gentleman. Prior did not see the boat at all until it had passed up the river.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the elder lady, as the young gentleman raised his straw hat to her. "Good heavens! It's Tom Pwllmeyric! What in the world is he doing with those people?"

"I know," said Love, calmly. "They are some of his poor friends, to whom he is giving a holiday."

"But—but—it is monstrous! Surely he does not associate with such people?"

"They are our fellow-creatures, at least," said Love. "And if they are poor, the more reason to be kind to them."

"Pwllmeyric has queer ideas," put in Prior. "One can't but honour him for them."

"He certainly has the courage of his convictions," said Miss Rhys, greatly scandalised. "But it is very melancholy to see such a promising young man go so wrong."

"All would not think it wrong," said Love, her fair face flushed, and her eyes sparkling. "And even if you call it wrong, you will allow it is a noble wrongness."

"Yes, it is a consummate self-sacrifice," said Prior.

He spoke sadly, for his heart had sunk fathoms deep in the last few minutes. Before that strange boat-laod came in sight Love had seemed so contented, and all day she had been so cordial and kind, that he had really dared to hope that he was beginning at last to excite some sentiment warmer than mere friendship in her breast. But love is quick-sighted, and he loved her, and so, when he saw her change colour, and heard her eager, almost angry, defence of Pwllmeyric, he suddenly understood what had gone against him all along, and he felt that his own suit was worse than hopeless. He might sacrifice himself even as Tom had done, but it would be vain; Love would not care for him.

Prior had never fallen in love before. He was a steady-going unromantic young man, and when he renounced his boyish dreams of regenerating society (the greater part of which were in fact only the reflex of his friend Pwllmeyric's enthusiasm), he had mapped out in his own mind the course of life he intended to pursue. He would devote a few years to enjoyment, not vicious pleasure, but sober and sensible enjoyment among his compeers in society, and in foreign travel; and then he would take a wife who should look well at the head of his table and duly grace the fine family diamonds (which the produce of the brewery had enabled Prior senior to purchase some twenty years since), and who would bear him children to inherit these diamonds, and the money. Possibly, when he had married and settled down, he might go into Parliament as a Liberal-Conservative, and do a little for the people by moderate means; thus making a compromise between his interest and his opinions.

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But he purposed remaining in single bliss until he was at least thirty, and consequently he took no particular interest in any of the numerous eligible young ladies who were introduced to him each season.

We have not yet, however, learnt the science of absolute self-mastery, and a man still in his third decade is often not quite so strong as he fancies. Prior was as cool and calculating as anyone under forty had any right to be, yet he was not cool nor calculating enough. His well-considered plan of existence crumbled to dust at the sight of Loveday Owen, and his life-scheme incontinently fell to the ground. And she trod it under her feet, all unconsciously, gently, and kindly, and never guessed at the wreck she had made.

But the very fact of his falling in love with such a girl proved perhaps that Prior had better stuff in him than he believed. At all events he would never now marry the ideal lady of conventional mind and manners, who had hitherto reigned supreme in his conjugal speculations. A touch of love had altered all that for him. What if his love were unfortunate? The very misfortune of it raised him from the Philistinism which had till now held him captive, and brought a new element into his life—the element of discontent, without which none of us are good for anything.

Chapter XIX.

"Now we have met, we have looked, we are safe."
Walt Whitman.

Miss Rhys and Loveday got back to town in plenty of time for their *conversazione*. Perhaps Prior's courageous efforts at cheerfulness were apparent, and consequently depressing; perhaps both ladies were a little distressed at discovering the gulf fixed between their two opinions of Tom's course of life. Be that as it might, somehow or other the glory of the day certainly departed for them as well as for their companion after that brief glimpse of the young man; and no one suggested that there was a later train when Miss Rhys took out her watch and said it was approaching dinner-time, and they must be starting homewards.

"Are you sure you will not be over tired?" asked Love of Miss Rhys some three hours later, as they prepared to go to their intellectual entertainment. "I think it has been such a long day, and I so fear you will be ill."

But Miss Rhys declared she felt quite freshened and revived by the river breezes, and she would not hear of staying at home.

So they went, and one of the first people to arrest Miss Owen was Tom Pwllmeyric.

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"I guessed you would be here," he said.

"I did not guess you would," she answered, with a very pretty smile.

"Nor should I have been, except for the hope of seeing you. I don't often find time for frivolling now. But I was afraid you and Miss Rhys would never forgive me if I didn't contrive to explain."

"Explain?"

"Well, I felt that you thought I ought not to have bowed to you this afternoon. I saw that Miss Rhys was annoyed at my claiming recognition."

Love looked at him with growing bewilderment in her eyes.

"I do not understand," she said at last. "Are you apologising for having bowed to us? Why should you do so? You are very strange."

"Of course Miss Rhys thought I ought not to have expected you to recognise me when I was in the company of people she considers beneath her, if indeed she did not imagine . . . ."

"You ought not—what is this? Do you mean that you think Miss Rhys—or me—so base, so unworthy—to have such a sentiment? Are we not then women? Have we not hearts? *Monsieur, je ne saurai dire*—pardon me that I cannot express it. You wound me. Ah! I do not know that it is not after all you who are base, for that you can entertain such a thought. I had so much sympathy, and you—you whom I honoured for your nobility—you have this opinion of me! *Ah! c'est indigne.*"

Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and her very voice altered, its usually languid tones giving place to restrained but passionate exclamation. Two or three bystanders looked at her curiously, struck by her expression, though they could not hear what she was saying, for she spoke scarcely above her breath; not that she was trying to avoid observation, being conscious of nothing save indignation and pain—but simply because it was natural to her to lower her voice in moments of strong emotion.

Tom's existence of late had been no very happy one. For years past the desire to spend his manhood in the service of the people had been developing itself in his mind and heart, and the conviction that this was the only work worth doing had silently grown upon him, until the strength of it startled even himself, when he came to examine his instincts and analyse his impressions. It was nothing less than his religion, he could no more voluntarily renounce it than he could renounce his daily bread. He had not been aware of this until quite lately; he had imagined himself devoting part of his life to the people, sacrificing perhaps a good portion of man's allotted space of years to suffering humanity, but he had pictured something different to follow upon this period of self-abnegation; an old age of comfort, if not of luxury, in the inherited home of his forefathers, with the peaceful

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consciousness of work well done to brighten his closing life. He had not dwelt upon or formulated this idea to any great extent, but it had always been there, as a pleasant back ground to his work-a-day dreams.

And of late he had discovered that there could be no such future for him. His conscience told him that in no circumstances would he ever be able to enjoy wealth which he had not earned, or comfort which was the product of the suffering of others. This alone would not have saddened him long, for the spirit, if it be truly spirit, is bound eventually to get the better of the flesh. But the renunciation of the old dream included that of a new and far dearer one, the possibility of marrying Loveday Owen. He had said to Prior, when first he determined upon living at Shoreditch, that he never would marry. Perhaps he had not absolutely meant it, then, but already reason was beginning to assure him that marriage and Socialism of his sort would not readily be made compatible, and now reason had won the day. He was bound body and soul, by some power outside himself, to the people, to live among them, and to be of them. He loved a girl on the other side of that great gulf which divides the rich from the poor, a girl tenderly reared and divinely gentle, whom in no flight of imagination could he conceive as existing among the people. Love and hope, youth and desire, conspired to point out possible bridges over the gulf. Reason stepped in, and all the fairy-like structures straightway fell to pieces.

It was this conflict between heart and soul which had caused Tom Pwllmeyric to avoid the house in Park Lane, and every other house at which Miss Owen was likely to be met. He did not entirely distrust his own resolution, but he thought it as well not to put it to the test.

Being, however, only mortal, and therefore after all not absolutely impeccable, he found himself, after that encounter on the river, irresistibly tempted to seek her out for once. He had seen Miss Rhys' expression of shocked surprise when he raised his hat to her, and he had seen Love's colour rise as she acknowledged his salutation. And sundry doubts had forthwith entered into him and made him unspeakably wretched. Was it possible that the two ladies, in their ignorance of his present mode of life, had taken his companions to be disreputable people, instead of what they were, viz., two girls out of work, and their steady young brother, to whom he was giving a holiday treat? He pondered over this painful query until the wish to get it answered mastered him, and he made up his mind to go to the *conversazione* of the Telepathic Society, knowing that Miss Rhys and the President were old friends, and that she was almost certain to be there with her *protégée*.

He expected that Miss Owen would be cool and distant, he would not have been altogether surprised had she refused to talk

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to him at all, so heinous must his conduct, the thought, appear to her, if she had indeed misinterpreted the character of his friends as he feared. And he did not stop to reflect that, however innocent of the wickedness of the world Love might be, Miss Rhys had wits enough to know that disreputable people of that class do not generally disport themselves on the river pale-faced and shabbily clothed.

Miss Owen's pained and indignant outburst seemed at once to lift him into heaven, and to dash him down to earth again, and he felt unspeakably humbled and ashamed as she reproached him in the rapid broken English which betrayed how deeply she was moved at being thus misjudged. For had he not contrived so to lower himself in her estimation as that she called him "base," even while she confessed that she set store by his opinion of her?

What could he answer to such a reproach? Was it any wonder that passion got the better of reason, and vented itself in something like a prayer?

"Have pity—forgive me—if you only knew . . . ."

He broke off abruptly, and Love, glancing at him, saw such a heart-broken expression in his face that suddenly the fire of her wrath was quenched, and compassion took its place.

"No, no," she said, "it is not I to forgive. I was too harsh. I have to ask forgiveness."

And then, though neither of them knew how it happened, their hands were locked together, and their eyes met in one long searching look.

"We are again friends," said Love, brokenly, for her heart was beating fast.

"Friends!" said Tom. But again he stopped short, checked in the very act of declaring his devotion by the recollection of that stern conflict in which reason had come off victor. Could a girl's soft all-too-truthful glance alter stern facts and make things other than they were? Ah! no, all was the same as before.

"It is too hard," he muttered—"I cannot stand it!"

He bent down and kissed the slender fingers clasped in his own.

"I must leave you," he said. "Forgive me and forget me. Oh, my Love, my Love, good-bye!"

No one noticed them; the whole company, which was not a large one, had congregated in an inner room, where the President was giving a brief lecture on some recent development of the science of Telepathy, and Love was standing in a recess partly screened by some Oriental drapery, while Tom leant against the wall, shadowed by the curtain.

He stepped forward as he spoke his passionate farewell, and the light showed his features drawn and haggard with pain. He looked ten years older than he had done that afternoon on the sunny river.

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Love turned her head aside; her eyes were full of tears, and her lip quivered.

"Good-bye," she said, "if it must be so."

Her heart asked, "Why should it be good-bye?" but in her inmost soul she knew, though she did not understand.

Out into the street and the glare of gas-lamps went Tom Pwllmeyric with his head bowed and his arms folded across his breast. The passers-by jostled him, but he never heeded them; wan flower-girls and match-sellers for once got no response from him, and cabmen pulled up, cursing, as he crossed the road almost under their horses' feet, unconscious of his danger. On and on he strode in blind and dumb despair, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, save the face and voice of the girl whose love he must not attempt to win.

The moon went in and the stars came out, and still he walked on, and the streets grew less dense, gave place to rows of houses, then to villas standing alone, and then vanished altogether into open country. The cool night-wind blew on his brow, and wafted to him the scent of new-mown hay, and at last some reflex of the universal place around him stole into Tom's tempest-tossed soul, and he saw the good and the evil of his self-betrayal.

"At least she knows now," he thought, and the thought brought him some poor comfort, though he found no room for hope.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile Love sat at her window, looking out over the trees in the Park, and pondering what it might mean, until her vague perception took shape and form, and she read the mystery clearly.

"He loves me," she said, "but it is his duty not to love me. He is nobler than I, for I have thought only of him, while he thinks of his work first. Some day surely we shall meet again, and then—ah! then, he shall see that I can understand."

Chapter XX.

"So the great cause flashes by,
Nearer and clearer its purposes open."
—C. Kingsley.

"I am very selfish," thought Love.

She was walking towards the village from Rhys Barony, and her selfishness consisted mainly in that she was walking slowly. For she was carrying some hothouse fruit and flowers to a sick girl in one of the cottages on the hill; she knew they would be eagerly received and would give pleasure to the sufferer, and yet

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she walked slowly, and stood still again and again when she came to a stretch of shadow on the road-side, or a gate through which she got a glimpse of the river. She was not physically tired, though the intense heat of the now declining day might well have made her so, but she felt weary and depressed in spirit, and the glorious glow of the setting sun might have been a black cloud for all she saw of its beauty.

Miss Rhys had been telling her a story that afternoon, a story of sin and shame, of which the sick girl, a mother, but not a wife, was the unhappy heroine.

Six months ago the kind little lady would have shrunk from talking of such a subject to her young *protégée*, but Love had changed of late; her eyes had opened more widely than anyone knew to things of which most girls are studiously kept in ignorance, and Miss Rhys felt that the innocent child was fast becoming a woman with a great soul. So when she asked this summer day why poor Polly Bryant was never spoken of in the village without a frown or a shake of the head, Miss Rhys told her all the pitiful tale. There was nothing new or unusual about it; it was only the life-history of hundreds of such women. Brought up in a two-roomed cottage with half-a-dozen brothers, what chance had she of learning the beauty of purity? Now the brothers, all save one, were out in the world, the father was dead, and the girl, fallen, was dying of consumption.

"I will go and see her," said Loveday, when Miss Rhys came to the end of her story. "It is strange to me that any one should be unkind to one who has so much to suffer."

"She suffers for her sin, you see, my dear," answered Miss Rhys.

"But it is not her sin; the sin is theirs who let nine persons live in a house of two rooms. You yourself have said she had no chance."

"Still, many village girls do grow up under the same conditions, and yet manage to keep straight."

"What! But are there more of such houses in Old Place? Surely none belonging to you, Miss Rhys? Nor to my father?"

"No, dear. Almost all your father's cottages have been rebuilt, or enlarged, since he came into the property; and all mine were thoroughly set to rights in my father's time. But there are about a dozen at the far end of the village, just above the mill-pond, which are in sad need of repair, or rather of pulling down."

"Then why not pull them down? I know them now; they are very old, and very pretty with ivy and roses, low and thatched, close to the mill."

"Yes. I wish someone could interfere about them. They are very pretty, as you say—I saw an artist sketching them only

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last week—but they are not fit for human beings to live in. Unhappily they belong to little Evans, and his trustees won't lay out a penny on improving the old cottages on his estate, though by his father's will they are bound to spend a considerable sum every year in building and in buying land. I tried once to purchase the mill and the cottages, but they cannot sell an acre till the child is of age, and he is only about ten years old now."

"I think the mill-pond is very dangerous; there is scarcely any railing on one side, and there are always children playing near."

"Every time I pass it I notice how unsafe it is. But it is only lately that the railing has fallen, and the schoolmaster told me a day or two since that he had complained to the road people and asked them to insist upon its being mended."

Love made no answer, she was thinking again of poor Polly Bryant. And a few minutes later she quitted the Barony, taking the long round of the park and meadows which would bring her to the mill cottages.

It was five o'clock when she reached the village, and the children were out of school. Half-a-dozen or so were playing beside the mill-pond as usual, and Love stopped to bid them be careful. The sluice had just been opened, and the water was rushing out at a dangerous rate.

Polly Bryant's child, a curly-headed, mischievous little urchin of three years old, looked up at Miss Owen with a merry smile on his face. She did not know who he was, and spoke a word or two to a tall lad standing by.

"Surely it is not right for such a baby to be playing so near the pond," she said.

"I'm a-lookin' after 'un, miss," answered the young fellow, "he be my nevvy."

Then she recognised him as Jack Bryant, having seen him in the choir, and knowing him for one of the steadiest lads in the place.

"I didn't see it was you, for the moment," she said. "I am just going to call on your sister; Miss Rhys has sent her some fruit."

"She be main poorly to-day, miss," said Jack. "Mother says as how she won't last much longer."

Love went into the cottage, which was close by, and sat some little time with the dying girl.

She was very weak, and at first she could scarcely speak to her visitor; but presently she grew feverish and excited, and began to talk rather rapidly.

"That young parson 'ave a-bin in to see 'er," said the old mother, who sat in a corner darning stockings, with a certain stolid indifference which told its own melancholy tale of feeling

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blunted by long years of toil and trouble. "'E come in and talked to Polly, 'e did, quite beautiful like, about 'er sins, an' all 'er did a-say was as 'twasn't no bus'ness of 'isn, 'er did, miss, tho' I telled 'er as 'twasn't manners, when the gentleman comed and talked to 'er."

Polly's eyes, glittering with fever, sought Love's face, and reading there sympathy and understanding, she broke out with a passionate cry.

"Oh, miss, 'tisn't true now, is it? Parson, he said as how I was a wicked girl, and my sins was reapin' their reward; and if I didn't ask the Lord to save me I should go to hell, and no mistake. And I says as how it ain't fair to blame me for what I didn't know no better, an' it's bad enough to lay here a-dying without parson comin' talkin' of hell besides. An' oh! miss, you don't believe I'm a-goin' to hell now, do you?"

Love's heart swelled with indignation.

"Can this be Christianity?" she thought. But the occasion did not admit of reflection; the sick girl wanted an answer, and Miss Owen would not delay to give it.

"I am sure you are not going to hell, Polly," she said. "I think God looks at a fault like yours differently from what men do, and you won't have more blame than you deserve, for God knows all about it, though nobody else does. So don't be frightened, dear Polly, but go to sleep happily when the time comes."

She spoke very simply, yet with perfect assurance, and Polly's face lost its scared expression.

"You say it right," she murmured, sinking back on her pillow. "That's what I did feel before parson comed, though I couldn't say it like you. If God knowed everything, He must have knowed how I were led away like, and that 'twasn't my blame not to know as I were doin' wrong. I knowed it afterwards, miss; never a day have passed since but what someone or other have throwed it in my face, though I ain't the only one here by long ways; and I shall be glad when I be dead an' out of hearin' of it, 'cept for little Tommy. But Jack 'll look after him for me—Jack be main good to Tommy, that he be."

Her voice died away in a faint whisper, and her eyes were closed.

"'Er'll go to sleep a bit now, likely enough," said the mother from her corner. "Don't you bide no longer, miss, 'tain't no manner of use, 'er won't wake up this hour or more."

Miss Owen bent down and kissed Polly's wasted cheek.

"I will come again soon," she said, and Polly was not too weary to hear her, for her lips parted in a half-smile.

"Yes, please come," she murmured. "Soon—afore I go."

The setting sun dazzled Love as she came out of the cottage, for her eyes were full of tears. It was such a pitiful thing, such a pitiful scene, that she quitted!

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Jack Bryant was still lounging against the wall of the mill, but he turned to watch Miss Owen walk away.

So no one saw that little Tommy, tired of making dirt pies, was, by way of a new amusement, crawling on all fours to the edge of the pond in pursuit of an adventurous frog which had been bold enough to come out of its safe hiding in the damp ditch over the way.

Jack watched Miss Owen till a turn in the road hid her from his sight, though she was not a hundred yards away. And then he looked at the sunset, and thought of his sister, with a vague idea that the sooner she got up there into the sky the better for her. And then he looked down to earth again, and thought of his sister's child.

The frog had accelerated his pace, finding that Tommy was after him. He was across the dusty road now, one spring more and he would be safe in his native element. But Tommy was too quick for him, and just as he took his last leap, the child stretched out his hand and caught him.

At this juncture Jack discovered what was going on, and shouted to Tommy to come away from the water.

"I 'ants ze f'og," said Tommy, clutching the struggling reptile.

But it was a large frog, and he was a small child. In his anxiety to retain his captive he lost his balance, and with a frightened cry he rolled over into the pond, and sank in the deep water.

Quick as thought Jack plunged in after him, and, seizing his clothes, tried to swim ashore. But the sluice was still open, and the water was pouring out in a stream the stronger that its vent was so narrow. No swimmer alive could have held out long against it. Jack, a slim lad, not over strong, and encumbered moreover by the child, had not a chance; nearer and nearer he was carried, and then the current sucked him down, dashed him against the wood-work of the dam, and finally bore him triumphantly through the sluice into the meadow below, where the mill-stream's turbulence lost itself in the quiet flow of the river.

There he was picked up, with Tommy still in his arms.

Loveday Owen, recalled by the child's cry, had seen it all, and when they got him out of the water she knelt down on the grass in the meadow, and took Jack's head on her knee.

"He is not dead," she cried; "he cannot be dead."

But he was dead. There was a blue mark on the temple, where his head had struck the dam. Poor little Tommy, the fatherless, nameless child, was saved alive. But brave Jack was dead.

Polly passed away next morning, and the brother and sister were buried in one grave six days later.

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The old mother still sat in her corner, dully indifferent, only rousing herself now and again to moan over her troubles, and to wonder how she was to support the hapless unwished-for grandchild, until certain well-meaning persons, the curate among them, persuaded her to betake herself and Tommy to the workhouse.

But Loveday Owen thought over the tragedy, its causes, and its consequences. And she began to obtain a clearer comprehension of Tom Pwllmeyric's principles.

(*To be continued.*)

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TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

"WHEN a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, in reality he suffers no uneasiness," said Dr. Johnson characteristically; and if a calculation were to be set down in figures of the number of people who are really interested in politics further than as a topic of conversation, who are elevated or depressed by the prospects of a division, we suspect that it would turn out to be a ridiculously small fraction of the British nation. But this Irish question is not a political, but a national question; it affects all those who live in Ireland, who have land, or mortgages, or insurance policies in Ireland, and all those who are connected by friendship or relationship with the sister isle. Add all the 670 members of Parliament, and all "their cousins, and their sisters" and their aunts, who are thinking uneasily of the chances of the dissolution, and you get a really considerable number of people whose Whitsuntide holiday must have been considerably marred by *la haute politique*. Many a squire and many a merchant, whose ladies egged him on to stand for Parliament last November, and who fancied himself safe for at least four or five years, must have thought seriously of his drawings; many a barrister must have anxiously consulted his fee-book; and many an impecunious M.P. must have sullenly meditated upon the prospect of an early expulsion from Paradise. However, the vast majority of the world, not only that restless, glittering, pleasure-hunting world which the London season attracts for a few months, but our great middle class, of whom Mr. Matthew Arnold despairs, and our "'Arry" class, went gaily to Ascot Heath as if there were no such thing as an Irish question. Even Lord Hartington was understood to be anxious that the division should be taken before Ascot; and taken it accordingly was on Monday, the 7th of June.

The debate on the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, whether we regard its duration or its intellectual form, must certainly be regarded as the greatest in the history of the British Parliament. Its artistic effect was no doubt, to a certain extent, spoiled by its prolongation, for it began on the 10th of

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May, and lasted till the 7th of June. But under the conditions of modern politics that was inevitable. In the last century the House used to sit until seven o'clock in the morning upon occasions; nor can we complain of the length of modern speeches when we learn that Pitt and Fox used to make speeches of five and seven hours' duration. But the whole debate did not range over more than three nights, because only the acknowledged orators spoke. Burke, Fox, Tierney, Sheridan, and Grey, would all of them tilt at Pitt, who would probably take the whole burden of the reply upon himself, and sum up their attacks in an answer, whose concluding periods would be illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, streaming through the windows of St. Stephen's chapel: all of which was dramatically far finer and more imposing than our twelve nights' battle of the pigmies with the periodic interposition of a giant. But shorthand reporting has very nearly done for public speakers, what Bacon thought his mechanical method of induction could do for men of science—"*Exæquat fere omnia ingenia.*" The harsh voice and awkward manner do not appear in the columns of the morning papers; the most hesitating and unfinished periods, after passing through the reporters' hands, read as smoothly as the most fluent and finished performances, and for one person who hears a speech there are a thousand who read it. The consequence is that Lord Chesterfield's dictum, that it did not so much matter what you said as how you said it, is reversed, and men speak nowadays in Parliament who have as much aptitude for rhetoric as a blacksmith for needlework. The extension of the suffrage has also exercised a deleterious effect upon the debates in the House of Commons. The constituencies are more exacting (as there are more partners in the concern), and Eatanswill is not satisfied unless "our member" has his say with the rest. The impending dissolution acted likewise as a spur to the sluggish member, who felt that it was now or never with him, and that he might never have another chance of distinguishing himself. The result of all these things was, in the first place, a cut-throat competition for the Speaker's eye. When it is considered that out of the whole House less than a sixth were "called" by the Chair, some estimate of the unspoken orations may be made, and we imagine that a very large number of old and young members, who had sat on tenterhooks night after night, with their notes upon their knees, must have trudged wearily home with the feeling of being ill-used men. Another result was, that the course of the debate was very unequal; many of the speeches were miserably inadequate to the occasion, while some few were equal to the best traditions of Parliamentary eloquence. It cannot be said that any new reputations were made, unless we except the case of Mr. R. B. Finlay, who has already a rising reputation at the Bar, and whose speech against the Bill made an impression, not only from its clearness and vigour, but from a certain native

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force and charm, a Scotchness, so to speak, which made it the representative speech of a representative man. The Conservatives had perhaps hardly a fair chance in the debate, for they were muzzled half the time by the orders of their chief, and, when the muzzle was taken off, they were handicapped in the race for the Speaker's eye by the fact that half the Liberal party wanted to speak against the Bill, so that the Speaker had to choose the opponents very often from the same side of the House as its supporters. An exception should also be made in favour of Mr. Henry Fowler, who, in his speech from the Treasury Bench, gave evidence that he possesses a genuine oratorical power, which those who are only acquainted with his dry official manner would hardly divine. But if these were the only new reputations made, several old reputations were enhanced. Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James had all won for themselves the title of statesmen; which is not lightly given by the public or the press in this country, and they had all secured for themselves places in the front rank of the Liberal party, which those who know the superfluity of talents in that body are aware is only possible to men of real and rare ability. But Lord Hartington has always been suspected of *insouciance*, Mr. Chamberlain of sectarianism, and Mr. Goschen of intellectual frigidity, while Sir Henry James has hitherto discovered in his speeches nothing but the nebulous precision of *Nisi Prius*. All these men have risen to the level of the occasion, and have proved that they possess the wide range and high courage of great men. Lord Hartington, with an obvious effort, shook off the *nonchalance* of Newmarket, and, as his speech and his manifesto show, he is for once terribly in earnest. Lord Hartington's position is perfectly unassailable before the world. He refused to join the Gladstone Cabinet in January, and as the heir to a dukedom he cannot be suspected of the sensuality of power. But Mr. Goschen's scalding invective and "hallow'd fire" were perhaps the greatest surprise to those who have known him as the cold and calculating economist, who loves his library and his peace better than "the applause of listening senates." It is difficult to say why Mr. Chamberlain has failed to strike any echoing note of sympathy in the popular breast, for his creed is eminently sympathetic, if unpractical, and why he has failed to impress the public with a sense of the loftiness of his aim. Whatsoever the cause, "the deposed first consul of the Caucus" is very generally set down as a self-seeking and interested politician, and his opposition to Mr. Gladstone has exposed him to the bitterest innuendo and unpopularity. It has been said by Carlyle, that if a man can withstand the roar of an angry multitude, his work will be done on a platform and will live. Tried by this test, Mr. Chamberlain is a really great man, and his work will live when

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Mr. Gladstone's is forgotten. Mr. Gladstone is either at the top of the wave, or he is nowhere; he is popular or nothing; when he is unpopular he retires. No man could have had a more appalling task than Mr. Chamberlain when he rose to speak against the second reading of the Bill. He had been told, and he knew the truth of it, that he held the fate of the bill, of the Government, of Parliament itself, in the palm of his hand; he had to face eighty-six Parnellites, who knew it too, and he spoke surrounded by Radicals, most of whom regarded him as a traitor, with no higher motive than personal figure. It was not the novelty of his arguments, or his rhetoric, that struck the spectator, for he had nothing new to say, but the consummate courage of the man, while it must be said there was a depth of feeling about his peroration, referring to his personal motives and position, which no one would have suspected to underlie the spruce and jocund exterior of the member for Birmingham. Sir Henry James has undoubtedly made a hit. Lawyers are by common consent looked upon as political Swiss. Sometimes they are treacherous Swiss, like Wedderburn; sometimes they are saintly Swiss, like Cairns; and sometimes they are sinning Swiss, like Westbury; but it is always perfectly understood that they take one side or the other in politics, according as the Liberal or Conservative party offers at the time the best chance of promotion. A disinterested lawyer, therefore, who refuses the woolsack, because he objects to a bill, is regarded with the same incredulous wonder by the hack politicians as that with which a *roué* looks upon a repentant Magdalen. There is only one parallel instance, we believe, on record, and that was the case of Roundell Palmer's speaking and voting against Mr. Gladstone's bill for Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Sir Henry James has enormously improved his position in the House of Commons, in London society, and even at the bar, by his conduct in this Home Rule business, and as he is rich, and unmarried, there is no reason to suppose he really envies Lord Herschell his ten thousand a year. These four have been the most prominent figures of the debate, next, of course, to the central figure of all, the aged Samson, who is apparently tugging with all his might at the pillars of the constitution. One reputation has been decidedly eclipsed by the course of the debate. For some reason or other, Lord Randolph Churchill has chosen to efface himself, and this unusual conduct has made him the object of much speculation and some unjust suspicion. It was pretty widely whispered that if he did not speak it was because he had not a free hand, because his withers were not unwrung, because, in plain words, he had intrigued with Mr. Parnell, when in office, and had compromised himself on the subject of Home Rule. These suspicions came to a head on the last night of the debate, when Mr. Parnell announced, in his *staccato* style, that he had had communications with a member

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of the late cabinet, who had offered him a Parliament in Dublin, with power to protect Irish industries. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gave this statement an unqualified and categorical denial, and called upon Mr. Parnell to name the member of the late Government who had made the offer in question. The whole House resounded with shouts of "Name! name!" a cry in which Lord Randolph ostentatiously joined; but Mr. Parnell declined to give the name until he had the permission of the statesman himself. It turned out afterwards that the culpable minister was not Lord Randolph, but Lord Carnarvon; and though no one doubts his word that he pledged himself to nothing, not even to an opinion in favour of Home Rule, unquestionably the interview between him and Mr. Parnell was an indiscretion, for which the Tory party will probably suffer.

At last the talking was done; all the solemn forms of a parliamentary trial had been gone through; it only remained to take the verdict. At ten minutes past one on the morning of Tuesday, the 8th of June, the electric bells rang men in to the most momentous division, certainly in the century, possibly in our whole history. For weeks past the result of this division had been the subject of unceasing speculation, in the clubs, in society, and in the city. When Mr. Chamberlain sat down a member of the Cabinet is reported to have said, "You've run the old man to earth at last." But up to the last minutes the Ministerial Tapers were confident of a majority of ten, while the Opposition Tadpoles were certain of a majority varying from thirty to forty. The conversion at the last minute of Sir Joseph Pease, who, after speaking against the bill, said he would vote for it, would, it was asserted, carry great weight, while the Prime Minister's summing up was confidently expected to rally the waverers to his side. The majority against the bill was, as everybody knows, thirty, the Ayes being 311, and the Noes 341. The Conservative party is in a most remarkable state of discipline and health, for in answer to the five-lined whip, absolutely every Conservative walked into the lobby, with two exceptions, Mr. Macartney, who had typhoid fever, and Sir Robert Peel, who has since explained that he is a Home Ruler. On the announcement of the numbers the passions that had been pent up for three weeks burst forth in shouts of triumph and yells of defiance. It must be confessed that, though much may be pardoned to men labouring under strong excitement, the aspect and behaviour of the Parnellites was unlovely, and is not likely to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Epithets the reverse of parliamentary were hurled at the Conservatives, and as the crowd surged towards the door, some of the remarks about Mr. Chamberlain inspired uneasiness. It must, however, in fairness be added, that since the division the Irish leaders have behaved with great moderation.

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Between Monday and Thursday the clubs were crowded, and the speculation as to what Gladstone would do was more furious and quite as incorrect as the forecasts of the division. Many men were quite certain that there would be no dissolution, just because everybody said there was going to be one. Others declared that after a majority of thirty the Premier would never dare to dissolve, while others had private information that the Queen would refuse to grant a dissolution, but would send for Lord Hartington. Taper and Tadpole, however, bade their men be ready, and before Thursday it had become quite certain that Mr. Gladstone would dissolve. Nobody was therefore really surprised when the Prime Minister announced that he had advised Her Majesty to dissolve the present Parliament, and that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to accept that advice.

And so the Parliament of 1885 has come to an end, after a brief and troubled existence of six months. Its life was an uneasy dream, and its new members have fluttered through their little day more like ephemeral insects, or perplexed phantoms, than the solid members of Parliament of former days. The shortest Parliament of Queen Victoria's reign, Lord Derby's Parliament of 1858, lived for one year and eleven months. Never was Parliament elected under apparently brighter auspices, never were higher hopes formed of its legislative career than of this one, which has been so rudely dissolved by an imperious Minister. With the sure instinct of the demagogue, Mr. Gladstone has appealed from the decision of the newly-elected representatives, most of whom are men of education and property, to the masses, and in doing so he has branded his opponents as "class, and the dependents of class." If this is not political incendiarism, the word has no meaning.

But something more than a Parliament, which can be re-elected, has been broken up. A great political party has been broken up, which cannot be reunited, and which has hitherto been an integral and honourable part of our national life. The Liberal party has been shattered into three parties. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain have each issued separate manifestoes to the country, and made their appeal to different sections of the public. The supremacy of Parliament is already gone, and the supremacy of the platform substituted in its place, and it remains to be seen whether a great empire can be governed by public meetings. By the middle of July the constituencies will have returned their answer, Aye or No, to the most difficult and complicated problem that was ever submitted to their decision, and every serious man must desire that the answer will be clear and decisive. Whether it is to be Repeal or Union, every one must see that if the masses have no clear answer to give, the reign of anarchy has begun. In the

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meantime Mr. Gladstone has started on another "pilgrimage of passion" to the North. It is to be hoped that the English and Scotch electors will at least see that it is not a question between us and the Irish nation, but between us and the National League.

On the Continent, luckily for us, the Eastern question has assumed a temporary quiescence, and Greece has ended by admitting the unanswerable argument of the pacific blockade, a new term, by the way, in the language of diplomacy.

The most remarkable event of the month abroad has undoubtedly been the suicide of the King of Bavaria, who was found drowned, together with his physician, Dr. Gudden, in five feet of water. There is little room for doubt that the king was violently mad, and that, as is usual with thwarted maniacs, he destroyed his would-be preserver. Dr. Gudden was a powerful man, and it is almost certain that the king overpowered him in a struggle in the water. The Bavarians have certainly shown themselves to be a most monarchical and long-suffering population, for few peoples would have stood so long the extravagances of a ruler, whom all the world regarded as a lunatic. The solitary and midnight performances of Wagner in the royal theatre, the dismissal of the chamberlain who was detected in the act of looking on, remind one of the old-world eccentricities of the absolute sovereigns of the dark ages, and show that Bavaria is one of the backwaters of civilisation. Now, the good people of Bavaria are much exercised about the successor to their throne. The rightful heir is Otto, the brother of Ludwig, but, as he also is mad, a Regent has been appointed in the person of Luitpold, his uncle, and the nice constitutional question has been started, whether a madman can be crowned. It appears that Ludwig has left no will behind, but debts to the amount of five or six million marks. We, too, had a mad monarch, in the person of George the Third, who had five fits of insanity, but luckily his mania did not take the form of building castles, or keeping mistresses, or patronising operas. On the contrary, George the Third was probably the most popular king that ever sat upon the throne, for he was a simple and religious man, and his disease only took the form of fancying himself dead, of conversing with imaginary persons, and shedding copious tears. His most dangerous delusion was a violent dread of Papacy, and there can be no doubt that, in his obstinate opposition to the emancipation of the Catholics, which there is reason to believe Mr. Pitt would gladly have conceded, he is responsible for a large part of the present Irish difficulty. Ludwig used to go to bed at sunrise, and get up at two o'clock p.m., dine at eight, and then scamper about the country in a carriage and four at full gallop. He was always building houses on the tops of mountains, and on islets in the middle of lakes,

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where he used to fly for retirement. He was a man of really refined tastes, and of clear judgment, despite a chronic inflammation of the cerebral membrane.

In France the chief topic of discussion has been M. de Freycinet's Bill for the Expulsion of the Princes. The first clause of the Bill has passed the Senate, and it is rumoured that M. Waddington and several other ambassadors at foreign courts will throw up their appointments. It would be difficult to imagine any policy more foolish from a Republican point of view than this persecution of the families of fallen dynasties. It is a confession of weakness, and the surest way to rekindle the smouldering fires of Royalist and Imperialist feeling. "The punishment of wits enhances their authority," said Lord Bacon, "and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth, that flies up in the faces of those who seek to tread it out." This is as true of forbidden men as it is of forbidden books. The Chamber of Deputies passed the bill for what is called the Limited Expulsion of the Princes on the 14th of June, and it remains to be seen whether the Senate, with its broader culture and calmer spirit, will commit the *bêtise* of ratifying this act of ostracism, which cannot fail to discredit the cause of Republics all over the Continent. Considerable excitement was caused in a thin, expiring House of Commons by the news that, in violation of the most solemn international obligations entered into by the French Government with England in 1878 and renewed in 1883, French troops had occupied the New Hebrides, and hoisted the French flag at Sandwich and Malacolo. It appears that a French trading company had sent a number of artisans to work on the islands, and that some of these were massacred by the natives. The survivors applied to their employers for protection, and the Company applied in turn to the French Governor of New Caledonia to send troops to protect French subjects in the New Hebrides. Two French ships were accordingly sent to the places where the Frenchmen were in danger, but M. de Freycinet has assured our ambassador at Paris, Lord Lyons, that though a temporary post might be established till quiet was restored, the measure had no political significance whatever, and France had no intention of occupying the New Hebrides. Subsequently M. de Freycinet repeated his assurance that France had no designs affecting the political condition of these islands, and that she held herself bound by her engagements to England, and he added that he did not know whether in fact any troops had been landed, but if there had been any put on shore, they would be withdrawn directly the emergency had passed away. It is interesting to compare with this language that of the press of Noumea, which congratulates the French Republic on the annexation of the New Hebrides. The whole affair has been exaggerated, and with Lord Rosebery at the Foreign

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Office, the French flag, if it has been hoisted, will be hauled down.

This month has witnessed a remarkable revival of trade in the States, and the marriage of President Cleveland to Miss Folsom. American securities have once more recovered their prices, and whether it is owing to the prospects of a good cereal crop, or to the suppression of the Chicago riots, things in the States once more look "glittering," as their own commercial men would say. The disturbances at Chicago and elsewhere undoubtedly revealed an underground organisation which was startlingly complete in its details; but it is creditable and consolatory to remember that the leaders were professional continental anarchists. The American citizen is much too shrewd to be an anarchist, and the masses in the United States are untainted with Jacobinism, though the Irish and German immigrants, who become enfranchised, are undoubtedly a disturbing factor; though as the country becomes more and more settled up, this tide of immigration must in time cease.

There is rather bad news from Central Asia. Colonel Lockhart's mission, whose object was rather mysterious, but was said to be the winning over the Central Asian chiefs to watch Russian action, left Chitral some time ago to join the Afghan Boundary Commission. Colonel Lockhart was accompanied by Colonel R. G. Woodthorpe, R.E., Major Barrow, and Dr. Giles, and it is now reported, though officially denied, that he is surrounded, and unable either to proceed or to return. We are getting rather accustomed to scares from Central Asia, and the danger of a war with Russia, like the poor, is always with us.

The marriage of Madame Adelina Patti with M. Nicolini has excited some interest in the public mind. It appears that Madame Patti's matrimonial experiences have been varied. She was, of course, married to the Marquis de Caux in the orthodox dual way, once before the Mayor, and then again in the Church. But she has already been married twice to M. Nicolini, once abroad by the rite of the Greek Church, and once by the French Vice-Consulate at Swansea. This time she has been married by banns at the parish church of Ystradgynlais, where she is much beloved by her neighbours for her generosity.

Another social event, less savoury, but even more interesting to a certain section of the public, has been Sir James Hannen's decision to grant the petition of the Queen's Proctor to reopen the case of Crawford *v.* Dilke, upon the ground that certain material witnesses were not produced at the trial. Sir Charles Dilke will not be allowed to appear by counsel, but he will be put in the witness-box, and cross-examined by the counsel for the Queen's Proctor. What effect this proceeding may have upon the Chelsea election it will be interesting to watch.

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We are rapidly approaching the Niagara of a General Election. The most sanguine and shortsighted own to a certain amount of anxiety. The riots in the North of Ireland are not reassuring, and the Prince Resident taking a plébiscite was not more determined to win, *quocunque modo*, than Mr. Gladstone. After all, "the government of a multitude by a multitude is a self-cancelling business, and ends in zero."

A. A. B.

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Critical Notices.

CARLYLE AND THE OPEN SECRET OF HIS LIFE.

"THE chief elements of my little destiny have long lain deep below view or surmise, and never will nor can be known to any son of Adam. . . . Let me and my bewildered wrestlings lie buried here and be forgotten swiftly of all the world. . . . The confused world never understood me, nor will understand me and my poor affairs."

Thus Carlyle wrote in his private journal three years after the publication of "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches." Some thirty-three years later, the unhappy mode in which, within a few weeks of Carlyle's death, his "kind, considerate, and ever faithful friend, James Anthony Froude," discharged the sacred trust confided to him made "all the world" only too familiar with the dead author's "poor affairs." Yet the fierce light that beat upon the personality of Carlyle during the controversy which followed the publication of the "Reminiscences" would seem to have failed to reveal the secret of his life. So, at any rate, we learn from Mr. Larkin, who, in an octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages, seeks to show that Carlyle was anxious to achieve distinction in practical statesmanship, eager to become a leader of social reform in England.

"He longed to be *doing* something instead of, as he says, eloquently writing and talking about it; to be a kind of king or leader in the practical activities of life; not a mere prophet, for ever and for ever prophesying. This was the stern burden laid upon him from the beginning. He felt that he had been commissioned to *do* something effectual for the world; and he could find no practical outlook for what he believed to be his God-given powers and energy" (p. 74). "In whatever he wrote he steadily kept a definite aim before him, a loadstar, as he often calls it, beyond that of mere literature, however excellent" (p. 87). "He longed to find free scope for his irrepressible organising and social energies; and, not finding it, his life was the constant misery to him which we know" (p. 159). "We may accept Carlyle's warnings, or we may utterly reject them; but no one who thoughtfully realises the stern significance of his consistent and unceasing efforts ought to be able to doubt that his forebodings of perplexity and disaster, and his earnest desire to save his country from itself, were not only very real feelings in his heart, but were literally the secret burden of his life" (p. 308). "His heart's desire was to *make* history, not merely to write about what others had made" (p. 343).

It was in furtherance of this aim that Carlyle so long and zealously occupied himself with Social Reform and Condition-of-England questions. In Lady Ashburton's desire to promote this, "the one great unspoken ambition of his life," which she had divined, is found the explanation of his intimacy with that brilliant woman of society and of her friendly interest in him. In his eventual failure to realise this ambition we have the cause of the scornful impatience, ignoble irritability, and sometimes almost despairing misery which fretted that great, sensitive, passionate soul.

* "Carlyle and the Open Secret of his Life." By HENRY LARKIN. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

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"Mr. Froude says, 'Up to this time'—the date of Sir Robert Peel's death—'Carlyle had perhaps some hope or purpose of being employed actively in public life. All idea of this kind, if he ever seriously entertained it, had now vanished.' How very seriously and even solemnly he had through life actually entertained such a hope, and how tragically his whole soul was now crushed within him, will, I think, no longer be doubtful" (p. 291).

Mr. Larkin's fanciful theory rests on very slight foundations. He lays much stress on Carlyle's own assurance that he had "far other than literary aims." But Mr. Larkin has told us that people everywhere believed that Carlyle had no real aim at all beyond that of startling, astonishing, and disconcerting those who listened to him, and that even the more thoughtful of his readers regarded his most earnest thoughts as the brilliant yet cumbrous sport of a genius, overflowing with ideas and wild suggestion too crude for articulate utterance. Carlyle was not ignorant of the prevalent impression; and, in a letter to Emerson, says of "Sartor Resartus" that it "*was* earnestly meant and written, and contains no *voluntary* falsehood of mine." The acquisition of spiritual influence, not of literary fame, was the goal of Carlyle's aspiration. But the general recognition of his genius was not accompanied by any considerable acceptance of his teaching. "The Writer of a Book," Carlyle asks, "is not he a Preacher, preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that; but to all men, in all times and places?" And here was a Preacher, "uttering forth, in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him—all that a man, in any case, can do," only to find himself looked upon as merely an eloquent writer, somewhat too frantic in the energy of his rhetoric. Surely, this affords adequate explanation of Carlyle's assertion about other than literary aims.

The evidence, consisting of extracts from Carlyle's books, adduced by Mr. Larkin in maintenance of his contention, serves but to show the weakness of his case. Nor can any substantiation of his theory be found in Carlyle's letters. "Ut clavis portam, sic pandit epistola pectus." The Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence gives most valuable insight into the mind and character of Carlyle. If he had cherished the aspiration ascribed to him by Mr. Larkin, assuredly, some indication thereof could be found in his letters to the man to whom he wrote, "It remains true, and will remain, what I have often told you, that properly there is no voice in this world which is so completely human to me, which fully understands all I say, and with clear sympathy and sense answers to me, but your voice only." It is inconceivable that to such a friend Carlyle would have been wholly reticent concerning what we are now asked to believe was the motive ambition of his career. But throughout this correspondence, extending over eight-and-thirty years, he makes no sign. In it, however, is disclosed the clue to the misery of his life. "The nerves," says Cabanis, "they are the man." The heroine in, if we rightly remember, Emile Augier's play, *Le Mariage d'Olympe*, says that the dispositions of men depend on the state of their stomachs, a proposition also implied in Swift's characteristically broad criticism of Whiston, the translator of Josephus. Carlyle, while working at his "French Revolution," wrote to Emerson that it was the dreadfullest labour (with these nerves, this liver) I ever undertook." "These nerves, this liver:" we have here the open secret of his bitterness, of his hot displeasure against his work, of his sensitiveness to life's pains, and his indifference to its pleasures. The publication of his "French Revolution" placed Carlyle in a position second to none of living writers. But neither this success, nor the high place in popular estimation to which he afterwards attained brought him any deliverance from his burden. Schiller, in a very fine passage, relates how, amid the la-

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vishly magnificent display, and loud, unrestrained outbursts of genuine rejoicing wherewith the Flemish States through which he passed sought to do honour to his presence, Philip remained unmoved: "Philipps Auge blieb finster:" the costly festivities, the heartfelt acclamations won from him no approving smile. *Finster* would Carlyle have remained, had he realised to the full the ambition with which Mr. Larkin's lively fancy has credited him on such slender grounds.

EMIGRANT LIFE IN KANSAS.*

THE writer of this book has apparently spent some five or six years in Kansas, and gives us, in downright western language, not without picturesqueness, an account of a life (to our comparatively effeminate nature) full of hard work and adventure but fearfully rough and uncivilised. Certainly no intending emigrant who should happen to read it can complain that the truth has not been told him beforehand.

The author's advice to settlers is enough in itself to deter any one not possessed of the strongest of constitutions. You must make up your mind to rough it—and the rough is certainly very rough. Rise early, retire late, sleep on a hard board or floor without pillow; indoors or out of doors being a matter of total indifference. You must cook, wash, mend, etc., for yourself; you must despise appearances; must not object to patches on your clothes, and think yourself lucky if they are of the same colour, nor must you think yourself peculiar though you may wear brown pants patched with pieces of flour-sacks marked with brand, stating price and quality of flour in blue letters. You must be indifferent alike to tropic heat or arctic cold, must discard comforts, to say nothing of luxuries, and be thankful for bare necessaries; must also see very few people, and those, perhaps, not altogether of the kind you would associate with in England. If, however, you are willing to work and willing to be taught, you may always depend on a livelihood, and in a few years on a competency.

To young and strong men such a life as described by Mr. Ebbutt (we can well understand) would present very great charms, and to other readers the experiences of a western pioneer cannot but prove most attractive, the more that the story is told with much quiet humour and shrewd appreciation of character. We regret that our limits will, in conclusion, allow us to quote but one specimen of the work, viz., a report of a marriage solemnised before a local magistrate or "squire" in the prompt and business-like fashion (no doubt) peculiar to the district, as thus:—

Squire: "Have him?"
Bride: "Yes."
Squire: "Have her?"
Bridegroom: "Kinder."
Squire: "Done—One Dollar."

This is perhaps a little shorter than usual, but the ceremony is always simple.

* "Emigrant Life in Kansas." By PERCY B. EBBUTT. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.

"BALLAD LORE."*

THE Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco's little book is the latest, and a very favourable example of the fresh impetus that the study of ballads has recently received at the hands of the folk-lorists. From the statute of Elizabeth, which enacted that the ballad-singer should be prohibited from his occupation and classed with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars,"—

"Beggars they are with one consent,
And rogues by Act of Parliament,"—

* "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs," By the COUNTESS MARTINENGO-CESARESCO. London: George Redway. 1886.

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down to the year 1765, when the "Percy Reliques"* were first published, ballad poetry had fallen into disrepute; the appearance of Bishop Percy's noted collection, however, at once re-awakened an interest in this branch of verse. People who were getting wearied of the classical forms of the eighteenth century gladly turned, as to a new source of refreshment, to the natural poetry of the people, and ballad hunting and ballad writing soon came to be the fashionable amusement of the day. Hosts of rivals to, or imitators of, the "Percy Reliques" appeared, amongst them Herder's "Volkslieder" (1782), Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (1802), Fauriel's Greek "Chansons" (1824), to mention only a few of those most widely known. The poets of the "cultured classes," from Goethe and Scott down to the latest apostle of to-day, followed suit. Those familiar with folk-verse know why—they know its subtle charm; in it they have breathed the fresh air of the soil; they feel the power of its pure, unalloyed humanity, and can only wonder that it should have been within the power of legislation to have repressed it, even if only for a time. To such we need only name and recommend the Countess Martinengo's book, warning them, however, that it deals almost entirely with Italian folk-poetry. There are a few chapters of a more general nature, but even these are mainly based on the authoress' intimate acquaintance with the peasantry of the South. That on "Nature in Folk-Songs" and those on "The Inspiration of Death" and "The Idea of Fate" in folk-songs are the best. Her article on "The Diffusion of Ballads," which occupies only some thirty-four pages, is weak. She endeavours to cover too wide a field without having sufficiently studied the researches of others, especially those of the more recent German mythographers, in the same department. The authoress wisely refrains from theorising too much. Where she does suggest naturalistic interpretations of mythical stories, she is generally moderate; but we must protest against her idea, which she herself, we think, feels to be too far-stretched, and which was originally contributed to the *Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, that the invocation

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal,"

may be an appeal to the dawn, because horns having, in antiquity, been associated with rays of light. But, so far as Italian folk-poetry, pure and simple, is concerned, her book at once takes a prominent position, and even though not wholly comprehensive, will be likely to rank as a standard authority.

The new edition of the "Percy Reliques," edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, requires only our formal acknowledgment. Mr. Wheatley's "General Introduction," "Additional Prefaces," notes and glossary, give evidence of his wide bibliographical and critical knowledge, and materially assist the student of comparative ballad-lore. We have only to add that the three volumes are excellently printed on an antique paper that savours of the past, and together form a book that internally and externally is very captivating.

* "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our earlier Poets, together with some few of later date." By THOMAS PERCY, D.D., Bishop of Dromore. Edited by HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

GROUND RENTS.*

THIS is a clearly-written little book by a professional man, who practically understands the details of what he is talking about, and has the knack of making his view of a subject clear to the unlearned sense. The book is written from

* "Ground Rents and Building Leases." By C. H. SARGANT, Barrister-at-Law. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.

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the landlord's point of view, and the author perhaps is over-earnest in his protests that this view is not a mere interested one on his part, but springs from real conviction. The protests are needless; Mr. Sargant has a perfect right to opinions so competently expressed, and we should as soon think of accepting his conclusions as of doubting his sincerity. The book may be not unfairly described as a kind of reply to Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid, on the subject of Leasehold Enfranchisement. Some parts of the work are singularly well done. This is particularly true of the chapter on the Determination of Ground Rent, where the calculations of "the reasonably substantial builder" [is this phrase a bitter irony on Mr. Sargant's part?] are explained on common-sense principles, and made really intelligible. In just such accounts of practical matters the author excels, and the gift is not very usual of excellence in such things. But we fail altogether to follow him in his uses of some recognised economic words. This very chapter, dealing with the bargain between landlord and builder, says,—"It is assumed throughout that there is no monopoly on either side." To us it seems axiomatic that monopoly on the landlord's side of such a bargain is of its very essence. True, our author says, the builder can betake himself to another neighbourhood; but what if there are no other neighbourhoods to go to? And the assumption is very often quite false as a fact. The neighbourhood in question being the only one left unbuilt on near a railway station, the landlord is master of the situation. And the non-recognition of this point of view seems to us to mar the merit of some otherwise very valuable and sensible remarks about the relation of landlord and tenant in the poorer class of tenement houses. On the whole, we do not think that Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid are answered by Mr. Sargant; but we can certainly recommend the readers of the one to also peruse the other. Space will not admit of our criticising fully the application of the Ricardian Theory to the occupation-rents of houses. But we may point out that one defect of that treatment of the subject is, that the effect of a general rise of house rent in falling on the payers of the lowest tenement rents, does not meet the recognition it merits. A rise of house rents, say from £50 to £60 per annum, tends to increase the competition for what were £40 houses. These also rise in rent, increasing the competition for what were £30 houses, and so on, till the 2s. a week room is reached. Here there is nothing lower, so the competition, increased from above, raises these rents, and for such tenants there is no escape.

But we must not represent our author as hostile to reform of all kinds. On the contrary, he proposes some sweeping and liberal changes. And we take our leave of him with a cordial wish that he may live to see them all thoroughly carried out.

THE TEACHER'S HANDBOOK OF PSYCHOLOGY.*

THE object of this compilation is stated by the author to be to satisfy

"an increasingly felt want among teachers, viz., of an exposition of the elements of mental science in their bearing on the work of training and developing the mind of the young."

The work of an expounder is a very useful one. Many a student is deterred from the pursuit of philosophy by the difficulty of the language, and the intricacy of the reasoning, and a marked benefit is conferred by an author who presents the truths of philosophy in simple

* "The Teacher's Handbook of Psychology," on the basis of "Outlines of Psychology," by JAMES SULLY, M.A., Lecturer on the Theory of Education in the College of Preceptors, London; Examiner for the Teachers' Training Syndicate, University of Cambridge, etc. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

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language and easy sequence, who does, in fact, for the original writers in any branch of the subject what Dumont did for Bentham.

The chief requirements in a book of which this is the object, are lucidity and precision. The meaning of each sentence should be easily apprehended and unambiguous. We fear that the student who takes up this book in the hope of finding psychology made to him either simple or impressive will be disappointed, and will be even less able than before to answer the questions, "Is psychology really a science?" "What definite rules does it give us for our guidance in practical education?" "Is there more danger in encouraging or in restraining a child's imagination, and on what principle are we to draw the line?" "How far can a child be led to discovery of truth for himself, and in what respects must he be contented with authority?"

The faults of the book are twofold: the style is involved; the conclusions are vague.

A few examples taken at random will illustrate the first fault.

(1) "By fixing the mental glance on it [a sense impression to be assimilated] the intellectual functions are brought to bear on it, and so it is drawn into the store of our mental possessions, ready to be woven into the fabric of our knowledge" (p. 120).

What the difference may be between the store of our mental possessions and the fabric of our knowledge, or between fixing the mental glance on a subject and bringing the intellectual functions to bear on it, is difficult to see.

(2) "In its simplest form attention is a momentary direction of the attention (*sic*), due to the action of a powerful sensory stimulus, such as, etc."

(3) "The power of sustained attention grows with the ability to resist distractions and solicitations. The two capabilities are thus very closely connected with one another, and are both included in the term Concentration" (p. 96).

What *are* the two capabilities—that of sustained attention and that of resistance, or that of resisting distractions and that of resisting solicitations?

(4) "The leading motto of modern education, 'things before names,' makes it desirable to base all definition on a comparison of real objects."

[It is difficult to see how a *motto* can make anything desirable.]

"This truth is clearly recognised in teaching the elements of subjects that are commonly supposed to set out with definitions, as arithmetic, geometry, and physics."

By whom is it recognised? By those who suppose that we ought to set out with definitions? One would have thought it was necessary to insist on it because it is *not* clearly recognised.

Examples of this kind may be culled from every page of the book.

But still more fatal than the intricacy of style is the absence of definiteness in the results. It would almost seem as if the author, after reading a large number of books on the subject, had endeavoured to incorporate all the ideas of all these books, without reference to their being more or less contradictory; every conclusion is so hedged in with provisos,—"at the same time," "in a sense," "as a set off," etc.—that it is difficult on any one question to say whether we agree with the author or not.

The most valuable part of the book consists of the lists given in notes and appendices of the authors consulted, lists which, if not exhaustive, at any rate indicate to a student the means of obtaining a wide acquaintance with what has been written on the subject.

LIFE OF JOSEPH HALL, D.D.*

We thank Mr. Lewis for his very readable and interesting biography of Bishop Hall, and hope that his

* "Life of Joseph Hall, D.D." By the Rev. George Lewis, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

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work will secure the success its merits deserve. The works of Bishop Wordsworth, Jones, in his "Life of Hall," and Peter Hall's edition of the Bishop's writings in twelve volumes, besides the compilations and notices of other authors, have rendered students acquainted with the history and writings of the prelate about whom Mr. Lewis discourses so pleasantly, and gives us a vivid picture of the troublous times and transition state of the Church, which Bishop Hall adorned both by his learning and piety. Joseph Hall, descended from a distinguished family on his mother's side, was born towards the end of the sixteenth century; at the early age of fifteen he entered Emmanuel College, founded soon after the time of Hall's birth by Sir Walter Mowbray, and at the period of Hall's entrance the acknowledged centre of Puritanism at Cambridge. In 1595, when only twenty-one years old, he became a fellow of his college, having greatly distinguished himself in his academic course. While an undergraduate he published a series of clever poetical satires, "Virgidemiarum," which Mr. Lewis notices at some length. Hall's first living was that of Halstead, or Hawstead, where he published a poem on the accession of James I., called "The King's Prophecie, or Weeping Joy." We refer our readers to Mr. Lewis's work for the interesting description he gives us of the supposed only remaining copy known to Peter Hall, who edited the Bishop's works. In company with Sir Edmund Bacon, Hall, dressed as a layman, visited the Continent, and a very interesting sketch of this journey is given us. While at Hawstead the subject of our notice produced his well-known "Centuries of Meditations and Vows," and we are pleasantly admitted to a view of the quiet work and life of Hall in his country cure, from which, however, on his appointment by Prince Henry to be his chaplain, he was soon to emerge, being presented by the Earl of Norwich to the incumbency of Waltham, a living the renowned Fuller afterwards held. Here Hall still indulged his bent for study, and wrote his "Characterisms of Vices," the counterpart of his "Characterisms of Virtues," and "Solomon's Divine Arts," while he entered into the controversy then raging between the king and the papists, publishing his "Serious Dissuasion from Popery," "The Peace of Rome," and other works, amongst these being his "Common Apology of the Church of England," directed against the growing power of the Brownists. While at Waltham, Hall began his famous "Contemplations," the best known of all his works. In 1617 the deanery of Worcester was conferred upon him, and, while holding this appointment, Hall was selected as one of the English representatives at the Synod of Dort, where he so gained the esteem and respect of his *confrères*, that on his return he was presented with a gold medal (now in the possession of Emmanuel College) by the Synod. In 1627 he became Bishop of Exeter, in his new position exhibiting great moderation at a period when the furious contest raging between the High Church party and the Puritans rendered this exceptionally difficult. For Mr. Lewis's defence of Hall against Professor Masson's accusation of his deference to Laud, and Hall's moderation while holding the See of Exeter, we must refer the reader to chapters ix., xiii., and xiv. respectively, where these points are fully and successfully treated; nor will space permit us to more than refer to Hall's defence of the liturgy and discipline of the Church in antagonism to the views put forward in the "Smectymnuus," and the overthrow of Episcopacy in Scotland, with his proposal for a Synod for the solution of these difficulties, and the "Episcopacy by Divine Right." For the description of the bishop's translation to Norwich, his protest in conjunction with the Archbishop of York and the other

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protesting bishops, his imprisonment in the Tower, his controversies, and his death, the volume itself must be consulted. Mr. Lewis has produced a most useful and interesting work. We would, however, suggest that a fuller reference to his authorities might with advantage be adopted in a new edition, and would be appreciated by those students who may wish to consult such sources for themselves.

THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

THIS is a *verbatim* reprint in one volume of the book issued last year, evidently printed from the same stereotypes, and including all the original illustrations, one hundred and fourteen in number. The printers have not been entirely successful in producing sharp impressions of the cuts in this edition, which is to be lamented, as they form a not unimportant element in the book, itself deserving of a hearty welcome in its present handy form. There are not yet too many books of the nature of Mr. Ashton's, which, though admittedly merely a compilation, has been prepared with discrimination and judgment. The author's previous works, notably his "Reign of Queen Anne," have shown him to be a diligent and intelligent searcher amongst eighteenth and early nineteenth century newspapers, social and political pamphlets, squibs, caricatures, and the like material for future historians; and he is at the same time temperate, and as far as may be, unbiassed, and carefully avoids the numerous pitfalls that exist in historical sources of this kind. Altogether, the book may be safely recommended both as profitable and amusing reading, and for a more scientific study of the times.

* "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England: a Social Sketch of the Times." By JOHN ASHTON. Popular edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

GESTA CHRISTI.*

THE aim of the author of this book is to show how the genius of Christianity has developed and manifested itself in the progress of civilisation and culture; and that these two terms may be considered to possess a fair claim to be regarded as synonymous. Mr. Brace contends that there are certain principles and ideas which may be regarded as the inheritance of the human race, but that the stimulus imparted to these by the Christian faith—which the author takes care to distinguish from Church organisation—has resulted in the progress of humanity, and the refinement of the habits of daily life. In support of these views the position of women under the Roman law and the Christian dispensation is contrasted, and instances are given of the great advance made in personal purity and the sanctity of marriage; the abolition of slavery; the spread of humanity in social life, in our laws, and in the conduct of war; in temperance; the growing spirit of toleration; the increase of the spirit of freedom in our institutions and government; and the infusion of this refining power among non-Christian peoples. The work is divided into three sections, the Roman Period, the Middle Ages, and the Modern Period; a chapter in this new edition being added on the relations of Christianity to Art in the Middle Ages. A very instructive volume has been produced, which the student of history will find of considerable service, and we very cordially recommend its use to clergymen and others who may

* "Gesta Christi." By C. LOVING BRACE. Second edition, with corrections and additions. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

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not have ready access to the authorities, and they are many, whom our author consults. The various subjects are intelligently handled and are treated from a broad standpoint, although an objection may be raised by those who contend that Christianity and the Church cannot be separated, and by others that an adequate recognition of the claims of Judaism, Classicism, and Buddhism, in the progress of culture and humanity has not been made. In our judgment, however, Mr. Brace has with remarkable success avoided the Charybdis of the one, and the Scylla of the other of these objections.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRIEDRICH FRÖBEL.*

It is needless, at the present day, to insist on the value of Fröbel's work. The Kindergarten has taken its place in our elementary education, and its principles and methods are influencing, as far as Government codes will allow, our primary schools. Unfortunately, both Fröbel and his master Pestalozzi, are lamentably wanting in literary skill, and it is, no doubt, partly due to this that their writings have not hitherto been made accessible to English readers. The translators are to be congratulated on having taken the first step towards filling up this gap in our educational literature. Their choice of the autobiographical letter to the Duke of Meiningen has been a wise one, for not only is it unusually free from the serious faults of style and the admixture of transcendental philosophy which make most of Fröbel's works so tedious; but in giving a full account of his childhood and youth, it throws much light on the development of his educational theories, and will be specially useful in counteracting the blind worship and servile conformity into which Kindergarten teachers tend to fall. In the beginning, when quite a child, he is filled with an intense love of nature. and devoted to the direct study of her works,—a devotion fostered, as he seems to think, by the spiritual and actual isolation to which the circumstances of his family life and his own over-sensitive nature condemned him, and then there grew out of this a habit of self-introspection which, under the influence of the Lutheran theology, and the current transcendentalism, led him to despise the empirical study of nature, and to aim more and more at bringing his whole teaching under metaphysical principles, and applying at all points the Hegelian formula of contradictories. It would be a useful task to examine the Kindergarten system, and show how far its methods are deduced from this philosophical basis, and what changes the rejection of the Hegelianism would involve. Fortunately, however, this book is more concerned with facts than theories, and the majority of readers will probably most enjoy tracing the steps by which Fröbel came to appreciate the educational value of boy's games, and so formed the fundamental idea on which the Kindergarten is based.

The translation has been executed with great care: the style is indeed occasionally obscure and involved, but only because the German is more so. It is to be hoped that Madame Michaelis will continue her work and translate the account of the school at Keilhau.

* "Autobiography of Friedrich Fröbel." Translated by E. Michaelis and H. K. Moore, B.A., Mus. Bac. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

THE BASILISK.*

The authors of "The Basilisk," evidently like the fat boy in "Pickwick," are anxious to make our flesh

* "The Basilisk." By H. Pottinger Stephens and Wareham St. Leger. Crown 8vo. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

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creep, and it must be said that they succeed very fairly well.

Instead of the blind witness of a crime, as in "Called Back," they give us a blind man taken into a house where there are some very improper goings on indeed, as we soon discover, but the perpetrators feel secure in the knowledge of his blindness. This blindness, however, is dissipated on the first evening of his arrival, and thenceforward the hero, still supposed to be blind by the other inmates of the house, and not daring, since he has already seen too much, to disclose his secret, has a very difficult part indeed to play, and we feel that he must sooner or later betray himself. The suspense in which the impending catastrophe keeps us is well managed; the device of tipping up an armchair prepared for the diabolical purpose through a trap door into the cellars is rather too melodramatic, but the description of Coplestone's flight in darkness, and through shrubberies with which he was not familiar, is very exciting indeed. The police are set upon the track of the sinners, poetical justice is done, and the story ends happily with the sound of marriage bells.

The weak point in the book is the Basilisk herself, the first sight of whose face applied a match to all the stored up romance of Mr. Coplestone's mind. This Basilisk did not possess the fabulous power of slaying her victims by a breath or a glance. She was very beautiful, of course, and very, very wicked, and she does as much mischief as she conveniently can. But we do not quite understand why she should have fallen in love with the commonplace Coplestone, any more than we understand why he should fall in love with Mary, who is a mere shadow of a character.

The Basilisk plays and sings divinely; it is wonderful, by the way, what a genius in that direction wicked heroes and heroines possess—a course of fiction from Auerbach to "The House on the Marsh," would almost incline the reader to entertain grave suspicions of persons with music in their soul.

Mr. Beaufoy is more successful, posing as a benefactor to mankind in public, and carrying on most illegal practices in private.

What those practices are we will not reveal. The story is worth reading, and is written in grammatical English. The narrative flows easily along without superfluous detail, but with here and there a bit of graphic description. The volume is also prettily got up.

EDINBURGH PAST AND PRESENT.*

Mr. Gillies' book is worthy of the occasion which has called it into existence, and, if it meet with its deserts, will outlive its godfather, the Exhibition, now the vogue in Auld Reekie. It is evidently intended (there is neither Preface nor Forewords of any kind, so that appearance and get-up are the reviewer's only clue to the author's aims), in the first place, as a guide-book for visitors to the town, who may have an intelligent interest in past as well as in contemporary Edinburgh topography; and, secondly, as a "table-book" memorial of their visit to the town of the Exhibition. Under either head it is a far more elaborate and conscientious piece of work than we are accustomed to in such volumes. Throughout it is very Scottish—stylistically and otherwise, written in fact by a Scot for "brither Scots." But this rather enhances the interest of the book, which, of course, does not aim at anything in the way of original research or exposition. The text is divided into three main sections,

* "Edinburgh Past and Present." By J.B. Gillies. 4to. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 1886.

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dealing respectively with the Public History of Edinburgh, the Domestic History of Edinburgh, and the Buildings and Institutions, each of which is, on the whole, adequately, and the last comprehensively, treated. Chapter i. opens by a reference to the earliest mention of the town, when, in B.C. 989, "Ebrauke, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Britayne . . . . he made the Castell of Maydens, now called Edenbrough;" and chapter ii. carries the history down to 1688. The period from William of Orange to to-day is dismissed in the third chapter; it might well have been rather more fully treated. A table of the population, as shown in the census returns of the last ten decades, shows a steady, if not very rapid, increase. The decades from 1801, when the figure was 82,560, to 1831, when it was 161,909, show a regular average rate of increase of about 30,000 per decade; from 1831 to 1841 there was an increase of 4,500. Since 1841 there has been a gain on the rate previous to 1831, of over 10,000 per decade.

The section relating to the Domestic History of the town contains a chapter on Literature and Art in Edinburgh, necessarily short but unnecessarily scrappy; and another on Drinking Customs, which is interesting, if not quite in place. Descriptions of the Castle and Palace, churches, municipal, charitable, University, and other educational Institutions, the monuments, parks, and minor antiquities of Edinburgh, and their chief associations, occupy about one hundred closely printed pages; and are followed by a sketch, by Rev. Jas. S. Mill, of the coast line and its towns and villages from Queensferry to Musselburgh, and another of the vale of the Esk, by Miss Flora Masson. The whole volume is brought to a close by a too short outline, by Dr. Archibald Geikie, of the geology of Edinburgh. There is no index, which will materially prejudice the convenient use of the book. The illustrations are copious, some one hundred and fifty in all, and on the whole good. They appear, moreover, to have been specially done for the book, and are not a mere *rechauffée*, from innumerable other volumes, of pictures of varying styles, sizes, dates and degrees of quality.

AN ELEMENTARY STAR ATLAS.*

To the possessor of a three-inch refracting telescope, this little work will prove invaluable, and much can be learned from it without any telescope at all. The marks chosen for the stars of different magnitudes are easy to distinguish in light too dim to read by, and thus a boy with this book and a small hand lantern, may easily make himself acquainted with the names and relative positions of the constellations. Only stars of the six magnitudes visible to the naked eye are given, but in the letterpress are found full directions for finding those nebulæ and double stars for which a small telescope is sufficient. A beginner is apt to find ordinary star maps too intricate, and to come to the conclusion that nothing can be done without elaborate instruments, whereas much excellent work, notably as Mr. Oliver reminds us the "Uranometry" of Dr. Gould, has been done with no more powerful instrument than an ordinary opera glass.

* "An Elementary Star Atlas." A series of twelve simple star maps with descriptive letterpress, for the use of beginners with the telescope and naked eye star-gazers. By Rev. T. H. E. C. Espin, B.A., F.R.A.S., Special Observer to the Liverpool Astronomical Society. With a preface by J. A. Westwood Oliver. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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OCEANA.*

THE merits of this work are so well known and have received such adequate recognition at the hands of the intelligent public, who have so keenly appreciated the well-known historian's picturesque description of his visit to our colonies, that no comments on our part are necessary. We would, therefore, merely call attention to this new and cheap edition which the publishers, with commendable wisdom, have just issued, thus placing the book within the reach of those, and they are many, who wish to possess this most interesting description of Greater Britain, in a cheap and handy form.

* "Oceana." By J. A. FROUDE, M.A. New Edition. London: Longmans. 1886.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. *The book itself, which it is hoped may be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the date of publication, the size and price of each entry.*

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIANITY.

A 1.—BIBLE AND BIBLICAL STUDY.

Cambr. Greek Testament. I. Corinthians; 3s., 12mo, Camb. Press.
Kuenen, Prf. A., Origin and Composition of Hexateuch [tr.]; 14s., 8vo, Macmillan.
Lloyd, Rev. J. The Book of Joshua; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Hodder.
Sadler, M. F. The Gospel according to St. Luke; 9s., cr. 8vo, Bell.
Wordsworth, J. Old Latin Bible Texts, No. 2; 21s., 4to, Clar. Press.

A 2.—ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

Gardner, Alice. Synesius of Cyrene [Fathers f. Eng. Readers]; 2s., 12mo, S.P.C.K.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Swedenborg, E. Prodromus de Infinito, ed. T. M. Gorman; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Paul.

A 6.—SERMONS.

Geldart, Rev. E. M. [Unit.]. Echoes of Truth [posthum.]; 6s., cr. 8vo, Paul.

CLASS C.—PHILOSOPHY.

C 1.—MENTAL.

Lang, A. Essays on Aristotle's "Politics;" 2s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Longmans.
Schopenhauer, A. The World as Will and Idea [tr.]; 3 v., 50s., 8vo, Trübner.

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TIME.

AUGUST, 1886.

THE REVOLT AGAINST MR. GLADSTONE.

BY A. MILNER.

THERE is an inclination in some quarters favourable to the Unionist Liberals to look with rather qualified pleasure upon the result of the General Election. Nothing could be more unreasonable and ungrateful than such discontent. If there be any politicians, who can afford to regard the recent contest with unmixed pride and satisfaction, they are the "traitors to their party," who have just saved the country from a venture of unparalleled rashness, and the name of Liberal from becoming synonymous with time-server and turncoat—the small but determined band, of whom Mr. Gladstone and his myrmidons were going to make such short work three weeks ago, but who now hold in their hands the fate of parties and the destiny of the empire. No matter that the Conservatives have achieved, to the common eye, a more conspicuous success, and have won seats by the handful, while their Liberal coadjutors have been reduced from 93 to 77, or, excluding waverers, to 70. The Unionist Liberals may look with equanimity upon an access of Conservative strength, which is one of the necessary conditions of their own supremacy. They may well acquiesce in the instalment of the Conservatives in office when they themselves hold the balance of power. Recent history has shown us, in a manner not easily to be forgotten, how a party may be a small fraction of the House of Commons, and nevertheless dictate the course of legislation, and dominate the whole policy of the State. For six months past Mr. Parnell, with his eighty-six henchmen, has been the real arbiter of our national fortunes; while Mr. Gladstone, with several hundred followers, has been simply his head-agent. But the position of peculiar vantage occupied by Mr. Parnell in the late short-lived Parliament will now belong to Lord Hartington, in a Parliament which is likely to be long-lived. The Unionist Liberals have succeeded the Parnellites as the makers of Minis-

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tries. It is a momentous change. A national party, bound by every pledge of honour and of self-respect to use its power in the interest of the country as a whole, and for no local or sectional object, has taken the place of a party of irreconcilable Particularists, with whom the absolute local independence of one portion of the kingdom, by whatever means attained and with whatever consequences attended, was the sole object of political effort.

All the world is discussing what course the Unionist Liberals ought to pursue in this situation of peculiar influence and responsibility, and by what means they may best ensure the attainment of the objects which they have at heart. It is not for an obscure member of their party, like the present writer, to add one more voice to the Babel of counsellors. My object is a very different one; not to forecast the future, but to put down, while they are yet fresh, some impressions of the past fight; to record, as one of the rank and file, what it was for which we thought we were fighting.

The Unionist Liberals have been twitted alternately with having no policy and with having half a dozen. It is quite true that no leader of their party has yet produced a cut-and-dried scheme for the government of Ireland. But such schemes, as Mr. Gladstone has told us, can only be expected from a responsible Minister. It is equally true that the suggestions which the Unionist chiefs, especially Mr. Chamberlain, have from time to time thrown out in the course of debate, have not always been consistent with one another. But they have all at least been consistent with a few broad and intelligible principles, with certain indispensable conditions, which every system of extended self-government in Ireland ought in the judgment of Unionists to observe, and for not observing which Mr. Gladstone's scheme seemed to them intolerable. Those conditions no threats and no cajolery could induce the genuine Unionists in any degree to relax, and rightly; for the terms, to which they attached such vital importance, were no mere dictates of expediency. They were high, and sacred obligations of duty and honour, which no statesman who regarded politics as something higher than a game of skill or a means of livelihood, having once recognised, could possibly abandon for any consideration of party loyalty or personal advantage. That there must be some effective common authority, besides the formal link of the Crown, to keep Ireland united to the rest of the kingdom; that there must be some real security for the protection of the minority in Ireland; that the people of Great Britain have no right to shirk the duty of maintaining the elementary principles of civilised government in Ireland—these are the conditions for which Unionists have contended from the first, and which they still regard as axiomatic.

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This attitude of the Unionist Liberals was dexterously obscured by the manner in which the question was put before the country: "Are you, or are you not, in favour of allowing the Irish to manage their own affairs?" Under the cover of that formula it was hoped that every one, who was anxious to develop local self-government in Ireland, would rally to the standard of the Ministry. The great danger to the Unionist cause at the commencement of the struggle was, that this misleading statement of the question might be accepted by the electorate as accurate. The success of the Opposition depended upon the general recognition of the fact, that the issue was not whether the Irish should have greatly extended powers of local self-government, but whether the integrity of the State, the protection of the minority, and the collective responsibility of the peoples of the United Kingdom for the social order of every part of it, were to be regarded as fundamental conditions of any acceptable system of Home Rule. To what extent the Imperial Legislature and executive might delegate their powers to Irish local authorities was a question on which the Unionists did differ, and doubtless do differ, amongst themselves. But great as their differences may be, they are as nothing compared with the gulf which separates all shades of Unionists from those who, fully understanding its import, accept the policy of Mr. Gladstone.

The one grand argument for that policy is that it satisfies the Irish Nationalists. The one profound conviction, on the other hand, which unites all true Unionists, is, that the immediate satisfaction of the Nationalist party, even if it included—which it plainly does not—the permanent satisfaction of Irish national sentiment, would be too dearly bought at the price offered by Mr. Gladstone. The complete practical severance of the government of the two countries, the abandonment of the Irish loyalists, the surrender of British responsibility for the maintenance in Ireland of the individual rights and liberties now enjoyed by every citizen of the United Kingdom—that is a sacrifice which the Unionists are not prepared to make, in order to appease Irish discontent, much less to procure a temporary relief from the annoyance of it. No doubt Mr. Gladstone was ever ready to asseverate that his proposed settlement involved no such sacrifice. But he did not, he could not, go beyond asseveration. To the smashing arguments by which critics like Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain demonstrated that his measure really meant the complete surrender of British control over Ireland, he never even attempted to give a serious answer. It was far easier to fall back upon fiery denunciations of the methods by which the Union was brought about, and soul-stirring appeals for "justice to Ireland" and "trust in the Irish people." But the true issue, which might have been lost from sight behind the evasive rhetoric of the Prime Minister, was steadily dragged

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into the open by the uncompromising intellectual honesty of Mr. Morley. If Mr. Gladstone can never help seeing things as he wishes them to be, Mr. Morley can as little help seeing them as they really are. He is the one minister who has advocated Mr. Gladstone's policy on its merits, and his advocacy of it, therefore, has presented the most complete contrast to that of Mr. Gladstone himself. The statesman, who had understood and sympathised with Home Rule for years, was quite unable to take that roseate view of it, which was so easily adopted or professed by politicians who up to last Christmas had been steadily resisting and denouncing Home Rule. And what he was too clear-minded not to see, Mr. Morley was too downright not to express. He, at any rate, was guiltless of any attempt to conceal the magnitude of the proposed surrender, or to attach a fictitious value to the formal safeguards which were intended to render it palatable. His arguments were untainted by the "maudlin optimism,"—the disingenuous effort to minimise the issue, which formed so exasperating a feature of much Ministerial rhetoric. "Your attempt to govern Ireland"—such was, in effect, his appeal to the British people—"has lamentably failed. The rebels, with whom you have been wrestling so long, have fairly beaten you. If you believe in government at all, you are bound to stand aside and let them try to govern. And since it is your duty to surrender, have the courage and the good sense to surrender openly, unreservedly, and at once. You may frame all sorts of ideal systems of local government for Ireland, which will satisfy your high *à priori* conditions, but they will all have this fatal defect, that they will not satisfy the majority of the Irish people. Nothing but absolute unrestricted control of everything and everybody in Ireland will satisfy that majority, and without their consent no system of government, however just in itself, will work." And once granted that the approval of the majority in Ireland was the supreme object to be pursued, Mr. Morley's contention was unanswerable. But that is just what the Unionists are not prepared to grant. In their opinion the Imperial Parliament has a higher duty than to provide every portion of the kingdom with the form of self-government most acceptable to the majority of its inhabitants. It has to protect minorities from local tyranny, and to look to the security of the realm as a whole. Once convince Unionists that a Nationalist Government in Ireland would not involve danger to the Empire, and, above all, would not transgress the broad principles of justice and individual rights, which are the distinctive feature of a civilised community, and no pedantic reverence for a particular form of union will prevent their becoming converts to Home Rule. But while they are not convinced of these things, it is vain to tell them that nothing less than Home Rule will conciliate the Nationalist majority. They would rather a

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thousand times go on as we are going, with all the misery and annoyance of the open sore in Ireland, than submit to the disgrace and disaster of having to look on while the new Government of Ireland confiscated property, or violated contracts, or pauperised the more backward parts of Ireland out of taxes extorted from the more prosperous.

And this unwillingness on the part of the Unionists simply to wash their hands of Ireland is heightened when we consider the character of the minority whom we are asked to abandon. Who would be the sufferers, if the Irish Nationalist party were to practise, as rulers, the doctrines which they have preached as rebels? The sufferers would be the friends and adherents of Great Britain in Ireland, the men whom our past policy has constrained or encouraged to make enemies of the people, to whose uncontrolled authority we should now be subjecting them. Nothing, I believe, has exercised a greater influence in turning Englishmen away from Home Rule than their feeling of repugnance to the thought of so cowardly a desertion. It is not surprising, if we have had enough, as a nation, of the sort of generosity which atones for past wrongdoing by the sacrifice of innocent third parties. We once thought it magnificent to show our contrition for bullying the Boers by abandoning the native inhabitants of the Transvaal, or to atone for our wanton attack upon the Soudanese by leaving them to wreak their vengeance on the "friendlies." But when it was proposed to repeat these feats of magnanimous repentance on a grand scale at our very doors by the abandonment of the loyal population of Ireland, our capacity for cheap generosity broke down. To regard such treachery as something quite exceptionally noble and Christian was beyond even our ample powers of self-deception. Nothing did the case of the Ministry more harm than the manner in which Mr. Gladstone trifled with the huge difficulty of Ulster. Nor could anything in truth have been more unprincipled than the disregard shown by all English Home Rulers to the protests and the anxiety of the Irish Liberals—some hundreds of thousands of people, who have ever been foremost in the struggle for Irish rights, and who are guilty of no offence either against Ireland or England, except that of having no representatives in Parliament to make injustice towards them inconvenient to high-minded statesmen.

The duty of the Imperial Parliament to protect minorities against local tyranny, the recognition of its inalienable responsibility for the decent government of every portion of the Empire, —these alone were great objects to fight for. But they were not all, or nearly all, that was involved in the recent struggle. The Unionists entered into the fray, not so much, as I have striven to point out, against Home Rule in general, as against a Home Rule that did not fulfil certain conditions. But before they had been

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long engaged they found themselves fighting for objects nearer and dearer to them, for objects of more transcendent importance than even the good government of Ireland. For if the proposals of the Ministry were crude and bad, the methods by which, and the spirit in which, it was sought to ram them down the throat of the nation were incomparably worse. So bad were they indeed, that it is not a paradox to say that, even if Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule had really been the wisest devisable, it would be better for the State that it should be deferred for ten years than that it should have been carried now, through the means by which he and his faithful ones sought to carry it. The record of his and their tactics during the past nine months is a story of ever-increasing recklessness and ever-deepening discredit.

Space forbids me to recall, even if my readers could possibly have forgotten, the manner in which Home Rule was sprung upon the country last December.

Not a word more on this point, therefore, nor even about what was yet more staggering than the *volte face*, however extraordinary, of a single man—viz., the wholesale conversion within the Liberal party which followed the discovery of its leader's intentions. Since men were brought back into the fold of the true Church, in platoons, under the threats of the Inquisition, there has been nothing more miraculous than this widespread and simultaneous "finding of salvation." But let that pass. If I refer to this pre-historic event, it is only to recall the fact that, during all the distressing period in which Mr. Gladstone was maturing his Home Rule schemes, and the bulk of his party preparing to swallow whatever he might propose, the men to whom salvation came not so readily, the men who have since become the backbone of the Unionist resistance, steadily refused to prejudge the yet unrevealed policy of the Prime Minister. They had their misgivings, no doubt, and they made no secret of them. Mr. Gladstone had been put into office by the Nationalists, and was known to be hand in glove with Mr. Parnell. It seemed impossible to doubt, under the circumstances, that the measure he meant to introduce would amount to a virtual concession of the whole Parnellite demand, which indeed—with the exception of the fiscal independence, which he was frightened into abandoning at the last moment—it presently turned out to be. Of course such suspicions were denounced as unworthy by the very people, who, as soon as they were proved to be true, made haste to show that the course, of which it had just now been wrong as much as to suspect Mr. Gladstone, was precisely the one course he ought to pursue. Despite these remonstrances the Unionist Liberals remained obstinately suspicious, but their secret distrust never led them to depart from their attitude of unprejudiced if uneasy expectation, until Mr. Gladstone had unfolded his scheme.

It was only when that scheme was authoritatively revealed that

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uneasy expectation made way for decided hostility. The measure seemed to Unionists more than equal to their worst forebodings. A country which Mr. Gladstone had himself described as being in the throes of a social revolution, was to be simply handed over to the revolutionists, irritated, but not restrained, by some of the most vexatious and illusory checks ever devised by the authors of paper constitutions. And when the probable consequences of such a course were pointed out by his critics, Mr. Gladstone had no answer, but an outburst of indignant eloquence against those who attributed to the Irish "a double dose of original sin." His reply, on the first reading—one of his finest rhetorical efforts—was, in fact, the commencement of the career of pure demagogism, in which he has been engaged from that day to this. Such a method of dealing with the honest hesitations of men, who would have been only too glad to be convinced that Mr. Gladstone's measure of "justice to Ireland" would not be productive of worse injustices than any it sought to remove, was not only unwarrantable, but in the last degree impolitic. And no less serious was the Prime Minister's inability to assign any valid reason for his new policy, which had not existed equally when he appealed to the country in the previous autumn, and kept that policy steadily in the background. To the objections felt against the Home Rule Bill in itself, there was thus added a grave constitutional objection against the method of its introduction. Here was a radical change in our national institutions, the vastest ever mooted in our time, brought in in the first months of a new Parliament, but of which, when that Parliament was elected, the country had had no warning whatever. If such a proposal was to become law unchallenged, where would be the boasted stability of our institutions?

It is a commonplace that England differs from almost every other State in having no fundamental laws. The greatest, no less than the most trivial change in our constitution, can be accomplished by a simple Act of Parliament. When the danger of such a condition of things has been pointed out, the answer has always been that our political habits rendered unnecessary any legal precautions against revolutionary change. The English, it was always said, are a conservative people. It is only after long discussions, in and out of Parliament, it is only after repeated opportunities for its consideration, that even a small constitutional innovation has a chance of becoming law. And such, as a matter of fact, has been our constant experience in the past. But what would have become of this traditional security, if so colossal a novelty as the establishment of a practically independent Government in Ireland could have been rushed through Parliament in a single session, within a few months of the first whisper of such a revolution on the part of any responsible statesman, and without its ever having been considered by the country? That such a

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surprise should for one moment have been possible is the strongest warning of the dangers of that servility of party spirit, which all but committed the late House of Commons to a policy utterly repugnant, as has now been clearly proved, to the wishes of the majority of the people.

By the time that Parliament adjourned for the Easter Recess it had become evident that, despite the phenomenal conversions of the preceding month or two, Home Rule was not going to win in a canter in the House of Commons. A good many Liberals were already in open opposition; a still larger number had doubts, which they found great difficulty in digesting. Plainly, if Mr. Gladstone was to achieve his revolution with all the precipitancy that he considered essential, some extraordinary means must be resorted to to quicken the pace. It was then that, at a signal from headquarters, there came the great onrush of the party wirepullers. Argument had failed to convince the doubters. It remained to be seen what organisation could do to coerce them. And certainly the party machine responded splendidly to the call made upon it. Quick as the beacon-fire flashed from height to height at the approach of the Armada, the *mot d'ordre* flew round from Association to Association, and echoed back to headquarters in a perfect roar of votes of confidence. Caucus called aloud to caucus from end to end of the country, till the voices of the dissatisfied Liberals were drowned amid the thunders of applause. They seemed to be an absolutely contemptible minority of an otherwise unanimous and enthusiastic party. In many cases this show of unanimity was so cowing, that the dissidents would not even venture to fight. When, here and there, some stouter hearts did offer resistance, they were promptly borne down by overwhelming numbers, and trampled, to all appearance, out of political existence amid the derision of the conquerors. At the great meeting of the National Liberal Federation, only one member in twenty could be got to vote, not for a resolution disapproving the policy of the Government,—that was not so much as attempted,—but for one reserving judgment on some of its features. At the London Liberal and Radical Council, at the London and Counties Liberal Union, the result was just the same. The janissaries of Liberalism carried everything before them at the first charge. The vehemence of the recently converted majority in their new doctrines, the intolerance and contempt with which they treated those who only ventured to uphold what six months before had been the loudly professed creed of the whole party, were something almost past belief. It was a time to test the courage of the most fearless, to shake the faith of the stoutest believer in the future of democracy. But the trial of fire, while it broke down the opposition of all but the men of firmest principle, nerved these survivors to more desperate resistance. For the issue now involved a great deal more than

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the Irish proposals of Mr. Gladstone. It was the stability of our whole political system, and the independence of public men; it was everything that gave security for the orderly and sober working of democratic institutions, which was now at stake. It was absolutely essential, if we were not to set the most fatal example to succeeding generations, that the great democracy should not begin its career by a great leap in the dark, that it should be forced to consider the new issue before deciding it, that its decision should be the result of deliberation and not of impulse.

A great effort was all the more necessary, because the caucuses did not, as has frequently been asserted, entirely misrepresent the body of the electors behind them. It is a mistake to abuse the caucus. Some such organisation is absolutely necessary, if the various interests which every great party embraces are to be united for any common end, and the zeal of special sections for special objects is not to reduce all government to chaos. The real evil is, that the machinery which is absolutely necessary to check eccentricity, may so easily be used to kill independence. And if it is always foolish to abuse the caucus, it was unjust, in this particular instance, to picture it as striving to give a false impression of the opinions of those whom it professed to represent. The readiness with which the Liberal Associations made up their minds to go for Home Rule and Gladstone was only typical of the same readiness on the part of the great body of Liberal electors. That was just the most serious part of the matter. The real danger lay not in the supposed attempt of the caucuses to dictate to the electors, but in the real proneness of the electors to make up their minds upon authority and without thought. For that the new enthusiasm for Home Rule was based on any real conviction no man in his senses could believe. Genuine convictions do not spring up, like mushrooms, in a single night. If the bulk of the Liberal party were ready to say and applaud in April the very opposite of what they had said and applauded in November, they might by chance be right in their new opinions, but those opinions in themselves could not possibly be of any value. No one with practical experience of a caucus is ignorant of the reluctance or inability to form an independent judgment, of the helpless reliance upon the lead of the party chiefs, which is the almost universal characteristic of its deliberations. But that helplessness and want of independence is only typical of a similar weakness in the bulk of the electorate. It is this tendency which constitutes the great danger of democratic politics, and imposes upon men, who can form opinions of their own, the necessity of being constantly on their guard against revolution or dictatorship. It was this tendency which made it of such supreme importance, that on the first great question submitted to the country since the recent readjustment of political

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power, the people should be compelled to think before they judged, that they should be forced to realise the scope and consequences of their action, and should not rush to great conclusions in a fit of unreflecting sentiment.

It was thus for the supremacy of reason over impulse, for faithfulness to principle on the part of politicians, and for sobriety of judgment on the part of the people, that the Unionist Liberals staked their political existence in the recent struggle. The result has shown how fully they were justified in their resolution that the question should be argued out, how greatly the deliberate judgment of the people may differ from its first hasty and unconsidered inclination.

But before the struggle was over Mr. Gladstone's method of warfare had threatened other things no less precious than the character of our public men for consistency and honour, and the capacity of the nation for the cool and dispassionate judgment of momentous issues. He was prepared, as it turned out, to sacrifice more than that, in order that he might *per fas et nefas* carry Home Rule within a year of his first thought of introducing it. To gain that victory, he was prepared to stir the smouldering fire of class prejudice and class hatred, and to excite an artificial feud between England and other portions of Great Britain, besides aggravating that which already exists between England and the Celtic majority in Ireland. If anything was needed to embitter the struggle against his autocracy and the servility of his followers, it was the famous appeal to the masses against the classes, which will give a long and evil notoriety to his manifesto of May 3rd. If anything is calculated to deepen the impression that he will now stick at nothing to secure a victory, it is the attempt in which he has of late been so sedulously engaged to blacken the character of his own country, and to represent England—carefully excluding Scotland and Wales—as the cruel and deliberate oppressor of Ireland. That malignant suggestion is, of course, false—as false and as gratuitously mischievous as his previous effort to make out that it was the resistance of the upper and middle classes only which was thwarting himself and the "upright sense of the nation" in the noble enterprise of doing "justice to Ireland." But, while the earlier calumny has been refuted, and indeed rendered ridiculous by the result of the elections, the subtler poison of the later may remain to work serious mischief yet. It would indeed be incredible, if every day did not produce a fresh Gladstonian document to prove it, that an English statesman could be driven by rage at a personal reverse to damage his own country in the eyes of ignorant outsiders and of the misguided peasantry of Ireland by describing our treatment of the sister island in terms only applicable to the old Turkish government of Bulgaria.

Did Mr. Gladstone not live so exclusively in the present, were

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he not as insensible about the past as he is reckless of the future, mere self-respect would restrain him from using language about England and Ireland which, if true, reflects so damagingly upon a man who, for thirty years, has been as responsible as any one for the Irish policy of the Imperial Parliament. What account is taken in these philippics of the long efforts of the Liberal party to give Ireland all and more than all the political and social privileges of Englishmen and Scotchmen? What account is taken of the present deep desire not only of all Liberals, but practically of all the nation, to satisfy, by any means not plainly pregnant with injustice and disaster, the aspirations of Irishmen, of the profound longing for peace between the two countries by which we on our side are possessed? That peace Mr. Gladstone's efforts, first to bully and hustle his countrymen into conceding a form of Home Rule in which they had no confidence, and then to confirm Irishmen in their worst prejudices against England, have done much to render more difficult. But on the other hand the Unionist victory, paradoxical as the remark may seem, has done something to bring it nearer. The Irish problem, no doubt, remains precisely where it was. A mere negative decision, like that just recorded at the polls, cannot in itself contribute anything to the solution of this perennial difficulty. But this much at least has been achieved, that it has now become evident that the people of Great Britain will neither be worried, nor cajoled, nor frightened into giving Ireland any measure of self-government which they cannot conscientiously approve. Politicians will henceforth be very careful how they seek to beat down the British conscience by the Irish vote, to circumvent it by unscrupulous party combinations, or to scare it into submission by suggestions of danger from the other side of the Atlantic. They will see the wisdom of seeking to convince the reason of the nation, instead of relying upon hollow phrases or on odious and irrelevant appeals to class prejudice. The defeat of the anti-English conspiracy in Ireland and America, and of the anti-national manœuvre in England itself, may yet hereafter appear to have been a necessary step in the adjustment of the relations between England and Ireland on a fair and permanent basis.

And for the position of England among the nations, no less than for our political life at home, the Unionist victory is of incalculable value. Mr. Gladstone, of course, has convinced himself that all the civilised world is on his side. That a great portion of the world heartily enjoyed his abuse of his country, no one, who knows how popular any abuse of England always is in many quarters, will for a moment dispute. The bitter enemies of England throughout the world—and they are, unfortunately, numerous—have doubtless felt "cordial sympathy" with the Prime Minister's epistolary invectives. But when we look to those foreigners who feel an affection for the English, or who, whether

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they like us or not, are anxious, for their own sake, that England should not decline from her high place in the world, we observe a very different sentiment. To them, almost without exception, the result of the late elections appears of happy augury. They have not been without anxiety, for some time past, lest the English should be declining from their old standard of sobriety, and patriotism, and resolution, and indeed there have been plenty of incidents of late days to give strength to such a fear. But the experience of the last few weeks is, in their eyes, an encouraging indication, that we are, after all, not so different from what our fathers were. They recognise the old common sense, which insists on looking before it leaps, the old repugnance to anti-national combinations, the old resolution which, in the last resort, turns fiercely round, and presents an undaunted front to every enemy. The most gullible and longsuffering of peoples has once more shown the strange saving capacity of coming suddenly to an end of its patience and its gullibility, and making short work of those who have presumed on them. Perhaps, after all, we ought to be grateful to the men who have goaded us into showing, that we are still the same incorrigible old nation of which Mr. Gladstone so greatly disapproves.

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THE QUINCENTENARY OF HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

BY ERNEST C. THOMAS.

MOST travellers on their way to Switzerland have turned aside to visit Heidelberg, and though in their after-journeyings they may see many grander and sublimer spots, they will find few possessing a more delightful charm. The situation of the town, hemmed in by the last spurs of the Odenwald, between which the green Neckar rushes rapidly over its bed of granite boulders, and overlooked by the lovely castle, is picturesque in the extreme, and very beautiful is the view over the fertile plain towards the Rhine from the Altan, or the great terrace of the castle. To the charms of natural scenery the place adds the rich historic associations of one of the earliest seats of modern culture. During the first week of this month Heidelberg celebrates the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of its University, which is the oldest in the *Deutsches Reich.* Great will be the gathering of professors and of students; vast will be the quantities of Rheinwein and of beer consumed on this occasion; and from ten thousand throats will ring the songs of student days and of the fatherland. Academic proceedings of a more dignified kind will not be wanting; and a main feature of the celebration will be a grand historical procession, the design of which has been carefully worked out by Professor Hoff, of the Karlsruhe School of Art, assisted by a number of artists. This will represent scenes from the history of Heidelberg, beginning with the foundation of the University in 1386. Other sections of the *Festzug* will represent the entry of Friedrich the Victorious after the battle of Seckenheim in 1462; the brilliant age of art and science under the Elector Otto Heinrich in the middle of the sixteenth century; the life of the joyous Pfalzers at the end of the same century; the entry of the Elector Friedrich V. with his bride, the Princess Elizabeth of England, in 1613; the time of the Elector Karl Philipp, 1716-1742; the restoration of the University by Karl Friedrich, the Grand Duke of Baden, in 1803; concluding with the students of the nineteenth century, led by *Burschenschafter* of the time of the wars of Liberation.

The University of Heidelberg is not only the oldest, but one of the most famous of the German *Hochschulen.* Though from its

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position near the Rhine it has been peculiarly subject to the misfortunes of war, its history pretty faithfully represents the general development of learning and culture in Germany. Though its proximity to the Catholic populations of southern Germany has made it also subject to the contending interests of Protestants and Catholics, it is famous for its share in the work of the Reformation, and its assertion of moderate Calvinistic doctrines in the "Heidelberg Catechism."

The rise of the German universities was one of the manifestations of that practical spirit which arose in Germany after the decay of the imperial power. The great dynastic houses had patronised the poetry of the minstrels and the minnesingers. With the development of the free cities and of the commercial spirit, the learning that found favour was that which seemed likely to be of direct service for the immediate ends of Church and State. In the year 1348—the dreadful year of the Black Death—was founded the University of Prague, while that of Vienna was founded in 1365. Heidelberg followed in 1386, Cologne in 1388, and Erfurt in 1392. In the next century came Würzburg, in 1402, Leipzig in 1409, Rostock in 1419 Greifswald in 1456, Freiburg in 1457, and Tübingen in 1477. Marburg was founded in 1527, Königsberg in 1544, Jena in 1558, Giessen in 1607, Kiel in 1665, and Halle in 1697. Göttingen was not established until 1737, and was followed by Erlangen in 1743, and Münster in 1780. The other universities are quite modern. Berlin dates only from 1810, and Breslau from 1811, Bonn from 1818, and Munich from 1826. Strassburg, the youngest of all, dates from 1872. All these universities still exist, with the exception of Cologne and Erfurt.

The University of Heidelberg owed its foundation to the Elector Palatine Ruprecht I. He had conceived the design early in his long reign of sixty years, and had made efforts to carry it out; but the formal establishment took place in 1386. Pope Urban VI., in the document by which he gave his consent to the establishment, speaks of "the healthy air and fertility of the surrounding country" as particularly fitting Heidelberg to be "a universal spring of all the sciences." He directed that the institution should be framed on the model of Paris, and that it should enjoy the same rights and privileges; and that its Chancellor should be the Provost of the Cathedral at Worms. The Elector called Marsilius von Inghen to be his adviser. He created four faculties, of theology, law, medicine, and that of the "artists" or "free arts," the latter being divided into four nations. The direction of the whole was committed to a rector, to be elected by the art faculty four times a year. The Elector took the University under his special protection. He released all who attended the University from tolls and taxes on their journey to and fro and during their stay. He made regulations

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to the lodgings of the masters and students, and granted the control over these as well as over the book trade, a very important matter, to the rector and the procurators (or proctors) of the four nations. The inaugural ceremony took place in the Church of the Holy Ghost, in the market-place, on the 18th October, 1386. Lectures began on the following day, when Marsilius lectured on Logic. He had formerly belonged to the University of Paris, and came to Heidelberg to establish the faculty of arts, and was chosen as the first rector. His colleague was Heilmann Wunnenberg, of Worms, who lectured on Aristotle's Physics; while Reginald von Alna was the first Theological Professor. The best known of the three jurists was Johann von Noet, from Prague, who remained at Heidelberg for forty years. This made a staff of seven professors, which number was considerably increased in the following year. The faculty of arts was the most considerable in point of numbers. Until 1393 there was only one professor in the medical faculty. The reputation of Marsilius speedily attracted scholars; in the first year the members of the University numbered 524, and at Ruprecht's death, in 1390, had increased to 1050. His nephew, Ruprecht II., steadily increased the revenues of the University, and in particular when he expelled the Jews from the town in 1391, gave all their possessions, including their synagogue and twelve dwelling houses, to the University. Several large buildings, as *collegia* for the several faculties, were erected by father and nephew; and in 1393 a collegium, on the model of the Sorbonne, was established by a bequest of the Provost, Conrad von Geylnhausen. In this building a home was found for the senate, the archives, and the library. The garden attached to it received the name of the "Philosophical" garden. Ruprecht III. increased the incomes of the professors, and bestowed upon them important dignities in Church and State, which greatly increased the renown of the University.

From the original foundation there had been two libraries, one for the faculty of arts, and another for the three remaining faculties. They were largely increased by bequests from the Electors and from many of the officers and professors, and other libraries were formed. In particular a library was formed in the Stiftskirche, which was largely increased by the Electors. In 1421 Ludwig III. bequeathed his books to the University on condition that they should be kept in the castle. In 1482 the Elector Philipp founded a library, with which he united that of the University. This library received large accessions, and about 1550 the Elector Friedrich built, for the reception of the books, on the east side of the castle, what is still known as the Bibliotheksthurm. Otto Heinrich, the Magnificent, while a young man in Palestine, collected many Greek and Oriental manuscripts, and after his accession sent Nicolas Cisner to France and Italy to

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make fresh purchases. He also acquired the books of the disestablished monasteries, and all these collections he united with those in the Stiftsbibliothek. The collections were thenceforth known as the Electoral Library, or Bibliotheca Palatina. In 1601 it received an important accession in the famous library of the monastery of Sponheim.

The early German Universities must not be supposed to have been homes of classical culture. They were devoted to the narrow needs of professional learning or the barren repetition of scholastic subtleties. The Renaissance had made its influence felt all over Europe before it could find its way to Germany, and it was not until the days of the Elector Philipp the Candid that Heidelberg became a home of humanism. The ornaments of the University were also the ornaments of his brilliant court; men like the Chancellor Theodoric von Plenningen, the famous Von Dalberg, Rudolf Agricola, John Reuchlin, Konrad Keltis, and John Œkolampadius. They were succeeded by men such as Simon Grynæus and Jacob Micyllus; but by this time the strife of the Reformation had come to interrupt the peaceful work of the Renaissance. It was during this period that Melanchthon matriculated at Heidelberg as "Philipp Swarzerd" (1509), and a few years afterwards Martin Luther held his famous disputation there in the lecture-room of the Augustinians. Some time afterwards, the Augustinian monastery, having been gradually stripped of its members, was converted into the Collegium Sapientiæ for poor students. The revenues of some of the disestablished monasteries in the Rheinland were bestowed upon the University; but intellectually the University fell into decay, from which it was raised by Otto Heinrich, the Magnificent, the builder of that beautiful palace which still enchants the world, who vowed that he would restore the University, even if it cost him his last farthing. He called to his assistance Philip Melanchthon and the famous jurist and Aristotelian, Christopher Chemius, from Tübingen, and with their aid, and that of Peter Boquin and Jacob Micyllus, reorganised the whole system of the University. After a brief reign of three years he gave place to Friedrich III., the Pious, in whose time the University became a centre of Calvinism. He called to Heidelberg Kaspar Olevianus, of Treves, who suggested, and Zacharias Ursinus, of Breslau, who compiled, the famous "Heidelberg Catechism." Among the other famous professors of his time were Franciscus Balduinus, Wilhelm Xylander, Nikolaus Cisnerus, and Simon Grynæus, the younger.

The next chapter in the history of the University was one of lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Its first troubles came on the accession of the Elector Ludwig VI., who was a zealous Lutheran, and tried in 1580 to force the Concordienbuch upon the professors under pain of losing all their rights. All the professors, except Ludovicus Gravius, refused to sign, and lost their offices.

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So the University melted away; new professors were appointed, but the students had gone. Duke John Casimir, the Elector's brother, was, however, a Lutheran, and received all the professors, who found no shelter elsewhere, into an academy, which he formed under the name of the Casimirianum at Neustadt. On the Elector's death Duke John vainly attempted to reconcile the two evangelical parties, and had to content himself with restoring the deprived professors. Under his fostering care the cause of learning and study revived; and among the names of note in this period were those of Dion. Grothofredus, Friedrich Sylburgius, and Jan. Gruterus.

Fresh troubles, however, were to come through the Thirty Years' War. When Tilly captured the town in 1622, the entire theological faculty was dismissed, though protection was promised to the other professors. The archives had been removed to Frankfurt for safety. But the greatest loss was inflicted upon the library. For five days it was a prey to the soldiery; when the Papal Nuncio, who was at Regensberg, begged it of Duke Maximilian for the Vatican. The wish was granted, and the Greek-born keeper of the Vatican library, Leo Allatius, superintended the removal of the most valuable treasures of the collection. The precious burden, consisting of three thousand five hundred and twenty-seven manuscripts, was carried across the Alps on mules.

After the peace of Westphalia (1648), the Elector Karl Ludwig took in hand the work of restoration, and called Spanheim, Freinsheim, Puffendorf, and Coccejus to fill chairs in the restored University. In 1686 the three hundredth anniversary of its foundation was celebrated with great ceremony. This was hardly over, when fresh troubles impended over the unhappy University in the war of the Orleans succession. Most of the professors took refuge in other lands, but Laurentius Crollius continued to lecture amidst the din of arms.

On October 24th, 1688, the town and castle capitulated to the French. Everything was given up to destruction; the walls and towers of the castle were blown up. When he left the town, the French commander, Melac, set fire to it in two hundred places, and the most inhuman outrages were perpetrated on its unfortunate inhabitants. Two years afterwards the town again became a prey to the French, and the scenes of devastation were renewed. The castle was again made a sport to the flames. It was, however, once again restored, and it was reserved for the pitiless elements to make of it the magnificent mass of ruins which still form the glory of Heidelberg and the admiration of every beholder. This was in 1764.

During these scenes of conflict and rapine the University was removed in 1694 to Frankfurt, and in 1698 to Weinheim. The archives were rescued by Fabricius, and transferred first to Frank-

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furt, and thence to Marburg. The return to Heidelberg took place in 1700; and the Elector applied himself busily to reducing everything into order. He presented a considerable library, and erected the present University building on the ruins of its predecessor. In consequence of the Declaration of 1705, a two-fold theological faculty was formed—Catholic and Protestant. To the former Jesuit professors were appointed, and a special Jesuit collegium was built. The professors of philosophy long continued to be almost exclusively Jesuits, who taught a dry and profitless scholastic philosophy, until better days dawned upon the University in the reign of the Elector Karl Theodor. Under his protecting hand arose a fresh outburst of intellectual activity. Additional professorships were founded for special departments, particularly in jurisprudence and natural science. Observatories, museums, and laboratories were established. He also established chairs of political science and architecture. It was about this time that the very name "æsthetics" was invented by Baumgarten. He was specially anxious to abolish the old scholastic philosophy, and instructions were issued with a view to improve the mode of lecturing. He secured to the University what was left of its revenues, and added to them out of his own a yearly sum of 35,000 gulden. The new statutes were issued on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary in 1786. The influence of the Jesuits was exerted still to the prejudice of the University; and with such effect that, in 1782, the congregation of the mission, or the Lazarists, were invited from France into the Palatinate, and its members appointed to professorships. Though for the most part they spoke no German, there were men of ability among them, and their seminary for some time attained great popularity. It was, however, but shortlived; the juristic faculty in 1786 succeeded in excluding them from the Senate, and soon the University knew them no more.

The French revolutionary war again plunged the affairs of the University into confusion. When the French became masters of the Upper Rhine, nearly everything the University owned, consisting chiefly of lands on the left bank of the Rhine, was lost.

At the peace of Luneville, in 1801, the Palatinate was annexed to the House of Baden. The University found a saviour in Prince Karl Friedrich, who came to its aid, and allotted it a revenue of 50,000 gulden. The whole of its arrangements were reorganised, and it was named after its first and its last founders, "Universitas Ruperto-Carolina." The reigning Grand Duke of Baden has since then held the office of "Rector Magnificentissimus," or Chancellor of the University, and is represented by a pro-rector, chosen annually from amongst themselves by the professors, and holding a similar precedence over all authorities to that of the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford or Cambridge. The University of Heidelberg thus entered upon a

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fresh career of uninterrupted prosperity, and long would need to be the bede-roll that should exhaust the list of its distinguished professors during the present century. The names of Schlosser, Gervinus, Creutzer, Mittermaier, Zachariä, Boeckh, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, Haüsser, Bluntschli, Helmholtz, Hausrath, Vangerow, Schenkel, Kuno Fischer, Wundt, and Zeller—are they not familiar to all who have watched the immense development of "Wissenschaft" in the broadest sense which has been taken since the close of the great Continental wars?

Though the University itself suffered so severely, its library derived some benefit from the European rearrangements of 1815. We have told how the Bibliotheca Palatina suffered from the cupidity of the Vatican in 1623. All the efforts of Ezechiel Spanheim to secure the return of these precious manuscripts were spent in vain. When the German Sovereigns in 1815 demanded the return of the art and literary treasures that had been carried off to France, the Heidelberg University thought it a favourable season to ask for the return of what they had been called upon to sacrifice to the *jus belli*. Of 500 manuscripts carried off from the Vatican by the French to Paris, thirty-eight could be shown to have formed part of the Palatine library. They were accordingly now restored to Heidelberg. To succeed at the Vatican was more difficult; but the attempt was made, and 848 manuscripts, chiefly in German, with a few relating to the affairs of the University in Latin, were at last restored to the Palatinate. The Vatican still retains over 2,500 manuscripts, where they lurk behind closed doors, and are, or were, almost inaccessible to human view. The University library now numbers nearly 400,000 volumes, without including 70,000 dissertations, 3,000 manuscripts, and 1,000 charters, so that it is one of the most important collections in Germany.

Germany is proud of its universities, and its professors are regarded as the true aristocracy of the country. Every true German heart will sympathise with "Alt-Heidelberg" in the festivity of this jubilee, and the whole world will look on with interest. Amid the rush of every-day existence it is well that our thoughts should be from time to time directed to the sources of that intellectual culture which furnishes us with our highest ideals. In an age which prides itself upon its material progress, and rejoices in the accumulation of wealth, it is good for us to be reminded by such celebrations that the noblest end and aim of man's endeavour is the increase of knowledge and the pursuit of truth.

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A GLIMPSE OF AMERICA.

BY LORD BRABAZON.

How is it that so few Englishmen, and especially Englishwomen, of means visit the great continent of the West,—that vast land mainly inhabited by their own race,—where the English language reigns supreme, from the tropics of Mexico to the ice-bound regions of the Arctic circle, where the laws, the institutions, the religious denominations of Great Britain are reproduced, not necessarily in *replica*, but always after the spirit of the original model; where more than in any other portion of the globe, Her Majesty's colonies excepted, they will feel themselves at home, amidst their own kith and kin; and where the experiences of former travellers have shown, that, if they do not meet with a hospitality and courtesy out of measure to the merits of the recipient, they may rest assured that some grave fault must lie at their own doors?

The fear of the discomforts which sometimes attend a sea voyage, is doubtless in a great measure the cause why our country people, so proverbially famous for travelling by sea and by land, are not to be found during the holiday season in larger numbers on the other side of the Atlantic; and yet this is not the whole reason, for English people are surely not worse sailors than the Americans. These latter think no more of running across to Europe than the former do of going to the Continent, whilst some Americans make it a regular practice to spend a few months, or even a few weeks, of every year in Europe. The United States, of course, cannot offer to the educated Englishman objects of such high historical or artistic interest as Europe does to the cultured American; but history and art do not occupy the entire field of human interest and study. Pope tells us that the highest study of mankind is man, and if the dictum be true, America offers such a field of varied study as no other country can hope to rival. Sixty millions of people drawn from every country on the face of the earth are there to be seen, working out their own destiny, within the lines of, and subject to the all-prevailing influences of, an Anglo-Saxon civilisation. There are some who believe that this Anglo-Saxon civilisation has yet a great part to play in other quarters of the globe than in America, and to such it can be a matter of no small interest to see how the Aryan and

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non-Aryan become absorbed in this vast conglomerate of nations, which, by intermixture and mutual pressure, is evolving a new order of men, to be perhaps the "Coming Race" of Lytton, the offspring of intelligence and progress, armed with the invincible and deadly "vril." The United States offer a field of study which the statesman, or man of education, should not neglect. The high price of labour, and the necessity for economising time and human agency, forces the people of that country to turn their continual attention towards the improvement of all mechanical appliances for carrying on the work of life with the least outlay of human exertion. The man of commerce, the engineer, the farmer, the employer of labour, and all who have to cater to the wants of the public, will find a trip to America not only interesting but profitable. These may learn many a little hint, which, if they be men of sense, they will know how to adapt to the requirements of an older civilisation. Such adaptation, whilst putting money into their pockets, will probably add to the sum total of the general convenience and happiness. The ease with which, owing to the admirable railway arrangements in the United States, long journeys can be accomplished, and the magnificent and varied natural beauties of certain portions of the country, would, one would fancy, induce hundreds of pleasure-seekers and admirers of nature to turn their steps from the well-known paths, trodden by the common crowd of Europe, to the cañons of the western slopes, or to the virgin crags of the Rocky Mountains. But such is not the case. The only well-to-do Englishmen who have invaded America in any numbers are the sportsmen, those of them at least who are not afraid of a little roughing it, and who prefer the freedom and excitement of a wild open-air life, in search of the buffalo or the prairie hen, to the tamer joys of a Norfolk preserve. It is remarkable that, although Americans have of late years known how to hold their own in sports and athletic pastimes with the best of our own men, they appear to be content to permit Englishmen to monopolise, to a great extent, the enjoyment to be found in their own unrivalled hunting-grounds of the West. It is not likely, however, that this indifference to the family preserves, on the part of the owners, will be of long duration. Let British guests or poachers make the most of their present pleasures, for they will not long be permitted to enjoy a monopoly of them.

If America is a country worth being visited by the healthy and the strong, it has much to recommend it to the delicate and the invalid. The climate of Colorado rivals that of the Engadine in Switzerland, and softer breezes and a sun even brighter than that of the Riviera is to be found in the winter resorts of Georgia and Florida. To the overworked statesman and to the professional business man seeking rest and relaxation, America possesses this all-important advantage over the usual holiday resorts of England

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or the Continent, that for at all events two weeks—one going to America and the other returning home—it is impossible for him to receive letters or telegrams, in addition to which the distance appears so great to the popular mind, that many correspondents will refrain from writing to him when in America, who would not hesitate to do so if he were at Paris, Cannes, or Rome. During this fortnight at sea he can obtain complete rest, unbroken by anxiety or care of any kind; he can recline on deck, smoke his cigar, or give himself up to the pleasures of a novel with the consciousness that this immunity from interruption is absolutely certain to last for a week at least. The man of medicine and he who has had the misfortune to have felt the pressure of life on an overworked nervous system can alone recognise the value of such rest and the happiness which it represents.

The America of Dickens, and the America of to-day, are two widely different countries. It is the difference between the self-conceited, sensitive, half-formed hobbledehoy of sixteen, and the sober, experienced, sensible, full-grown man of thirty.

The latter has entered the arena of life, has fought his battles, has acquired a knowledge of his own powers and of those of his rivals, knows his own strength, and is not blind to his weaknesses. He is modest and yet self-reliant, courteous but not servile, independent but not arrogant, conscious of strength but not aggressive—he has, in a word, established his position, and is not afraid of criticism. He can afford to recognise his faults and learn of his neighbours, knowing that they may learn much of him.

The writer has just returned from a visit to the Eastern States. He had not seen them for twenty-one years. During this period communication with Europe has been greatly facilitated, and has brought about many changes.

In 1864 the sea passage could not be accomplished in less than from ten to twelve days; now the Cunard screw-steamer *Etruria* can make the same distance in six days and a few hours. The result of this has been to bring Europe nearer to America; and whilst America has unquestionably influenced European life, European ideas have not been without influence in America.

The two continents have acted and reacted one upon another. The progress made in America in art, architecture, and in the comforts, luxuries, and refinements of life is marked. The men are more cultivated. In 1864 it was a rare thing to find a man who was not engrossed in the pursuit of wealth and of wealth alone. Now other interests find their devotees. A leisured class has arisen, small in numbers but increasing. Literature, art, music, travel, and sport compete for attention, and obtain it. Politics are still in a great measure left to professionals; but, with the triumph of Civil Service reform, culture and refinement will doubtless come to the front in greater measure

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than in the past. The spittoon of Dickens is disappearing, with many another custom of doubtful propriety, popularly associated in the British mind with the typical American, although a too indiscriminate desire for praise of national institutions, customs, and scenery (inherited doubtless from ourselves) still occasionally embarrasses the traveller who desires to unite just appreciation with strict veracity. Life has become decidedly pleasanter for the European traveller since the days of the novelist. The Pullman car, with its luxuries and comforts; the elevated railroad; the commodious street conveyances; the magnificent steamers—all contribute to his happiness. But has not the democratic goddess been somewhat asleep of late years? Has she not winked at some innovations of decidedly aristocratic origin? The Pullman car can scarcely be said to be other than a first-class carriage under another denomination; and the liveried servants, the splendid equipages of Newport, and the clubs of New York and Boston, as well as the shooting and hunting preserves of fashionable coteries, somewhat astonish a stranger, who comes with the notion that American institutions can find no room for the luxuries of European life. Let it not be thought though, that the golden youth of America are less manly than their fathers. On the contrary, the physique of the young man of the richer classes is vastly improved. Athletic sports hold a much higher place in American colleges than they used to do. Our universities and athletic clubs have of late years been taught, by sharp experience, that America can produce men capable of competing with them on equal terms in all sports in which Englishmen formerly prided themselves as *faciles principes*. More cultivated, gentleman-like, and well-built young fellows it would be difficult to meet than the *alumni* of Harvard, and doubtless the same may be said of other American universities. If luxury has increased, charity and the love of man has not diminished. The benevolence and public spirit of wealthy men in the States is very marked. There is hardly a county town of any size which cannot boast of public institutions which it owes to the open-handed generosity of its citizens. Gerard College, the Corcoran Gallery, the Tichnor Library, and the Agassiz Museum have a world-wide reputation; and the names of Wolff, Dodge, Jesup, Emery, Brace, and of many other workers for the good of their fellow-creatures, are not unknown in this country.

It would conduce greatly to the growth and perpetuation of kindly feeling between the two countries, and would, I believe, be of educational benefit to the young men of both nations, if England would sometimes send her young men to complete their education in an American university, and if America would occasionally reciprocate the compliment by sending hers to Eton and Harrow, or to Oxford and Cambridge. The gain would be a mutual one, for there are gaps in the educational system of each

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country, which the other could fill. The nearer the two countries are brought together, the better for the world. The American and the Englishman are to be found in the front of life's battle for progress and civilisation in every quarter of the globe. The English language, at this moment, will carry a man further than any other No other people would appear to equal this race in its colonising power, or in its power of absorption, and none, on the other hand, shows a greater power of resistance to its own absorption by other races. Looking ahead, therefore, through a vista of years, it would seem as if America and England were destined to exert an influence in the world's future history, far surpassing that which, in the past, has fallen to the lot of any single race of men. Their influences being world-wide, a conflict between these two powerful nations would mean greater suffering to mankind than that perhaps between any other two people. The world, on the other hand, would be vastly the gainer if England and America were always to be found on the side of progress and civilisation, advancing with equal steps towards the accomplishment of the high purposes for which, in the providence of God, they would appear to be destined.

Americans are sometimes heard to complain of the manners of a certain class of young Englishmen who ought to know better. They are accused of accepting American hospitality and of neglecting the conventionalities of dress and etiquette, which are customary in good European society. The American naturally resents the idea of an Englishman doing in America what he would not do at home, and very justly considers such action a want of proper respect towards his entertainers. It is hardly likely that any man, calling himself a gentleman, would deliberately wish to insult his host. It would be difficult to find a term too strong to characterise the atrocious nature of such an offence against good manners and gentlemanly breeding; the explanation is probably to be found in the crass ignorance in regard to all things connected with America, which is sometimes to be met with in England, even amongst the so-called educated classes. The ordinary Englishman's ideas about America are often hazy, and sometimes mythical. I hope the generation is now defunct which was under the firm conviction that all Americans were black; but there are, I fear, some still to be found, who, when they speak of America, picture to themselves a country in the early stages of civilisation. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider how meagre is the information imparted at English schools or colleges in regard to the history, geography, politics, or progress of this great country. The result of this is, that some Englishmen firmly believe that a dress-coat and a silk hat are unnecessary impediments to the trans-Atlantic tourist, and consequently scandalise their hosts by appearing at dinner-parties in shooting coats, and on Fifth Avenue in

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knickerbockers. It is also difficult for them to realise that a black coat is *de rigueur* not only at New York, but in more than a score of other cities of the Union, and that Americans are even more particular than Englishmen with regard to the little conventionalities of society. The former are perhaps a little oversensitive upon some of these points; but this should make an Englishman only the more careful not to be guilty of any act which could be construed into want of respect for either the country or his hosts. The kindness, the hospitality, the courtesy which a traveller meets with in the States will make him anxious to do all he can to show his hosts that he is sensible of the trouble they have taken to make his stay in the country agreeable. There is a general disposition amongst all classes of Americans to be civil to Englishmen. On the street, in the cars, in the hotels, the traveller will often be astonished at the amount of trouble which the unknown American will voluntarily undertake in order to assist him, or to render his journey or sojourn in a place more agreeable. It is much to be feared that Englishmen do not always as readily put themselves out for Americans when they visit Great Britain.

To Englishmen it is a matter of astonishment that so few Americans of wealth seem to appreciate the pleasures of a country life. With the exception of a few places on the Hudson River, there are no residences which rise above the rank of large villas. This is the more extraordinary, as the number of Americans possessing an annual income of over £20,000 is very large, and would probably be found to surpass those that England could produce. It is matter also of notoriety that she possesses millionaires whose incomes double and treble those of the plutocracy of Great Britain. These same men are content to spend thousands in erecting residences at Newport or Lenox, which they call "cottages," sometimes (especially in the former place) on small plots of ground, hardly an acre in extent, and overlooked by their neighbours. For these little plots of ground they have to give exorbitant prices, sometimes even as much as £2,000 an acre, whilst within easy distance of New York and Boston there are vast tracts of the most beautiful, mountainous, well-wooded country, which can be bought for a song. In one of the most lovely districts of New Hampshire, land can be obtained for thirty shillings an acre. In many places, owing to the competition of the West, the eastern farmers are throwing up their farms and migrating westwards. There being often no demand for these farms the lands are sometimes deserted, and can be obtained almost for the asking.

The explanation given for the above state of things is, that social custom requires that every American, however wealthy, should be engaged in business, and he is consequently obliged to live within two or three hours by rail of New York or Boston, or

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some large city. Another explanation given is the excessive heat of the inland country districts in summer, and the increase of malaria, but neither of these two latter reasons will hold good in the case of the mountainous districts of new Hampshire.

The educated American is often heard to lament his enforced exclusion from political life. As long as he lives exclusively in the towns his vote will be lost and his influence swamped by numbers. As a gentleman in a country district, farming his own land, bringing capital and science to bear on the cultivation of the soil, improving the stock of his neighbourhood, and raising the tone of provincial society, his influence would be felt, and if a man of power, he would undoubtedly be elected to office without having to undergo the ordeals from which so many refined and educated Americans shrink.

America is decidedly a pleasant country for an English-man or woman to travel in. Our men have captured not a few of Columbia's fairest daughters, but we seldom hear of an American marrying an Englishwoman. Perhaps as the ocean passage becomes quicker and easier, more of our own fair women will visit the great republic, and perhaps some of them may find occasion to stay there. Should Venus smile upon an amicable exchange of beauty between the two countries, it would be well for both. Let us continue to propitiate the fickle goddess, and perhaps her influence may bring about, more rapidly than the statesman, the Anglo-Saxon dream of the federation of the English-speaking races.

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TOPSYTURVYDOM.

BY WILLIAM MACKAY.

I.

NOWHERE on "the whole round earth" can there be found a community so inherently incapable of self-government as the Irish community. Not easily governable by others, how could Ireland be expected to govern herself? This is one of those simple and apparent considerations which have been overlooked by eminent statesmen, whose arguments in favour of Hibernian autonomy have been gathered from history or imported from distant colonies. That, however, which escaped the notice of certain great political authorities, has become quite evident to the nation at large. Once more the common-sense of the people has asserted itself. A prodigious danger has been happily averted. The scare is over; but the problem remains. In most households the day-nursery is an extremely interesting feature in the domestic economy. Its occupants are bright and sanguine. They are easily moved to laughter or to tears; demonstrative in their affection, they are usually passionate in their aversions. The gaudy paintings on their walls they cherish as choice results of artistic genius. The puppets of their playtime they regard as sentient—a childish superstition that will be trodden down by the flying feet of time. Entertaining a secret liking for the nurses that rule their territory, they nevertheless find their enactments irksome, and in secret they put their curly heads together and plot against their authority. The boys of the settlement upstairs will now and then arrange a difference by a direct defiance of the hymnal directions of Dr. Watts. The annexation of an enemy's drums and pop-guns is a common incident; and the maiming of animals in the Noah's Ark of a neighbour is an offence very prevalent in the child dominion. "Boycotting" prevails to a really alarming extent in the nursery. The male inhabitants are remarkable for a certain rough gallantry towards their womankind; but they are apt to assert their authority by the interception of sweetmeats or the confiscation of other comestibles. Now, notwithstanding the enterprising and engaging nature of the inmates of the nursery, it has not yet occurred to sane householders to confide to its infants the management of their own affairs in their own settlement. Their knowledge of

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last week—but they are not fit for human beings to live in. Unhappily they belong to little Evans, and his trustees won't lay out a penny on improving the old cottages on his estate, though by his father's will they are bound to spend a considerable sum every year in building and in buying land. I tried once to purchase the mill and the cottages, but they cannot sell an acre till the child is of age, and he is only about ten years old now."

"I think the mill-pond is very dangerous; there is scarcely any railing on one side, and there are always children playing near."

"Every time I pass it I notice how unsafe it is. But it is only lately that the railing has fallen, and the schoolmaster told me a day or two since that he had complained to the road people and asked them to insist upon its being mended."

Love made no answer, she was thinking again of poor Polly Bryant. And a few minutes later she quitted the Barony, taking the long round of the park and meadows which would bring her to the mill cottages.

It was five o'clock when she reached the village, and the children were out of school. Half-a-dozen or so were playing beside the mill-pond as usual, and Love stopped to bid them be careful. The sluice had just been opened, and the water was rushing out at a dangerous rate.

Polly Bryant's child, a curly-headed, mischievous little urchin of three years old, looked up at Miss Owen with a merry smile on his face. She did not know who he was, and spoke a word or two to a tall lad standing by.

"Surely it is not right for such a baby to be playing so near the pond," she said.

"I'm a-lookin' after 'un, miss," answered the young fellow, "he be my nevvy."

Then she recognised him as Jack Bryant, having seen him in the choir, and knowing him for one of the steadiest lads in the place.

"I didn't see it was you, for the moment," she said. "I am just going to call on your sister; Miss Rhys has sent her some fruit."

"She be main poorly to-day, miss," said Jack. "Mother says as how she won't last much longer."

Love went into the cottage, which was close by, and sat some little time with the dying girl.

She was very weak, and at first she could scarcely speak to her visitor; but presently she grew feverish and excited, and began to talk rather rapidly.

"That young parson 'ave a-bin in to see 'er," said the old mother, who sat in a corner darning stockings, with a certain stolid indifference which told its own melancholy tale of feeling

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blunted by long years of toil and trouble. "'E come in and talked to Polly, 'e did, quite beautiful like, about 'er sins, an' all 'er did a-say was as 'twasn't no bus'ness of 'isn, 'er did, miss, tho' I telled 'er as 'twasn't manners, when the gentleman comed and talked to 'er."

Polly's eyes, glittering with fever, sought Love's face, and reading there sympathy and understanding, she broke out with a passionate cry.

"Oh, miss, 'tisn't true now, is it? Parson, he said as how I was a wicked girl, and my sins was reapin' their reward; and if I didn't ask the Lord to save me I should go to hell, and no mistake. And I says as how it ain't fair to blame me for what I didn't know no better, an' it's bad enough to lay here a-dying without parson comin' talkin' of hell besides. An' oh! miss, you don't believe I'm a-goin' to hell now, do you?"

Love's heart swelled with indignation.

"Can this be Christianity?" she thought. But the occasion did not admit of reflection; the sick girl wanted an answer, and Miss Owen would not delay to give it.

"I am sure you are not going to hell, Polly," she said. "I think God looks at a fault like yours differently from what men do, and you won't have more blame than you deserve, for God knows all about it, though nobody else does. So don't be frightened, dear Polly, but go to sleep happily when the time comes."

She spoke very simply, yet with perfect assurance, and Polly's face lost its scared expression.

"You say it right," she murmured, sinking back on her pillow. "That's what I did feel before parson comed, though I couldn't say it like you. If God knowed everything, He must have knowed how I were led away like, and that 'twasn't my blame not to know as I were doin' wrong. I knowed it afterwards, miss; never a day have passed since but what someone or other have throwed it in my face, though I ain't the only one here by long ways; and I shall be glad when I be dead an' out of hearin' of it, 'cept for little Tommy. But Jack 'll look after him for me—Jack be main good to Tommy, that he be."

Her voice died away in a faint whisper, and her eyes were closed.

"'Er'll go to sleep a bit now, likely enough," said the mother from her corner. "Don't you bide no longer, miss, 'tain't no manner of use, 'er won't wake up this hour or more."

Miss Owen bent down and kissed Polly's wasted cheek.

"I will come again soon," she said, and Polly was not too weary to hear her, for her lips parted in a half-smile.

"Yes, please come," she murmured. "Soon—afore I go."

The setting sun dazzled Love as she came out of the cottage, for her eyes were full of tears. It was such a pitiful thing, such a pitiful scene, that she quitted!

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Jack Bryant was still lounging against the wall of the mill, but he turned to watch Miss Owen walk away.

So no one saw that little Tommy, tired of making dirt pies, was, by way of a new amusement, crawling on all fours to the edge of the pond in pursuit of an adventurous frog which had been bold enough to come out of its safe hiding in the damp ditch over the way.

Jack watched Miss Owen till a turn in the road hid her from his sight, though she was not a hundred yards away. And then he looked at the sunset, and thought of his sister, with a vague idea that the sooner she got up there into the sky the better for her. And then he looked down to earth again, and thought of his sister's child.

The frog had accelerated his pace, finding that Tommy was after him. He was across the dusty road now, one spring more and he would be safe in his native element. But Tommy was too quick for him, and just as he took his last leap, the child stretched out his hand and caught him.

At this juncture Jack discovered what was going on, and shouted to Tommy to come away from the water.

"I 'ants ze f'og," said Tommy, clutching the struggling reptile.

But it was a large frog, and he was a small child. In his anxiety to retain his captive he lost his balance, and with a frightened cry he rolled over into the pond, and sank in the deep water.

Quick as thought Jack plunged in after him, and, seizing his clothes, tried to swim ashore. But the sluice was still open, and the water was pouring out in a stream the stronger that its vent was so narrow. No swimmer alive could have held out long against it. Jack, a slim lad, not over strong, and encumbered moreover by the child, had not a chance; nearer and nearer he was carried, and then the current sucked him down, dashed him against the wood-work of the dam, and finally bore him triumphantly through the sluice into the meadow below, where the mill-stream's turbulence lost itself in the quiet flow of the river.

There he was picked up, with Tommy still in his arms.

Loveday Owen, recalled by the child's cry, had seen it all, and when they got him out of the water she knelt down on the grass in the meadow, and took Jack's head on her knee.

"He is not dead," she cried; "he cannot be dead."

But he was dead. There was a blue mark on the temple, where his head had struck the dam. Poor little Tommy, the fatherless, nameless child, was saved alive. But brave Jack was dead.

Polly passed away next morning, and the brother and sister were buried in one grave six days later.

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The old mother still sat in her corner, dully indifferent, only rousing herself now and again to moan over her troubles, and to wonder how she was to support the hapless unwished-for grandchild, until certain well-meaning persons, the curate among them, persuaded her to betake herself and Tommy to the workhouse.

But Loveday Owen thought over the tragedy, its causes, and its consequences. And she began to obtain a clearer comprehension of Tom Pwllmeyric's principles.

(*To be continued.*)

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TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

"WHEN a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, in reality he suffers no uneasiness," said Dr. Johnson characteristically; and if a calculation were to be set down in figures of the number of people who are really interested in politics further than as a topic of conversation, who are elevated or depressed by the prospects of a division, we suspect that it would turn out to be a ridiculously small fraction of the British nation. But this Irish question is not a political, but a national question; it affects all those who live in Ireland, who have land, or mortgages, or insurance policies in Ireland, and all those who are connected by friendship or relationship with the sister isle. Add all the 670 members of Parliament, and all "their cousins, and their sisters" and their aunts, who are thinking uneasily of the chances of the dissolution, and you get a really considerable number of people whose Whitsuntide holiday must have been considerably marred by *la haute politique*. Many a squire and many a merchant, whose ladies egged him on to stand for Parliament last November, and who fancied himself safe for at least four or five years, must have thought seriously of his drawings; many a barrister must have anxiously consulted his fee-book; and many an impecunious M.P. must have sullenly meditated upon the prospect of an early expulsion from Paradise. However, the vast majority of the world, not only that restless, glittering, pleasure-hunting world which the London season attracts for a few months, but our great middle class, of whom Mr. Matthew Arnold despairs, and our "'Arry" class, went gaily to Ascot Heath as if there were no such thing as an Irish question. Even Lord Hartington was understood to be anxious that the division should be taken before Ascot; and taken it accordingly was on Monday, the 7th of June.

The debate on the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, whether we regard its duration or its intellectual form, must certainly be regarded as the greatest in the history of the British Parliament. Its artistic effect was no doubt, to a certain extent, spoiled by its prolongation, for it began on the 10th of

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May, and lasted till the 7th of June. But under the conditions of modern politics that was inevitable. In the last century the House used to sit until seven o'clock in the morning upon occasions; nor can we complain of the length of modern speeches when we learn that Pitt and Fox used to make speeches of five and seven hours' duration. But the whole debate did not range over more than three nights, because only the acknowledged orators spoke. Burke, Fox, Tierney, Sheridan, and Grey, would all of them tilt at Pitt, who would probably take the whole burden of the reply upon himself, and sum up their attacks in an answer, whose concluding periods would be illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, streaming through the windows of St. Stephen's chapel: all of which was dramatically far finer and more imposing than our twelve nights' battle of the pigmies with the periodic interposition of a giant. But shorthand reporting has very nearly done for public speakers, what Bacon thought his mechanical method of induction could do for men of science—"*Exæquat fere omnia ingenia.*" The harsh voice and awkward manner do not appear in the columns of the morning papers; the most hesitating and unfinished periods, after passing through the reporters' hands, read as smoothly as the most fluent and finished performances, and for one person who hears a speech there are a thousand who read it. The consequence is that Lord Chesterfield's dictum, that it did not so much matter what you said as how you said it, is reversed, and men speak nowadays in Parliament who have as much aptitude for rhetoric as a blacksmith for needlework. The extension of the suffrage has also exercised a deleterious effect upon the debates in the House of Commons. The constituencies are more exacting (as there are more partners in the concern), and Eatanswill is not satisfied unless "our member" has his say with the rest. The impending dissolution acted likewise as a spur to the sluggish member, who felt that it was now or never with him, and that he might never have another chance of distinguishing himself. The result of all these things was, in the first place, a cut-throat competition for the Speaker's eye. When it is considered that out of the whole House less than a sixth were "called" by the Chair, some estimate of the unspoken orations may be made, and we imagine that a very large number of old and young members, who had sat on tenterhooks night after night, with their notes upon their knees, must have trudged wearily home with the feeling of being ill-used men. Another result was, that the course of the debate was very unequal; many of the speeches were miserably inadequate to the occasion, while some few were equal to the best traditions of Parliamentary eloquence. It cannot be said that any new reputations were made, unless we except the case of Mr. R. B. Finlay, who has already a rising reputation at the Bar, and whose speech against the Bill made an impression, not only from its clearness and vigour, but from a certain native

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force and charm, a Scotchness, so to speak, which made it the representative speech of a representative man. The Conservatives had perhaps hardly a fair chance in the debate, for they were muzzled half the time by the orders of their chief, and, when the muzzle was taken off, they were handicapped in the race for the Speaker's eye by the fact that half the Liberal party wanted to speak against the Bill, so that the Speaker had to choose the opponents very often from the same side of the House as its supporters. An exception should also be made in favour of Mr. Henry Fowler, who, in his speech from the Treasury Bench, gave evidence that he possesses a genuine oratorical power, which those who are only acquainted with his dry official manner would hardly divine. But if these were the only new reputations made, several old reputations were enhanced. Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James had all won for themselves the title of statesmen; which is not lightly given by the public or the press in this country, and they had all secured for themselves places in the front rank of the Liberal party, which those who know the superfluity of talents in that body are aware is only possible to men of real and rare ability. But Lord Hartington has always been suspected of *insouciance*, Mr. Chamberlain of sectarianism, and Mr. Goschen of intellectual frigidity, while Sir Henry James has hitherto discovered in his speeches nothing but the nebulous precision of *Nisi Prius*. All these men have risen to the level of the occasion, and have proved that they possess the wide range and high courage of great men. Lord Hartington, with an obvious effort, shook off the *nonchalance* of Newmarket, and, as his speech and his manifesto show, he is for once terribly in earnest. Lord Hartington's position is perfectly unassailable before the world. He refused to join the Gladstone Cabinet in January, and as the heir to a dukedom he cannot be suspected of the sensuality of power. But Mr. Goschen's scalding invective and "hallow'd fire" were perhaps the greatest surprise to those who have known him as the cold and calculating economist, who loves his library and his peace better than "the applause of listening senates." It is difficult to say why Mr. Chamberlain has failed to strike any echoing note of sympathy in the popular breast, for his creed is eminently sympathetic, if unpractical, and why he has failed to impress the public with a sense of the loftiness of his aim. Whatsoever the cause, "the deposed first consul of the Caucus" is very generally set down as a self-seeking and interested politician, and his opposition to Mr. Gladstone has exposed him to the bitterest innuendo and unpopularity. It has been said by Carlyle, that if a man can withstand the roar of an angry multitude, his work will be done on a platform and will live. Tried by this test, Mr. Chamberlain is a really great man, and his work will live when

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Mr. Gladstone's is forgotten. Mr. Gladstone is either at the top of the wave, or he is nowhere; he is popular or nothing; when he is unpopular he retires. No man could have had a more appalling task than Mr. Chamberlain when he rose to speak against the second reading of the Bill. He had been told, and he knew the truth of it, that he held the fate of the bill, of the Government, of Parliament itself, in the palm of his hand; he had to face eighty-six Parnellites, who knew it too, and he spoke surrounded by Radicals, most of whom regarded him as a traitor, with no higher motive than personal figure. It was not the novelty of his arguments, or his rhetoric, that struck the spectator, for he had nothing new to say, but the consummate courage of the man, while it must be said there was a depth of feeling about his peroration, referring to his personal motives and position, which no one would have suspected to underlie the spruce and jocund exterior of the member for Birmingham. Sir Henry James has undoubtedly made a hit. Lawyers are by common consent looked upon as political Swiss. Sometimes they are treacherous Swiss, like Wedderburn; sometimes they are saintly Swiss, like Cairns; and sometimes they are sinning Swiss, like Westbury; but it is always perfectly understood that they take one side or the other in politics, according as the Liberal or Conservative party offers at the time the best chance of promotion. A disinterested lawyer, therefore, who refuses the woolsack, because he objects to a bill, is regarded with the same incredulous wonder by the hack politicians as that with which a *roué* looks upon a repentant Magdalen. There is only one parallel instance, we believe, on record, and that was the case of Roundell Palmer's speaking and voting against Mr. Gladstone's bill for Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Sir Henry James has enormously improved his position in the House of Commons, in London society, and even at the bar, by his conduct in this Home Rule business, and as he is rich, and unmarried, there is no reason to suppose he really envies Lord Herschell his ten thousand a year. These four have been the most prominent figures of the debate, next, of course, to the central figure of all, the aged Samson, who is apparently tugging with all his might at the pillars of the constitution. One reputation has been decidedly eclipsed by the course of the debate. For some reason or other, Lord Randolph Churchill has chosen to efface himself, and this unusual conduct has made him the object of much speculation and some unjust suspicion. It was pretty widely whispered that if he did not speak it was because he had not a free hand, because his withers were not unwrung, because, in plain words, he had intrigued with Mr. Parnell, when in office, and had compromised himself on the subject of Home Rule. These suspicions came to a head on the last night of the debate, when Mr. Parnell announced, in his *staccato* style, that he had had communications with a member

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of the late cabinet, who had offered him a Parliament in Dublin, with power to protect Irish industries. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gave this statement an unqualified and categorical denial, and called upon Mr. Parnell to name the member of the late Government who had made the offer in question. The whole House resounded with shouts of "Name! name!" a cry in which Lord Randolph ostentatiously joined; but Mr. Parnell declined to give the name until he had the permission of the statesman himself. It turned out afterwards that the culpable minister was not Lord Randolph, but Lord Carnarvon; and though no one doubts his word that he pledged himself to nothing, not even to an opinion in favour of Home Rule, unquestionably the interview between him and Mr. Parnell was an indiscretion, for which the Tory party will probably suffer.

At last the talking was done; all the solemn forms of a parliamentary trial had been gone through; it only remained to take the verdict. At ten minutes past one on the morning of Tuesday, the 8th of June, the electric bells rang men in to the most momentous division, certainly in the century, possibly in our whole history. For weeks past the result of this division had been the subject of unceasing speculation, in the clubs, in society, and in the city. When Mr. Chamberlain sat down a member of the Cabinet is reported to have said, "You've run the old man to earth at last." But up to the last minutes the Ministerial Tapers were confident of a majority of ten, while the Opposition Tadpoles were certain of a majority varying from thirty to forty. The conversion at the last minute of Sir Joseph Pease, who, after speaking against the bill, said he would vote for it, would, it was asserted, carry great weight, while the Prime Minister's summing up was confidently expected to rally the waverers to his side. The majority against the bill was, as everybody knows, thirty, the Ayes being 311, and the Noes 341. The Conservative party is in a most remarkable state of discipline and health, for in answer to the five-lined whip, absolutely every Conservative walked into the lobby, with two exceptions, Mr. Macartney, who had typhoid fever, and Sir Robert Peel, who has since explained that he is a Home Ruler. On the announcement of the numbers the passions that had been pent up for three weeks burst forth in shouts of triumph and yells of defiance. It must be confessed that, though much may be pardoned to men labouring under strong excitement, the aspect and behaviour of the Parnellites was unlovely, and is not likely to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Epithets the reverse of parliamentary were hurled at the Conservatives, and as the crowd surged towards the door, some of the remarks about Mr. Chamberlain inspired uneasiness. It must, however, in fairness be added, that since the division the Irish leaders have behaved with great moderation.

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Between Monday and Thursday the clubs were crowded, and the speculation as to what Gladstone would do was more furious and quite as incorrect as the forecasts of the division. Many men were quite certain that there would be no dissolution, just because everybody said there was going to be one. Others declared that after a majority of thirty the Premier would never dare to dissolve, while others had private information that the Queen would refuse to grant a dissolution, but would send for Lord Hartington. Taper and Tadpole, however, bade their men be ready, and before Thursday it had become quite certain that Mr. Gladstone would dissolve. Nobody was therefore really surprised when the Prime Minister announced that he had advised Her Majesty to dissolve the present Parliament, and that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to accept that advice.

And so the Parliament of 1885 has come to an end, after a brief and troubled existence of six months. Its life was an uneasy dream, and its new members have fluttered through their little day more like ephemeral insects, or perplexed phantoms, than the solid members of Parliament of former days. The shortest Parliament of Queen Victoria's reign, Lord Derby's Parliament of 1858, lived for one year and eleven months. Never was Parliament elected under apparently brighter auspices, never were higher hopes formed of its legislative career than of this one, which has been so rudely dissolved by an imperious Minister. With the sure instinct of the demagogue, Mr. Gladstone has appealed from the decision of the newly-elected representatives, most of whom are men of education and property, to the masses, and in doing so he has branded his opponents as "class, and the dependents of class." If this is not political incendiarism, the word has no meaning.

But something more than a Parliament, which can be re-elected, has been broken up. A great political party has been broken up, which cannot be reunited, and which has hitherto been an integral and honourable part of our national life. The Liberal party has been shattered into three parties. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Chamberlain have each issued separate manifestoes to the country, and made their appeal to different sections of the public. The supremacy of Parliament is already gone, and the supremacy of the platform substituted in its place, and it remains to be seen whether a great empire can be governed by public meetings. By the middle of July the constituencies will have returned their answer, Aye or No, to the most difficult and complicated problem that was ever submitted to their decision, and every serious man must desire that the answer will be clear and decisive. Whether it is to be Repeal or Union, every one must see that if the masses have no clear answer to give, the reign of anarchy has begun. In the

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meantime Mr. Gladstone has started on another "pilgrimage of passion" to the North. It is to be hoped that the English and Scotch electors will at least see that it is not a question between us and the Irish nation, but between us and the National League.

On the Continent, luckily for us, the Eastern question has assumed a temporary quiescence, and Greece has ended by admitting the unanswerable argument of the pacific blockade, a new term, by the way, in the language of diplomacy.

The most remarkable event of the month abroad has undoubtedly been the suicide of the King of Bavaria, who was found drowned, together with his physician, Dr. Gudden, in five feet of water. There is little room for doubt that the king was violently mad, and that, as is usual with thwarted maniacs, he destroyed his would-be preserver. Dr. Gudden was a powerful man, and it is almost certain that the king overpowered him in a struggle in the water. The Bavarians have certainly shown themselves to be a most monarchical and long-suffering population, for few peoples would have stood so long the extravagances of a ruler, whom all the world regarded as a lunatic. The solitary and midnight performances of Wagner in the royal theatre, the dismissal of the chamberlain who was detected in the act of looking on, remind one of the old-world eccentricities of the absolute sovereigns of the dark ages, and show that Bavaria is one of the backwaters of civilisation. Now, the good people of Bavaria are much exercised about the successor to their throne. The rightful heir is Otto, the brother of Ludwig, but, as he also is mad, a Regent has been appointed in the person of Luitpold, his uncle, and the nice constitutional question has been started, whether a madman can be crowned. It appears that Ludwig has left no will behind, but debts to the amount of five or six million marks. We, too, had a mad monarch, in the person of George the Third, who had five fits of insanity, but luckily his mania did not take the form of building castles, or keeping mistresses, or patronising operas. On the contrary, George the Third was probably the most popular king that ever sat upon the throne, for he was a simple and religious man, and his disease only took the form of fancying himself dead, of conversing with imaginary persons, and shedding copious tears. His most dangerous delusion was a violent dread of Papacy, and there can be no doubt that, in his obstinate opposition to the emancipation of the Catholics, which there is reason to believe Mr. Pitt would gladly have conceded, he is responsible for a large part of the present Irish difficulty. Ludwig used to go to bed at sunrise, and get up at two o'clock p.m., dine at eight, and then scamper about the country in a carriage and four at full gallop. He was always building houses on the tops of mountains, and on islets in the middle of lakes,

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where he used to fly for retirement. He was a man of really refined tastes, and of clear judgment, despite a chronic inflammation of the cerebral membrane.

In France the chief topic of discussion has been M. de Freycinet's Bill for the Expulsion of the Princes. The first clause of the Bill has passed the Senate, and it is rumoured that M. Waddington and several other ambassadors at foreign courts will throw up their appointments. It would be difficult to imagine any policy more foolish from a Republican point of view than this persecution of the families of fallen dynasties. It is a confession of weakness, and the surest way to rekindle the smouldering fires of Royalist and Imperialist feeling. "The punishment of wits enhances their authority," said Lord Bacon, "and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth, that flies up in the faces of those who seek to tread it out." This is as true of forbidden men as it is of forbidden books. The Chamber of Deputies passed the bill for what is called the Limited Expulsion of the Princes on the 14th of June, and it remains to be seen whether the Senate, with its broader culture and calmer spirit, will commit the *bêtise* of ratifying this act of ostracism, which cannot fail to discredit the cause of Republics all over the Continent. Considerable excitement was caused in a thin, expiring House of Commons by the news that, in violation of the most solemn international obligations entered into by the French Government with England in 1878 and renewed in 1883, French troops had occupied the New Hebrides, and hoisted the French flag at Sandwich and Malacolo. It appears that a French trading company had sent a number of artisans to work on the islands, and that some of these were massacred by the natives. The survivors applied to their employers for protection, and the Company applied in turn to the French Governor of New Caledonia to send troops to protect French subjects in the New Hebrides. Two French ships were accordingly sent to the places where the Frenchmen were in danger, but M. de Freycinet has assured our ambassador at Paris, Lord Lyons, that though a temporary post might be established till quiet was restored, the measure had no political significance whatever, and France had no intention of occupying the New Hebrides. Subsequently M. de Freycinet repeated his assurance that France had no designs affecting the political condition of these islands, and that she held herself bound by her engagements to England, and he added that he did not know whether in fact any troops had been landed, but if there had been any put on shore, they would be withdrawn directly the emergency had passed away. It is interesting to compare with this language that of the press of Noumea, which congratulates the French Republic on the annexation of the New Hebrides. The whole affair has been exaggerated, and with Lord Rosebery at the Foreign

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Office, the French flag, if it has been hoisted, will be hauled down.

This month has witnessed a remarkable revival of trade in the States, and the marriage of President Cleveland to Miss Folsom. American securities have once more recovered their prices, and whether it is owing to the prospects of a good cereal crop, or to the suppression of the Chicago riots, things in the States once more look "glittering," as their own commercial men would say. The disturbances at Chicago and elsewhere undoubtedly revealed an underground organisation which was startlingly complete in its details; but it is creditable and consolatory to remember that the leaders were professional continental anarchists. The American citizen is much too shrewd to be an anarchist, and the masses in the United States are untainted with Jacobinism, though the Irish and German immigrants, who become enfranchised, are undoubtedly a disturbing factor; though as the country becomes more and more settled up, this tide of immigration must in time cease.

There is rather bad news from Central Asia. Colonel Lockhart's mission, whose object was rather mysterious, but was said to be the winning over the Central Asian chiefs to watch Russian action, left Chitral some time ago to join the Afghan Boundary Commission. Colonel Lockhart was accompanied by Colonel R. G. Woodthorpe, R.E., Major Barrow, and Dr. Giles, and it is now reported, though officially denied, that he is surrounded, and unable either to proceed or to return. We are getting rather accustomed to scares from Central Asia, and the danger of a war with Russia, like the poor, is always with us.

The marriage of Madame Adelina Patti with M. Nicolini has excited some interest in the public mind. It appears that Madame Patti's matrimonial experiences have been varied. She was, of course, married to the Marquis de Caux in the orthodox dual way, once before the Mayor, and then again in the Church. But she has already been married twice to M. Nicolini, once abroad by the rite of the Greek Church, and once by the French Vice-Consulate at Swansea. This time she has been married by banns at the parish church of Ystradgynlais, where she is much beloved by her neighbours for her generosity.

Another social event, less savoury, but even more interesting to a certain section of the public, has been Sir James Hannen's decision to grant the petition of the Queen's Proctor to reopen the case of Crawford *v.* Dilke, upon the ground that certain material witnesses were not produced at the trial. Sir Charles Dilke will not be allowed to appear by counsel, but he will be put in the witness-box, and cross-examined by the counsel for the Queen's Proctor. What effect this proceeding may have upon the Chelsea election it will be interesting to watch.

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We are rapidly approaching the Niagara of a General Election. The most sanguine and shortsighted own to a certain amount of anxiety. The riots in the North of Ireland are not reassuring, and the Prince Resident taking a plébiscite was not more determined to win, *quocunque modo*, than Mr. Gladstone. After all, "the government of a multitude by a multitude is a self-cancelling business, and ends in zero."

A. A. B.

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Critical Notices.

CARLYLE AND THE OPEN SECRET OF HIS LIFE.

"THE chief elements of my little destiny have long lain deep below view or surmise, and never will nor can be known to any son of Adam. . . . Let me and my bewildered wrestlings lie buried here and be forgotten swiftly of all the world. . . . The confused world never understood me, nor will understand me and my poor affairs."

Thus Carlyle wrote in his private journal three years after the publication of "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches." Some thirty-three years later, the unhappy mode in which, within a few weeks of Carlyle's death, his "kind, considerate, and ever faithful friend, James Anthony Froude," discharged the sacred trust confided to him made "all the world" only too familiar with the dead author's "poor affairs." Yet the fierce light that beat upon the personality of Carlyle during the controversy which followed the publication of the "Reminiscences" would seem to have failed to reveal the secret of his life. So, at any rate, we learn from Mr. Larkin, who, in an octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages, seeks to show that Carlyle was anxious to achieve distinction in practical statesmanship, eager to become a leader of social reform in England.

"He longed to be *doing* something instead of, as he says, eloquently writing and talking about it; to be a kind of king or leader in the practical activities of life; not a mere prophet, for ever and for ever prophesying. This was the stern burden laid upon him from the beginning. He felt that he had been commissioned to *do* something effectual for the world; and he could find no practical outlook for what he believed to be his God-given powers and energy" (p. 74). "In whatever he wrote he steadily kept a definite aim before him, a loadstar, as he often calls it, beyond that of mere literature, however excellent" (p. 87). "He longed to find free scope for his irrepressible organising and social energies; and, not finding it, his life was the constant misery to him which we know" (p. 159). "We may accept Carlyle's warnings, or we may utterly reject them; but no one who thoughtfully realises the stern significance of his consistent and unceasing efforts ought to be able to doubt that his forebodings of perplexity and disaster, and his earnest desire to save his country from itself, were not only very real feelings in his heart, but were literally the secret burden of his life" (p. 303). "His heart's desire was to *make* history, not merely to write about what others had made" (p. 348).

It was in furtherance of this aim that Carlyle so long and zealously occupied himself with Social Reform and Condition-of-England questions. In Lady Ashburton's desire to promote this, "the one great unspoken ambition of his life," which she had divined, is found the explanation of his intimacy with that brilliant woman of society and of her friendly interest in him. In his eventual failure to realise this ambition we have the cause of the scornful impatience, ignoble irritability, and sometimes almost despairing misery which fretted that great, sensitive, passionate soul.

* "Carlyle and the Open Secret of his Life." By HENRY LARKIN. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1886.

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"Mr. Froude says, 'Up to this time'—the date of Sir Robert Peel's death—'Carlyle had perhaps some hope or purpose of being employed actively in public life. All idea of this kind, if he ever seriously entertained it, had now vanished.' How very seriously and even solemnly he had through life actually entertained such a hope, and how tragically his whole soul was now crushed within him, will, I think, no longer be doubtful" (p. 291).

Mr. Larkin's fanciful theory rests on very slight foundations. He lays much stress on Carlyle's own assurance that he had "far other than literary aims." But Mr. Larkin has told us that people everywhere believed that Carlyle had no real aim at all beyond that of startling, astonishing, and disconcerting those who listened to him, and that even the more thoughtful of his readers regarded his most earnest thoughts as the brilliant yet cumbrous sport of a genius, overflowing with ideas and wild suggestion too crude for articulate utterance. Carlyle was not ignorant of the prevalent impression; and, in a letter to Emerson, says of "Sartor Resartus" that it "*was* earnestly meant and written, and contains no *voluntary* falsehood of mine." The acquisition of spiritual influence, not of literary fame, was the goal of Carlyle's aspiration. But the general recognition of his genius was not accompanied by any considerable acceptance of his teaching. "The Writer of a Book," Carlyle asks, "is not he a Preacher, preaching not to this parish or that, on this day or that; but to all men, in all times and places?" And here was a Preacher, "uttering forth, in such way as he has, the inspired soul of him—all that a man, in any case, can do," only to find himself looked upon as merely an eloquent writer, somewhat too frantic in the energy of his rhetoric. Surely, this affords adequate explanation of Carlyle's assertion about other than literary aims.

The evidence, consisting of extracts from Carlyle's books, adduced by Mr. Larkin in maintenance of his contention, serves but to show the weakness of his case. Nor can any substantiation of his theory be found in Carlyle's letters. "Ut clavis portam, sic pandit epistola pectus." The Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence gives most valuable insight into the mind and character of Carlyle. If he had cherished the aspiration ascribed to him by Mr. Larkin, assuredly, some indication thereof could be found in his letters to the man to whom he wrote, "It remains true, and will remain, what I have often told you, that properly there is no voice in this world which is so completely human to me, which fully understands all I say, and with clear sympathy and sense answers to me, but your voice only." It is inconceivable that to such a friend Carlyle would have been wholly reticent concerning what we are now asked to believe was the motive ambition of his career. But throughout this correspondence, extending over eight-and-thirty years, he makes no sign. In it, however, is disclosed the clue to the misery of his life. "The nerves," says Cabanis, "they are the man." The heroine in, if we rightly remember, Emile Augier's play, *Le Mariage d'Olympe*, says that the dispositions of men depend on the state of their stomachs, a proposition also implied in Swift's characteristically broad criticism of Whiston, the translator of Josephus. Carlyle, while working at his "French Revolution," wrote to Emerson that it was the dreadfullest labour (with these nerves, this liver) I ever undertook." "These nerves, this liver:" we have here the open secret of his bitterness, of his hot displeasure against his work, of his sensitiveness to life's pains, and his indifference to its pleasures. The publication of his "French Revolution" placed Carlyle in a position second to none of living writers. But neither this success, nor the high place in popular estimation to which he afterwards attained brought him any deliverance from his burden. Schiller, in a very fine passage, relates how, amid the la-

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vishly magnificent display, and loud, unrestrained outbursts of genuine rejoicing wherewith the Flemish States through which he passed sought to do honour to his presence, Philip remained unmoved: "Philipps Auge blieb finster:" the costly festivities, the heartfelt acclamations won from him no approving smile. *Finster* would Carlyle have remained, had he realised to the full the ambition with which Mr. Larkin's lively fancy has credited him on such slender grounds.

EMIGRANT LIFE IN KANSAS.*

THE writer of this book has apparently spent some five or six years in Kansas, and gives us, in downright western language, not without picturesqueness, an account of a life (to our comparatively effeminate nature) full of hard work and adventure but fearfully rough and uncivilised. Certainly no intending emigrant who should happen to read it can complain that the truth has not been told him beforehand.

The author's advice to settlers is enough in itself to deter any one not possessed of the strongest of constitutions. You must make up your mind to rough it—and the rough is certainly very rough. Rise early, retire late, sleep on a hard board or floor without pillow; indoors or out of doors being a matter of total indifference. You must cook, wash, mend, etc., for yourself; you must despise appearances; must not object to patches on your clothes, and think yourself lucky if they are of the same colour, nor must you think yourself peculiar though you may wear brown pants patched with pieces of flour-sacks marked with brand, stating price and quality of flour in blue letters. You must be indifferent alike to tropic heat or arctic cold, must discard comforts, to say nothing of luxuries, and be thankful for bare necessaries; must also see very few people, and those, perhaps, not altogether of the kind you would associate with in England. If, however, you are willing to work and willing to be taught, you may always depend on a livelihood, and in a few years on a competency.

To young and strong men such a life as described by Mr. Ebbutt (we can well understand) would present very great charms, and to other readers the experiences of a western pioneer cannot but prove most attractive, the more that the story is told with much quiet humour and shrewd appreciation of character. We regret that our limits will, in conclusion, allow us to quote but one specimen of the work, viz., a report of a marriage solemnised before a local magistrate or "squire" in the prompt and business-like fashion (no doubt) peculiar to the district, as thus:—

Squire: "Have him?"
Bride: "Yes."
Squire: "Have her?"
Bridegroom: "Kinder."
Squire: "Done—One Dollar."

This is perhaps a little shorter than usual, but the ceremony is always simple.

"BALLAD LORE."*

THE Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco's little book is the latest, and a very favourable example of the fresh impetus that the study of ballads has recently received at the hands of the folk-lorists. From the statute of Elizabeth, which enacted that the ballad-singer should be prohibited from his occupation and classed with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars,"—

"Beggars they are with one consent,
And rogues by Act of Parliament,"—

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* "Emigrant Life in Kansas." By PERCY B. EBBUTT. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.

* "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs," By the COUNTESS MARTINENGO-CESARESCO. London: George Redway. 1886.

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down to the year 1765, when the "Percy Reliques"* were first published, ballad poetry had fallen into disrepute; the appearance of Bishop Percy's noted collection, however, at once re-awakened an interest in this branch of verse. People who were getting wearied of the classical forms of the eighteenth century gladly turned, as to a new source of refreshment, to the natural poetry of the people, and ballad hunting and ballad writing soon came to be the fashionable amusement of the day. Hosts of rivals to, or imitators of, the "Percy Reliques" appeared, amongst them Herder's "Volkslieder" (1782), Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (1802), Fauriel's Greek "Chansons" (1824), to mention only a few of those most widely known. The poets of the "cultured classes," from Goethe and Scott down to the latest apostle of to-day, followed suit. Those familiar with folk-verse know why—they know its subtle charm; in it they have breathed the fresh air of the soil; they feel the power of its pure, unalloyed humanity, and can only wonder that it should have been within the power of legislation to have repressed it, even if only for a time. To such we need only name and recommend the Countess Martinengo's book, warning them, however, that it deals almost entirely with Italian folk-poetry. There are a few chapters of a more general nature, but even these are mainly based on the authoress' intimate acquaintance with the peasantry of the South. That on "Nature in Folk-Songs" and those on "The Inspiration of Death" and "The Idea of Fate" in folk-songs are the best. Her article on "The Diffusion of Ballads," which occupies only some thirty-four pages, is weak. She endeavours to cover too wide a field without having sufficiently studied the researches of others, especially those of the more recent German mythographers, in the same department. The authoress wisely refrains from theorising too much. Where she does suggest naturalistic interpretations of mythical stories, she is generally moderate; but we must protest against her idea, which she herself, we think, feels to be too far-stretched, and which was originally contributed to the *Archivio per lo Studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, that the invocation

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal,"

may be an appeal to the dawn, because horns having, in antiquity, been associated with rays of light. But, so far as Italian folk-poetry, pure and simple, is concerned, her book at once takes a prominent position, and even though not wholly comprehensive, will be likely to rank as a standard authority.

The new edition of the "Percy Reliques," edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, requires only our formal acknowledgment. Mr. Wheatley's "General Introduction," "Additional Prefaces," notes and glossary, give evidence of his wide bibliographical and critical knowledge, and materially assist the student of comparative ballad-lore. We have only to add that the three volumes are excellently printed on an antique paper that savours of the past, and together form a book that internally and externally is very captivating.

* "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our earlier Poets, together with some few of later date." By THOMAS PERCY, D.D., Bishop of Dromore. Edited by HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

GROUND RENTS.*

THIS is a clearly-written little book by a professional man, who practically understands the details of what he is talking about, and has the knack of making his view of a subject clear to the unlearned sense. The book is written from

* "Ground Rents and Building Leases." By C. H. SARGANT, Barrister-at-Law. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.

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the landlord's point of view, and the author perhaps is over-earnest in his protests that this view is not a mere interested one on his part, but springs from real conviction. The protests are needless; Mr. Sargant has a perfect right to opinions so competently expressed, and we should as soon think of accepting his conclusions as of doubting his sincerity. The book may be not unfairly described as a kind of reply to Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid, on the subject of Leasehold Enfranchisement. Some parts of the work are singularly well done. This is particularly true of the chapter on the Determination of Ground Rent, where the calculations of "the reasonably substantial builder" [is this phrase a bitter irony on Mr. Sargant's part?] are explained on common-sense principles, and made really intelligible. In just such accounts of practical matters the author excels, and the gift is not very usual of excellence in such things. But we fail altogether to follow him in his uses of some recognised economic words. This very chapter, dealing with the bargain between landlord and builder, says,—"It is assumed throughout that there is no monopoly on either side." To us it seems axiomatic that monopoly on the landlord's side of such a bargain is of its very essence. True, our author says, the builder can betake himself to another neighbourhood; but what if there are no other neighbourhoods to go to? And the assumption is very often quite false as a fact. The neighbourhood in question being the only one left unbuilt on near a railway station, the landlord is master of the situation. And the non-recognition of this point of view seems to us to mar the merit of some otherwise very valuable and sensible remarks about the relation of landlord and tenant in the poorer class of tenement houses. On the whole, we do not think that Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid are answered by Mr. Sargant; but we can certainly recommend the readers of the one to also peruse the other. Space will not admit of our criticising fully the application of the Ricardian Theory to the occupation-rents of houses. But we may point out that one defect of that treatment of the subject is, that the effect of a general rise of house rent in falling on the payers of the lowest tenement rents, does not meet the recognition it merits. A rise of house rents, say from £50 to £60 per annum, tends to increase the competition for what were £40 houses. These also rise in rent, increasing the competition for what were £30 houses, and so on, till the 2s. a week room is reached. Here there is nothing lower, so the competition, increased from above, raises these rents, and for such tenants there is no escape.

But we must not represent our author as hostile to reform of all kinds. On the contrary, he proposes some sweeping and liberal changes. And we take our leave of him with a cordial wish that he may live to see them all thoroughly carried out.

THE TEACHER'S HANDBOOK OF PSYCHOLOGY.*

THE object of this compilation is stated by the author to be to satisfy

> "an increasingly felt want among teachers, viz., of an exposition of the elements of mental science in their bearing on the work of training and developing the mind of the young."

The work of an expounder is a very useful one. Many a student is deterred from the pursuit of philosophy by the difficulty of the language, and the intricacy of the reasoning, and a marked benefit is conferred by an author who presents the truths of philosophy in simple

* "The Teacher's Handbook of Psychology," on the basis of "Outlines of Psychology," by JAMES SULLY, M.A., Lecturer on the Theory of Education in the College of Preceptors, London; Examiner for the Teachers' Training Syndicate, University of Cambridge, etc. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

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language and easy sequence, who does, in fact, for the original writers in any branch of the subject what Dumont did for Bentham.

The chief requirements in a book of which this is the object, are lucidity and precision. The meaning of each sentence should be easily apprehended and unambiguous. We fear that the student who takes up this book in the hope of finding psychology made to him either simple or impressive will be disappointed, and will be even less able than before to answer the questions, "Is psychology really a science?" "What definite rules does it give us for our guidance in practical education?" "Is there more danger in encouraging or in restraining a child's imagination, and on what principle are we to draw the line?" "How far can a child be led to discovery of truth for himself, and in what respects must he be contented with authority?"

The faults of the book are twofold: the style is involved; the conclusions are vague.

A few examples taken at random will illustrate the first fault.

(1) "By fixing the mental glance on it [a sense impression to be assimilated] the intellectual functions are brought to bear on it, and so it is drawn into the store of our mental possessions, ready to be woven into the fabric of our knowledge" (p. 120).

What the difference may be between the store of our mental possessions and the fabric of our knowledge, or between fixing the mental glance on a subject and bringing the intellectual functions to bear on it, is difficult to see.

(2) "In its simplest form attention is a momentary direction of the attention (*sic*), due to the action of a powerful sensory stimulus, such as, etc."

(3) "The power of sustained attention grows with the ability to resist distractions and solicitations. The two capabilities are thus very closely connected with one another, and are both included in the term Concentration" (p. 96).

What *are* the two capabilities—that of sustained attention and that of resistance, or that of resisting distractions and that of resisting solicitations?

(4) "The leading motto of modern education, 'things before names,' makes it desirable to base all definition on a comparison of real objects."

[It is difficult to see how a *motto* can make anything desirable.]

"This truth is clearly recognised in teaching the elements of subjects that are commonly supposed to set out with definitions, as arithmetic, geometry, and physics."

By whom is it recognised? By those who suppose that we ought to set out with definitions? One would have thought it was necessary to insist on it because it is *not* clearly recognised.

Examples of this kind may be culled from every page of the book.

But still more fatal than the intricacy of style is the absence of definiteness in the results. It would almost seem as if the author, after reading a large number of books on the subject, had endeavoured to incorporate all the ideas of all these books, without reference to their being more or less contradictory; every conclusion is so hedged in with provisos,—"at the same time," "in a sense," "as a set off," etc.—that it is difficult on any one question to say whether we agree with the author or not.

The most valuable part of the book consists of the lists given in notes and appendices of the authors consulted, lists which, if not exhaustive, at any rate indicate to a student the means of obtaining a wide acquaintance with what has been written on the subject.

LIFE OF JOSEPH HALL, D.D.*

We thank Mr. Lewis for his very readable and interesting biography of Bishop Hall, and hope that his

* "Life of Joseph Hall, D.D." By the Rev. George Lewis, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

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work will secure the success its merits deserve. The works of Bishop Wordsworth, Jones, in his "Life of Hall," and Peter Hall's edition of the Bishop's writings in twelve volumes, besides the compilations and notices of other authors, have rendered students acquainted with the history and writings of the prelate about whom Mr. Lewis discourses so pleasantly, and gives us a vivid picture of the troublous times and transition state of the Church, which Bishop Hall adorned both by his learning and piety. Joseph Hall, descended from a distinguished family on his mother's side, was born towards the end of the sixteenth century; at the early age of fifteen he entered Emmanuel College, founded soon after the time of Hall's birth by Sir Walter Mowbray, and at the period of Hall's entrance the acknowledged centre of Puritanism at Cambridge. In 1595, when only twenty-one years old, he became a fellow of his college, having greatly distinguished himself in his academic course. While an undergraduate he published a series of clever poetical satires, "Virgidemiarum," which Mr. Lewis notices at some length. Hall's first living was that of Halstead, or Hawstead, where he published a poem on the accession of James I., called "The King's Prophecie, or Weeping Joy." We refer our readers to Mr. Lewis's work for the interesting description he gives us of the supposed only remaining copy known to Peter Hall, who edited the Bishop's works. In company with Sir Edmund Bacon, Hall, dressed as a layman, visited the Continent, and a very interesting sketch of this journey is given us. While at Hawstead the subject of our notice produced his well-known "Centuries of Meditations and Vows," and we are pleasantly admitted to a view of the quiet work and life of Hall in his country cure, from which, however, on his appointment by Prince Henry to be his chaplain, he was soon to emerge, being presented by the Earl of Norwich to the incumbency of Waltham, a living the renowned Fuller afterwards held. Here Hall still indulged his bent for study, and wrote his "Characterisms of Vices," the counterpart of his "Characterisms of Virtues," and "Solomon's Divine Arts," while he entered into the controversy then raging between the king and the papists, publishing his "Serious Dissuasion from Popery," "The Peace of Rome," and other works, amongst these being his "Common Apology of the Church of England," directed against the growing power of the Brownists. While at Waltham, Hall began his famous "Contemplations," the best known of all his works. In 1617 the deanery of Worcester was conferred upon him, and, while holding this appointment, Hall was selected as one of the English representatives at the Synod of Dort, where he so gained the esteem and respect of his *confrères*, that on his return he was presented with a gold medal (now in the possession of Emmanuel College) by the Synod. In 1627 he became Bishop of Exeter, in his new position exhibiting great moderation at a period when the furious contest raging between the High Church party and the Puritans rendered this exceptionally difficult. For Mr. Lewis's defence of Hall against Professor Masson's accusation of his deference to Laud, and Hall's moderation while holding the See of Exeter, we must refer the reader to chapters ix., xiii., and xiv. respectively, where these points are fully and successfully treated; nor will space permit us to more than refer to Hall's defence of the liturgy and discipline of the Church in antagonism to the views put forward in the "Smectymnuus," and the overthrow of Episcopacy in Scotland, with his proposal for a Synod for the solution of these difficulties, and the "Episcopacy by Divine Right." For the description of the bishop's translation to Norwich, his protest in conjunction with the Archbishop of York and the other

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protesting bishops, his imprisonment in the Tower, his controversies, and his death, the volume itself must be consulted. Mr. Lewis has produced a most useful and interesting work. We would, however, suggest that a fuller reference to his authorities might with advantage be adopted in a new edition, and would be appreciated by those students who may wish to consult such sources for themselves.

THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

THIS is a *verbatim* reprint in one volume of the book issued last year, evidently printed from the same stereotypes, and including all the original illustrations, one hundred and fourteen in number. The printers have not been entirely successful in producing sharp impressions of the cuts in this edition, which is to be lamented, as they form a not unimportant element in the book, itself deserving of a hearty welcome in its present handy form. There are not yet too many books of the nature of Mr. Ashton's, which, though admittedly merely a compilation, has been prepared with discrimination and judgment. The author's previous works, notably his "Reign of Queen Anne," have shown him to be a diligent and intelligent searcher amongst eighteenth and early nineteenth century newspapers, social and political pamphlets, squibs, caricatures, and the like material for future historians; and he is at the same time temperate, and as far as may be, unbiassed, and carefully avoids the numerous pitfalls that exist in historical sources of this kind. Altogether, the book may be safely recommended both as profitable and amusing reading, and for a more scientific study of the times.

* "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England: a Social Sketch of the Times." By JOHN ASHTON. Popular edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

GESTA CHRISTI.*

THE aim of the author of this book is to show how the genius of Christianity has developed and manifested itself in the progress of civilisation and culture; and that these two terms may be considered to possess a fair claim to be regarded as synonymous. Mr. Brace contends that there are certain principles and ideas which may be regarded as the inheritance of the human race, but that the stimulus imparted to these by the Christian faith—which the author takes care to distinguish from Church organisation—has resulted in the progress of humanity, and the refinement of the habits of daily life. In support of these views the position of women under the Roman law and the Christian dispensation is contrasted, and instances are given of the great advance made in personal purity and the sanctity of marriage; the abolition of slavery; the spread of humanity in social life, in our laws, and in the conduct of war; in temperance; the growing spirit of toleration; the increase of the spirit of freedom in our institutions and government; and the infusion of this refining power among non-Christian peoples. The work is divided into three sections, the Roman Period, the Middle Ages, and the Modern Period; a chapter in this new edition being added on the relations of Christianity to Art in the Middle Ages. A very instructive volume has been produced, which the student of history will find of considerable service, and we very cordially recommend its use to clergymen and others who may

* "Gesta Christi." By C. LOVING BRACE. Second edition, with corrections and additions. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

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not have ready access to the authorities, and they are many, whom our author consults. The various subjects are intelligently handled and are treated from a broad standpoint, although an objection may be raised by those who contend that Christianity and the Church cannot be separated, and by others that an adequate recognition of the claims of Judaism, Classicism, and Buddhism, in the progress of culture and humanity has not been made. In our judgment, however, Mr. Brace has with remarkable success avoided the Charybdis of the one, and the Scylla of the other of these objections.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRIEDRICH FRÖBEL.*

It is needless, at the present day, to insist on the value of Fröbel's work. The Kindergarten has taken its place in our elementary education, and its principles and methods are influencing, as far as Government codes will allow, our primary schools. Unfortunately, both Fröbel and his master Pestalozzi, are lamentably wanting in literary skill, and it is, no doubt, partly due to this that their writings have not hitherto been made accessible to English readers. The translators are to be congratulated on having taken the first step towards filling up this gap in our educational literature. Their choice of the autobiographical letter to the Duke of Meiningen has been a wise one, for not only is it unusually free from the serious faults of style and the admixture of transcendental philosophy which make most of Fröbel's works so tedious; but in giving a full account of his childhood and youth, it throws much light on the development of his educational theories, and will be specially useful in counteracting the blind worship and servile conformity into which Kindergarten teachers tend to fall. In the beginning, when quite a child, he is filled with an intense love of nature, and devoted to the direct study of her works,—a devotion fostered, as he seems to think, by the spiritual and actual isolation to which the circumstances of his family life and his own over-sensitive nature condemned him, and then there grew out of this a habit of self-introspection which, under the influence of the Lutheran theology, and the current transcendentalism, led him to despise the empirical study of nature, and to aim more and more at bringing his whole teaching under metaphysical principles, and applying at all points the Hegelian formula of contradictories. It would be a useful task to examine the Kindergarten system, and show how far its methods are deduced from this philosophical basis, and what changes the rejection of the Hegelianism would involve. Fortunately, however, this book is more concerned with facts than theories, and the majority of readers will probably most enjoy tracing the steps by which Fröbel came to appreciate the educational value of boy's games, and so formed the fundamental idea on which the Kindergarten is based.

The translation has been executed with great care: the style is indeed occasionally obscure and involved, but only because the German is more so. It is to be hoped that Madame Michaelis will continue her work and translate the account of the school at Keilhau.

* "Autobiography of Friedrich Fröbel." Translated by E. Michaelis and H. K. Moore, B.A., Mus. Bac. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

THE BASILISK.*

The authors of "The Basilisk," evidently like the fat boy in "Pickwick," are anxious to make our flesh

* "The Basilisk." By H. Pottinger Stephens and Wareham St. Leger. Crown 8vo. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

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creep, and it must be said that they succeed very fairly well.

Instead of the blind witness of a crime, as in "Called Back," they give us a blind man taken into a house where there are some very improper goings on indeed, as we soon discover, but the perpetrators feel secure in the knowledge of his blindness. This blindness, however, is dissipated on the first evening of his arrival, and thenceforward the hero, still supposed to be blind by the other inmates of the house, and not daring, since he has already seen too much, to disclose his secret, has a very difficult part indeed to play, and we feel that he must sooner or later betray himself. The suspense in which the impending catastrophe keeps us is well managed; the device of tipping up an armchair prepared for the diabolical purpose through a trap door into the cellars is rather too melodramatic, but the description of Coplestone's flight in darkness, and through shrubberies with which he was not familiar, is very exciting indeed. The police are set upon the track of the sinners, poetical justice is done, and the story ends happily with the sound of marriage bells.

The weak point in the book is the Basilisk herself, the first sight of whose face applied a match to all the stored up romance of Mr. Coplestone's mind. This Basilisk did not possess the fabulous power of slaying her victims by a breath or a glance. She was very beautiful, of course, and very, very wicked, and she does as much mischief as she conveniently can. But we do not quite understand why she should have fallen in love with the commonplace Coplestone, any more than we understand why he should fall in love with Mary, who is a mere shadow of a character.

The Basilisk plays and sings divinely; it is wonderful, by the way, what a genius in that direction wicked heroes and heroines possess—a course of fiction from Auerbach to "The House on the Marsh," would almost incline the reader to entertain grave suspicions of persons with music in their soul.

Mr. Beaufoy is more successful, posing as a benefactor to mankind in public, and carrying on most illegal practices in private.

What those practices are we will not reveal. The story is worth reading, and is written in grammatical English. The narrative flows easily along without superfluous detail, but with here and there a bit of graphic description. The volume is also prettily got up.

EDINBURGH PAST AND PRESENT.*

Mr. Gillies' book is worthy of the occasion which has called it into existence, and, if it meet with its deserts, will outlive its godfather, the Exhibition, now the vogue in Auld Reekie. It is evidently intended (there is neither Preface nor Forewords of any kind, so that appearance and get-up are the reviewer's only clue to the author's aims), in the first place, as a guide-book for visitors to the town, who may have an intelligent interest in past as well as in contemporary Edinburgh topography; and, secondly, as a "table-book" memorial of their visit to the town of the Exhibition. Under either head it is a far more elaborate and conscientious piece of work than we are accustomed to in such volumes. Throughout it is very Scottish—stylistically and otherwise, written in fact by a Scot for "brither Scots." But this rather enhances the interest of the book, which, of course, does not aim at anything in the way of original research or exposition. The text is divided into three main sections,

* "Edinburgh Past and Present." By J.B. Gillies. 4to. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 1886.

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dealing respectively with the Public History of Edinburgh, the Domestic History of Edinburgh, and the Buildings and Institutions, each of which is, on the whole, adequately, and the last comprehensively, treated. Chapter i. opens by a reference to the earliest mention of the town, when, in B.C. 989, "Ebrauke, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Britayne . . . . he made the Castell of Maydens, now called Edenbrough;" and chapter ii. carries the history down to 1688. The period from William of Orange to to-day is dismissed in the third chapter; it might well have been rather more fully treated. A table of the population, as shown in the census returns of the last ten decades, shows a steady, if not very rapid, increase. The decades from 1801, when the figure was 82,560, to 1831, when it was 161,909, show a regular average rate of increase of about 30,000 per decade; from 1831 to 1841 there was an increase of 4,500. Since 1841 there has been a gain on the rate previous to 1831, of over 10,000 per decade.

The section relating to the Domestic History of the town contains a chapter on Literature and Art in Edinburgh, necessarily short but unnecessarily scrappy; and another on Drinking Customs, which is interesting, if not quite in place. Descriptions of the Castle and Palace, churches, municipal, charitable, University, and other educational Institutions, the monuments, parks, and minor antiquities of Edinburgh, and their chief associations, occupy about one hundred closely printed pages; and are followed by a sketch, by Rev. Jas. S. Mill, of the coast line and its towns and villages from Queensferry to Musselburgh, and another of the vale of the Esk, by Miss Flora Masson. The whole volume is brought to a close by a too short outline, by Dr. Archibald Geikie, of the geology of Edinburgh. There is no index, which will materially prejudice the convenient use of the book. The illustrations are copious, some one hundred and fifty in all, and on the whole good. They appear, moreover, to have been specially done for the book, and are not a mere *rechauffée*, from innumerable other volumes, of pictures of varying styles, sizes, dates and degrees of quality.

AN ELEMENTARY STAR ATLAS.*

To the possessor of a three-inch refracting telescope, this little work will prove invaluable, and much can be learned from it without any telescope at all. The marks chosen for the stars of different magnitudes are easy to distinguish in light too dim to read by, and thus a boy with this book and a small hand lantern, may easily make himself acquainted with the names and relative positions of the constellations. Only stars of the six magnitudes visible to the naked eye are given, but in the letterpress are found full directions for finding those nebulæ and double stars for which a small telescope is sufficient. A beginner is apt to find ordinary star maps too intricate, and to come to the conclusion that nothing can be done without elaborate instruments, whereas much excellent work, notably as Mr. Oliver reminds us the "Uranometry" of Dr. Gould, has been done with no more powerful instrument than an ordinary opera glass.

* "An Elementary Star Atlas." A series of twelve simple star maps with descriptive letterpress, for the use of beginners with the telescope and naked eye star-gazers. By Rev. T. H. E. C. Espin, B.A., F.R.A.S., Special Observer to the Liverpool Astronomical Society. With a preface by J. A. Westwood Oliver. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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OCEANA.*

THE merits of this work are so well known and have received such adequate recognition at the hands of the intelligent public, who have so keenly appreciated the well-known historian's picturesque description of his visit to our colonies, that no comments on our part are necessary. We would, therefore, merely call attention to this new and cheap edition which the publishers, with commendable wisdom, have just issued, thus placing the book within the reach of those, and they are many, who wish to possess this most interesting description of Greater Britain, in a cheap and handy form.

* "Oceana." By J. A. FROUDE, M.A. New Edition. London: Longmans. 1886.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. *The book itself, which it is hoped may be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the date of publication, the size and price of each entry.*

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIANITY.

A 1.—BIBLE AND BIBLICAL STUDY.

Cambr. Greek Testament. I. Corinthians; 3s., 12mo, Camb. Press.
Kuenen, Prf. A., Origin and Composition of Hexateuch [tr.]; 14s., 8vo, Macmillan.
Lloyd, Rev. J. The Book of Joshua; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Hodder.
Sadler, M. F. The Gospel according to St. Luke; 9s., cr. 8vo, Bell.
Wordsworth, J. Old Latin Bible Texts, No. 2; 21s., 4to, Clar. Press.

A 2.—ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

Gardner, Alice. Synesius of Cyrene [Fathers f. Eng. Readers]; 2s., 12mo, S.P.C.K.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Swedenborg, E. Prodromus de Infinito, ed. T. M. Gorman; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Paul.

A 6.—SERMONS.

Geldart, Rev. E. M. [Unit.]. Echoes of Truth [posthum.]; 6s., cr. 8vo, Paul.

CLASS C.—PHILOSOPHY.

C 1.—MENTAL.

Lang, A. Essays on Aristotle's "Politics;" 2s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Longmans.
Schopenhauer, A. The World as Will and Idea [tr.]; 3 v., 50s., 8vo, Trübner.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 2.—LAW.

Anson, Sir W. R. Law and Custom of Constitution, Pt. I.; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Clar. Press.

D 3.—PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION AND SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.

Sargant, C. H. Ground Rents and Building Leases; 2s., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein.

D 5.—EDUCATION.

Hale, S. G. Infant School Management; 4s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Stanford.

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CLASS E.—GEOGRAPHY AND DESCRIPTION.

E 1.—COLLECTIVE.

Bonwick, J. The British Colonies; 5s., cr. 8vo, Low.

E 2.—EUROPE.

Norway, Handy Guide to. By T. B. Wilson; 5s., 12mo, Stanford.

E 3.—ASIA.

India Revisited. By Edwin Arnold; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Trübner.

E 5.—AMERICA.

Dent, H. C. A Year in Brazil, ill.; 18s., 8vo, Paul.
Harley, Rev. T. Southward Ho! [trip to Georgia]; 5s., 12mo, Low.

E 6.—AUSTRALIA AND OCEANIA.

Butler, A. R. Glimpses of Maori Land [New Zealand]; 5s., cr. 8vo, R.T.S.

E 7.—BRITISH TOPOGRAPHY.

Gillies, J. B. Edinburgh Past and Present, ill.; 10s. 6d., 4to, Oliphant.
Gowans, J. Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood, ill.; 12s. 6d., r. 8vo, Nimmo.
Wright, T. The Town of Cowper [Olney]; 6s., cr. 8vo, Low.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 1.—GENERAL.

Freeman, Prf. E. A. Method of Historical Studies; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Macmillan.

F 4.—MODERN.

Cassiodorus, Letters of, tr. T. Hodgkin; 16s., 8vo, Clar. Press.

CLASS G.—BIOGRAPHY.

G 1.—COLLECTIVE (Under Name of Author).

Men of Mark in New Zealand; 12s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Simpkin.

G 2.—INDIVIDUAL (Under Name of Subject).

Bull, Ole [Dan. Violinist], Memoir of. By S. C. Bull [Am.]; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Unwin.
Froebel, F. Autobiography of, tr. Michaelis + Moore; 3s., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein.
Garrick and his Contemporaries; 6s., cr. 8vo, Cassell.
Hutchinson, T., Diary and Letters of, Vol. II.; 16s., 8vo, Macmillan.
Lenox, J. [Am. Bibliophile], Recollections of. By H. Stevens; 6s., 12mo, Stevens.

CLASS H.—SCIENCE.

H 2.—MATHEMATICS.

Goodwin, H. P. Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; 8s. 6d., 8vo, Longman.

H 9.—BOTANY.

Pratt, Ann. Flowering Plants of Gt. Brit., new ed.; 3 v., 42s., 8vo, Warne.
Trouessart, E. L. Microbes, Ferments, etc. [Int. Sc. Ser.]; 5s., cr. 8vo, Paul.
Vines, Dr. S. H. The Physiology of Plants, ill.; 21s., 8vo, Camb. Press.

H 10.—MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Ashurst, J. Internat. Encyclop. of Surgery, Vol. VI.; 31s. 6d., r. 8vo, Macmillan.
Brunton, Dr. T. L. On the Disorders of Digestion; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Macmillan.
Jessett, F. B. On Cancer in the Mouth, etc.; 7s. 6d., 8vo, Churchill.
Lane, W. A. Manual of Operative Surgery; 8s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Bell.
South, J. F. Memorials of Craft of Surgery in England; 21s., 8vo, Cassell.
Southam, F. A. Regional Surgery, Part III.; 7s., cr. 8vo, Churchill.
Sutton, J. B. Introduction to General Pathology; 14s., 8vo, Churchill.

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CLASS I.—ARTS AND TRADES.

I 2.—ENGINEERING, ETC.

Smith, H. [Am.]. Hydraulics; 30s., 4to, Trübner.

I 5.—INDUSTRIES.

Brown, W. E. Manual of Wood Engraving; 2s., 12mo, Lockwood.

I 6.—AGRICULTURE.

Cumberland, C. The Guinea Pig, ill.; 2s. 6d., cr. 8vo, L. U. Gill.
Poole, S. Lane. The Art of the Saracens in Egypt; 12s., 8vo, Chapman.

I 9.—FINE ARTS, ETC.

Christiani, A. F. Principles of Pianoforte Playing [tr.]; 10s. 6d., r. 8vo, W. Reeves.
Willis. Architectural History of Univ. of Cambridge; 3 v., 126s., cr. 8vo, Camb. Pr.

I 12.—SPORTS.

Gallwey, R. P. The Book of Duck Decoys; 25s., 4to, Van Voorst.
Ham, C. H. Manual of Training; 6s., cr. 8vo, Blackie.

CLASS K.—LITERATURE.

K 2.—HISTORIES, ETC.

Herford, C. H. Studies in liter. relat. of Eng. and Germ., 16th cent.; 9s., cr. 8vo, Camb. Press.

K 3.—PHILOLOGY, ETC.

Neubauer, Dr. A. Catal. of Hebrew MSS. in Bodleian Lib.; 73s. 6d., 4to, Clar. Pr.
Palmer, Prf. E. H. Oriental Penmanship; 12s. 6d., 4to, Allen.

K 8.—DRAMA.

Archer, W. About the Theatre; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Unwin.

K 9.—FICTION.

Anstey, F. A Fallen Idol; 6s., cr. 8vo, Smith & Elder.
Minto, W. The Crack of Doom [repr. fr. *Blackwood's Mag.*]; 3 v., 31s. 6d., Blackwood.
Oliphant, L. Masollam, a novel; 3 v., 25s. 6d., 8vo, Blackwood.
Stephens + St. Leger, H. P., W. The Basilisk, a Story of To-day; 6s., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein.

K 11.—ESSAYS.

Swinburne, A. C. Miscellanies [repr. fr. Magazines, etc.]; 12s., cr. 8vo, Chatto.

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TIME.

AUGUST, 1886.

THE REVOLT AGAINST MR. GLADSTONE.

BY A. MILNER.

THERE is an inclination in some quarters favourable to the Unionist Liberals to look with rather qualified pleasure upon the result of the General Election. Nothing could be more unreasonable and ungrateful than such discontent. If there be any politicians, who can afford to regard the recent contest with unmixed pride and satisfaction, they are the "traitors to their party," who have just saved the country from a venture of unparalleled rashness, and the name of Liberal from becoming synonymous with time-server and turncoat—the small but determined band, of whom Mr. Gladstone and his myrmidons were going to make such short work three weeks ago, but who now hold in their hands the fate of parties and the destiny of the empire. No matter that the Conservatives have achieved, to the common eye, a more conspicuous success, and have won seats by the handful, while their Liberal coadjutors have been reduced from 93 to 77, or, excluding waverers, to 70. The Unionist Liberals may look with equanimity upon an access of Conservative strength, which is one of the necessary conditions of their own supremacy. They may well acquiesce in the instalment of the Conservatives in office when they themselves hold the balance of power. Recent history has shown us, in a manner not easily to be forgotten, how a party may be a small fraction of the House of Commons, and nevertheless dictate the course of legislation, and dominate the whole policy of the State. For six months past Mr. Parnell, with his eighty-six henchmen, has been the real arbiter of our national fortunes; while Mr. Gladstone, with several hundred followers, has been simply his head-agent. But the position of peculiar vantage occupied by Mr. Parnell in the late short-lived Parliament will now belong to Lord Hartington, in a Parliament which is likely to be long-lived. The Unionist Liberals have succeeded the Parnellites as the makers of Minis-

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tries. It is a momentous change. A national party, bound by every pledge of honour and of self-respect to use its power in the interest of the country as a whole, and for no local or sectional object, has taken the place of a party of irreconcilable Particularists, with whom the absolute local independence of one portion of the kingdom, by whatever means attained and with whatever consequences attended, was the sole object of political effort.

All the world is discussing what course the Unionist Liberals ought to pursue in this situation of peculiar influence and responsibility, and by what means they may best ensure the attainment of the objects which they have at heart. It is not for an obscure member of their party, like the present writer, to add one more voice to the Babel of counsellors. My object is a very different one; not to forecast the future, but to put down, while they are yet fresh, some impressions of the past fight; to record, as one of the rank and file, what it was for which we thought we were fighting.

The Unionist Liberals have been twitted alternately with having no policy and with having half a dozen. It is quite true that no leader of their party has yet produced a cut-and-dried scheme for the government of Ireland. But such schemes, as Mr. Gladstone has told us, can only be expected from a responsible Minister. It is equally true that the suggestions which the Unionist chiefs, especially Mr. Chamberlain, have from time to time thrown out in the course of debate, have not always been consistent with one another. But they have all at least been consistent with a few broad and intelligible principles, with certain indispensable conditions, which every system of extended self-government in Ireland ought in the judgment of Unionists to observe, and for not observing which Mr. Gladstone's scheme seemed to them intolerable. Those conditions no threats and no cajolery could induce the genuine Unionists in any degree to relax, and rightly; for the terms, to which they attached such vital importance, were no mere dictates of expediency. They were high, and sacred obligations of duty and honour, which no statesman who regarded politics as something higher than a game of skill or a means of livelihood, having once recognised, could possibly abandon for any consideration of party loyalty or personal advantage. That there must be some effective common authority, besides the formal link of the Crown, to keep Ireland united to the rest of the kingdom; that there must be some real security for the protection of the minority in Ireland; that the people of Great Britain have no right to shirk the duty of maintaining the elementary principles of civilised government in Ireland—these are the conditions for which Unionists have contended from the first, and which they still regard as axiomatic.

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This attitude of the Unionist Liberals was dexterously obscured by the manner in which the question was put before the country: "Are you, or are you not, in favour of allowing the Irish to manage their own affairs?" Under the cover of that formula it was hoped that every one, who was anxious to develop local self-government in Ireland, would rally to the standard of the Ministry. The great danger to the Unionist cause at the commencement of the struggle was, that this misleading statement of the question might be accepted by the electorate as accurate. The success of the Opposition depended upon the general recognition of the fact, that the issue was not whether the Irish should have greatly extended powers of local self-government, but whether the integrity of the State, the protection of the minority, and the collective responsibility of the peoples of the United Kingdom for the social order of every part of it, were to be regarded as fundamental conditions of any acceptable system of Home Rule. To what extent the Imperial Legislature and executive might delegate their powers to Irish local authorities was a question on which the Unionists did differ, and doubtless do differ, amongst themselves. But great as their differences may be, they are as nothing compared with the gulf which separates all shades of Unionists from those who, fully understanding its import, accept the policy of Mr. Gladstone.

The one grand argument for that policy is that it satisfies the Irish Nationalists. The one profound conviction, on the other hand, which unites all true Unionists, is, that the immediate satisfaction of the Nationalist party, even if it included—which it plainly does not—the permanent satisfaction of Irish national sentiment, would be too dearly bought at the price offered by Mr. Gladstone. The complete practical severance of the government of the two countries, the abandonment of the Irish loyalists, the surrender of British responsibility for the maintenance in Ireland of the individual rights and liberties now enjoyed by every citizen of the United Kingdom—that is a sacrifice which the Unionists are not prepared to make, in order to appease Irish discontent, much less to procure a temporary relief from the annoyance of it. No doubt Mr. Gladstone was ever ready to asseverate that his proposed settlement involved no such sacrifice. But he did not, he could not, go beyond asseveration. To the smashing arguments by which critics like Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain demonstrated that his measure really meant the complete surrender of British control over Ireland, he never even attempted to give a serious answer. It was far easier to fall back upon fiery denunciations of the methods by which the Union was brought about, and soul-stirring appeals for "justice to Ireland" and "trust in the Irish people." But the true issue, which might have been lost from sight behind the evasive rhetoric of the Prime Minister, was steadily dragged

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into the open by the uncompromising intellectual honesty of Mr. Morley. If Mr. Gladstone can never help seeing things as he wishes them to be, Mr. Morley can as little help seeing them as they really are. He is the one minister who has advocated Mr. Gladstone's policy on its merits, and his advocacy of it, therefore, has presented the most complete contrast to that of Mr. Gladstone himself. The statesman, who had understood and sympathised with Home Rule for years, was quite unable to take that roseate view of it, which was so easily adopted or professed by politicians who up to last Christmas had been steadily resisting and denouncing Home Rule. And what he was too clear-minded not to see, Mr. Morley was too downright not to express. He, at any rate, was guiltless of any attempt to conceal the magnitude of the proposed surrender, or to attach a fictitious value to the formal safeguards which were intended to render it palatable. His arguments were untainted by the "maudlin optimism,"—the disingenuous effort to minimise the issue, which formed so exasperating a feature of much Ministerial rhetoric. "Your attempt to govern Ireland"—such was, in effect, his appeal to the British people—"has lamentably failed. The rebels, with whom you have been wrestling so long, have fairly beaten you. If you believe in government at all, you are bound to stand aside and let them try to govern. And since it is your duty to surrender, have the courage and the good sense to surrender openly, unreservedly, and at once. You may frame all sorts of ideal systems of local government for Ireland, which will satisfy your high *à priori* conditions, but they will all have this fatal defect, that they will not satisfy the majority of the Irish people. Nothing but absolute unrestricted control of everything and everybody in Ireland will satisfy that majority, and without their consent no system of government, however just in itself, will work." And once granted that the approval of the majority in Ireland was the supreme object to be pursued, Mr. Morley's contention was unanswerable. But that is just what the Unionists are not prepared to grant. In their opinion the Imperial Parliament has a higher duty than to provide every portion of the kingdom with the form of self-government most acceptable to the majority of its inhabitants. It has to protect minorities from local tyranny, and to look to the security of the realm as a whole. Once convince Unionists that a Nationalist Government in Ireland would not involve danger to the Empire, and, above all, would not transgress the broad principles of justice and individual rights, which are the distinctive feature of a civilised community, and no pedantic reverence for a particular form of union will prevent their becoming converts to Home Rule. But while they are not convinced of these things, it is vain to tell them that nothing less than Home Rule will conciliate the Nationalist majority. They would rather a

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thousand times go on as we are going, with all the misery and annoyance of the open sore in Ireland, than submit to the disgrace and disaster of having to look on while the new Government of Ireland confiscated property, or violated contracts, or pauperised the more backward parts of Ireland out of taxes extorted from the more prosperous.

And this unwillingness on the part of the Unionists simply to wash their hands of Ireland is heightened when we consider the character of the minority whom we are asked to abandon. Who would be the sufferers, if the Irish Nationalist party were to practise, as rulers, the doctrines which they have preached as rebels? The sufferers would be the friends and adherents of Great Britain in Ireland, the men whom our past policy has constrained or encouraged to make enemies of the people, to whose uncontrolled authority we should now be subjecting them. Nothing, I believe, has exercised a greater influence in turning Englishmen away from Home Rule than their feeling of repugnance to the thought of so cowardly a desertion. It is not surprising, if we have had enough, as a nation, of the sort of generosity which atones for past wrongdoing by the sacrifice of innocent third parties. We once thought it magnificent to show our contrition for bullying the Boers by abandoning the native inhabitants of the Transvaal, or to atone for our wanton attack upon the Soudanese by leaving them to wreak their vengeance on the "friendlies." But when it was proposed to repeat these feats of magnanimous repentance on a grand scale at our very doors by the abandonment of the loyal population of Ireland, our capacity for cheap generosity broke down. To regard such treachery as something quite exceptionally noble and Christian was beyond even our ample powers of self-deception. Nothing did the case of the Ministry more harm than the manner in which Mr. Gladstone trifled with the huge difficulty of Ulster. Nor could anything in truth have been more unprincipled than the disregard shown by all English Home Rulers to the protests and the anxiety of the Irish Liberals—some hundreds of thousands of people, who have ever been foremost in the struggle for Irish rights, and who are guilty of no offence either against Ireland or England, except that of having no representatives in Parliament to make injustice towards them inconvenient to high-minded statesmen.

The duty of the Imperial Parliament to protect minorities against local tyranny, the recognition of its inalienable responsibility for the decent government of every portion of the Empire, —these alone were great objects to fight for. But they were not all, or nearly all, that was involved in the recent struggle. The Unionists entered into the fray, not so much, as I have striven to point out, against Home Rule in general, as against a Home Rule that did not fulfil certain conditions. But before they had been

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long engaged they found themselves fighting for objects nearer and dearer to them, for objects of more transcendent importance than even the good government of Ireland. For if the proposals of the Ministry were crude and bad, the methods by which, and the spirit in which, it was sought to ram them down the throat of the nation were incomparably worse. So bad were they indeed, that it is not a paradox to say that, even if Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule had really been the wisest devisable, it would be better for the State that it should be deferred for ten years than that it should have been carried now, through the means by which he and his faithful ones sought to carry it. The record of his and their tactics during the past nine months is a story of ever-increasing recklessness and ever-deepening discredit.

Space forbids me to recall, even if my readers could possibly have forgotten, the manner in which Home Rule was sprung upon the country last December.

Not a word more on this point, therefore, nor even about what was yet more staggering than the *volte face*, however extraordinary, of a single man—viz., the wholesale conversion within the Liberal party which followed the discovery of its leader's intentions. Since men were brought back into the fold of the true Church, in platoons, under the threats of the Inquisition, there has been nothing more miraculous than this widespread and simultaneous "finding of salvation." But let that pass. If I refer to this pre-historic event, it is only to recall the fact that, during all the distressing period in which Mr. Gladstone was maturing his Home Rule schemes, and the bulk of his party preparing to swallow whatever he might propose, the men to whom salvation came not so readily, the men who have since become the backbone of the Unionist resistance, steadily refused to prejudge the yet unrevealed policy of the Prime Minister. They had their misgivings, no doubt, and they made no secret of them. Mr. Gladstone had been put into office by the Nationalists, and was known to be hand in glove with Mr. Parnell. It seemed impossible to doubt, under the circumstances, that the measure he meant to introduce would amount to a virtual concession of the whole Parnellite demand, which indeed—with the exception of the fiscal independence, which he was frightened into abandoning at the last moment—it presently turned out to be. Of course such suspicions were denounced as unworthy by the very people, who, as soon as they were proved to be true, made haste to show that the course, of which it had just now been wrong as much as to suspect Mr. Gladstone, was precisely the one course he ought to pursue. Despite these remonstrances the Unionist Liberals remained obstinately suspicious, but their secret distrust never led them to depart from their attitude of unprejudiced if uneasy expectation, until Mr. Gladstone had unfolded his scheme.

It was only when that scheme was authoritatively revealed that

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uneasy expectation made way for decided hostility. The measure seemed to Unionists more than equal to their worst forebodings. A country which Mr. Gladstone had himself described as being in the throes of a social revolution, was to be simply handed over to the revolutionists, irritated, but not restrained, by some of the most vexatious and illusory checks ever devised by the authors of paper constitutions. And when the probable consequences of such a course were pointed out by his critics, Mr. Gladstone had no answer, but an outburst of indignant eloquence against those who attributed to the Irish "a double dose of original sin." His reply, on the first reading—one of his finest rhetorical efforts—was, in fact, the commencement of the career of pure demagogism, in which he has been engaged from that day to this. Such a method of dealing with the honest hesitations of men, who would have been only too glad to be convinced that Mr. Gladstone's measure of "justice to Ireland" would not be productive of worse injustices than any it sought to remove, was not only unwarrantable, but in the last degree impolitic. And no less serious was the Prime Minister's inability to assign any valid reason for his new policy, which had not existed equally when he appealed to the country in the previous autumn, and kept that policy steadily in the background. To the objections felt against the Home Rule Bill in itself, there was thus added a grave constitutional objection against the method of its introduction. Here was a radical change in our national institutions, the vastest ever mooted in our time, brought in in the first months of a new Parliament, but of which, when that Parliament was elected, the country had had no warning whatever. If such a proposal was to become law unchallenged, where would be the boasted stability of our institutions?

It is a commonplace that England differs from almost every other State in having no fundamental laws. The greatest, no less than the most trivial change in our constitution, can be accomplished by a simple Act of Parliament. When the danger of such a condition of things has been pointed out, the answer has always been that our political habits rendered unnecessary any legal precautions against revolutionary change. The English, it was always said, are a conservative people. It is only after long discussions, in and out of Parliament, it is only after repeated opportunities for its consideration, that even a small constitutional innovation has a chance of becoming law. And such, as a matter of fact, has been our constant experience in the past. But what would have become of this traditional security, if so colossal a novelty as the establishment of a practically independent Government in Ireland could have been rushed through Parliament in a single session, within a few months of the first whisper of such a revolution on the part of any responsible statesman, and without its ever having been considered by the country? That such a

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surprise should for one moment have been possible is the strongest warning of the dangers of that servility of party spirit, which all but committed the late House of Commons to a policy utterly repugnant, as has now been clearly proved, to the wishes of the majority of the people.

By the time that Parliament adjourned for the Easter Recess it had become evident that, despite the phenomenal conversions of the preceding month or two, Home Rule was not going to win in a canter in the House of Commons. A good many Liberals were already in open opposition; a still larger number had doubts, which they found great difficulty in digesting. Plainly, if Mr. Gladstone was to achieve his revolution with all the precipitancy that he considered essential, some extraordinary means must be resorted to to quicken the pace. It was then that, at a signal from headquarters, there came the great onrush of the party wirepullers. Argument had failed to convince the doubters. It remained to be seen what organisation could do to coerce them. And certainly the party machine responded splendidly to the call made upon it. Quick as the beacon-fire flashed from height to height at the approach of the Armada, the *mot d'ordre* flew round from Association to Association, and echoed back to headquarters in a perfect roar of votes of confidence. Caucus called aloud to caucus from end to end of the country, till the voices of the dissatisfied Liberals were drowned amid the thunders of applause. They seemed to be an absolutely contemptible minority of an otherwise unanimous and enthusiastic party. In many cases this show of unanimity was so cowing, that the dissidents would not even venture to fight. When, here and there, some stouter hearts did offer resistance, they were promptly borne down by overwhelming numbers, and trampled, to all appearance, out of political existence amid the derision of the conquerors. At the great meeting of the National Liberal Federation, only one member in twenty could be got to vote, not for a resolution disapproving the policy of the Government,—that was not so much as attempted,—but for one reserving judgment on some of its features. At the London Liberal and Radical Council, at the London and Counties Liberal Union, the result was just the same. The janissaries of Liberalism carried everything before them at the first charge. The vehemence of the recently converted majority in their new doctrines, the intolerance and contempt with which they treated those who only ventured to uphold what six months before had been the loudly professed creed of the whole party, were something almost past belief. It was a time to test the courage of the most fearless, to shake the faith of the stoutest believer in the future of democracy. But the trial of fire, while it broke down the opposition of all but the men of firmest principle, nerved these survivors to more desperate resistance. For the issue now involved a great deal more than

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the Irish proposals of Mr. Gladstone. It was the stability of our whole political system, and the independence of public men; it was everything that gave security for the orderly and sober working of democratic institutions, which was now at stake. It was absolutely essential, if we were not to set the most fatal example to succeeding generations, that the great democracy should not begin its career by a great leap in the dark, that it should be forced to consider the new issue before deciding it, that its decision should be the result of deliberation and not of impulse.

A great effort was all the more necessary, because the caucuses did not, as has frequently been asserted, entirely misrepresent the body of the electors behind them. It is a mistake to abuse the caucus. Some such organisation is absolutely necessary, if the various interests which every great party embraces are to be united for any common end, and the zeal of special sections for special objects is not to reduce all government to chaos. The real evil is, that the machinery which is absolutely necessary to check eccentricity, may so easily be used to kill independence. And if it is always foolish to abuse the caucus, it was unjust, in this particular instance, to picture it as striving to give a false impression of the opinions of those whom it professed to represent. The readiness with which the Liberal Associations made up their minds to go for Home Rule and Gladstone was only typical of the same readiness on the part of the great body of Liberal electors. That was just the most serious part of the matter. The real danger lay not in the supposed attempt of the caucuses to dictate to the electors, but in the real proneness of the electors to make up their minds upon authority and without thought. For that the new enthusiasm for Home Rule was based on any real conviction no man in his senses could believe. Genuine convictions do not spring up, like mushrooms, in a single night. If the bulk of the Liberal party were ready to say and applaud in April the very opposite of what they had said and applauded in November, they might by chance be right in their new opinions, but those opinions in themselves could not possibly be of any value. No one with practical experience of a caucus is ignorant of the reluctance or inability to form an independent judgment, of the helpless reliance upon the lead of the party chiefs, which is the almost universal characteristic of its deliberations. But that helplessness and want of independence is only typical of a similar weakness in the bulk of the electorate. It is this tendency which constitutes the great danger of democratic politics, and imposes upon men, who can form opinions of their own, the necessity of being constantly on their guard against revolution or dictatorship. It was this tendency which made it of such supreme importance, that on the first great question submitted to the country since the recent readjustment of political

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power, the people should be compelled to think before they judged, that they should be forced to realise the scope and consequences of their action, and should not rush to great conclusions in a fit of unreflecting sentiment.

It was thus for the supremacy of reason over impulse, for faithfulness to principle on the part of politicians, and for sobriety of judgment on the part of the people, that the Unionist Liberals staked their political existence in the recent struggle. The result has shown how fully they were justified in their resolution that the question should be argued out, how greatly the deliberate judgment of the people may differ from its first hasty and unconsidered inclination.

But before the struggle was over Mr. Gladstone's method of warfare had threatened other things no less precious than the character of our public men for consistency and honour, and the capacity of the nation for the cool and dispassionate judgment of momentous issues. He was prepared, as it turned out, to sacrifice more than that, in order that he might *per fas et nefas* carry Home Rule within a year of his first thought of introducing it. To gain that victory, he was prepared to stir the smouldering fire of class prejudice and class hatred, and to excite an artificial feud between England and other portions of Great Britain, besides aggravating that which already exists between England and the Celtic majority in Ireland. If anything was needed to embitter the struggle against his autocracy and the servility of his followers, it was the famous appeal to the masses against the classes, which will give a long and evil notoriety to his manifesto of May 3rd. If anything is calculated to deepen the impression that he will now stick at nothing to secure a victory, it is the attempt in which he has of late been so sedulously engaged to blacken the character of his own country, and to represent England—carefully excluding Scotland and Wales—as the cruel and deliberate oppressor of Ireland. That malignant suggestion is, of course, false—as false and as gratuitously mischievous as his previous effort to make out that it was the resistance of the upper and middle classes only which was thwarting himself and the "upright sense of the nation" in the noble enterprise of doing "justice to Ireland." But, while the earlier calumny has been refuted, and indeed rendered ridiculous by the result of the elections, the subtler poison of the later may remain to work serious mischief yet. It would indeed be incredible, if every day did not produce a fresh Gladstonian document to prove it, that an English statesman could be driven by rage at a personal reverse to damage his own country in the eyes of ignorant outsiders and of the misguided peasantry of Ireland by describing our treatment of the sister island in terms only applicable to the old Turkish government of Bulgaria.

Did Mr. Gladstone not live so exclusively in the present, were

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he not as insensible about the past as he is reckless of the future, mere self-respect would restrain him from using language about England and Ireland which, if true, reflects so damagingly upon a man who, for thirty years, has been as responsible as any one for the Irish policy of the Imperial Parliament. What account is taken in these philippics of the long efforts of the Liberal party to give Ireland all and more than all the political and social privileges of Englishmen and Scotchmen? What account is taken of the present deep desire not only of all Liberals, but practically of all the nation, to satisfy, by any means not plainly pregnant with injustice and disaster, the aspirations of Irishmen, of the profound longing for peace between the two countries by which we on our side are possessed? That peace Mr. Gladstone's efforts, first to bully and hustle his countrymen into conceding a form of Home Rule in which they had no confidence, and then to confirm Irishmen in their worst prejudices against England, have done much to render more difficult. But on the other hand the Unionist victory, paradoxical as the remark may seem, has done something to bring it nearer. The Irish problem, no doubt, remains precisely where it was. A mere negative decision, like that just recorded at the polls, cannot in itself contribute anything to the solution of this perennial difficulty. But this much at least has been achieved, that it has now become evident that the people of Great Britain will neither be worried, nor cajoled, nor frightened into giving Ireland any measure of self-government which they cannot conscientiously approve. Politicians will henceforth be very careful how they seek to beat down the British conscience by the Irish vote, to circumvent it by unscrupulous party combinations, or to scare it into submission by suggestions of danger from the other side of the Atlantic. They will see the wisdom of seeking to convince the reason of the nation, instead of relying upon hollow phrases or on odious and irrelevant appeals to class prejudice. The defeat of the anti-English conspiracy in Ireland and America, and of the anti-national manœuvre in England itself, may yet hereafter appear to have been a necessary step in the adjustment of the relations between England and Ireland on a fair and permanent basis.

And for the position of England among the nations, no less than for our political life at home, the Unionist victory is of incalculable value. Mr. Gladstone, of course, has convinced himself that all the civilised world is on his side. That a great portion of the world heartily enjoyed his abuse of his country, no one, who knows how popular any abuse of England always is in many quarters, will for a moment dispute. The bitter enemies of England throughout the world—and they are, unfortunately, numerous—have doubtless felt "cordial sympathy" with the Prime Minister's epistolary invectives. But when we look to those foreigners who feel an affection for the English, or who, whether

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they like us or not, are anxious, for their own sake, that England should not decline from her high place in the world, we observe a very different sentiment. To them, almost without exception, the result of the late elections appears of happy augury. They have not been without anxiety, for some time past, lest the English should be declining from their old standard of sobriety, and patriotism, and resolution, and indeed there have been plenty of incidents of late days to give strength to such a fear. But the experience of the last few weeks is, in their eyes, an encouraging indication, that we are, after all, not so different from what our fathers were. They recognise the old common sense, which insists on looking before it leaps, the old repugnance to anti-national combinations, the old resolution which, in the last resort, turns fiercely round, and presents an undaunted front to every enemy. The most gullible and longsuffering of peoples has once more shown the strange saving capacity of coming suddenly to an end of its patience and its gullibility, and making short work of those who have presumed on them. Perhaps, after all, we ought to be grateful to the men who have goaded us into showing, that we are still the same incorrigible old nation of which Mr. Gladstone so greatly disapproves.

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THE QUINCENTENARY OF HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

BY ERNEST C. THOMAS.

Most travellers on their way to Switzerland have turned aside to visit Heidelberg, and though in their after-journeyings they may see many grander and sublimer spots, they will find few possessing a more delightful charm. The situation of the town, hemmed in by the last spurs of the Odenwald, between which the green Neckar rushes rapidly over its bed of granite boulders, and overlooked by the lovely castle, is picturesque in the extreme, and very beautiful is the view over the fertile plain towards the Rhine from the Altan, or the great terrace of the castle. To the charms of natural scenery the place adds the rich historic associations of one of the earliest seats of modern culture. During the first week of this month Heidelberg celebrates the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of its University, which is the oldest in the *Deutsches Reich.* Great will be the gathering of professors and of students; vast will be the quantities of Rheinwein and of beer consumed on this occasion; and from ten thousand throats will ring the songs of student days and of the fatherland. Academic proceedings of a more dignified kind will not be wanting; and a main feature of the celebration will be a grand historical procession, the design of which has been carefully worked out by Professor Hoff, of the Karlsruhe School of Art, assisted by a number of artists. This will represent scenes from the history of Heidelberg, beginning with the foundation of the University in 1386. Other sections of the *Festzug* will represent the entry of Friedrich the Victorious after the battle of Seckenheim in 1462; the brilliant age of art and science under the Elector Otto Heinrich in the middle of the sixteenth century; the life of the joyous Pfalzers at the end of the same century; the entry of the Elector Friedrich V. with his bride, the Princess Elizabeth of England, in 1613; the time of the Elector Karl Philipp, 1716-1742; the restoration of the University by Karl Friedrich, the Grand Duke of Baden, in 1803; concluding with the students of the nineteenth century, led by *Burschenschafter* of the time of the wars of Liberation.

The University of Heidelberg is not only the oldest, but one of the most famous of the German *Hochschulen.* Though from its

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position near the Rhine it has been peculiarly subject to the misfortunes of war, its history pretty faithfully represents the general development of learning and culture in Germany. Though its proximity to the Catholic populations of southern Germany has made it also subject to the contending interests of Protestants and Catholics, it is famous for its share in the work of the Reformation, and its assertion of moderate Calvinistic doctrines in the "Heidelberg Catechism."

The rise of the German universities was one of the manifestations of that practical spirit which arose in Germany after the decay of the imperial power. The great dynastic houses had patronised the poetry of the minstrels and the minnesingers. With the development of the free cities and of the commercial spirit, the learning that found favour was that which seemed likely to be of direct service for the immediate ends of Church and State. In the year 1348—the dreadful year of the Black Death—was founded the University of Prague, while that of Vienna was founded in 1365. Heidelberg followed in 1386, Cologne in 1388, and Erfurt in 1392. In the next century came Würzburg, in 1402, Leipzig in 1409, Rostock in 1419 Greifswald in 1456, Freiburg in 1457, and Tübingen in 1477. Marburg was founded in 1527, Königsberg in 1544, Jena in 1558, Giessen in 1607, Kiel in 1665, and Halle in 1697. Göttingen was not established until 1737, and was followed by Erlangen in 1743, and Münster in 1780. The other universities are quite modern. Berlin dates only from 1810, and Breslau from 1811, Bonn from 1818, and Munich from 1826. Strassburg, the youngest of all, dates from 1872. All these universities still exist, with the exception of Cologne and Erfurt.

The University of Heidelberg owed its foundation to the Elector Palatine Ruprecht I. He had conceived the design early in his long reign of sixty years, and had made efforts to carry it out; but the formal establishment took place in 1386. Pope Urban VI., in the document by which he gave his consent to the establishment, speaks of "the healthy air and fertility of the surrounding country" as particularly fitting Heidelberg to be "a universal spring of all the sciences." He directed that the institution should be framed on the model of Paris, and that it should enjoy the same rights and privileges; and that its Chancellor should be the Provost of the Cathedral at Worms. The Elector called Marsilius von Inghen to be his adviser. He created four faculties, of theology, law, medicine, and that of the "artists" or "free arts," the latter being divided into four nations. The direction of the whole was committed to a rector, to be elected by the art faculty four times a year. The Elector took the University under his special protection. He released all who attended the University from tolls and taxes on their journey to and fro and during their stay. He made regulations

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to the lodgings of the masters and students, and granted the control over these as well as over the book trade, a very important matter, to the rector and the procurators (or proctors) of the four nations. The inaugural ceremony took place in the Church of the Holy Ghost, in the market-place, on the 18th October, 1386. Lectures began on the following day, when Marsilius lectured on Logic. He had formerly belonged to the University of Paris, and came to Heidelberg to establish the faculty of arts, and was chosen as the first rector. His colleague was Heilmann Wunnenberg, of Worms, who lectured on Aristotle's Physics; while Reginald von Alna was the first Theological Professor. The best known of the three jurists was Johann von Noet, from Prague, who remained at Heidelberg for forty years. This made a staff of seven professors, which number was considerably increased in the following year. The faculty of arts was the most considerable in point of numbers. Until 1393 there was only one professor in the medical faculty. The reputation of Marsilius speedily attracted scholars; in the first year the members of the University numbered 524, and at Ruprecht's death, in 1390, had increased to 1050. His nephew, Ruprecht II., steadily increased the revenues of the University, and in particular when he expelled the Jews from the town in 1391, gave all their possessions, including their synagogue and twelve dwelling houses, to the University. Several large buildings, as *collegia* for the several faculties, were erected by father and nephew; and in 1393 a collegium, on the model of the Sorbonne, was established by a bequest of the Provost, Conrad von Geylnhausen. In this building a home was found for the senate, the archives, and the library. The garden attached to it received the name of the "Philosophical" garden. Ruprecht III. increased the incomes of the professors, and bestowed upon them important dignities in Church and State, which greatly increased the renown of the University.

From the original foundation there had been two libraries, one for the faculty of arts, and another for the three remaining faculties. They were largely increased by bequests from the Electors and from many of the officers and professors, and other libraries were formed. In particular a library was formed in the Stiftskirche, which was largely increased by the Electors. In 1421 Ludwig III. bequeathed his books to the University on condition that they should be kept in the castle. In 1482 the Elector Philipp founded a library, with which he united that of the University. This library received large accessions, and about 1550 the Elector Friedrich built, for the reception of the books, on the east side of the castle, what is still known as the Bibliotheksthurm. Otto Heinrich, the Magnificent, while a young man in Palestine, collected many Greek and Oriental manuscripts, and after his accession sent Nicolas Cisner to France and Italy to

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make fresh purchases. He also acquired the books of the disestablished monasteries, and all these collections he united with those in the Stiftsbibliothek. The collections were thenceforth known as the Electoral Library, or Bibliotheca Palatina. In 1601 it received an important accession in the famous library of the monastery of Sponheim.

The early German Universities must not be supposed to have been homes of classical culture. They were devoted to the narrow needs of professional learning or the barren repetition of scholastic subtleties. The Renaissance had made its influence felt all over Europe before it could find its way to Germany, and it was not until the days of the Elector Philipp the Candid that Heidelberg became a home of humanism. The ornaments of the University were also the ornaments of his brilliant court; men like the Chancellor Theodoric von Plenningen, the famous Von Dalberg, Rudolf Agricola, John Reuchlin, Konrad Keltis, and John Œkolampadius. They were succeeded by men such as Simon Grynæus and Jacob Micyllus; but by this time the strife of the Reformation had come to interrupt the peaceful work of the Renaissance. It was during this period that Melanchthon matriculated at Heidelberg as "Philipp Swarzerd" (1509), and a few years afterwards Martin Luther held his famous disputation there in the lecture-room of the Augustinians. Some time afterwards, the Augustinian monastery, having been gradually stripped of its members, was converted into the Collegium Sapientiæ for poor students. The revenues of some of the disestablished monasteries in the Rheinland were bestowed upon the University; but intellectually the University fell into decay, from which it was raised by Otto Heinrich, the Magnificent, the builder of that beautiful palace which still enchants the world, who vowed that he would restore the University, even if it cost him his last farthing. He called to his assistance Philip Melanchthon and the famous jurist and Aristotelian, Christopher Chemius, from Tübingen, and with their aid, and that of Peter Boquin and Jacob Micyllus, reorganised the whole system of the University. After a brief reign of three years he gave place to Friedrich III., the Pious, in whose time the University became a centre of Calvinism. He called to Heidelberg Kaspar Olevianus, of Treves, who suggested, and Zacharias Ursinus, of Breslau, who compiled, the famous "Heidelberg Catechism." Among the other famous professors of his time were Franciscus Balduinus, Wilhelm Xylander, Nikolaus Cisnerus, and Simon Grynæus, the younger.

The next chapter in the history of the University was one of lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Its first troubles came on the accession of the Elector Ludwig VI., who was a zealous Lutheran, and tried in 1580 to force the Concordienbuch upon the professors under pain of losing all their rights. All the professors, except Ludovicus Gravius, refused to sign, and lost their offices.

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So the University melted away; new professors were appointed, but the students had gone. Duke John Casimir, the Elector's brother, was, however, a Lutheran, and received all the professors, who found no shelter elsewhere, into an academy, which he formed under the name of the Casimirianum at Neustadt. On the Elector's death Duke John vainly attempted to reconcile the two evangelical parties, and had to content himself with restoring the deprived professors. Under his fostering care the cause of learning and study revived; and among the names of note in this period were those of Dion. Grothofredus, Friedrich Sylburgius, and Jan. Gruterus.

Fresh troubles, however, were to come through the Thirty Years' War. When Tilly captured the town in 1622, the entire theological faculty was dismissed, though protection was promised to the other professors. The archives had been removed to Frankfurt for safety. But the greatest loss was inflicted upon the library. For five days it was a prey to the soldiery; when the Papal Nuncio, who was at Regensberg, begged it of Duke Maximilian for the Vatican. The wish was granted, and the Greek-born keeper of the Vatican library, Leo Allatius, superintended the removal of the most valuable treasures of the collection. The precious burden, consisting of three thousand five hundred and twenty-seven manuscripts, was carried across the Alps on mules.

After the peace of Westphalia (1648), the Elector Karl Ludwig took in hand the work of restoration, and called Spanheim, Freinsheim, Puffendorf, and Coccejus to fill chairs in the restored University. In 1686 the three hundredth anniversary of its foundation was celebrated with great ceremony. This was hardly over, when fresh troubles impended over the unhappy University in the war of the Orleans succession. Most of the professors took refuge in other lands, but Laurentius Crollius continued to lecture amidst the din of arms.

On October 24th, 1688, the town and castle capitulated to the French. Everything was given up to destruction; the walls and towers of the castle were blown up. When he left the town, the French commander, Melac, set fire to it in two hundred places, and the most inhuman outrages were perpetrated on its unfortunate inhabitants. Two years afterwards the town again became a prey to the French, and the scenes of devastation were renewed. The castle was again made a sport to the flames. It was, however, once again restored, and it was reserved for the pitiless elements to make of it the magnificent mass of ruins which still form the glory of Heidelberg and the admiration of every beholder. This was in 1764.

During these scenes of conflict and rapine the University was removed in 1694 to Frankfurt, and in 1698 to Weinheim. The archives were rescued by Fabricius, and transferred first to Frank-

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furt, and thence to Marburg. The return to Heidelberg took place in 1700; and the Elector applied himself busily to reducing everything into order. He presented a considerable library, and erected the present University building on the ruins of its predecessor. In consequence of the Declaration of 1705, a two-fold theological faculty was formed—Catholic and Protestant. To the former Jesuit professors were appointed, and a special Jesuit collegium was built. The professors of philosophy long continued to be almost exclusively Jesuits, who taught a dry and profitless scholastic philosophy, until better days dawned upon the University in the reign of the Elector Karl Theodor. Under his protecting hand arose a fresh outburst of intellectual activity. Additional professorships were founded for special departments, particularly in jurisprudence and natural science. Observatories, museums, and laboratories were established. He also established chairs of political science and architecture. It was about this time that the very name "æsthetics" was invented by Baumgarten. He was specially anxious to abolish the old scholastic philosophy, and instructions were issued with a view to improve the mode of lecturing. He secured to the University what was left of its revenues, and added to them out of his own a yearly sum of 35,000 gulden. The new statutes were issued on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary in 1786. The influence of the Jesuits was exerted still to the prejudice of the University; and with such effect that, in 1782, the congregation of the mission, or the Lazarists, were invited from France into the Palatinate, and its members appointed to professorships. Though for the most part they spoke no German, there were men of ability among them, and their seminary for some time attained great popularity. It was, however, but shortlived; the juristic faculty in 1786 succeeded in excluding them from the Senate, and soon the University knew them no more.

The French revolutionary war again plunged the affairs of the University into confusion. When the French became masters of the Upper Rhine, nearly everything the University owned, consisting chiefly of lands on the left bank of the Rhine, was lost.

At the peace of Luneville, in 1801, the Palatinate was annexed to the House of Baden. The University found a saviour in Prince Karl Friedrich, who came to its aid, and allotted it a revenue of 50,000 gulden. The whole of its arrangements were reorganised, and it was named after its first and its last founders, "Universitas Ruperto-Carolina." The reigning Grand Duke of Baden has since then held the office of "Rector Magnificentissimus," or Chancellor of the University, and is represented by a pro-rector, chosen annually from amongst themselves by the professors, and holding a similar precedence over all authorities to that of the Vice-Chancellor at Oxford or Cambridge. The University of Heidelberg thus entered upon a

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fresh career of uninterrupted prosperity, and long would need to be the bede-roll that should exhaust the list of its distinguished professors during the present century. The names of Schlosser, Gervinus, Creutzer, Mittermaier, Zachariä, Boeckh, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, Haüsser, Bluntschli, Helmholtz, Hausrath, Vangerow, Schenkel, Kuno Fischer, Wundt, and Zeller—are they not familiar to all who have watched the immense development of "Wissenschaft" in the broadest sense which has been taken since the close of the great Continental wars?

Though the University itself suffered so severely, its library derived some benefit from the European rearrangements of 1815. We have told how the Bibliotheca Palatina suffered from the cupidity of the Vatican in 1623. All the efforts of Ezechiel Spanheim to secure the return of these precious manuscripts were spent in vain. When the German Sovereigns in 1815 demanded the return of the art and literary treasures that had been carried off to France, the Heidelberg University thought it a favourable season to ask for the return of what they had been called upon to sacrifice to the *jus belli*. Of 500 manuscripts carried off from the Vatican by the French to Paris, thirty-eight could be shown to have formed part of the Palatine library. They were accordingly now restored to Heidelberg. To succeed at the Vatican was more difficult; but the attempt was made, and 848 manuscripts, chiefly in German, with a few relating to the affairs of the University in Latin, were at last restored to the Palatinate. The Vatican still retains over 2,500 manuscripts, where they lurk behind closed doors, and are, or were, almost inaccessible to human view. The University library now numbers nearly 400,000 volumes, without including 70,000 dissertations, 3,000 manuscripts, and 1,000 charters, so that it is one of the most important collections in Germany.

Germany is proud of its universities, and its professors are regarded as the true aristocracy of the country. Every true German heart will sympathise with "Alt-Heidelberg" in the festivity of this jubilee, and the whole world will look on with interest. Amid the rush of every-day existence it is well that our thoughts should be from time to time directed to the sources of that intellectual culture which furnishes us with our highest ideals. In an age which prides itself upon its material progress, and rejoices in the accumulation of wealth, it is good for us to be reminded by such celebrations that the noblest end and aim of man's endeavour is the increase of knowledge and the pursuit of truth.

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A GLIMPSE OF AMERICA.

BY LORD BRABAZON.

How is it that so few Englishmen, and especially Englishwomen, of means visit the great continent of the West,—that vast land mainly inhabited by their own race,—where the English language reigns supreme, from the tropics of Mexico to the ice-bound regions of the Arctic circle, where the laws, the institutions, the religious denominations of Great Britain are reproduced, not necessarily in *replica*, but always after the spirit of the original model; where more than in any other portion of the globe, Her Majesty's colonies excepted, they will feel themselves at home, amidst their own kith and kin; and where the experiences of former travellers have shown, that, if they do not meet with a hospitality and courtesy out of measure to the merits of the recipient, they may rest assured that some grave fault must lie at their own doors?

The fear of the discomforts which sometimes attend a sea voyage, is doubtless in a great measure the cause why our country people, so proverbially famous for travelling by sea and by land, are not to be found during the holiday season in larger numbers on the other side of the Atlantic; and yet this is not the whole reason, for English people are surely not worse sailors than the Americans. These latter think no more of running across to Europe than the former do of going to the Continent, whilst some Americans make it a regular practice to spend a few months, or even a few weeks, of every year in Europe. The United States, of course, cannot offer to the educated Englishman objects of such high historical or artistic interest as Europe does to the cultured American; but history and art do not occupy the entire field of human interest and study. Pope tells us that the highest study of mankind is man, and if the dictum be true, America offers such a field of varied study as no other country can hope to rival. Sixty millions of people drawn from every country on the face of the earth are there to be seen, working out their own destiny, within the lines of, and subject to the all-prevailing influences of, an Anglo-Saxon civilisation. There are some who believe that this Anglo-Saxon civilisation has yet a great part to play in other quarters of the globe than in America, and to such it can be a matter of no small interest to see how the Aryan and

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non-Aryan become absorbed in this vast conglomerate of nations, which, by intermixture and mutual pressure, is evolving a new order of men, to be perhaps the "Coming Race" of Lytton, the offspring of intelligence and progress, armed with the invincible and deadly "vril." The United States offer a field of study which the statesman, or man of education, should not neglect. The high price of labour, and the necessity for economising time and human agency, forces the people of that country to turn their continual attention towards the improvement of all mechanical appliances for carrying on the work of life with the least outlay of human exertion. The man of commerce, the engineer, the farmer, the employer of labour, and all who have to cater to the wants of the public, will find a trip to America not only interesting but profitable. These may learn many a little hint, which, if they be men of sense, they will know how to adapt to the requirements of an older civilisation. Such adaptation, whilst putting money into their pockets, will probably add to the sum total of the general convenience and happiness. The ease with which, owing to the admirable railway arrangements in the United States, long journeys can be accomplished, and the magnificent and varied natural beauties of certain portions of the country, would, one would fancy, induce hundreds of pleasure-seekers and admirers of nature to turn their steps from the well-known paths, trodden by the common crowd of Europe, to the cañons of the western slopes, or to the virgin crags of the Rocky Mountains. But such is not the case. The only well-to-do Englishmen who have invaded America in any numbers are the sportsmen, those of them at least who are not afraid of a little roughing it, and who prefer the freedom and excitement of a wild open-air life, in search of the buffalo or the prairie hen, to the tamer joys of a Norfolk preserve. It is remarkable that, although Americans have of late years known how to hold their own in sports and athletic pastimes with the best of our own men, they appear to be content to permit Englishmen to monopolise, to a great extent, the enjoyment to be found in their own unrivalled hunting-grounds of the West. It is not likely, however, that this indifference to the family preserves, on the part of the owners, will be of long duration. Let British guests or poachers make the most of their present pleasures, for they will not long be permitted to enjoy a monopoly of them.

If America is a country worth being visited by the healthy and the strong, it has much to recommend it to the delicate and the invalid. The climate of Colorado rivals that of the Engadine in Switzerland, and softer breezes and a sun even brighter than that of the Riviera is to be found in the winter resorts of Georgia and Florida. To the overworked statesman and to the professional business man seeking rest and relaxation, America possesses this all-important advantage over the usual holiday resorts of England

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or the Continent, that for at all events two weeks—one going to America and the other returning home—it is impossible for him to receive letters or telegrams, in addition to which the distance appears so great to the popular mind, that many correspondents will refrain from writing to him when in America, who would not hesitate to do so if he were at Paris, Cannes, or Rome. During this fortnight at sea he can obtain complete rest, unbroken by anxiety or care of any kind; he can recline on deck, smoke his cigar, or give himself up to the pleasures of a novel with the consciousness that this immunity from interruption is absolutely certain to last for a week at least. The man of medicine and he who has had the misfortune to have felt the pressure of life on an overworked nervous system can alone recognise the value of such rest and the happiness which it represents.

The America of Dickens, and the America of to-day, are two widely different countries. It is the difference between the self-conceited, sensitive, half-formed hobbledehoy of sixteen, and the sober, experienced, sensible, full-grown man of thirty.

The latter has entered the arena of life, has fought his battles, has acquired a knowledge of his own powers and of those of his rivals, knows his own strength, and is not blind to his weaknesses. He is modest and yet self-reliant, courteous but not servile, independent but not arrogant, conscious of strength but not aggressive—he has, in a word, established his position, and is not afraid of criticism. He can afford to recognise his faults and learn of his neighbours, knowing that they may learn much of him.

The writer has just returned from a visit to the Eastern States. He had not seen them for twenty-one years. During this period communication with Europe has been greatly facilitated, and has brought about many changes.

In 1864 the sea passage could not be accomplished in less than from ten to twelve days; now the Cunard screw-steamer *Etruria* can make the same distance in six days and a few hours. The result of this has been to bring Europe nearer to America; and whilst America has unquestionably influenced European life, European ideas have not been without influence in America.

The two continents have acted and reacted one upon another. The progress made in America in art, architecture, and in the comforts, luxuries, and refinements of life is marked. The men are more cultivated. In 1864 it was a rare thing to find a man who was not engrossed in the pursuit of wealth and of wealth alone. Now other interests find their devotees. A leisured class has arisen, small in numbers but increasing. Literature, art, music, travel, and sport compete for attention, and obtain it. Politics are still in a great measure left to professionals; but, with the triumph of Civil Service reform, culture and refinement will doubtless come to the front in greater measure

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than in the past. The spittoon of Dickens is disappearing, with many another custom of doubtful propriety, popularly associated in the British mind with the typical American, although a too indiscriminate desire for praise of national institutions, customs, and scenery (inherited doubtless from ourselves) still occasionally embarrasses the traveller who desires to unite just appreciation with strict veracity. Life has become decidedly pleasanter for the European traveller since the days of the novelist. The Pullman car, with its luxuries and comforts; the elevated railroad; the commodious street conveyances; the magnificent steamers—all contribute to his happiness. But has not the democratic goddess been somewhat asleep of late years? Has she not winked at some innovations of decidedly aristocratic origin? The Pullman car can scarcely be said to be other than a first-class carriage under another denomination; and the liveried servants, the splendid equipages of Newport, and the clubs of New York and Boston, as well as the shooting and hunting preserves of fashionable coteries, somewhat astonish a stranger, who comes with the notion that American institutions can find no room for the luxuries of European life. Let it not be thought though, that the golden youth of America are less manly than their fathers. On the contrary, the physique of the young man of the richer classes is vastly improved. Athletic sports hold a much higher place in American colleges than they used to do. Our universities and athletic clubs have of late years been taught, by sharp experience, that America can produce men capable of competing with them on equal terms in all sports in which Englishmen formerly prided themselves as *faciles principes*. More cultivated, gentleman-like, and well-built young fellows it would be difficult to meet than the *alumni* of Harvard, and doubtless the same may be said of other American universities. If luxury has increased, charity and the love of man has not diminished. The benevolence and public spirit of wealthy men in the States is very marked. There is hardly a county town of any size which cannot boast of public institutions which it owes to the open-handed generosity of its citizens. Gerard College, the Corcoran Gallery, the Tichnor Library, and the Agassiz Museum have a world-wide reputation; and the names of Wolff, Dodge, Jesup, Emery, Brace, and of many other workers for the good of their fellow-creatures, are not unknown in this country.

It would conduce greatly to the growth and perpetuation of kindly feeling between the two countries, and would, I believe, be of educational benefit to the young men of both nations, if England would sometimes send her young men to complete their education in an American university, and if America would occasionally reciprocate the compliment by sending hers to Eton and Harrow, or to Oxford and Cambridge. The gain would be a mutual one, for there are gaps in the educational system of each

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some large city. Another explanation given is the excessive heat of the inland country districts in summer, and the increase of malaria, but neither of these two latter reasons will hold good in the case of the mountainous districts of new Hampshire.

The educated American is often heard to lament his enforced exclusion from political life. As long as he lives exclusively in the towns his vote will be lost and his influence swamped by numbers. As a gentleman in a country district, farming his own land, bringing capital and science to bear on the cultivation of the soil, improving the stock of his neighbourhood, and raising the tone of provincial society, his influence would be felt, and if a man of power, he would undoubtedly be elected to office without having to undergo the ordeals from which so many refined and educated Americans shrink.

America is decidedly a pleasant country for an English-man or woman to travel in. Our men have captured not a few of Columbia's fairest daughters, but we seldom hear of an American marrying an Englishwoman. Perhaps as the ocean passage becomes quicker and easier, more of our own fair women will visit the great republic, and perhaps some of them may find occasion to stay there. Should Venus smile upon an amicable exchange of beauty between the two countries, it would be well for both. Let us continue to propitiate the fickle goddess, and perhaps her influence may bring about, more rapidly than the statesman, the Anglo-Saxon dream of the federation of the English-speaking races.

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TOPSYTURVYDOM.

BY WILLIAM MACKAY.

I.

NOWHERE on "the whole round earth" can there be found a community so inherently incapable of self-government as the Irish community. Not easily governable by others, how could Ireland be expected to govern herself? This is one of those simple and apparent considerations which have been overlooked by eminent statesmen, whose arguments in favour of Hibernian autonomy have been gathered from history or imported from distant colonies. That, however, which escaped the notice of certain great political authorities, has become quite evident to the nation at large. Once more the common-sense of the people has asserted itself. A prodigious danger has been happily averted. The scare is over; but the problem remains. In most households the day-nursery is an extremely interesting feature in the domestic economy. Its occupants are bright and sanguine. They are easily moved to laughter or to tears; demonstrative in their affection, they are usually passionate in their aversions. The gaudy paintings on their walls they cherish as choice results of artistic genius. The puppets of their playtime they regard as sentient—a childish superstition that will be trodden down by the flying feet of time. Entertaining a secret liking for the nurses that rule their territory, they nevertheless find their enactments irksome, and in secret they put their curly heads together and plot against their authority. The boys of the settlement upstairs will now and then arrange a difference by a direct defiance of the hymnal directions of Dr. Watts. The annexation of an enemy's drums and pop-guns is a common incident; and the maiming of animals in the Noah's Ark of a neighbour is an offence very prevalent in the child dominion. "Boycotting" prevails to a really alarming extent in the nursery. The male inhabitants are remarkable for a certain rough gallantry towards their womankind; but they are apt to assert their authority by the interception of sweetmeats or the confiscation of other comestibles. Now, notwithstanding the enterprising and engaging nature of the inmates of the nursery, it has not yet occurred to sane householders to confide to its infants the management of their own affairs in their own settlement. Their knowledge of

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finance is as yet rudimentary. They cannot appreciate the exact difference between a sixpence and a sovereign. A week of child-management would land the nursery in a complicated bankruptcy, where no accounts were forthcoming. Disappointment would result in recrimination and strife. The din of civil war would make itself heard in other parts of the establishment. It is anarchy. It is an intolerable shaking of

"The pillars of domestic peace."

Ireland is a nursery of fractious children of varying ages and of various temperaments. Her people take their history from story-books, the pages of which rival the racy romance of "Jack and the Beanstalk." They live in an atmosphere of historical lies. They entertain an unreasoning hatred towards their only protector, and regard Britain as a bogey. They have before them always a vague but brilliant vision; and they call it National Independence. What exact idea they attach to these words it is now more difficult than ever to determine. Their fuglemen have solemnly informed us that Mr. Gladstone's Bill granted the full measure of their desires. In that case their notion of national independence must be peculiar. For the dead Bill, although recognising the principle of separation, proposed to degrade Ireland from her place as an integral portion of a great empire into a carefully-guarded appanage of that power. Ireland dreams of national independence, and accepts, as the realisation of that dream, the part of a provincial tax-gatherer for England. For this, as for other Irish visions, we can but accept the explanation of a native bard—

"'Dreams go by contraries,' says Rory O'Moore."

Ireland is Topsyturvydom, and the doctrine of contraries has free course, and is glorified there. The minds of the masses are full of confusion and poetry. Evil is their good; and in the prosecution of their political mission they are constantly engaged in the act of self-inflicted punishment. To apply a vulgar proverb, the Irishman is engaged in "cutting off his nose to spite his face." Take two instances of this national insanity. During the elections just ended, the Irish Roman Catholic priests worked with an unmatched zeal for the Nationalist candidates. They spoke on platforms, and commended to the Catholic faithful the political programme of a Protestant dictator. They canvassed in all directions. They watched the polling booths with untiring vigilance. They conveyed reluctant or half-sober voters to the poll. And all to what end? To assist a socialistic movement; to give impetus to a wave of revolution which, if permitted to flow, would sweep the descendant of Peter from the rock upon which he is founded. At the Vatican, indeed, this possibility is clearly understood. But the Irish priests, acting in accordance with the immutable principles of Topsyturvydom, are

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working heart and soul for the progress of Socialism and the future annihilation of Holy Church. The priests cut rods to flagellate themselves withal. The people take their cue from their ghostly advisers. They are doing political penance with all the fervour of Eastern devotees. For the sake of that glorious but quite impalpable thing known as the Cause, they fast, they starve, they clothe themselves with rags. Take the case of a village tradesman imbued with patriotic fervour and under the domination of "the League." He receives an intimation that he must discontinue supplying the squire and the rector with goods. He accedes—perforce—to that demand. It is all for the good of the Cause and the glory of Old Ireland. The Cause and Old Ireland are no doubt greatly benefited; the rector and the squire are probably put to some temporary inconvenience. But the real victim is the patriotic huckster. He sacrifices his profits to his principles. Stores are obtained from a distance. Money that might circulate in the village goes to wealthier dealers in larger towns; and the hungry family of the local tradesman may feed upon the intellectual features of Mr. Parnell and Archbishop Walsh, whose portraits hang framed and highly coloured over the mantelpiece; or they may stay their appetites upon such pabulum as is afforded in *United Ireland*, where, among other items, they will read with a thrill of patriotic pride how many thousand dollars America has remitted during the past week for the high and holy purpose of maintaining The O'Bletherumskite while he discharges his duties in the Imperial Parliament. This is, indeed, a consolation—in Topsyturvydom: where patriotism may be evidenced in the refusal to submit a red herring to the indignity of exchange and barter, and where political principles are now and then assisted by the mutilation of the beasts of the field.

II.

A thorough comprehension of the Irish character must accompany any successful attempt to deal with the Irish problem; and as statesmen seem to find the Irish character incomprehensible, the time for the final settlement of Hibernian grievances may be regarded as indefinitely postponed. Mr. Disraeli properly appreciated the enormous difficulties of the case, and shrank from the encounter. He declined to accept seriously the deliverances of the Hereditary Bondsman. He dismissed him from consideration in contemptuous epigrams; spoke of him as a creature morbidly affected by the influences of a melancholy ocean; and drew an amusing but fanciful picture of the patriot driven by floods from his fields, and talking treason with other bondsmen because he had nothing better to do. Mr. Gladstone, being above all things earnest and sanguine, severely deprecated this sort of policy. He tackled the difficulty with characteristic confidence, and proposed to

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lay the demon of disaffection with a Church Disestablishment Bill. That much-vaunted measure was passed, and in due time declared by the Hereditary Bondsman to be ridiculously inadequate. Since that time the heroic legislator has been engaged in the manufacture of other Bills, each in its turn supposed to contain the element of finality. At last, having enfranchised and redistributed these clamorous infants, self-government for the nursery was imperatively demanded; and in an attempt to grant this great boon Mr. Gladstone broke up his party, and ended his own political existence in the hopeless depths of an Irish bog. Mr. Disraeli was a judge of human character, and, failing to fathom the workings of the Hibernian mind, abstained largely from attempts to legislate for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, who is no judge of character at all, arms himself with the solemnly-delivered opinions of eighty-five salaried bondsmen; with extracts from historical class books, particularly marking the chapters dealing with Pitt and Grattan; with a mass of the most formidable statistics obtainable, and comes down to the House with yet another Bill. About the "finality" of the Home Rule measure there is really no doubt whatever. This statement is enthusiastically applauded by the gentlemen from Ireland—every man of whom is laughing in his sleeve. The Prime Minister, however, accepts these demonstrations in the utmost good faith. The result we have seen. That result included, among other things, the ruin of a splendid reputation, and the rending of the great Liberal party.

If, however, there be any failure on the part of statesmen on this side of the Channel to understand the Irish character, it is completely comprehended by the native wire-pullers. Ireland is the happy hunting-ground of the political agitator. He understands that the inhabitants of Topsyturvydom are but ill-conditioned children of a larger growth. Upon that knowledge he lives and thrives. Ardent, impressionable, and imaginative, the Irishman is easily affected by fervid oratory, by impassioned versification, and by the uncontrolled and lurid leaders in the National newspapers. He is vain and impetuous, and will, therefore, not only accept with willing ears glowing accounts of personal and national wrongs, but will gallantly hasten to avenge and redress them, if it be only by cutting the tail off his neighbour's cow. He is generally in extremes. He loves you with an unexampled devotion, or he hates you with an unmatched malice. He is easily moved to laughter or to tears. That he is endowed with humour goes without the saying; and as a capacity for pathos invariably accompanies the gift of humour, the source of the laughter and the tears is herein ascertained. His reason is liable to be swept away by his passion; a circumstance which is nicely calculated upon by his political guides. The speeches, manifestoes, lyrics, and leading articles of these gentlemen are duly manipulated in accordance with this mental peculiarity. The fire

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of their oratory is an educated inspiration. The superstitions of the Irishman are deeply rooted; his ignorance is apparently hopeless. These also are valuable endowments for the agitator to count upon. I have seen it stated in many places that laziness is an inherent vice of the Irish. I cannot accept that view. Transplanted to another soil, surrounded by other circumstances, the Irishman has proved himself an industrious and successful citizen. His want of enterprise in his own land is notorious, but it is accountable. What else are we to expect in Topsyturvydom? At home he is in a chronically unsettled state. There is as yet no legitimate outlet for his ambition. When he obtains his National Independence—then he will buckle to with a will. For with the realisation of that dream will come peace and plenty, and the prophesied increase of his corn and his wine. Till that day is ushered in by "rosy-fingered Dawn, the Goddess of the Morning," his energies must be devoted to the advancement of the Cause, and the fields may wait. Expressed in language less figurative, the position of the Irish peasant is this: the contributions demanded from him for the support of Holy Church on the one hand and the National League on the other are so considerable and so continuous, that he is given no chance of "making a stocking" for his family, even when, in accordance with the advice of the Irish Vehmgerichte, he pays no rent. He is the most "requisitioned" man in Europe. He sows that others may reap. It is not the melancholy occan that affects his spirits. Nor do the floods on his fields drive him to talk treason at the top of a "boreen." It is the hard fact that he has to share with others the results of his toil. Is it so astonishing, then, that the Irish peasant should be careless, half-hearted, or intermittent in his labours? The vice is not inherent. What he is, the patriots have made him. To us he presents a nature curiously complex and sullenly suspicious. To them he discloses a character of singular simplicity—of absolute trustfulness. Before we can deal with Irishmen we must be in possession of the advantage now monopolised by the professional agitators. We must gain their confidence. To accomplish that we must understand the national character. Till that desirable but probably remote period is reached, an experimental legislation will be worse than useless; and the nursery must be governed on those humane but well-defined principles which underlie nursery government in general. Left to govern herself, Ireland would inevitably adopt those Topsyturvy ideas which are now largely acted upon in the conduct of her internal parochial and political affairs.

III.

In the capital city of Ireland one encounters at every step instances of the absurdity and perversity of her patriot sons.

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When last I visited Dublin the Corporation of that capital was suffering from a more than usually severe attack of national fever. It had taken the violent and unexpected turn of renaming the principal streets of the metropolis. The Dublin Town Council is patriotic to its heart's core. The late Mr. Carey was, it will be recollected, a member of that representative body. That gentleman's unhappy notoriety in connection with the Phœnix Park assassinations will be fresh in the public mind. His subsequent adventures by land and by sea; the cool and characteristic sale of his accomplices to the Government of the tyrannical Sassenach; his tragic end on the high seas;—he was done to death by the Avenger of Blood;—all these incidents are a part of Irish history. Other devoted patriots survive. Indeed, the sentiments of the civic representatives are proclaimed to all the world. The green flag bearing the harp without the crown floats over the Mansion House in Dawson Street, and waves above the City Hall in Dame Street. Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., is Lord Mayor of Dublin. As a poet and Parliament man there can be no doubt at all about the purity of his patriotism. Surrounded by other ardent spirits, he has probably found that the subjects of paving and lighting are monotonous and sterile themes, best dealt with by small committees. In some such frame of mind the City Fathers set about reforming the nomenclature of the Dublin streets. Nor was their zeal to be sated by a fresh baptism of slums, or blind alleys, or pestilential byeways. Their object being to obliterate the traces of Saxon thrall and to endow their "dear dirty Dublin" with names associated with the Cause, they commenced with their principal thoroughfare. And an edict of the council was solemnly promulgated, whereby Sackville Street was hereafter to be known to all men as O'Connell Street. Now Sackville Street is a thoroughfare of great breadth and beauty. The Post Office stands here; Nelson's Pillar towers above its ample space. Moreover, its chief inhabitants are shopkeepers, whose wares are vended impartially to Celt and Saxon. These worthy burgesses, regarding affairs in their own sordid and commercial way, received unfavourably the patriotic proposals of the council. They even went the length of appealing to the courts. The courts decided the right of the shopkeepers to retain their badge of slavery, and Sackville Street remains Sackville Street to this day. It was a sad blow to patriotism and the Corporation. But among the faithless one was faithful found. Over the ground-floor window of one of the Sackville Street houses there is painted on a green ground, in large letters of white and gold, this pregnant sentence: "43, O'Connell Street." It is an heroic protest. And it appears above the Dublin office of the National League. Such are the serious acts of deliberative assemblies in Topsyturvydom; such the splenetic childishness of the Celtic Vehmgerichtes. As to the proposed renaming of the street, the essential touch of absurdity

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is supplied when we recall the fact that the very Daniel O'Connell whose memory it is proposed to perpetuate after this fashion, died neglected by those countrymen of his whose parliamentary battles he had fought.

There is something delightfully puerile in the notion that new names can destroy old associations. If to-morrow the Corporation were to transform College Green into "Skin-the-Goat Crescent," that patriotic rearrangement would not do away with the noble lines of the Bank of Ireland on the one side of it or the venerable façade of Trinity College on the other. Tipsy O'Donovan Rossa is really more logical than these poetical vestrymen. The erasure of a street name or two would not satisfy *him*. He would erase the streets themselves. But the City Fathers by the banks of the Liffey do not mean business. They are the actors in a patriotic farce. Can you not realise the scene? His lordship, the chief magistrate, in robes of state and gold chain of office, seated in the civic chair; the town councillors seated around,—including, of course, the successor to the late Mr. Carey,—while portraits of other patriots look approval from the walls. The green flag flutters outside, and his lordship's carriage stops the way just as in ordinary cities. Then, at the looked-for conjuncture of the man and the hour, up rises the chosen patriot to move, amidst thunders of applause, that White be called Black; the which motion, duly seconded, is passed with enthusiasm, to be rendered thereafter inoperative by the recalcitrant "tinkers, tailors, and candlestick-makers" of Sackville Street. These are the men who cry aloud for autonomy. "What shall we do next?" ask the children: replying in the same breath, "Let us play at being a nation, and pretend to *govern* ourselves." It would be a rollicking game—while it lasted.

Thwarted in one direction, the civic zeal has found other outlets. In public places statues of eminent patriots stand cheek by jowl with those of certain English monarchs and commanders erected out of British money. Grattan confronts Trinity College. His hand is elevated and his head thrown back. He is sculptured in the act of uttering those memorable words—to which subsequent history has added such an ironical import—"Ireland, I hail thee free! Esto perpetua!" From a pedestal of great height and solidity Dan O'Connell, the Irish Liberator, gazes on the ever-passing trams. Four colossal angels are seated at the corners of the plinth, and under the shadow of their wings the lazzaroni of the neighbourhood sit and sun themselves. Between the statue of O'Connell and that of Nelson is a marble monument to Mr. Gray, a "citizen of credit and renown," who, in dying, left to a grateful nation two gifts. The first is the *Freeman's Journal*—which, on second thoughts, is not quite a gift. The other was his son Edward, the member for the St. Stephen's Green division of the city, whose conversion to Popery and Parnellism

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does not seem to have interfered with his personal popularity, or to have decreased the circulation of his newspaper. Militant treason is honoured in a chiselled likeness of Mr. Smith O'Brien —so happily described by Mr. Froude as "the hero of the tragi-comedy of the cabbage garden." This humiliating termination of a crazy exploit is forgotten. But Mr. O'Brien was a powerful orator, and had bearded the British lion in his den. In Topsyturvydom nothing delights the inhabitants more than luscious oratory. They love rich and glowing language touched with pathos and relieved by the play of fancy, the scintillation of wit. They delight in tricks of rhetoric, and are powerfully affected by scathing invective. They like their speeches as they like their whisky: hot, strong, and plenty of it. Both the whisky and the oratory affect them in much the same way.

The national poet—who in proof of his nationality described Ireland as a fine country to live out of, and who illustrated his belief by tuning his lyre to the taste of London drawing-rooms—is immortalised in the most villainous effigy ever cast in bronze. Private enterprise has, however, commemorated his virtues in another place. There is a niche between the first-floor windows of the house in Auinger Street, where Tommy Moore drew his first breath. In this niche is fixed a plaster bust of the poet, selected apparently from the tray of an Italian image boy. Native art has surrounded the likeness with a wreath of shamrocks. At this shrine the poet has many worshippers, who pour out libations at once to him and to the Bacchus of his choicest songs. For the house is a public-house. Surely there is in all this a nice poetical fitness.

> "Fill the bumper fair;
> Every drop we sprinkle
> O'er the brow of care,
> Smoothes away a wrinkle."

IV.

It is in strict accordance with the principles of Topsyturvydom that a nation which blusters so much about national independence should take its cue from a foreign source, and permit its professional patriots to be paid by the citizens of another government. Mr. Parnell may pose as an Irish patriot; but his brief has been marked in American dollars. The members of his parliamentary tail may shout themselves hoarse to the tune of "Erin go Bragh!" but the bread they eat, and the beds they sleep on, are paid for out of a Yankee sustentation fund. Those who pay the piper usually claim the right to call for the tune; and the tune that the American subscribers call for is no more "Home Rule" than it is "Rule Britannia." It suits the Repeal party for the moment to formulate that demand as

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the limit and measure of their political aspirations. Do you believe them? And even supposing that the Irish Parliamentary party were content to accept the principles of Mr. Gladstone's relatively mild measure, do you imagine for one moment that their trans-Atlantic paymasters would be satisfied with such a return for their money? No one should have known better than Mr. Gladstone that every Irish demand is merely a preface and platform for a more sweeping and comprehensive proposal. Behind every concession craved looms another. And behind all, and overshadowing all, is the vision of the Irish Republic. The argument that killed the Bill was the one which exposed its want of "finality." The motive power and the sinews of war are supplied by ardent republicans and avowed enemies of England. Mr. Parnell is a leader who is led. O'Connell's parliamentary plan was to ask for a great deal in the hope of getting a little. Mr. Parnell's system is to ask for a little in the hope of eventually achieving a great deal. But whatever may be his real convictions or his parliamentary methods, he and his nominees are in the pay of advanced politicians, who will demand to see a return for their money. That return is expected not so much in the good of Ireland as in the humiliation of England. The time will come when Mr. Parnell, unable to achieve the designs of rabid revolutionists, will be requested to render an account of his stewardship. He may congratulate himself that he has acquired a solid acknowledgment of his past services, for when the hour strikes he will be treated as other Irish patriots have been treated before him by his capricious and ungrateful countrymen. They will abandon him for a leader of greater daring, and when he is dead they will erect a statue to his memory.

The new leader will find his supporters among the real, genuine, and unadulterated Hibernian patriots—the men whose talk is of pikes and powder; the disbanded followers of Mr. James Stephens; the plotters of the slums and the hedgerows; the restless, reckless, ragged, whisky-drinking residuum. The history of Irish conspiracy is a tragedy with a dash of farce in it. Irish conspirators conduct their affairs on *opera-bouffe* lines. The comic element obtrudes even when the fire is hottest and the slaughter greatest. The story of Robert Emmet's idiotic exploit cannot even now be perused by Englishmen without some feeling of indignation. Yet the narrative is in parts infinitely touching, and in parts irresistibly comic. The design of this madman was, by the aid of a mere handful of followers, to surprise and capture Dublin. In the midst of all his activity in securing adherents, in concealing his aims, in collecting an armoury, his chief care appears to be about the appearance of his uniform. He showed a proper histrionic desire to look the part. His insurrection resulted in the brutal murder of a Chief Justice, and in his own subsequent execution. But the uniforms were all that could be

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desired; and the blessed martyr's portrait, arrayed in this pretty toggery, hangs on many a cabin wall in Topsyturvydom between those of saints and bishops. Smith O'Brien's "rising" has no tragic touch about it. The battle of Ballingarry is comic in its every detail. A rabble of tatterdemalions, commanded by the redoubtable rebel, fled before the fire of forty-six trained policemen. But the costume of the leader is dwelt upon with fond particularity by the Irish historian. "He wore a black hat, a blue boat-cloak, in which he was tightly wrapped, and a pair of light plaid trousers." This was the patriot's costume when he was run to earth in the cabbage garden. On another occasion we have him preceded by a brass band, and surrounded by a mob of admirers, who express their sentiments in "deafening shouts of loud and long-continued applause." *Opera-bouffe* chorus! He had "a plaid scarf thrown over his shoulders, and carried a pistol in his breast-pocket." A truly desperate insurgent!

Modern conspirators in Ireland have adhered to the dramatic methods of their gallant predecessors. No detail of absurdity is wanting. The secret conspirators of to-day are not only inspired by the old spirit; they have inherited the old stage costumes, the old properties and appointments, the old dramatic tags at the end of the last act. Burlesque has no terrors for the practical patriot, or he would have disappeared long ago with other time-honoured nuisances. He keeps the stage with the same beetle brows, the same soft hat drawn over the eyes, the same old cloak "tightly wrapped" or "loosely thrown" about his frame, and the same property pistol in his breast-pocket. When for some overt folly he is arrested, he is found domiciled in shady lodgings in company with a trunk, which, like Miss Flite's reticule, contains his "documents;" and a whisky bottle, which contains his courage. He strikes an attitude, and utters imprecations upon the head of the unknown "informer." For the "informer" is an essential character in the play of National Independence, and it is one of the humours of secret conspiracies in Topsyturvydom that men pledge themselves under nameless penalties to keep faith towards "brothers," half of whom will be prepared, when a fair price is offered, to sell the other half. When these actors leave the stage for the cells they are loudly applauded by a sympathetic gallery, to reappear hereafter in that sterling English drama—"The Ticket-of-Leave Man." Should the active operations of the patriots result in the killing of certain of Her Majesty's lieges, and should the last dread sentence of the law be executed upon the murderers, their names are thereupon inscribed on the roll of the noble army of marytrs. The Irish martyrology is the most voluminous extant. The anniversary of the hanging of the three Irishmen convicted of the murder of Sergeant Brett, is to this day solemnly celebrated in the Isle of Saints. They are

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known as the "Manchester Martyrs," and they are credited with the supreme virtue of having died for the cause of Old Ireland. By what process of logic the shooting of poor Police Constable Brett can be construed into an act hastening a political consummation it is not given to common people to understand. That the "martyrs" themselves saw some connection between the death of a Manchester policeman and the securing of Irish autonomy on lines other than those laid down by Mr. Gladstone is evident. They assert this preposterous doctrine when called upon to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. "I die proudly," says Allen, "in defence of an oppressed and enslaved people." Larkin abjures his countrymen to "let no man think a cause is lost because some suffer for it." "It is to be hoped," exclaims William O'Brien, the third of this trinity of martyrs, "it is to be hoped that Ireland's imbecile and tyrannical rulers will be for ever driven from her soil amidst the execrations of the world." Thus the martyrs: sustained by the knowledge that next day their dock deliverances will be read—ay, read till the hot tears fall on the paper—at ten thousand cabin fires in Ireland. It was this hope that inspired them as they spoke, and sustained them as they swung into eternity through the trap. "Why should you not be hanged for shooting Constable Brett?" inquires the Court. "I die in defence of an oppressed people. God save Ireland!" replies the prisoner at the bar. Was ever bombast more hopelessly irrelevant? Crime is no crime when committed by the Irish patriot. The murderer is a martyr, and everything in Topsyturvydom is morally upside down.

V.

Here these extracts from a recently-filled note-book must end. All the entries appear to tend in one way—to illustrate one moral. Reversed relations in society; morality read backward; ideas of political economy hopelessly confused; a romantic and lurid lie preferred at all times to the sober truth; inherent hatred for that which is good in public life—a passionate love for that which is worthless. The wealth and intelligence of the community have no voice at the polling booth, and the Irish gentleman of to-day is represented in the Imperial Parliament by the man who makes his breeches. A whole county of Roman Catholics in the South elect to St. Stephen's a Wesleyan-Methodist from the North, whom they have never seen, because Mr. Parnell says that is the right thing to do. Quite recently the sub-sheriff of Dublin sent a communication to the Nationalist papers admitting that he was in correspondence with James Stephens, Head Centre and ex-convict. I must do the Dublin people the credit of saying that this circumstance did not appear to cause them a moment's

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surprise or uneasiness. As in the great transactions, so in the smaller affairs of life. When the weather waxes hot the humane inhabitants fasten heavy logs round the necks of their dogs to prevent them from going mad. The tin kettle fastened to the tail would be a more effectual and a more generally approved expedient. Hulking men will stop in the middle of their blasphemies to take off their hats before a cross exposed on a chapel gate. Funeral processions pass through main thoroughfares, the members of which display rather less decency than would, under similar circumstances, be evinced by Maoris. Portions of the "real cross" are sold in the very chapel yards to devout believers by Jews from Houndsditch. All over the country the deluded peasantry are buying tickets in respect of which they will "draw for" the few desirable properties still left in the country. That the purchasers of these illusive cardboards have the utmost faith in them I have ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt. They expect to enter into possession of the properties which they "win" in this way immediately after the opening of the Irish Parliament in College Green. Meanwhile the priests and the patriots keep the people up to concert pitch. Extravagant speeches from platforms and pulpits, impossible promises for the near future, an exhibition of green flags and a general shaking of stimulating emblems,—these suffice for the moment. It would not surprise me, however, to hear that the Irish are becoming somewhat weary of their present playmates, and that at no very distant date there will be a demand for a new sort of toy in Topsyturvydom.

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The three sections were—

(1.) *The Clerks under Regulation I.*

(2.) *The Clerks under Regulation II.*

(3.) *The Writers.*

The Clerks under Regulation I.—The examination scheme for this section was meant to recruit the higher ranks of the Service. Owing, however, to difficulties which need not be discussed here, the entries under this scheme had been very few. Many large and important departments indeed were recruited wholly under the lower examinations, and the total number who had gained admittance under Regulation I. was so very small that I may dispense with any notice of it for the present.

The Clerks under Regulation II.—These constituted the great body of the service. They numbered about four-fifths of the entire clerical staff. The seniors amongst them had come in under the old patronage system, the greater proportion had entered under limited competition by nomination, and the remainder, who had joined since 1870, had gained their certificates by open competition.

The prospects of these men differed according to the departments in which they were employed. In the Inland Revenue the salary varied from £90 to £500 with prospect of promotion, and

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the Post Office was on much the same scale. Promotion was said to be rapid where a man passed into a higher class before he had reached the maximum of the class immediately below it; but where he was detained long at the maximum of his class before a vacancy occurred in that immediately above, promotion was said to be slow.

This division of the Service was loud in its expression of discontent. Those who had come in by competition, although distributed among different offices, had originally all passed the same examination, and having entered under the same conditions naturally looked forward to equal prospects in after official life. Here, however, a great disappointment was experienced. Scarcely any two departments could offer similar rates of advance, and in many cases wide and marked inequality of prospect existed. It often happened that two men who entered the Service at the same time found in middle life that the one enjoyed a handsome salary with expectations of further promotion, while the other, having been appointed to an office where promotion was slow, or the low maximum quickly reached, was, through no fault of his own, the victim of circumstances under which it was his peculiar hardship to feel that the greatest official merit could count as nothing towards further advancement.

In some cases even the same department was split up into several sub-departments, each of which had its own scale of pay and its own prospects. Periodical reorganisations were looked forward to as a means of hastening advancement where promotion was in stagnation, and as it was impracticable to transfer clerks from one department to another, the Public Purse was burdened with the weight of superannuation and compassionate allowances to men, many of whom were in the prime of life and activity.

These were some of the evils which added to and aggravated the great grievance common to all clerks of the establishment, viz., that the scale of salaries of the men had been fixed many years previously, and did not bear the original relation to outside rates, which had been continually increasing.

The Writers.—These did not form part of the establishment, but they constituted a clamorous and disaffected body, numbering some twelve hundred. Most of them had entered under a qualifying examination held by the Civil Service Commissioners. They had no security of tenure, and no claim to pension. They were employed from week to week, and were generally paid for their services at the rate of tenpence per hour, with no hope of further advance. They were supposed to be engaged solely upon copying work, but the evidence went to show that only five per cent. of their number were in actual practice so engaged. The discontent engendered by a total absence of all prospect of advancement was heightened by the knowledge that a large number of them were employed at a small pittance to perform the same duties as men

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who enjoyed a comparatively large salary, with all the privileges and prospects attaching to a place on the establishment.

Such was the state of the Service upon the appointment of Mr. Playfair's Commission. To it was entrusted the task of evolving order and harmony out of the prevailing confusion and discontent.

The Playfair Commissioners were officially informed by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer that their inquiry was to have reference to the following points:—

1. The method of selecting Civil Servants in the first instance.
2. The principle upon which men should be transferred from office to office.
3. The possibility of grading the Civil Service, as a whole, so as to obviate the inconveniences which result from the difference of pay in different departments.
4. The system under which it is desirable to employ Writers or other persons for the discharge of duties of less importance than those usually assigned to established clerks, or duties of a purely temporary character.

The opinions of Sir Stafford Northcote (now Lord Iddesleigh), Sir C. E. Trevelyan, Sir A. Y. Spearman, Sir T. H. Farrer, Sir W. H. Stephenson, Mr. Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke), and Sir Lewis Mallet, C.B., on the subject of Civil Service reform are of such importance that no excuse is needed for their introduction here, as they prove beyond question that the Playfair scheme ought never to have been introduced. It has proved a dead failure, and its effect, as will be shown hereafter, has been to *increase* and not curtail the expenditure of public money.

According to the report and papers relating to the reorganisation of the Civil Service in 1885 Sir Stafford Northcote (now Lord Iddesleigh) and Sir C. E. Trevelyan were of opinion that to encourage industry and foster merit, by teaching all public servants to look forward to promotion according to their deserts, and to expect the highest prizes in the Service if they can qualify for them, is one of the three principal objects that should be held in view, and that the systematic promotion of meritorious officers from the lower to the higher grades of the service was the object to which their whole plan was more distinctly directed than to any other.

Sir A. Y. Spearman's remarks bear very strongly upon the condition of the Civil Service at the present moment, and should be brought to the notice of every member of Parliament interested in the welfare of the Service. This is what he says:—

"To split the Civil Service into two parts—the one to be decidedly inferior in rank and prospects to the other, and to be directed and controlled by it, although not possessing that knowledge which is best and can indeed be alone gained by working right through—would, it seems to me, greatly impair its efficiency as a whole, and would, besides, be unjust to those who enter into the lower class. The object sought to be attained will never, I think, be reached in that way. In the lower class many

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will always be found full of ability, full of knowledge, thoroughly capable of discharging the duties of the higher class, entirely deserving of promotion from merit, knowledge, and good conduct; and is it possible to expect that such men will be content to see themselves kept in a position out of which they will have no chance, or but little chance of advancement, while younger men, their inferiors in that knowledge which is really useful, are introduced above them, and are, as a class, kept above them? A system, I have ever thought, full of injustice to the individual and very injurious to the Service. It is upwards of forty-six years since I first entered the Civil Service of the Crown in its humblest rank; and I speak from practical experience and personal knowledge when I express my opinion that such a system would be injurious as well as unjust."

Amongst those examined by the Select Committee on Civil Service Expenditure, 1873, were Sir T. H. Farrer, Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade; Sir W. H. Stephenson, K.C.B., Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue; Mr. Lowe, then Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Sir Louis Mallet, C.B.

Mr. (now Sir) T. H. Farrer, in reply to the question as to what means there were in public offices to superintend the clerks' work, so as to see that they are not working leisurely and lazily, said:—

"If you so arrange your service that there shall be rewards for good service, and a stimulus applied as frequently as you can by an increase of pay, you will get good servants; but I do not believe in any amount of driving getting good service out of men who are fixtures and who rise by routine. No amount of superintendence is at all equivalent to the prospect of increased pay and promotion."

He went on to say that neither the work nor the capacities and characters of clerks lend themselves to the arbitrary divisions contemplated by the new scheme. Except mere copying, which it is very easy to provide for in more ways than one, there is a continuous gradation of work from that of the clerk who keeps and puts away papers to that of the secretaries. In some offices executive detail is much larger than in others, and in these the proportion of inferior work and of inferior clerks will be larger, but in none will it be found possible or desirable to draw an absolute line, much less two absolute lines, between one class of work and another.

"It is equally impracticable and still more objectionable to draw an absolute line, much less two absolute lines, between different classes of men. In the highest class, whatever may be the examination passed at the age of twenty or twenty-one, some men will go back rather than forward, and they are the more likely to do so if they know they cannot be passed by those below them. Still more important is the effect of the proposed distinction of the inferior class. Amongst the large numbers who must be employed in these classes there are sure to be some men of energy and ability, who have not been able to pass a first-rate examination at the age of twenty, but whose education, ability, and character develop as life goes on. These are, in my experience, some of the most valuable men in the Service; but against such men the new scheme shuts every door of promotion and hope. Further, not only does it deprive the public of these superior men, but it discourages the whole class."

Sir W. H. Stephenson was no less emphatic in his opposition to two classes of clerks than Mr. Farrer. He said he did not require upper class clerks in the Inland Revenue. There was a system of promotion throughout the office, and the authorities found that the duties that a man has to perform may be of so

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high a character that they fully justify a very high salary, but do not necessarily require a high standard of education. It is rather a technical knowledge that a man acquires during a long period of probation. Further, he preferred gradual promotion to a chasm between two classes of clerks.

Mr. Lowe was of the same opinion.

Sir Louis Mallet, C.B., asked whether he was in favour of a division into two classes, said :—

"I cannot say that I am. I have the strongest possible objection to any system which takes a man at the age of twenty, and settles once for all his future destiny, without giving him an equal chance of success in his career, whatever it may be with anybody else. It seems to me not the right thing, and by no means likely to improve the efficiency of the Service (which, I think, should always be looked at first of all, and which is very much disregarded), to impose upon the heads of the departments the necessity of choosing their agents from a particular body of men."

He mentioned the Audit Office as an office in which had been introduced the system of first and second class clerks.

"In the first class young men came in well educated, men who would have succeeded, very likely, in some open profession. They are men who have certain aspirations, and the power, perhaps, of gratifying them ; they find themselves in an office with much mechanical work, and they find a set of men capable of doing it under their orders ; and the tendency which is observed is that the men in the second place do the work, and those men will probably in a very short time become thorough masters of it, because it does not require a very high education ; and in ten years the real backbone of the office will be found, not in the first class, but in the second, and you will have a class of men in the first class not doing very much work, but looking down upon the working bees, and being paid more than they are worth."

It is ten years since this was said, and I have no hesitation in saying that Sir Louis Mallet's prediction has been verified in every particular.

In order to be able to view more clearly the present condition of the Service and its connection with the Playfair Inquiry Commission, it will be necessary to recapitulate briefly the leading features in the reconstructive scheme of the Commissioners, as well as some of the reasons which guided them in their recommendations.

At the outset the Commissioners found that the situation presented itself under two distinct and clearly-defined aspects. They found, on the one hand, that the clerical staff was thoroughly discontented. The men were dissatisfied with the system under which they worked, with the pay which they received, and the prospects to which they looked forward. It was evident, moreover, that they had made up their minds, in no uncertain manner, to do all in their power to have their condition improved.

The Commissioners were constrained to admit that there were some grounds for such complaints, and that it was not unreasonable to ask for some improvement. After speaking of the inequalities and anomalies existing between different departments, and the previous changes in the Service, which had aggravated rather than removed the difficulties, they go on to say :—

"The discontent which undoubtedly exists in certain branches of the Service cannot, however, be wholly attributed to these changes. The prices of various com-

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modities have increased within the last few years, and rates of wages are, as a rule, higher than they were. Many employers of labour have had to increase the salaries paid to their clerks, and it is not unnatural that clerks in the Civil Service should expect a similar increase.

This was one side of the situation. The other was, that although the Commissioners found themselves entrusted with the power to recommend the best means of bringing about the much-desired improvement, they doubtless knew that if their recommendations involved any material increase in the cost of the establishment, it was very probable they would never see them adopted. To satisfy the demands of existing claimants, and without any increased charge to the State, was the very difficult problem which called for solution.

Mr. Playfair's Commission tried to find a way out of the difficulty, but the restrictions under which they were placed must be borne in mind, in order to explain the unfortunate results which have attended the adoption of their proposals.

The position and prospects of those who had been so loud in their complaints were to be improved, but without increasing in a corresponding degree the cost of the establishment. The unfortunate part of the scheme, however, and that in which its weakness consists, is, that the cost of the improvement has to be made up in some way or another.

The great principle of the scheme of the Playfair Commission is the division of the Service into two grades—Upper and Lower; the members of each entering by different examinations, and those of the Lower not being eligible for promotion to the Upper Division, except under very special circumstances.

The scheme of the Higher Division resembles that under the old Regulation I., which had already found little favour with the principal departments. These men are supposed to be the superiors of those forming the Lower grade, at first to the extent of passing a higher examination, and afterwards officially, being placed in superior positions, by virtue of having passed such examination. This part of the scheme has as yet come into only very partial operation, and I shall postpone my remarks on the measure of success which has attended it until I have considered the other great feature of the scheme.

The Lower Division was to constitute the rank and file of the Service, to be officered by the favoured individuals of the Upper Class. This part of the scheme has been rapidly taken up by the authorities, and it is not difficult to understand how it came to be regarded with such peculiar favour in their eyes.

The new body was to consist of men entering by the same examination as that under which nearly all the principal departments had been hitherto recruited, viz., the old Class II. examination, but with prospects and conditions vastly altered. The salary of the men was to begin at £80 annually, and rise by *triennial* increments of £15 to £200 in six-hour offices, and £95

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and £250 respectively in seven-hour offices, with no prospect of further increase. The new Civil Servant was told in the Order in Council which called him into existence, that he could not reach the higher grade without a special certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners, to be granted exceptionally only after ten years' service, and the Order goes on to speak of extra pay not exceeding £100 per annum, to be bestowed strictly by merit and not by seniority, and attached to certain situations open to clerks of the Lower Division as a reward for the most meritorious amongst them.

It was intended that the Lower Division should eventually constitute the greater part of the clerical staff, and it was pointed out that throughout the Service almost absolute uniformity in pay, prospect, and conditions would be attained.

Such was the outline of this part of the scheme.

I shall now proceed to examine the application and working of the Playfair scheme in relation to their new Lower Division of the Service. The first step towards the introduction of the scheme into those departments, in which it has been fully adopted, has been the reorganisation of the office. Liberal and exceptional retiring allowances, in many cases supplemented by large bonuses, have at intervals since 1876 been offered in these departments to such clerks as were willing to retire. In the Admiralty, Customs, War Office, and Inland Revenue large numbers of the disaffected were satisfied in this way.

Then came the application of the scheme in the interest of those established clerks who remained. *Although ninety-nine per cent. of them had entered the Service under an examination no higher than that now prescribed for the Lower Division, yet at one stroke they were all constituted, either actually or prospecively, the Higher Division of the Service*—actually, inasmuch as the Higher Division places created under the new scheme, as well as all the emoluments attaching thereto, were given to the members of this class; prospectively, because, as the number of such places was limited, only the seniors amongst them could come into immediate possession, while for the juniors was reserved the right to succeed to such places as vacancies occurred before any appointment could be made from the outside under the new Higher Division examination. So that by the mere accident of a man entering the Service a year before another, he is a Higher, and not a Lower Division clerk. Could anything be more unjust or opposed to a common-sense view of the matter? This is one of the many blots on a bad scheme.

Next came the Lower Division. It must be remembered that in the principal departments vacancies had not been filled up pending a reorganisation, and from 1872 to 1876-7 appointments were made only where urgently required. They were now rapidly filled up by men of the new Lower Division.

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The nucleus of this class was formed from the Writers. Those of them who had served three years, and were not over thirty years of age, were, upon passing a non-competitive examination, promoted upon the recommendation of the department in which they served.

The Playfair Commissioners had thus expressed themselves with regard to the Writers :—

"Any attempt to recruit this Division (the Lower Division) from such men as form the main body of Civil Service Writers would result in the collapse of the whole scheme we have recommended."

Yet nearly 500 of the first appointments were given to men as "nominees in respect of previous temporary employment." Some of these were not ordinary Civil Service Writers; a few of them indeed belonged to the class which now constitutes the Upper Division, and had entered the Service through the same door as many of the members of that body. Appointments to the Lower Division have in this manner been made from Admiralty Writers, extra and temporary clerks, Civil Service Writers proper, and others.

The remaining vacancies in the Lower Division were afterwards thrown open to men entering by open competition under the new regulations.

It will thus be seen that those who had brought about the reorganisation had fared well by the result. Those of the established clerks who were in a position to avail themselves of the opportunity secured exceptionally liberal terms of retirement. The remainder, besides enjoying the chances of promotion occasioned by the retiring members, were to constitute the Higher Division of the Service, and enjoy all the newly-created emoluments attaching thereto, while in many cases the scale of their increments was revised and improved.

Although most of those who had been fortunate enough to have been already in the Service had been fairly, not to say liberally treated, there was one thing more, however, which the authorities saw no reason for refusing to grant them. It will be remembered that the scheme required that in each department a certain number of fixed annual sums, not exceeding £100 per annum, should be set apart as a reward for exceptional merit or responsibility on the part of the Lower Division clerks. By some curious process, not provided for in any of the regulations, the greater proportion of their extra pay has now been distributed among those clerks of the old establishment already described, who succeed by seniority to the Higher Division as vacancies occur, and who either still continue to bear their old designations, or are known as "redundants." The greater part of the remainder has been bestowed upon those of the Writer class who have been placed upon the establishment. The authorities have thus given to a few of the members of the Writer class what was

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in strict justice due to many of them. But in so doing they have vitiated the system at the very outset, and perpetuated a lasting injustice against the incoming members of the new Lower Division, while the great grievance of the Writer body remains to this day still untouched.

The position of those unfortunate men who have entered the service as Lower Division clerks since the scheme has been carried into effect, or since the summer of 1876, is indeed an anomalous one.

As before stated, duty pay, as far as Lower Division clerks are concerned, is a mere *ignis fatuus*. In those departments in which redundant clerks hold such Lower Division duty pay, those in actual possession are, on an average, only in proportion of one to three of the total number of redundant clerks in those departments, so that as vacancies occur those next in seniority will, as hitherto, continue to appropriate these allowances, and thus prevent them coming into the possession of the men for whom they were ostensibly provided. Nor is this the worst. In some departments, such as the War Office, the redundant clerks are not to be promoted, as a matter of course, to the Upper Division as vacancies occur. Some are to be retained in the establishment as a distinct class; and these will indefinitely continue, as at present, to absorb nearly all the Lower Division duty pay, to the exclusion of the clerks to whom it was to be held out as an inducement to zeal and energy in the Service.

I do not think that this state of things can be regarded as satisfactory by even the warmest advocates of the Playfair scheme. As regards the recommendation that duty pay places were to be bestowed according to merit only, the results are equally unsatisfactory.

However well this system might work in the upper ranks of the Service, where heads of departments come into close contact with candidates for promotion, it has up to the present shown few symptoms of soundness when applied to the Lower Division.

I could confidently appeal to the opinion of any head of a department, who has already had experience on the subject. One might, indeed, well be excused from envying the feelings of any conscientious head of a department, who was anxious to bestow a Lower Division duty pay place, according to merit, amongst a crowd of eager applicants, the generality of whom could not but appear to him, from his slight acquaintance with them, to be all equally meritorious.

Already, after a short experience under these circumstances, Lower Division duty pay has come to be regarded as little better than a personal allowance, to be bestowed upon redundant clerks by seniority in absence of any better claim, for any departure from this rule has already, on more than one occasion, led to such scenes in public departments as must cause any head of a depart-

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ment, with a proper sense of his position and dignity, to be little anxious to have occasion to promote by merit. Indeed there is every reason to hope, or to fear—I scarcely know which word to use—that if ever it comes to the turn of the clerks of the Lower Division proper to enjoy these allowances they will be bestowed upon the same principle.

It will thus be seen, then, that the only prospect of the vast majority of the clerks of the Lower Division, who have entered the Civil Service by competitive examination, consists of a triennial increment of £15, with a maximum of £200 in six-hour offices, and £250 where seven hours' daily attendance is required, thus taking twenty-four years to reach the maximum in the former, and thirty-four years in the latter instance. Even this residuum of the officially-sketched prospect differs widely when worked out into practice from what one might actually suppose it to mean.

So far from being equivalent to an annual increment of £5, a triennial increment of £15 is only equivalent to an annual increment of £3 for the first six years, and something like £4 for the first twelve years, while it entails an average difference of £5 per annum to each Lower Division clerk over the whole period during which he continues to receive an increment.

It is very doubtful whether the results of the questionable economy which, for the first time, here introduced this system of triennial increments into the Service, are not outweighed by the evil effects of the soreness and suspicion engendered in the mind of the young Civil Servant.

It is significant that throughout the Service the Playfair Commissioners are conceded the credit of being not at all unwilling to take advantage of the probable effect on a youth of seventeen of a high initial salary coupled with what appears, on a first glance, to be the equivalent of a certain annual increment, with the prospect of advancement to duty pay and other delusive attractions in the background. His services having been secured at the beginning he would not afterwards be in an advantageous position to transfer them elsewhere, although he finds himself advancing into middle life with no incentive to zeal or industry, and sees merit and mediocrity alike reduced to one dull level, from which even exceptional ability on his part can scarcely be expected to raise him, while it is not his fault if he enters into the spirit of the scheme, and is content to perform his duties with only just as little carelessness, and just as much interest, as will be sufficient to secure him against dismissal.

Even in less important details the recommendations of the Playfair Commission have been disregarded to the dissatisfaction of the men. The Commissioners expressed themselves thus:—

"The assimilation of the rates of pay in the Service would almost of necessity lead to uniformity in hours of attendance, in holidays, and in sick leave. We think it would be well that uniformity in such matters should exist."

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Yet the ordinary leave of Lower Division clerks varies from a fortnight in some departments to six weeks in others, and the sick leave allowed from a few weeks to twelve months. The Lower Division is divided into two classes—one class employed for six hours, and the other for seven hours daily. For each class, as has been shown, there is a different rate of pay and different prospects, yet the men are distributed to six or seven-hour offices apparently without any reference to their place on the examination list. In some offices overtime is paid for at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* per hour, while in others the men are compelled to work, during a great part of the year, three and four hours daily longer than their more fortunate colleagues without receiving any extra remuneration whatever.

It will not be difficult under the circumstances to understand the step taken by the clerks of the Lower Division in 1880. The scheme had then been only four years in operation. But already the men had begun to realise the hopelessness of their position under the new order of things. Even the juniors among them could not help feeling, when they came to understand their position, that their prospects had been deliberately sacrificed in order to satisfy those in the Service who had had sufficient influence to bring about a reorganisation in their own interests. They had won a small salary by their own endeavours only to find that they had been condemned all their lives as inferiors to men in no degree more competent than themselves, as judged by a similar scheme of examination. The fair commencing salary, and the disproportionate prospect, the triennial increment of £15, the circumstances under which it was adopted, and the fallacy which it concealed were bad enough for a beginner. But promotion to the upper grade of the Service was practically forbidden, thus taking away the hitherto universally recognised incentive to efficient work.

The Government were saving at least £100,000 annually by the employment of Lower Division clerks, which saving went to make up *bonuses and compensation allowances for clerks retired before their time, and large salaries* for those who remained.

The Lower Division clerks decided in 1880 to take the most natural course open to them under the circumstances. In a respectful manner they pointed out to the Treasury in a memorial the strange hardships of their position, and asked that their lordships would be pleased to allow an increase in the triennial increment. The memorial was, however, tabooed.

It must certainly have been evident to the authorities that already something was radically wrong. Here was a body of men, scarcely any one of whom had been more than four years in the Service—for it was the new men who were most active—coming to lay before the authorities what they considered to be grounds of

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very grave complaint regarding their present position and their future prospects.

I must now explain how the thoroughly unsympathetic treatment which their request received from the Treasury embittered in the minds of the Lower Division the deep-seated and widespread feeling of distrust and discontent.

I have noticed how the Playfair Commission, which was practically composed of heads of departments, was entrusted with the consideration of the demand raised in the Service for increased pay. I have shown how this demand was admitted to be not without reason, and how the Commissioners proceeded to satisfy it by calling into existence a body of men who could be required to do the bulk of the work at a greatly reduced rate. I have shown how the saving thus effected, instead of being applied to the relief of the Public Purse, was spent in rewarding all classes of those who had cried out loudly enough to have made themselves heard; how they had been credited with introducing the questionable device of triennial increments, the disproportionately high commencing salary, and the delusive prospect of duty pay in the background in order to find men to do the work on the new conditions. I have also shown how, when the scheme came to be put in practice, even the small provision made for the new Lower Division men was, contrary to the interest of the scheme, immediately seized upon by redundant and other clerks, who had already profited largely by the changes.

But with all this evident spirit of hostility towards the claims of the new clerks, the men were not prepared for the extraordinary statements which came from the Treasury in reply to their memorial.

In reference to the increase in the triennial increment, they said, "We cannot admit that such increase of charge is demanded by justice to members of this class, or is consistent with justice to the public." Oh, the red tapeism!

I hardly think that it was demanded by justice to the members of this class, that the only provision made for them under a scheme which at best had but little regard for their welfare, should be given to men many of whom had no shadow of claim to it; and I might also ask if it was consistent with justice to the public that the large saving effected by the introduction of the Lower Division should, instead of being returned to the public, be devoted to further increasing the salaries of men who do exactly the same work for a salary two, three, or four times as large, and whose principal qualification consisted in having been able to look after themselves.

It is notorious that the condition of the Writers has long been a standing disgrace to the Service. Their prospects are simply *nil*. Yet during the period above mentioned 3,090 candidates presented themselves for examination, of whom 780 were registered for

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employment as Writers, a proportion of nearly four to one, the proportion which "My Lords" characterised in the case of the Lower Division as showing prospects too attractive.

It will be remembered that the system of the employment of Writers was one of the heads under which the attention of the Playfair Commissioners was directed to the evils existing in the Service. On this point they were outspoken enough. They most emphatically condemned their existence as a body, on the conditions under which they were employed. They recommended that only those actually employed in copying should be retained. The body then numbered some 1,200, and Mr. Playfair's Commission contemplated its reduction to 100, yet it is now nearly 2,000 strong. Their grievances still remain the same, and the conditions under which they continue to be employed remain unchanged.

I have already referred to the Upper Division of the Service, as sketched by Mr. Playfair's scheme. The commencing salary for a clerk of this division is £100, rising to £400 by triennial increments of £37 10*s.*, with prospect of duty pay not exceeding £200. The scheme of examination is the same as that for the old Class I. The intention is—provided a Royal Commission does not knock it on the head—when all the redundant clerks shall have passed into the Upper Division, to fill up all further vacancies from the outside, under this examination. I have referred to such a mode of filling up the higher appointments in each department as contrary to all sound and just principles of administration, and I have shown that such a plan has already proved little better than a failure.

In departments such as the Customs and Inland Revenue, and in the latter case perhaps more than in any other department, the internal organisation already most nearly approaches the ideal of the Playfair Commission, the great body of the work is of such a nature that even for the highest posts trained and experienced ability must ever furnish a qualification immeasurably superior to that of any educational or other test. Could the Playfair Commissioners have thought that the heads of such departments responsible for the efficient discharge of the duties of their offices, would sacrifice the interests of the public service in order to carry out a scheme which makes it the exception for vacant places to be filled by the most capable men, and could they have thought that they would secure the efficient and contented service of the men thus excluded? I think not.

Mr. Puleston, M.P., will, I believe, shortly move for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the present condition of the Service, and there can be no question that it is highly necessary.

Reform is sadly needed, and should not be effected in a *wholesale* but in a *retail* manner. The Commission should make, or cause to be made, a careful seat-to-seat inquiry. The Com-

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missioners should go among the stools and desks. What is the use of reforming committees sitting in a room listening to evidence from men who gained their admittance to the Service because they happened to know Lord So-and-So? It is only of very recent years that men have entered the Civil Service by open competition, and it is to them that the Commissioners should look for information.

There should be neither a Lower Division grade nor a Writer class. It is impossible to separate mechanical from mental labour in public offices. The work that is now performed by Writers should be given to young Civil Servants on first entering the Service. It would constitute their apprenticeship, and, as in every other profession, the salary of the young Civil Servant should be comparatively small—much lower than as at present. I would suggest the following scale of pay throughout the service:—

First year	£60 per annum.
Second „	70 „
Third „	80 „
Fourth „	90 „
Fifth „	100 „

After this as follows:—

£100 by £15 annually to £400.
£400 by £20 annually to £500.

No advance beyond this unless promoted to the rank of principal, when the salary should be £750, by £50 annually to £950. Principals, however, should be heads of divisions, not branches, as at present. I know of a branch in a prominent office where there are only five clerks. The principal receives £950, two seniors about £1,350, two clerks £700; total, £3,000. The work could be done very efficiently by men at an average of £400 per annum, a clear saving of £1,000 a year in one branch alone to the taxpayer. This is not an isolated case by any means, and if, as I suggest, a seat-to-seat reform is instituted, all these glaring anomalies will assuredly be discovered.

With regard to leave of absence, I am of opinion that it should be uniform throughout the Service, and that thirty-six days' leave would be ample for both seniors and juniors. At the present moment the majority of the clerks receive seven and eight weeks' leave annually. There should be no Saturday half-holiday. A shortening of the leave would render fewer clerks necessary, and a saving in the Estimates would again be effected.

In conclusion, I would urge Mr. Puleston's Commission, when appointed, to consider well the following words of Sir T. H. Farrer, Bart., the Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade:—"Full occupation, paid for according to its true worth, interest in the thing that has to be done, and a prospect of rising to superior work and pay, are the salt of a life of business."

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TRANSLATIONS FROM BÉRANGER.

I.

ROGER BONTEMPS.

(ROBIN SUNSHINE.)

A PATTERN to amaze
  Folk's atrabilious scorn,
In these our dismal days
  Was Robin Sunshine born:
To live a humble man,
  And let the grumblers rate.
Hey Nonny! such the plan
  Of Robin styled the Great.

His sire's best hat to bind
  On festal days and pleasant,
With rose and ivies twined,
  A wreath rejuvenescent;
In homespun cloak to go,
  These twenty years his mate,
Hey Nonny! such the show
  Of Robin styled the Great.

To boast a cot that guards
  A table old, a bed,
A flute, a pack of cards,
  A cruse divinely fed;
One portrait, his adored,
  One coffer, void of weight.
Hey Nonny! such the hoard
  Of Robin styled the Great.

His games and tricks to tell
  The children of the city,
As author to excel
  In tales more broad than witty;

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Of nought but dances or
  Song manuals to prate.
Hey Nonny! such the lore
  Of Robin styled the Great.

For lack of choice, to wet
  His lips with country wine,
Preferring Margaret
  To ladies superfine;
With tenderness and joy
  Each moment to elate.
Hey Nonny! such th' employ
  Of Robin styled the Great.

To murmur, "Father, I
  Am in thine hands, forgive
If my philosophy
  Live freely and let live;
Grant springtide still to share
  In age's wintriest date."
Hey Nonny! such the prayer
  Of Robin styled the Great.

Ye poor, who grudge your lot,
  Ye rich, whom envies goad,
And ye whose chariot
  Swerves from its happy road,
Ye whom perchance disaster
  Will rob of titled state;—
Hey Nonny! take for master
  Plain Robin styled the Great.

LE PETIT HOMME GRIS.

(OUR LITTLE FRIEND IN GREY.)

A MANNIKIN I knew
That wont to walk in grey
  All the day,
With cheeks of apple hue,
Who lived without a penny
  Blithe as any,

And said I do not care a,
And said I do not care a
  Brass farthing either way,
Oh, none could be more gay than our little friend in grey!

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The pretty maids to pet,
Drink without reckoning,
And to sing.
He whelmed himself in debt:
But as to the grim jaw
Of the law

He said I do not, etc.

On his bed should raindrops din too,
He'd sleep deaf to his plight
All the night:
Though he needs must whistle into
His poor hands in winter rude,
Lacking wood,

He'd sing I do not, etc.

His good wife, a little jealous,
Would repay with objurgations
His flirtations.
But the more she blew the bellows,
And the more good folks might flare,
He'd but stare,

And he'd say I do not, etc.

And when gout had laid him level
Upon a draggled bed,
Parson said
Much of death and the devil
In discourses to the dying,
Thus replying,

On my soul, I do not, etc.

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THE RESOURCES OF INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

BY W. GLENNY-CRORY.

THE subject of industries carried on in Ireland, and such as may be introduced, is one so long before the public as to be likely to be more familiar than attractive. Its importance, especially just now, cannot be exaggerated, particularly from an imperial standpoint.

The well-meant Irish manufacture movements which have come into favour and fallen into disrepute so frequently within the present century, are again being rehabilitated. The rule of these endeavours to patronise Ireland is, that, despite of taste, convenience, cost, or any other personal or financial matter, all Irish people should wear Irish-made goods, as a *sine quâ non* of "patriotism." If industries in Ireland require such nursing, they are never likely to come to any useful maturity, and the sooner all such ideas are relegated to their native place of pseudo-patriotism the better. All such things check enterprise, encourage selfishness, and turn trading into a sort of pressure put upon consumers to buy what they do not desire, or consider fairly worth the price. This thing has been, and is still based on the notion that Ireland has some title to be treated on principles of trading tolerated nowhere else in the United Kingdom; and it is even alleged that prosperity, where fair trading is carried on, is not owing to hard work, independent effort, and plodding, painstaking labour, but rather to favouritism in some shape, or oppression in one or other form against the Irish outside Ulster, and in favour of those of that province, as well as of the Scotch and the English. It is to the paralysing influence of these baseless fancies that the absence of profitable industries south of Dublin and west of the Shannon must chiefly be traced; and therefore the remedy is not within the reach of legislation, beyond that point in which the common rights of protection to life and property are to be expected all over the United Kingdom. The influence of subsidies granted on several occasions in favour of green crops, flax, etc., has been prejudicial. All sorts of special legislation, and every expression of eleemosynary bounty, although apparently as advantageous as they were well intended, have mostly chilled independent effort, and impeded self-supporting success in Ireland.

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But it is not the aim of this article to point out the causes which have operated and co-operated to make the mention of industries in Ireland suggestive of a subscription list or a debate in Parliament, where political capital is to be made or lost, according as members support or oppose grants in favour of Irish industries. It is simply to place the matter, as it stands at the present moment, before capitalists and traders, in order that, if there be valuable industrial resources in Ireland, their development may be fairly considered. The resources of every land gain or lose in value according to the geographical position of the country. The insular position of Ireland affects the value of every material of industry more or less, and, as a rule, favourably. There is no portion of the island more than fifty or sixty miles from the sea. This affects the climate favourably so far as health goes, and though an exaggerated view has been taken of the comparative moisture of the climate as a drawback to cotton manufactures and some kinds of steel and iron products, this notion owes its existence more to the absence of information than the presence of evidence.

Regarded, therefore, in its geographical relation to other countries, that portion of the United Kingdom which supplies a sea-board for traffic to and from the west is incalculably valuable. "Westward" being just now the watchword of trading gives Ireland vantage ground. To place, therefore, the undeveloped ports and harbours in Ireland amongst the imperial resources of industry in that country is indispensable to a fair statement of what may be reckoned amongst the industries of Ireland. Galway Bay deserves to stand foremost of these; and although the most neglected, has the strongest claim to development on that sort of merit which would stand the test of bank parlour scrutiny, and the ordeal of the Stock Exchange. The bay of Galway is capacious in size, it has naturally many advantages, and few drawbacks to the making it into a shipping port. It is not so many acres of sea water, useless for all purposes except that of adding to the beauty of the scenery. On the contrary, it is deep all over, capable, at a comparatively small cost, of full utilisation, and, being situated on the sea-board of a province rich in *un*developed materials in the waters, on the surface, in mines, in quarries, it is no exaggeration to say that, even at present, the making of Galway into a seaport for trans-Atlantic and other foreign shipping is an enterprise so promising, that were there not ways of accounting for its neglect outside the regions of politico-economic matters, its present condition would be a spectacle of astonishment and a standing disgrace to the common sense, in industrial things, of the people of the United Kingdom. The limits of this article, however, will not admit of further detail as to Galway and Connaught. It will only allow of some other of the neglected seaports being named *en passant*. Queenstown and

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Cork, Limerick, Dublin, and almost every seaport in Ireland, except Belfast, stand not only in a neglected state, but are showing no signs of better things. The natural course to take in respect to Ireland's resources is to notice, as the next item of undeveloped material, a still neglected fecundity in the soil, the value of which is immeasurable. Irish soils are not merely fitted for root and green crops, but for general agriculture. It is true no better potatoes have ever been grown with so little labour, and on soil so poorly fertilised, as Ireland has produced. Nor have better "food" crops been got anywhere, with an equally frugal outlay of capital and labour, as the beef, mutton, butter, and pork exported from her shores prove. Ireland does not excel in wheat crops, but she does in barley and oats. Neither is cheese her *forte*, but butter is. A mere glance at the geological map will show that where sandstone is so rare cheese must be scarce, and where the characteristics of the soil are what they are, flax crops are more likely to be profitable than cereals.

It is not, however, to be supposed that because flax crops are specially suited to Irish soil that they are practicable only in that portion of the United Kingdom. Flax may be grown in any part of England and Scotland, and until recently it was cultivated in small patches in almost every county. Therefore it may be grown in Great Britain, but not so profitably as other crops; and other crops may be grown in Ireland, but not so profitably as flax. There are considerable agricultural difficulties in the way of extensive flax culture in Great Britain which do not exist in Ireland. Therefore the narrowness of the flax-growing area, so far as England and Scotland go, is to be referred to fairly sound agricultural reasons; but, as regards Ireland, these do not exist, but others have been invented.

Amongst the inventions which may be mentioned one is, that in Ulster, where flax is largely grown, the farmers are not satisfied with a profit equal to that made on oat crops or any other produce. This is partly excusable, because a flax crop exacts more care, demands more labour, requires a larger outlay of capital, and incurs a greater risk than other crops. Nevertheless it yields, on the average, full compensation, and the objections on these grounds are worth very little. It is a crop that does not suit a sluggard, neither is it most appropriate to a very small farm; but is one which—if capital be invested, and necessary care and labour bestowed—will yield more in proportion to both than may be had from roots, green crops, or cereals. The prejudice against the flax and linen industry in Ireland outside Ulster is sentimental at all times. It is sometimes superstitious, and latterly has become sectarian.

Passing by the superstitions, some of which are merely childish, against flax crops and linen manufacture, and avoiding, as outside the scope of this article, such objections as are sectarian, the

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sooner such sentimental objections as exist are exposed and opposed, repelled and expelled, the better for every citizen of the United Kingdom, as well as for every Irishman residing either at home or abroad. Amongst the sentimental reasons against flax culture and the linen trade outside Ulster one is, that profitable crops would lessen the excuses made for nonpayment of rent, or, if not, would create that unwholesome (always grossly exaggerated and at times wholly invented) notion, that if the farmer was doing well the landlord would expect to be paid a higher rent. The Ulster farmer takes his chance of these contingencies, grows flax, and gets rich. As a rule, he "minds his business," and keeps not only on the outside of the "Union Workhouse," but has occasion now and again to go inside the local bank. The farmers of Connaught, however, keep saying "there is a lion in the way," and they let flax culture alone. The soil of Ulster and that of Munster and Connaught are not the same. The former is the outcome of hard toil on a morass or a barren hill, and its present condition is owing to art rather than to Nature. The soils of Connaught and Munster are naturally good, and their present state is the consequence of drawing out crops without restoring the soil by fertilisers. Each, however, is good enough for flax crops, and to both are they well suited. Another objection is that a flax crop exhausts the soil; but so does every other, each in its own way, but none to the justification of the neglect of tillage. Another objection is that flax fibre must be retted and scutched before it is marketable. This objection amounts to fault-finding with what gives more work to the labouring classes. In fact, work given in connection with flax becomes a means of keeping "labourers" out of the poor-house, and providing remunerative work for skilled hands—a state of things which, by comparing the condition of the people in Ireland where flax crops are grown with that of those where they are not grown, is easily seen, and ought to commend the flax crop rather than condemn it. It is said that water suitable for retting is special to Ulster; this is simply not supportable by the smallest evidence. Then as to scutch mills, it is objected that these cost money, and neither Americans, nor Scotch, nor English are ready to come forward to erect them; and as to the Government they have been applied to in vain. Such objections scarcely deserve that little respect which denunciation accords to them. For the Government to give grants for scutch mills to Connaught and Munster would be the same as if the mill owners of Manchester, Glasgow, or Belfast sought for Parliamentary aid in their business. Besides, if one-half the money lying uselessly in banks and in foreign bonds belonging to those who make these and other absurd objections to flax crops and the linen trade on the grounds of want of means were realised, the Irish people south of Dublin and west of the Shannon might provide scutch mills, and so compete with Ulster

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in the linen trade. Such a step would at once check emigration, necessitate immigration, and open a door to their fellow-countrymen abroad for re-migration.

In addition to the resources named, the leading items in the sum total of Irish industries, and as next of commercial value, are the water-powers of the great rivers for manufacturing purposes. In water-power Connaught takes the lead, next Munster, then Ulster and Leinster. The value, as a part of the resources of industry in Ireland, of water-power is threefold. First, it is cheaper as a motive-power than steam-power. Second, it being most plentiful nearest the Atlantic sea-board in Connaught and Munster, its cheaper cost is enhanced by its admitting of mills being erected in close proximity to a shipping port. Third, its value consists also in its affording all the facilities for motive-power, where the health and comfort of the operatives needs little or no special care. It might also be mentioned, not as a fourth advantage, but as one collateral to the three named, that, owing to the lesser cost of a water-wheel,—the Irish rivers admit of the use of the turbine to a large extent,—as compared with steam machinery, there is a saving in wear and tear, as well as in interest of capital invested. Peat-bog has always been reckoned amongst the resources of industry in Ireland, and is really a valuable portion of materials still undeveloped in that portion of the United Kingdom. It has afforded a "hobby horse" for amateur patriots, political speculators, joint stock company promoters, and would-be patrons of Ireland. But beyond proving that peat-bog means fuel, and not any other of the many supposed uses, it stands just where it was half a century since as a valuable material waiting for the right time and proper way of being developed. Of far more commercial importance are the syenite (cropping up through greywacke), the granite, the marble,—in all varieties except white,—the building stones, the pottery clay deposits, the glass sands, and like materials of which politico-patriots, in their ardour to get hold only of things that would pay, politically, have taken no notice. "Will it pay?" commercially is the test by which the development of these resources is to be tried. If a figure of speech may be used, it may be said that all cry out in one voice, Yes, making the proviso, if not jobbed! Ireland has both bituminous and anthracite coal, but neither in any proportion which would pay if worked as the only resource of their respective localities. Iron ore, iron pyrites, zinc ore, copper, rock salt, sulphur, manganese, antimony, alum, nickel, slates, flags, and other materials are all to be found, and of the 2,800,000 acres of peat-bog (over one-half of which is flat-bog and the rest mountain-bog) it may be safely asserted that when security for capital and labour be given, and English, Scotch, American, German, and those of every other country are permitted to work in Ireland, as the Irish are doing all over the

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world, these shall be profitably developed,—till then they are practically valueless. Not so, however, is it with fisheries, which may be worked in good times and bad. These are sadly neglected, and ought to be looked up. In Merchants Road, Galway, depôts for the sale of salt herrings cured in Scotland are to be found, whilst the bay, which may be reached by a few minutes' sail, is teeming with herrings wasted "for want of salt." Conciliation Hall, Dublin, at one time the seat of the Irish manufacture movement and Irish agitation in general in days gone by, was recently, and may be still, a store for American corn and other grain. Ships discharge salted herrings on the Liffey from Scotland, which, if curers from Scotland were to come to Ireland, might be cured at a less cost, and sold at a lower price, and leave a larger profit.* Algæ, edible and inedible, are in profuse abundance, and are capable of immediate development. In 1796 gold was discovered at Croghan Kinshela, in the county of Wicklow. It was worked for a short time, but abandoned in the first instance in favour of the more congenial work of rebellion in 1798, but doubtless for better reasons it is not now prosecuted. It may have been an *ignis fatuus*, and nothing more. Not so, however, in regard to the other materials of industry named, and many others which might, if space permitted, be added to the list. In mentioning all these before the woollen trade, there is no desire to rank it as by any means an *un*-important branch of Irish industry. Latterly it has been greatly improved, and though capable of much extension it is in a fairly solid state. The like may be said of the silk trade. But in the expansion of flax culture all over the island, and the spread of the linen trade into Connaught and Munster, rest the hopes for better days for wool, cotton, and silk in Ireland. Linen is Ireland's *forte* in textile fabrics. Flax crops are her agricultural hope; and if these were permitted to expand naturally, all other industries would share in the general prosperity thus promoted. The paper-making trade has long been carried on in Ireland, and seems to be in a fairly hopeful state of existence, nothing more. Ireland has few agricultural implement makers, whilst she is using such things liberally, and therefore importing them. This fact is not to be overlooked from an industrial point of view. Her agricultural (unskilled) labourers are too many compared with those engaged in mining, quarrying, and textile manufactures. Shipbuilding is a new thing in Ireland. The leather trade has

* Whilst this article was passing through the press, the following appeared in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*:—"DUBLIN. To-day the fishermen from England and Scotland, along with the Irish fishermen at Howth, refused to sell their fish to Dublin buyers through auctioneers, and sold instead to English buyers, who had four steamers at their disposal, at prices averaging ten shillings per measure, being more than double what the Dublin buyers previously paid." At first sight this might seem to justify the cry that industries in Ireland are discouraged, whereas it only proves that if fishing and curing are to be carried on it must be by men of capital, courage, and enterprise, sufficient—*having material resources on their side*—to overcome all opposition, foul and fair.

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gone down, though there never were so few who went shoeless as at present. She imports not only leather but "boot fronts." How is this? Hides are plentiful, labour and rents cheap, and capital by no means wanting. Flax, tow, and codilla are imported largely, as might be expected, though they might at least be grown to a greater extent. Irish lands are quite as suitable for tobacco as those of England and Scotland, and if this new industry spring up she will get a share. These are, however, Imperial as well as Irish questions. Let the English and Scotch not expect too much. Irishmen in their own country, outside prosaic Ulster, will not lead in matters industrial. The people who are now continually falling into a state of chronic poverty, and who are constantly discontented, would get on quite well if, in the proportion they stood to those of Scotland, Wales, and England in working at docks at Liverpool, etc., they were employed in making docks at Galway, Limerick, and other places.

Industrial development in Ireland means a community of interests between capitalists and workpeople in the United Kingdom, such as has existed and is now in Great Britain. Besides, a large proportion of Irishmen have risen on merit "from the ranks" in all British centres of industry, and a greater proportion might be expected if a like state of things were repeated in Dublin, Cork, Sligo, and all over Leinster, Connaught, and Munster.

Imperial resources of an enormous aggregate value lie undeveloped in Ireland, whilst British workmen in all our English and Scotch towns are suffering sorely for want of employment. Let the remedy for all the real ills the Irish are this day heirs to (which is industrial development by English and Scotch people with British or Irish capital) be applied, and health will follow. Only let such a state of things be created as would render this practicable, and workmen would again get employment, plenty would abound, landlords and tenants would be at peace, agriculture would be pursued no further than it would "pay," and land would find its proper value; and while such a course would put every pseudo panacea to shame, it would itself be a well-timed application of sound economy for the remedy of an otherwise growing evil. No wonder Irishmen, gentle and simple, love the "*old* country" from one end to another. It is sweetly lovely; and for it to be made a sort of paradise needs only that industrial development take the place of other and impracticable remedies for its unsettled condition. One would fail to present a subject of such importance as that of Irish industries, if it were not plainly stated that there are no special reasons why the resources of Ireland should be developed, which would not apply to those of Egypt, the still uncultured parts of "the far West," Japan, China, or any other country.

Providence has given the material things of the various portions

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of the globe to those who dwell in the several habitable parts of the earth. For any one, therefore, to press the development of resources of industry on the ground of "charity," is to overlook the claims of duty, and to ignore human responsibility. In proportion as industry proceeds in any country, the bodily wants of men locally, and the general interests of the race everywhere, are served. To advocate development merely for the purpose of providing for people who may be in want comes short of the requirements of the case. That industrial development will provide for people in such a condition is quite certain; and it is the proper way by which—in ordinary cases—relief should come. But the beginning should be the working out of a sense of duty, the meeting of the demands of responsibility, and the "mastering," by the brain and hand of man, of things material for personal and general good. Prior to 1800-1, the Irish alone were blameable for the neglect of their resources. Since that time the blame rests upon the British as well. Previous to the advent of Free Trade it was not so easy as now to enter into competition, either as manufacturers, or as buyers and sellers, or as carriers of goods in transit. It assuredly was the duty and privilege of those at whose door were found the water-powers of the south and west of Ireland, and whose homes were in the cities and towns on the Atlantic seaboard, to have made an effort in the direction of their utilisation. Failing this, however, it is not creditable to the prescience of the British not to see that if the Irish who might have been employed in Ireland came to make docks, build mills, and generally to engage in industrial work in England and Scotland, were allowed to fly in thousands to America for want of employment at home, the result must be as it is, and it might even have been worse. But if the length of the way to foreign countries had been shortened by the making of ports and harbours on the Irish Atlantic coast, and if the cost of the production of textile goods had been lessened by the using of the water-power of the south and west of Ireland instead of steam-power in Great Britain and Ulster, and the linen trade had been supported by home-grown flax, the condition of the United Kingdom would have been much better in many things. That outlet for expansion which was most of all wanted in the interests of the trade, commerce, and manufactures of Great Britain and of Ulster, the south and west of Ireland largely supplied, and it ought sooner to have been taken advantage of. It is not too late, however; and let it only now be considered that wherever there is a material thing worth the cost of utilisation, there, the economist would say, enterprise ought to be directed. But the British people seldom heard of such things and the places which have been neglected in Ireland, except when a cry of famine rendered silence concerning them impossible. Is it not the case that Galway is only a few hours from Dublin, and the

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capitals of England, Ireland, and Scotland are only a very short journey apart? Until the British people will either visit Ireland and see the riches of undeveloped treasure there, or discredit those who whine out as a well-learnt song "*poor Ireland*," or believe such as bear true testimony to the abundance and value of Imperial resources there, the first step is not likely to be taken in the development of a portion of the United Kingdom's property, for the neglect of which the British are to be reproached as much as if these were in Lancashire or Lanark.

The scenic effect of Lough Corrib and Galway Bay, seen from Fair Hill, is worth twice the cost of a visit. Whoever grudged a journey to Killarney; and where are there such rivers to be seen as the Shannon, the Blackwater, the Lee—all quite easily got at during a short tour? The coasts of Mayo, Donegal, and Antrim are sights well worth seeing, if the cost of doing so were four times what it is. Lough Neagh, the river Bann, the whole of the county of Down, including Rostrevor, are within easy reach of England and Scotland, and well worth visiting. Such cities as Cashel, Galway, Armagh, Downpatrick, and Londonderry ought certainly to be better known to the British people, if only on archæological and historic grounds. Dublin could not be better situated as the capital, and Belfast most suitably represents the capital of Ulster. Besides which, any one may safely travel from one end of Ireland to the other, and it seems much to be desired that on Imperial grounds, and for commercial reasons, Irish industries should be better known to the British people. The linen trade is a going industry, but is capable of much expansion. There is a small woollen trade in existence, which also might be enlarged profitably. The tabinet trade is never likely to be a large one, but has an importance quite unique. Distilleries and breweries supply a large portion of the materials of the general trade of Ireland. Glove-making, lace-making, the manufacture of Balbriggan stockings, the Irish oak manufacture, and some other smaller industries make up the present trading of the country. Employment is scarce all over the island. But were a beginning made in those branches for which the country is fitted, a large trade might be done, and employment become so plentiful and remunerative, that just as British industries have often supplied the Irish people with work, so in their turn might Irish industries afford to British workpeople a good field for their labour. In the meantime let not any attempt to develope Irish resources on other than self-supporting principles be approved. If but for the sake of the Irish, who have always been the losers by such unreasoning attempts, let no one try to accomplish that which, on every principle entering into the case, would be a hopeless endeavour, and which must result sooner or later in bitter disappointment of such a gross fallacy. Neither ought the

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old idea to prevail again, that every one who loves Ireland ought to be clad in Irish-made fabrics, wear Irish-made hats and boots, etc. On the other hand, no unfair preference should be given to British-made goods, nor would there be anything of the kind attempted in case industries in Ireland were developed on strictly commercial principles. Really the flax spinners, the power-loom proprietors of the north, the bleachers also, and those who make the kind of goods not unfrequently undertaken by small capitalists, have no special difficulties cast in their way. Banking accommodation is to be had in Ulster as good as in Manchester, Leeds, or Bradford, and probably on as liberal terms as in Scotland. The hindrances in the way of industrial development in Ireland are fanciful, the facilities within grasp are real. The history of the decline of trade south of Newry and in the west is often brooded over with bitterness, whereas its lessons ought to stand as danger signals to those who rely on others, whether crowned heads, princes, or great men, and do not trust rather to hard work, seasoned by frugality, and sustained by courage. Successes as great have been made in trade of various kinds in Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, as in Belfast, Ballymena, and Londonderry. It is clear, beyond a doubt, that like causes in trading produce similar effects in Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, or Munster, whether in respect to flax growing and manufacturing, the cotton trade, woollens, or in the provision trade which bulks so largely in Irish commerce. What may have been in the times in which subsidies and favouritism were unduly relied on cannot and does not apply to these times of free trade and an open market, where the commodity of commerce in all respects best suited to the demand will find the readiest sale. It may be very false economy for a consumer to purchase low-priced goods, instead of getting better value where the first outlay is higher. This is the keystone of the expectation of the promoters of Irish manufacture movements, past, present, and probable, and were it not so, it would not deserve even a passing notice. But no amount of "Irish patriotism" will remedy this, since the fallacy which underlies it is that people will not allow of coercion in such matters.

Happily blunders in respect to industries rectify themselves. It must not be forgotten, however, that both over-production and under-production may prove each its own Nemesis. If more than can be consumed in any branch is forced on the market, an injury more or less serious done to the trade must be the penalty; and if less is supplied than is wanted, the wholesome stimulus to consumption which supply offers is hindered in its useful operation. Ulster at times gives an instance of over-production in linen goods. The other parts of Ireland rarely present any other aspect than that of under-production in that which is undertaken.

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In Ireland a quarter of a century since the sewed muslin trade gave employment to 300,000 persons, chiefly females. This trade has almost gone out. Yet, after allowing for what is being done in some places to give employment to female labour, if not in the home, yet *at* home, it seems as if some employment of this character might profitably be greatly increased with the best of results.

The following questions of an industrial character might possibly draw out answers likely to supply valuable information.

1. Why are not larger supplies of eggs and poultry sent from Ireland to the British market, so as to compete with France, Belgium, etc., in these articles?

2. What is the reason why the Irish brand of condensed milk is not to be had in the London market?

3. Could not Irish butter be got into the London market *fresh* and daily instead of salt, and probably only when other sorts are scarce?

MEADOW-SWEET.

BY W. L. COURTNEY.

In summer fields the meadow-sweet
Spreads its white bloom around the feet
Of those who pass in love or play
The golden hours of holiday:
And heart to answering heart can beat
Where grows the simple meadow-sweet.

Embosomed in some cool retreat
The long reed grasses bend to meet
The stream that murmurs as it flows
Songs of forget-me-not and rose;
The filmy haze of noon-tide heat
Is faint with scents of meadow-sweet.

Ah, love! do *you* know meadow-sweet?
Does some pale ghost of passion fleet
Adown the dreary lapse of years
So void of love, so full of tears?
Some ancient far-off echo greet
The once-loved name of meadow-sweet?

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THE NARRATIVE OF RUBY GARNET, ESQUIRE.

BY CHARLES HANNAN.

I.

Is it possible to remember the future? I use the word "remember" advisedly, though my question may seem thereby to savour of absurdity. If you answer "Nonsense," I venture to disagree with you, for at this very moment I am striving to bring before the vision of my memory that which must essentially be considered to belong to the future of my existence. I am scarcely twenty-five years of age, yet I would call to my recollection something that actually happened a few days before the *completion* of my twenty-fifth year. On the face of it, my belief in the possibility of my doing so must seem absurd; in reality it is by no means so.

Everything about me has always been of a contradictory nature. My very name gives the lie to common-sense. My family name, Garnet, taken by itself, is not an extraordinary one, had not my ancestors seen fit to render it so by prefixing the single Christian appellation of Ruby, at a time when I could have no possible say in the matter. Not the name Rudolph or Rudy, but the absurd and ridiculously feminine Ruby.

I have often wondered if it can have been that my parents believed me, at the time of christening, to belong to the gentler sex, but they affirm that never had they the slightest doubt as to my manhood. Why, then, the name Ruby? I bow my head to fate, and the question remains, as so many others must, unanswered. Ruby Garnet—what an absurd combination! what a senseless contradiction! My nature revolts within me when I pen my signature; it sickens me when I am addressed as Ruby, for it is impossible for me to change my name. But I have wandered from the subject in expressing who and what I am. Let me hasten to return.

As briefly as possible I will explain how it is that the question as to past and future comes before me without appearing to be so absurd as it must seem to you who read. In a word, I have lived the last seven years of my life twice over; that is to say, I am now completing that period of life which lies between a man's

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eighteenth and twenty-fifth birthdays for the second time. You will see then, that, as far as I am concerned, the past may actually be the future for I have already seen the twenty-fifth birthday, to which I am still looking forward. I have told you my whole life is a mass of contradictions. This, the chief one, is of my own making, and brought about by myself alone.

For the past six years I have been vainly endeavouring to recall to my memory that which happened at the conclusion of my twenty-fifth year, and yet at the time at which I am now writing I have scarcely turned twenty-four. So you will see that, for me, past, present, and future form one curious mixture, in which I am at a loss to distinguish the one from the other.

Perhaps the simplest way of conveying what I mean will be to narrate the chain of incidents which have occurred to me since I reached the age of eighteen. I will commence at that year to avoid complications which might otherwise envelope my narrative were I to start at any period within that which I may call my twice-lived life.

At eighteen, I, Ruby Garnet (how I loathe the name !), had left school, and commenced a University career. It had already been decided that my vocation in life was to be that of a doctor. For my part I cared little what path I might follow; my ideas were of the wildest nature, and I felt within myself a something which seemed to tell me that I was destined (no matter what vocation I might follow) to do or discover something of an extraordinary and undreamt-of character. The little inclination I had led me to a frame of mind in which I hesitated between the choice of the career of the chemist, or the more patient and less approved mode of life of the theological dissentient. In theology I should have endeavoured to upset all the existing ideas of those with whom I might come in contact, substituting my own wild fancies where such a force might prove feasible, and it is perhaps as well that my parents, preferring to encourage me in the science of chemistry and drugs, fixed upon the life of the physician as my future.

My career settled, I was not one to waste my energies upon outside and irrelative subjects, though, it must be admitted, that chemistry held for me a charm which I could scarcely realise, and my leisure moments were almost entirely spent in my laboratory rather than in consideration of the construction and ailments of the human frame. I took my degree in my twenty-fourth year. Shortly afterwards the first of the vague ideas that were finally realised began to find utterance within me. Always of a solitary disposition, I kept my thoughts entirely to myself, and not even my parents knew of the wild imaginings which I conjured within myself, and which, as the months went by, lent a new interest to my life and to my profession.

At the time of which I write my father and mother dwelt in

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one of the quieter suburbs of London, and I, their only, and much indulged son, had little to think of save the glorious future which seemed so vaguely distant, and which might one day be mine. So it was that I was permitted to conduct experiments upon various live animals without any one being cognisant of my doings, which were of a strictly secret nature, and altogether confined to the chamber upon which I was pleased to bestow the title of "Surgery."

I was working one day with some drugs which I had promised to mix for an aunt, knowing, however, that the administration of such was quite useless, as her malady existed chiefly in her own imagination, when a thought struck me and rapidly attained proportions which caused me to wonder why and wherefore I had not till this moment pursued the idea which now occurred to me.

From that time my life experienced a change. For months past my spirits had been depressed. Now could I but succeed in that which I saw before me all might still be well; and vague and extraordinary as was my thought, something told me that I might hope for success. Thenceforth my entire energies were wrapped in studies of a nature which, to an outsider, would have seemed of the most absurd and unproductive character.

It was my firm conviction—mind you this thought did not come to me in a moment's time; there was first merely the glimmer of a distant light which, slowly approaching me, had finally attained to this—that it was possible for man (could I but discover how) to inoculate youth and life into the human frame.

By what means? With what substance? I could not then tell, but I was convinced in the reality of my dream, and I devoted myself night and day to studies which I hoped would end in something more tangible than what I yet possessed.

And if I succeeded, what a future might be mine! The clouds around would clear away—already I saw the blue sky beyond—love, hope, ambition, everything stimulated me and urged me forward. Happiness lay before me.

For months did I toil and devote myself to study. It was no easy matter to attain to proficiency in the science of inoculation, and even that was not the most important element, for, grant that I should be thoroughly experienced in this branch, I should still be unable to do anything without the liquid which I still hoped to find, and which I believed would one day give life to life.

II.

Writing as I now am, it is not an easy matter to detail the events which led to my ultimate success. I can only say that I was finally successful, and that to my success I owe the fact that I am now looking upon my future as a part of the past.

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I still believe that some day ere many months are past it will all come over me again like a flash of light, and that I shall remember what I have lost—the secret which I once gained after many a weary hour of toil.

Some few years ago I could not fully remember all that I now do, and could not understand what it was that my memory strove in vain to recall through the vista of time. I know now that it is the great secret of the liquid which I once possessed which escapes me, and I live in the hope that it may come back to me ere I reach the corresponding period in my other life at which I inoculated myself with my discovery, and thereby lost the knowledge I had gained. There are times, when sitting round the fire conversing with the few whose thoughts run in parallel channels with your own, a something may be said which strikes strangely on your ear. "Has not that been said to me before?" you ask yourself, and where? Of what other life is that little speech a part? You turn with an eerie feeling at your heart to other thoughts to forget that which you cannot comprehend.

For me it is easy to understand how things may occur now which have been in the old long ago, for my life (seven years of it, at least) has been a double one, and it is with a flash like this which I would have you understand that I expect there will some day recur to me the lost knowledge which I once possessed.

I held this knowledge of which I speak for months before I put it to the test. I was afraid to do so. At first I would fain have inoculated another with the life I knew that I could give, but not knowing its effects, I hesitated and delayed.

Deeply and carefully had I studied the possible results. I possessed sufficient of a highly expensive mixture to inoculate at least six persons with a life which was in one sense fictitious, but in another, from its lasting propensities, distinctly real.

It must therefore be clearly understood that though I knew, or thought I knew the intrinsic properties of the wonderful secret of which I was the sole possessor, I could not *guarantee* its effects, for the reason that as yet I had been unable to induce any of the household or of my personal friends to submit to an inoculation that I might witness the result.

My old nurse (who by this time had degenerated into cook) still held a most sincere affection towards me. I did my utmost to work upon her feelings, and with her I very nearly succeeded in coming to some satisfactory arrangement. Having mentioned to her in confidence that my brain contained the idea of the century, were it but allowed the necessary scope, I enticed her into my surgery, with the impression upon her part that her presence was required to assist me in some experiment upon myself. Having locked my door, I informed her that it was upon her that I proposed to perform a painless and beneficial operation likely to have good effect upon the neuralgic pains which sorely troubled

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her at times. Ignorant of science and its vast beauties, a great horror seemed to fill her, and she shrieked aloud when I told her of my designs. I implored her to be silent; it was useless. I endeavoured to thrust a chloroformed handkerchief beneath her nose. She shrieked the louder at the attempt, and making a bolt for the window, threw it open, and leapt into the open air. Fortunately my study was on the lower floor, so that further than a shock to her system and a slight sprain in the right foot, she escaped uninjured; but from that day I have never been able to re-establish the loving confidence which (somewhat one-sidedly perhaps) had hitherto been supposed to exist between us.

After this little incident the difficulties I had to contend with were increased rather than diminished, and I found that upon myself alone could I perform the inoculation which I had intended to test in the first place upon another.

You may wonder that my practice allowed me to follow such unusual pursuits; but that is easily understood when it is said that as yet I had not commenced to practise publicly, and the few patients who had so far fallen to my lot were not of the kind to whom it was necessary to pander, nor was my profession in any sense a lucrative one.

Having definitely fixed to experiment upon myself, I arranged with a young medical student (then some years my junior), who was only too proud to be called upon in such an emergency, to act under my directions, believing that with very little assistance I should be able to conclude the whole matter myself. He was a sharp young fellow, and in any case I felt that I was not far wrong in his hands; so having bound him to secrecy, I initiated him into such of my plans as I deemed it necessary for him to know.

I calculated that once inoculated, I might remain in my normal condition for perhaps one, or at most two hours, and that thereafter a reaction would set in and my life rejuvenate within my heart; but whether the renewal of youth (which my investigations had led me to expect as a certain result) would affect my outward appearance or otherwise I was at a loss to decide.

It was therefore with a feeling of no inconsiderable nervousness that I greeted the dawn of the eventful day. I had no fear whatever as to the happy result of my experiment, but the question came to be in what form the effects would make themselves apparent.

The hour came round. It was a sultry autumn afternoon, and having dined early, I knew that I was but little likely to be disturbed.

My young friend arrived in good time, and we set about our work at once. I need not weary you with professional details. Suffice it that the operation was an entire success, and that I found that I was so far correct in my expectations, in that I

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was able to show my fellow-conspirator to the door at its conclusion. Immediately returning to my surgery and locking the door, I sank peacefully upon my couch, and slowly drifted into a deep and dreamless sleep, whose charm I was powerless to resist.

III.

It was pitch dark all around me. There was a great noise going on somewhere—a knocking, and thumping, and shouting, which fell on my bewildered ear in a confused jumble. Where was I? What was the noise I heard? I stretched out my hand and found that I was lying upon a couch which seemed familiar to me, and yet where was I? The window I now noticed was half-open, and the stars shining brightly in the heavens beyond. My thoughts rapidly returned from the sky to the noise continuing across the room. "We'd better burst the door, I think," I heard a voice say; and then it came to me that there must be some one locked outside. Rising, I found my way across the room, and my hand rested upon the lock. I turned it, and the door opened from without, almost throwing me to the ground in the suddenness with which it was burst open. A great stream of light glared in, and I felt more confused than ever.

There seemed to be a want somewhere within me as though my sleep had scarcely passed away. They had all come into the room now. I began to recognise them, but there was something I could not understand, for my very clothes seemed to be dragging on the floor so large had they grown for me.

Too bewildered to understand or to grasp the sense of anything that had happened, I felt that I was being clasped to my mother's heart, and that questions were being poured upon me unanswered whilst she wept over my devoted head.

All that time is a species of blank. I cannot describe my parents' fears, their anguish, their amazement, for the whole was to me a vast mass of nothingness in which my intellect was as yet incapable of grasping anything tangible.

I can only tell you what I have since discovered to be true, that I had slept for a period of nearly eight hours, that my parents had grown anxious at my absence and the darkness of my surgery, that they had almost determined to burst the door when I withdrew the lock, and that they found (when I had done so) a boy of nineteen, standing dazed and dazzled by the light which fell upon him, in place of the man of twenty-five. You can perhaps understand that to expect any explanation from me at such a time was an absurdity. Then deluged me with questions. I could answer none of them. It was as though I had been born again, and for the time being the past was a blank.

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For some weeks my condition was of the strangest description. I was the wonder of the neighbourhood, the marvel of the district, and I could not explain how I had brought myself to be so. All that was known was the little my young assistant at the operation could tell, and his information was merely that he had aided me in a process of self-inoculation of which renewed youth must have been the extraordinary and unexpected result. He came to see me twice within the three weeks following the operation, but, so far as I was concerned, had been unable to effect anything in the way of touching (as it had been hoped he might have done) upon any chord of a memory which remained numbed and apparently dead.

Thus it was that for some sixty days, during which the excitement caused amongst those who had heard of the extraordinary affair (many of whom came personally to visit me) had partially cooled, I remained in a species of dream, for my mind it now seems to me must have been quite incompetent to grasp the strange transformation which had taken place not only in my life and personal appearance, but also in part upon my intellectual faculties.

After the period I have mentioned I began gradually to recover, or, to speak more intelligibly, to awake. As each day went past new understanding seemed to develop, till memory also at length began to assert her sway. Curious indeed were the mental sensations which assumed more definite shape as time went slowly by. I began to understand once more, and to know that there was much which must return slowly to my mind. Great had been my parents' grief, for they, in their simple-minded way, knowing nothing of what I knew, could only think that by some miracle their son had been virtually reborn to them, an idiot in his nineteenth year. They had succeeded but poorly in keeping rumours from spreading, though their efforts in this direction had not been entirely to no purpose, for the occurrence had already ceased to be *the* topic of the hour for those to whom it had been made known. Slowly indeed did my mental recovery take place; it was as though there was before me a thick veil which I was unable to penetrate, some darkness which would not clear away.

I need not dwell upon that which it is impossible for me truly to convey. How can I, to whom these events occurred, relate what took place within my brain?

I can only say that in a little over four months' time the mist had cleared, and I remembered events which had gone before. Yes, the mist had cleared, but not entirely. There is still, even now, the great secret left unknown to me of the mixture with which I was able, more than six years ago, to inoculate youth into my frame.

Since the time when I became competent to remember, vaguely and dimly, the events of my other life, I have been living ever

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trying to recall the whole. As each day goes by something which I have still forgotten is given to me, and I firmly believe that before the completion of the present year it will be given to me to know that which I have been striving for years to know—the secret of the compound which once before was mine.

When the change took place my study was ransacked. I learnt afterwards that the young student who had been with me at the great moment of my life had seized upon the bottle of my now priceless fluid. With all the zeal of youth and the anxiety to discover all for himself, he had wasted, in a few days, the little liquid the bottle contained in the fruitless endeavour to analyse my invention and himself become its possessor. Thus by a youth's foolish ambition had my great discovery been lost.

Some day it shall be mine once more.

IV.

I am in love. I have been in love for years,—ever since my nineteenth year, that is, in my first life.

It is the misfortune of my existence that I ever met her, yet I cannot help myself, and I am now as hopelessly in love with her as I was upon that bright June evening when first we chanced to meet.

You may object that there must be a vast discrepancy in our years since I have taken such a leap backwards in my existence. You are right, yet what can I do? It was for her sake chiefly I did what I have done,—that I was forced to experiment upon myself. I have told you that my life is one mass of contradictions, so my love is more than love—it is an infatuation; a hopeless and a useless one unless I rediscover the secret of youth. In a word, the object of my devotion is now verging on fifty-six summers and I am a youth of twenty-four.

Some destiny brought us together in the old long ago. From the moment of meeting I felt that I was hopelessly lost, and it was for her sake that I rejoiced when I found the liquid which, I believed, could bring her years upon a level with mine. So tender was my love for her then that I could not bring myself to experiment upon her, nor did I then tell her of the labour in which I was engaged with the object of uniting our lives. When I look back upon the past and see what I have done unavailing regrets spring up within me. Had I but known how different might it all have been!

We met first at a small garden party. Unaccustomed to society as I was, I felt awkward and shy amongst people all older than myself. I was introduced to her. She took me, metaphorically speaking, under her wing. She drew me out and made me talk, and as I talked I seemed to discover hidden qualities in my nature which I had never known of before. As I listened to

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her dulcet tones—for she was then still a fine woman—an intoxicated feeling overcame me. I could not tell what had happened to me, but I knew later, when she left, that the world was to me a blank without her, and that for the first and last time I truly loved.

I shall never marry another. Yet it is impossible for me to marry her as she now is. Till within the past five years she remained as she had been when first we met,—a beautiful and fine woman,—but the moment the blight of age fell upon her she became rapidly old. At fifty-six all the life, all the beauty, everything that was, is gone. She is old and decrepit, sallow and wrinkled; and yet I cannot cease to love her!

Sometimes I wonder if I do really love her still, and if it is not the memory of what she once was that haunts me and renders me callous to all other women. No matter, if I do not marry her I shall never marry; for even putting aside my feeling of love for her, there is another reason which renders my marriage with another an impossible thing, could I ever bring myself to contemplate such.

I am engaged to Mrs. Gubbins.

She was a widow; had been so for sixteen months when her life first crossed mine. What care I for that? Has she not over and over again told me that she never truly loved the late Mr. Gubbins? I cannot disbelieve her. Truth shines from her eyes as she tells me this, or used to do so, in the days when I was tormented with doubts on this score.

And she has been true to me through all. She has waited, hopelessly it must have seemed, for me to attain a second time to a marriageable age, and she has herself grown old in these years of wasted love.

It must have been a dreadful blow to her when she learned the effect of my fluid. As time went on, and I again became conscious of the great power of the love which still remained with me after that fatal day, I told her all. I confided to her how it was that I had believed that by my liquid I should have succeeded in reducing her years, and have led a young and blushing girl to the altar instead of the middle-aged widow she then was.

I told her how, not knowing the powers of my mixture, I had hesitated to experiment on her, but had inoculated myself with a dose which I anticipated would reduce my age but some few weeks. If my calculations had been but right, how happy might we have been years ago! As it is, you know how far I erred.

Seven years had I stepped back in a few hours; and not only had I increased by that time the discrepancy between her age and mine, but, in addition, I had lost the secret, which might have done so much had it still remained within my memory.

I do not see her now so often as formerly. She has grown well nigh aweary of waiting, though she knows that I only

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live to recover that which I feel will one day again be mine. When it is so, I shall be able to do what I had hoped to do many years ago in inoculating her with youth.

My parents are now well stricken in years. They have done their best, dear people, to turn me to study, to divert my attention from experiments and from the vain effort to remember. All is useless. I must and will succeed before the present year has run its course.

* * * * *

V.

It has come to me as I felt sure it would. I am once more master of the situation. The secret is mine again!

It is more than six months since I wrote the foregoing part of my narrative. During these months I have not been idle, for yesterday I remembered what I had lost. It was late in the afternoon. I was occupied in my surgery in futile experiments in a direction which I now know to be the wrong one, when memory came with a sudden flash to my assistance. It was but a word in one of my old books which did it. That word caught my eye; my attention was for a moment riveted on the book, and in a few seconds I had recalled not what lay upon the page before me, but the more important thing which some chain of memory led me suddenly to recollect. Tremblingly I seized a pen, determined immediately to note what might again perchance escape me. I could scarcely write, so great was my excitement; but my nerves have thoroughly recovered by now, and I possess in writing the prescription of the liquid, which, I thank Heaven, is again in my possession, or may be so whenever I may please.

All the future is gilded and bright, for the day may shortly be when I shall clasp her whom I love to my bosom as the young girl of my choice. I have already written her to that effect.

Had she been here how great would have been my joy—how great her ecstasy to know that we can yet be as we have dreamt to be! As it is, she dwells at a distance of some hours by rail from here, and I must calm myself and make myself sure of everything before I hasten to her side.

I have never kept a diary. This scrawl, which I commenced, as I have said, about six months ago, is the only pretence at a diary I have ever made. I take a certain morbid pleasure in thus noting down what has occurred to me. Perhaps some day others may read what I now write. But I am forgetting my daily correspondence. Excuse me for a moment whilst I open the three letters by my side. There is the customary one from my love, which may wait till I have perused the others. This one looks like a tailor's account: I generally know these by the flattering method of address, "Rudolph Garnet, Esq." Yes, I was

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sure of it! Overcharged, and no discount as usual.—The third letter seems of the usual description. I get hundreds such, for I am the butt of countless bards and self-imagined wits. The envelope tells its own tale, as I read, "Mr. Rubicund Garnet," before I break the seal. The contents, some half-dozen verses:—

"I love the Ruby as a gem,
The Garnet as a stone;
And much prefer to see them set
Together than alone."

The "W.P.B." is fortunately handy. I perceive from the initiatory verse something brilliant and sarcastic to follow, and the poet remains, as so many other poets must nowadays, unread.

Now for the other. SHE at least never calls me "Ruby." She knows my weakness. From "My beloved one" to "your fondly betrothed Amelia," there is one volume of tender sentiment and gentle reproach. Why have I not been to see you, my loved one? You will know by now that you have not waited in vain, and to-morrow at the latest I will clasp you to my heart. Nay, I do not mean that, for you are not yet the young girl you will be; but to-morrow, at any rate, I shall kiss your brow, and soon—pray Heaven, very soon!—will I draw you to my heart.

* * * * *

I have been to see her. Poor lady, she is sadly invalided. It is indeed well that my discovery has been made so soon, for I feel a want in my love for her. When I am absent from her I forget grey hairs, wrinkles, deafness, shrillness of voice, everything in the great beauty of my love. When I am with her these attributes are, alas! too plainly brought before me. It is for this reason I do not visit her so often as in the old long ago. I cannot cease to love; but I fear that I love that which she has been, and not what she is now. I have always considered myself the soul of honour, and even could I forget my great love for her (which I know to be impossible), I could still never bring myself to wed another. I confide these thoughts to paper at a time when I know that all will be well. I have never dared to do so before, for I have hitherto endeavoured to hush within myself the faintest suspicion of disloyalty to my betrothed ere it grew into a thought.

I look forward to the happiness of wedded life. She has agreed to be operated upon by me whenever I may choose, and a few days will put me in possession of the means whereby I shall instil into her withered frame the youth of a bygone day.

There is now no need for me to hesitate. I shall inoculate a considerable quantity of my invention, for it can matter but little whether I reduce her years by an exact thirty, as I hope to do, or by a few years more. I remember how much liquid I used upon myself, and by that I am able to judge so far of the quantity in her case. My only fear is that I may under-estimate the strength of my preparation, and inoculate the youth of the

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girl in her teens rather than that of the woman of twenty-five. In such case I shall then again operate upon myself, so that we may grow side by side till we reach a proper age.

I have spent hours in calculations. I am certain I can hit off the exact effect of my prospected operation within at least the period of a year or two. You may imagine I am fully convinced of my certain success ere I venture an experiment upon the woman I love.

In two days, then, I shall be ready. On the third I feel confident my bride's age will become within a year or two of my own!

VI.

* * * * * *

It is many, many years now since I discovered the invention which has in more than one way cost me the best years of life. I shall briefly finish my tale. I was in readiness for the operation. My patient expected me, and my box was lying in the hall preparatory to my short journey to her home. In it were the instruments which I believed necessary, together with a bottle containing the exactly requisite quantity for my operation. So hurried had I been on this morning—the third from the point at which my "quasi-diary" ceases—that I had not opened the single letter which the post had that morning brought me. I did so, now that all was ready for my start. My Amelia had discovered a something which cast a shadow on me as I read. Her letter was a short one, and bespattered with an occasional tear. Time has faded alike the paper and the ink, but the meaning is, alas! still there! The objection to our union still remains! I give the note *verbatim* as it lies before me:—

"Dearest and best Beloved,—

"You know I am ready waiting your arrival, but I write you to prepare you for the awful thought which is crushing out my poor withered life. Dearest, be brave. and come to me at once you read these lines. Ruby, my own Ruby" (observe the anguish which drew from her for the first time in writing that hated Christian name!) "I fear it can never be as you wish. There is a terrible objection to what you are about to do. You yourself know you cannot be sure of the exact period to which you will bring back my life—and this is my fear. If you operate upon me you bring me back into my late husband's lifetime, and I cannot marry you, for I was married at nineteen. It cannot matter that my husband may still be dead; I could not marry during the period of life which was his. You, my Ruby, would not have me commit a terrible sin. I know your heart—ah! how I thank Heaven I thought of this now rather than after, when all might have been finished! How then would we have doubly sinned! Come to me, Ruby, I cannot write—tears fall upon the page, and blot my poor old sight—come to your devoted and still betrothed Amelia, and forgive her that she must still be old."

It is the letter of an old woman! Old women become masculine as their beards begin to grow. They grow very religious, too—very bigoted, and very pig-headed. Such was my reflection when I read this note. What a piece of absurdity was the whole! How could it possibly be that her dead husband's life should now

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influence the youth I was about to give her? I put the letter in my pocket, and hastened to the station, thinking (poor deluded young man *as* I was!) that I would speedily overcome the objections of Mrs. G——.

She was looking older and more frail than ever. I could see that she had been weeping long and painfully, so I sat down at once to explain the utter absurdity of her views. I spoke to her gently; I told her that the life of a dead husband could not possibly be resuscitated with her renewed youth. She mournfully shook her head. A great fear took possession of me. Had I then lost all on the eve of the discovery I had for the second time so lately made? I cannot describe the agony that welled within me. I endeavoured to be calm—it was useless. Reason as I might, I had forgotten that I had to do with a woman, and what is more, with an old and opiniative one.

I stormed and raged. All in vain! And I left her presence after more than four hours of the most exciting work I have ever had, completely worsted by her obstinacy!

She clings to life, that old woman. She is seventy-four to-morrow, and still my betrothed! I go to see her once a year. To-morrow is the day of my annual visit. We never refer to the past on these occasions. Of what use to renew old sores, and to bring up vain regrets? The past is gone, and my invention is consigned to oblivion. None shall ever know, through my means, my twice-found secret. I am not philanthropic; I am selfish, soured, and old before my time.

People used to wonder why it was that I, Ruby Garnet, have never married. They will know the reason now!

And to-morrow, could they accompany me, they might see the cause. My betrothed of seventy-four!

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THE WORLD BELOW.

A Novel

BY E. M. ABDY-WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Oh! the wind is sad in the iron chill,
And weary sad they look by the hill,
But he and I are sadder still." D. G. ROSSETTI.

A GLOOM hung over Old Place all the rest of the summer. Jack Bryant had been a favourite, and his tragic death was not soon forgotten. A stir was made about the neglected railing, the local papers took it up, and the Evans trustees were urged to make some provision for the old mother of the drowned lad. They put up a strong new fence, but declined to do anything further. Mr. Maynard, the vicar, wrote frequently on the subject, but without avail. The trustees had but one answer. Like the Court of Chancery, they said they had no power to spend money on charity.

But before the affair had ceased to be a matter of interest in the village it was blotted out by a new trouble. The vicar was struck with paralysis. The loss of his son (who was now confined for life, without a hope of recovery) had aged him sadly, and he had been failing markedly of late, so much so as to necessitate the occasional assistance of that young parson who had troubled poor Polly Bryant's deathbed. Still, he had continued to take some part in the Sunday services, and to go about, though less often, among his people, and the news of his sudden illness was a blow to every one.

For some weeks he lay dangerously ill, then rallied considerably, recovered his speech, and was able to confer with his doctors. They agreed that if he wintered abroad he might regain some measure of health, and he accepted their decision.

September had come round again, autumn had set in early this year, and already the days were growing chilly. If Mr. Maynard was to profit by southern air he must not delay leaving England, or the weather would be too cold for the journey.

So it fell out that one day the vicarage was left to the tenancy of servants, and the Barony to the care of the house-steward.

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For Miss Rhys, as well as the vicar, was advised to spend this winter in the sunny south, and they had determined on keeping each other company, both on the journey and at Cannes. Miss Rhys was very much attached to her old friend, and when he expressed his dread of a lonely sojourn in a foreign land, she at once arranged to go with him.

She did not leave Richard Owen and his daughter without many a pang. Every argument she could devise did she bring to bear upon the former, to induce him also to try the effect of a warmer climate. But he would not be persuaded; even when she spoke of Love, and pointed out the pleasure and profit of such a change to the young girl.

"She has had enough experience of foreign life for the present," said Owen; "and she had her pleasure in the spring, when she went to Town with you. If she wishes to go with you now I will spare her, but I think she would rather stay at home."

"I do not wish her to come alone," said Miss Rhys; "I never thought of taking her unless you would come too."

"And I cannot come. You tempt me very much, Margaret, but I have not the strength. And think what it would be for you to have two invalids on your hands! You will find the charge of poor old Maynard quite sufficiently wearing."

"Of course it must be anxious work, but you see there was no one else who could go with him. And he is certainly getting wonderfully better."

"While I am getting worse. You will soon have my child for your own."

"Don't say so, Richard. You don't look worse, it is only this weather that tries you; you will be better when the spring comes."

"Yes, I am sure of that. I shall be much better when the spring comes. Oh, Margaret, it is hard to think of leaving my child and my friend—it is hard to leave so much love. My own best love was wasted, and thrown away; you and my child have all my heart now, and I must say farewell to you both."

Miss Rhys looked at his thin hands and wan face, and knew that he spoke the truth. This would be her farewell; she would never see him again. There was a cruel pain at her heart, for she loved him—she had never ceased to love him, though she had striven hard to crush down her affection when he forgot her and gave himself to another woman. But she was generous as she was noble, and even in this moment she did not forget that other woman, whom Owen could not forgive.

"Some day," she said in a low tone, "it may chance that I hear of—her. If I find that she is less wicked than you thought, that there were extenuating circumstances, then may I not tell her you forgave her?"

Owen's brow contracted, and his drawn lips twitched.

"You will never hear of her. She is of the scum of the earth

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long ere this, if indeed she still lives. What have you to do with her? And what could explain away or condone such a sin as hers?"

"I don't know; I may be wrong, and she may be as wicked as you think. But if not—oh, Richard, say one kind word for her."

"What can I say, Margaret? If she be innocent, no words could be anything to her from me who have accused her of so foul a sin. If she be guilty—God deal with her as she deserves. I will not condemn her. I cannot judge her, for I have no sympathy with her sin, and I cannot gauge the measure of her temptation to it. You may tell her this, Margaret, if you ever see her. I forgive her the ruin she has made of my life, since our child has escaped unharmed."

Miss Rhys rose to go. The stormy autumn sun was setting in a lurid glow, and a curious red light shone into the quiet room. Owen's face had softened as he spoke, and now regained its usual sad but gentle expression.

"Yes," he repeated, "if you ever see her tell her I forgave her."

"I think I shall find her some day," said Miss Rhys.

And then they parted.

* * * * * *

Loveday came in a little later and found her father sitting idle in his chair, an unopened book on the table before him.

"Are you ill?" she exclaimed, surprised at his unusual lethargy.

He raised his head with a smile.

"Far from it," he said; "I am very well. Miss Rhys has been here."

"It will be half a year before she comes again."

"So long as that? You will be lonely without her, my poor child."

"Never lonely, *mon père*, while I have you."

Owen took up his book, and slowly turned over the pages. Loveday looked at him for a moment in silence, with a sudden terror filling her heart. Was it her fancy that he had turned deadly pale? Ah, yes, the sun had gone behind that bank of cloud, and thus a shade was thrown upon his face. Now it emerged again, its last expiring rays illumined the whole place, and there was certainly more colour than common on her father's sunken cheek.

"We shall have a wild night, I think," he said; "I am glad they did not start to-day."

And Love, with an effort, threw off her anxiety, and talked cheerfully of their friend's journey, of the vicar's apparent restoration to health, and of certain schemes of her own for the pleasure and comfort of the villagers during the coming winter.

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"You will have to give me a great deal of money," she said, incidentally.

"Do you wish to play my Lady Bountiful in Miss Rhys' absence?" asked her father.

"Not that. I have been thinking of that a great deal."

"Well?"

"I am sure it is better to give work and pay for it than to give money."

"And how much money shall you require to pay for all the work you are going to give?"

"Perhaps twenty pounds."

"And with that?"

"I will form a club. Do you know there is a large barn empty in the Long Field? Of this the men in the village shall make a nice large room. They shall work there when they are out of work, or when they have come home from work, and I will pay them. And when it is finished, we will send newspapers and books, and the men and boys shall meet there in the evening to read."

"Are you sure the barn can be made habitable for such a purpose?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"Mr. Pwllmeyric said so to me one day, when he was here. I did not think much about such things then, and I never dreamed of doing it. But now I am always thinking of the people, and only that my time has been so full lately, since Mr. Maynard was ill, I would have told you of my plan long ago."

"Well, my child, you are very welcome to have the barn, and you may spend as much money as you please to carry out your plan. But you must not expect to find it an easy task. These country people are so dull and stupid that it takes them years to accept anything new, and probably when you have got your reading-room fairly started you will discover that no one cares to use it."

"It is just because they are so dull and stupid that I long to give them pleasure. My heart aches to think of their sad lives, always working, working, and poor to the very end. It is this that causes them to be dull, I am sure, *mon père*. Do you not think so?"

"Undoubtedly. I don't consider our present social organisation any credit to civilisation. But theirs will be wise heads who succeed in mending matters."

"If we all wait to be wise we shall leave the world as we found it. I have thought and thought what should be done, and I feel that thinking is little help; it is better to do what one can see needs doing near at hand, without waiting to think what is best."

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"If we all acted upon that principle the world would soon be another place."

"Meanwhile I shall make my barn another place, and let the world wait for another day. It is not well to talk too much of this, I think; it makes us sad, and it is not good for any one to be sad. I will invite all the village people to hear me play my violin, and I will play them such gay music that they must all dance. That shall be the opening-day—house-warming, I mean. Like this it shall be."

She took up her violin and began to play a lively tarantella, at first softly, then louder and faster, till the air seemed to be full of laughter and merriment. Her eyes sparkled, and her lips parted in a bright smile; she was so carried away by her own music that she seemed really to see the scene she had pictured.

"No English peasant that ever lived could move at such a pace," said Owen, with a laugh, when she stopped; "you will have to import an Italian or two of the most vivacious description if you wish to have any one to dance to music like that. But when all trades fail you could certainly make a living by your fiddle. Like the Pied Piper, you would attract universal attention."

"Ah, when I have spent all your money in converting barns into club-rooms, we will go together to beg, and I will play my tarantella. I have improvised it from a song of Tosti, do you know? The song was plaintive, oh! so very plaintive, and I have taken the air in six-eight, you see; so—and there you have this beautiful dance. What would Signor Tosti say if he heard his mournful ballad made into a tarantella?"

"Irreverent little fiddler! Play something more sensible now, and then sing me this desecrated ballad."

"What will you have? the concerto of Mendelssohn? Or no, it shall be that sonata of Grieg's which I received from London last week."

She played until the twilight darkened into night, and a solitary star twinkled over the tops of the elm-trees on the lawn. Then she stopped, and went to the window to draw the curtains. A sough of wind moaned up the avenue, and a splutter of rain dashed against the glass as she looked out.

"It is a dreary evening," she said; "I am glad you and I have not to go out and beg to-night, *mon père*."

Chapter XXII.

"And low he spake, and bitterly he smiled,
'The hunt is ended, and the spoil is ta'en.'"—A. Lang.

James Owen was happy at last. Priscilla was not. In this soured old maid there yet beat a heart not absolutely acrid; she could not say a pleasant thing pleasantly, or perform a gracious

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act graciously, but still at bottom she had left a few drops of the milk of human kindness, and these few drops asserted themselves once in a way, generally at moments inconvenient to their possessor, who would have preferred to be as cold and hard as her brother.

The difference between these two and the other Owen, the father of Loveday, was extreme. From their mother they inherited their close-fisted and acquisitive disposition, whereas Richard resembled their father in character as well as in feature. They had lived in one county all their lives, while he had been a man of the world; they had gone on in a humdrum fashion from day to day without change, while he had drunk deeply of the wine of existence, sweet and bitter alike; finally, and herein lay the gist of the whole matter, he had been the father's favourite, and they had always hated him for it. James Owen never could forgive his father for leaving Old Place to his younger brother, still less could he forgive Richard for substantiating his claim to it. From the day that the suit he had instituted, against Richard's expressed desire, was given in favour of Richard, James had but one object in life,—vengeance upon the brother who had thus ousted him from his inheritance.

Silently and secretly he had set to work, ferreting out Richard's past life, finding a clue here, a shred of evidence there, to support his old suspicion that the accepted story of the wife's sudden death was not the real explanation of her disappearance. And now the whole miserable facts lay bare before him; he had discovered the truth down to the last detail, and had triumphantly announced his conclusions to his sister, expecting that she would be as rejoiced at them as he was himself.

It would be untrue to say that Priscilla was sorry for the disgrace and shame which was about to be brought home to the one brother by the other. Jealousy and hatred of Richard had been for so many years the strongest passions in her nature, that her first feeling was one of entire content. At last, then, Richard's pride would be humbled, and he would find that he was not to have everything his own way.

"So we shall go back to Old Place after all," she said.

"To Old Place? not till Richard is dead. This doesn't touch his title to the estate; it doesn't affect the validity of *his* birth."

"It won't give us the place? But what is the good of it then? What shall we gain by it?"

"Vengeance," said the lawyer, between his set teeth. "Vengeance. Oh yes! it will be pleasant to see the fellow's face when he learns that I know his secret, when I tell him that he has laboured for nothing, that I know, and that before long all the world shall know, that his fine lady daughter is a bastard."

Priscilla's countenance changed; she thought of the girl who had spoken to her with such frank friendliness on the occasion

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the lawyer felt a cold shiver creep over him; there was something ghostly about the two motionless figures in the blank silence of the half-lighted room.

Was Richard asleep? Must his vengeance be delayed until his brother awoke?

Love did not see her uncle. She never looked in his direction, only held up a warning finger, and said in a low tone,

"He has rested a long time now. He will be better to-morrow."

James Owen dared not speak. He came nearer, a horrible fear overpowering him.

The maid entered quietly, carrying another candle.

"Do help me to get Miss Owen away, sir," she whispered. "She don't seem to know anything. She was playing on her violin to the master till he went off, and now she've held the poor dead body like that these two hours."

The lawyer started as if he had been shot.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me he is dead?"

The words fell one by one into the silence like hailstones on the window before a storm.

"For mercy's sake, sir, keep quiet," said the woman. "Do think of Miss Owen."

Love had heard it. Like one in a dream she raised her head, and mechanically repeated the question.

"Dead! Do you mean to say he is dead?"

Then she turned and looked at her father.

"Bring me the light," she said, quite calmly.

The maid held the candle so that its rays fell on the face, white and cold as marble, and on the rigid hands.

"Ah, it is true—it is true. My father is dead!" she moaned.

Without another word, without a tear, she laid him back on the pillows, softly folding the sheet, and smoothing his grey hair.

James Owen turned his back upon the dead man and the girl, and went away with his heart full of wrath and bitterness.

"Foiled again," he muttered.

At the door he paused for an instant, and gave one glance at his niece. She was on her knees by the bedside now, gazing upon her father's face with a passion of restrained agony in her eyes. From first to last she had been unconscious of her uncle's presence.

"He has escaped me for good and all," was the lawyer's unspoken thought. "Now we have to see, my young lady, how far *you* are in my power."

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Chapter XXIII.

"Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange now looks the life he makes us lead."

R. Browning.

No one came to help or comfort Loveday Owen in her bereavement. There was no one to come. Her maid gave the necessary directions, fixed the day for the funeral, and ordered mourning clothes in Miss Owen's name. Love herself seemed stunned; she took no heed of what was done.

"I cannot think of anything. Please arrange all for me," she had said to her maid, Maurice, on the day after her father's death. The woman was kind-hearted and capable, and although she had not lived at Old Place long enough to have any very strong affection for her young mistress, she pitied her exceedingly, and did her best for her, according to her lights.

So the dreary days dragged by until the morning of the funeral. Then Love roused herself, and declared her intention of attending it. Maurice remonstrated. She thought it not only indecorous, but almost dangerous for the girl to go in her present condition. For the servant took that strange quietness, verging on stupor, for bodily illness, and feared some serious result. But her arguments were of no avail.

"I am quite well," said Love. "I must be with him to the end."

It was in the second week of November, a bright, frosty day. The little procession, the coffin and its bearers, followed by the sad young figure of the only mourner, passed in a few minutes from the house to the churchyard. At the church door they were met by Mr. Maynard's curate, that young parson of whom mention has been made. Love shuddered at the sight of him. It brought home to her her utter loneliness.

Maurice stood near her during the ceremony, expecting to see her faint, or at least break into uncontrollable weeping, and prepared to lend what support she could in such a case. But Miss Owen endured it all with the same stony calmness, and walked back to her empty home when it was over with the same steady step.

The curate, somewhat offended at receiving no invitation to partake of the funeral baked meats, went away without proffering consolation or sympathy; for which Loveday, so far as she felt anything, felt grateful. But Maurice abused him roundly for it afterwards to her fellow-servants.

The curtains were drawn back and the shutters thrown open when Love re-entered the house, and the cold sunshine was streaming in on the familiar rooms, now looking so curiously unfamiliar. The study, to which she instinctively went, after her habit on coming in from the outer world, had been dusted and

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swept with unnatural care, the writing-table was neatly arranged, and every book was in its place. But there was a blazing fire on the hearth, and an arm-chair—her father's favourite seat—was drawn close to it. Before the fire stood James Owen, looking about him with an air of possession, and in the arm-chair sat Priscilla, clad in a bran new dress and bonnet of sombre black, trimmed with crape of the precise depth prescribed by custom to be worn for a dead brother.

Loveday shuddered again; there was something about the two which frightened her, and she paused on the threshold, waiting for what they would say.

She had not to wait long. Priscilla took no notice of her, but James accosted her at once.

"I am sorry to have to inform you," he said, "that under the conditions of your grandfather's will you are left penniless."

The girl's heart sank, though not so much at the cruel words as at the bitter tone in which they were spoken.

"I do not understand," she faltered, struggling to preserve an indifferent demeanour.

"You will understand directly," proceeded the lawyer. "I will speak plainly. Your mother was not a widow when your father went through the form of marriage with her. Consequently your father's marriage was invalid. I presume that you are acquainted with the terms of your grandfather's will?"

He paused, apparently waiting for an answer.

Love stood erect, with a new kind of light in her eyes. Her hands were locked together in a tense clasp which betrayed her agitation, but her voice was steady, and her lip did not quiver as she replied,

"I am not instructed well in such matters," she said, "but you seem to say that my parents were not lawfully married."

"Precisely," answered her uncle.

"Do you mean that my father was not honourable?"

"Your father, as far as I can judge, meant well enough, but your mother is a bad woman, and you—are a bastard as well as a beggar."

"My mother is a bad woman."

She repeated the words slowly, as if trying to take in their full significance.

"No," she said, still dreamily, "no, my mother is dead. She was good. She is dead."

"You make two mistakes there," said the lawyer. "She is a bad woman, and she is not dead. At least she was not dead a fortnight ago. And I have evidence that she married your father while her first husband was alive, which was scarcely a virtuous proceeding."

Love's self-command suddenly deserted her.

"My mother is alive, do you say? Oh, tell me where she is.

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Let me go to her! Oh, what happiness, my mother is not dead!"

Then she burst into tears, and flung herself at her uncle's feet in an *abandon* of entreaty, all the more piteous from the contrast to her previous quietude. "Tell me where she is. My mother is not wicked; you do not know her. Oh, how could you say those words? But it is nothing, nothing, if you tell me the truth that she is yet living. Are you deceiving me? Do you say it to console me, because my father is dead? Say it again, my mother is living! *Mon Dieu, je te remercie!*"

For a moment James Owen seemed inclined to relent. Then he turned away from her.

"Get up," he said, roughly, "you are behaving like a fool. I have proofs of all I have told you; and if you want to go to your mother, you can have her address. But I should have supposed an honest girl would have been ashamed to own the woman who bore her dishonestly."

Love stood erect again, her passion mastered by indignation.

"Pardon me," she said, and her voice was as steady as his own, "you will allow that you have told me a good deal that is startling. Have the kindness to give me my mother's address, and I will leave you at once."

"You mean to go to her? Well, it will simplify affairs. There is the address. Of course, you cannot remain here; you would be in my way. But I shall not object to your staying a couple of days to give you time to write and tell your mother you mean to join her."

"You are generous," answered the girl, her eyes flashing, "but I will not trespass on you. I will order the carriage, and leave immediately it is ready."

"You will be pleased to give no such order. The carriage is not yours. You can have the fly in which I drove out from Brockwell, if you please; but I shall require the carriage myself."

Priscilla had listened so far in silence, but at this she rose from her seat, and remonstrated with her brother.

"It is not seemly," she said, "for a young lady to travel on the day her father is buried."

"Young lady, indeed," sneered the lawyer, "a pretty young lady. She has not a penny to bless herself with, nor a name to call her own. What does it matter when she travels? Who cares what becomes of her?"

He was in the worst possible temper. True, he was secure of Richard's money and estate—there was no possible doubt of that;—but even this did not reconcile him to the failure of his cherished hope of humiliating his brother; nor did his niece's attitude tend to soften him. Indeed, he had been growing more and more annoyed at her apparent indifference to the loss of her fortune throughout the interview. If she had wept and wailed and

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implored him to take pity on her and allow her to remain in the house, he might have softened towards her, for he would have felt himself in some measure avenged. But in proportion as she showed herself proud and self-reliant, did his heart harden against her. He wanted to see her wince and shrink, and he went on with increasing brutality.

"You do not seem to realise your position. Do you understand that you are a disgrace to our family? That none of your fine fashionable friends will acknowledge you when they know the truth that you are no better than the nameless brats in the village? You are very wise voluntarily to go away and hide yourself, for you would be compelled to do it eventually, if you——"

"Hush, brother," interrupted Priscilla, "you have said far too much. Of course she must go; that is quite certain, but she need not go to-day."

That inconvenient heart-stirring was again troubling the grim spinster. There was actually a moisture in her eyes as she looked at the girl.

"Thank you," said Love, "I prefer to go to-day."

"Then you had better pack your box at once," said Priscilla.

But she did not mean it unkindly; if the truth were known, perhaps she said it more with the idea of getting Loveday away from her uncle than with a view to accelerating her departure.

Maurice was greatly exercised when Love informed her, without an attempt at explanation, that she found she must leave Old Place that afternoon, and that she, Maurice, was not to accompany her.

"But, miss, you ain't used to travelling alone," she protested; "and just now, too, when you ought to be in bed and taken every care of, if I had my way, to start off of a journey do seem the height of imprudence, miss, if you'll excuse me."

"I shall manage well enough," answered Love. "I am only going to London, and I know the journey. Do not talk of it, please, Maurice. I cannot talk of it. I am very sorry to leave you. You will hear all when I am gone. Do not ask me to tell you now."

And Maurice had tact enough to say no more, but busied herself in packing such of her mistress's clothes as seemed suitable to the occasion.

"Your jewellery, miss, I suppose you won't take, not being worn in mourning," she said.

"Put in what you think fit," answered Loveday, "only do it quickly."

"I will take proper care of what you leave, miss, till you come back," said the maid.

And Love could not resolve to tell her she was never coming back.

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Priscilla emerged from the study as her niece passed through the hall on her way to that hired fly of which the lawyer had so graciously offered her the use. She had had a few sharp words with her brother regarding his treatment of the girl, and her yellow face was a trifle flushed.

"Have you any money?" she asked in a whisper. "Hush, don't let James hear. *I* didn't want to have you driven out of the house like this, but he is a hard man. Go to Miss Rhys, she is vain and worldly, but she will not let you want. Here is some money for your journey. Miss Rhys is in Italy; you had better go straight to her. And, and—if you are in any real straits you may write to me, and I will see if I can spare you a little more. I am not rich, so don't write unless you are obliged. But I can't see my brother's child go away without a pound in her pocket."

Love was too much astonished at this unexpected liberality to make any reply, nor did Priscilla give her the opportunity. She thrust a folded banknote into her niece's unwilling hand, and quickly withdrew, closing the study-door behind her, and Love went on, half inclined to fling the dole on the floor, but restrained by feeling that her aunt meant kindly by her.

"Where to, miss?" asked the fly-driver, touching his hat.

"Drive to Brockwell station," said Loveday. "I wish to catch the 3.15 train to London."

Maurice wrapped a fur rug round her, and handed in her travelling-bag, having previously taken care to furnish it with wine and sandwiches; the old Breton woman followed with her violin, and wept as she bade her adieu, while deaf and dumb Harris, the gardener, mumbled an inarticulate good-bye. They all thought it sad and strange that she should leave her home thus lonely and unattended, at such a time. But they could not guess that she was going forth into the world, deprived of her possessions, stripped of her very name, to seek out a dishonoured mother, whom she had for ten years believed to be a saint in heaven.

Chapter XXIV.

"Alone! that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word—alone!"

Bulwer Lytton.

It was night when Loveday reached Paddington, and the pale electric light of that busy terminus shone on mud-splashed cabs and dripping cabmen, for the white frost had turned to rain, and the wet streets were deep in slush such as only London can show when a thaw sets in.

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The girl had come up in a second-class carriage, with a kindly but oppressively civil bagman, and a pretty young governess on her way to her first situation. The latter had got in at Gloucester, and at Swindon the bagman had offered to take his companions to the refreshment room, informing them that "the soup there warn't 'arf bad, and a plate of it apiece would keep the cold out of 'em, better than any of them shawls and things."

Both the girls declined this friendly invitation, exchanging glances with each other as they did so, and for a moment Loveday felt inclined to speak to the shy little creature opposite to her. But she was too much occupied with her own reflections to be able to enter into any sort of conversation, and the governess was too nervous to break the ice for herself. So they remained silent, and presently Loveday was again lost to outward things, her heart aching for her dead father, while she eagerly looked forward to the meeting with her mother, the fact of whose existence was to her like a star in the black night of her grief.

Until she reached Paddington, and, after getting her modest trunk transferred from the luggage van to a hansom, found the driver inquiring whither he should drive her, she had not thought of looking at the address her uncle had given her.

Now she took it out, and read it aloud.

"1417, *Cable Street, Leman Street, E.*"

"Cable Street?" ejaculated the man; "never heard of it. What's the rest of it, lady?"

"Leman Street, East," repeated Loveday: I do not know myself where it is."

The porter, to whom she had given a sixpence, interposed with a direction.

"I knows Cable Street," he said; "'Tis out Whitechapel way, you goes down Leman Street from Aldgate 'igh Street, to the Midland Railway arch, and Cable Street is to the left. But are you sure you've got it right, miss? It's a queer place for a lady to go to."

"It is written here," said Love, showing him the paper.

"Well, I 'opes it's all right," said the man.

Something in his tone pierced through the girl's dulled senses to her brain. It was as if a real voice, with a ring of pitying kindness in it, were breaking in upon a bewildering dream.

She looked up at him. He was a singularly ugly young man; his nose had been badly broken in early youth, and was now indescribably crooked; his mouth stretched half across his face, little beautified by the addition of a stubby red moustache, and his massive figure had an ungainly slouch. But for all that, her womanly instinct told her that he was a good man and true, and she turned to him, as to a friend, in the sudden and awful feeling of isolation which his remark awoke in her.

"Why do you doubt?" she exclaimed; "it is my mother;

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they said she was dead, and only to-day I have learned that she is living."

The porter's mouth twitched; he looked uglier than ever.

"It ain't a place for a young lady like you to go to, and that's a fact," he said. "You may find you've been deceived, tho', of course, not knowing I can't say. But if so be you should find anything wrong, and not know where to go to, seeing as it's a queer place, there's my sweetheart as lives near by, and will be proud to serve you if she can. It's a lodging in Nightingale Lane, number 27, and Jessie Moss is her name, on the second floor."

"You are kind," said Love, "I thank you;" and she offered him her hand.

Then she got into the hansom, unobservant of the driver's half-cynical smile, and started for this unknown region.

The porter stood still for a moment on the platform, with a puzzled expression.

"Now, whatever made me go poking my nose into other folk's concerns like that, I wonder," he said to himself; "just because she 'ad a sort of look about the eyes like my Jessie used to when she got that nasty cough last winter. Poor young lady! she's on the wrong line, and no mistake, if there's anyone belonging to 'er lives in Cable Street. Perhaps she's a bad 'un 'erself all the time, though she did look so young and so lonely. Will, it ain't no business of mine either way, and whatever Jessie 'll say to me for it I don't know."

At this stage of his reflections he was rudely recalled to himself by a fellow-porter trundling a barrow against his legs, without so much as a "By'r leave."

"'Ad a drop too much, Westmore?" said his assailant. "Better not go to sleep there, old chap, or you'll be nicked as sure as a gun."

* * * * * *

To drive across from Paddington to Aldgate on a wet November evening is not a cheerful experience at the best of times, but to do it in miserable uncertainty as to what will be found at the end of the drive is enough to try the stoutest of hearts.

Loveday Owen's courage sank lower and lower as the west end thoroughfares changed to the crowded city streets, finally giving place to that east end highway, the Whitechapel Road, with its noisy tramcars and omnibuses, its tawdry shops, and its haggard, pale-faced crowds, all hurrying this way or that, all bearing the stamp of a dreary, unbeautiful life, all wearing the same look of ingrained anxiety and care.

But worse still was to come, for presently they turned off the main street into a smaller one, and then, after passing under the railway bridge of which the porter had spoken, left this for a narrow, dirty bye-way, where ragged, bare-headed women shouted

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at each other, and drunken men swore and cursed every one who came in their unsteady path. There was not much gas here, but at intervals flaring jets of naphtha illumined a fish-barrow, or a green-grocer's shop, revealing stale herrings, or withered cabbages, while through the open door of a drinking-place a ray of cheerful light came across the gloom of the street.

"What number did you say, lady?" asked the cabman.

A small crowd of children ran after the vehicle. A cab is an unusual sight in Cable Street.

"1417," answered Loveday, in a faint voice, for she had not thought it possible that this was the place.

"This 'ere's it then," said the cabman; "and if you're agoin' to get out, lady, you'd better not leave 'old of your purse."

But there was no need for her to get out. The mistress of No. 1417 was standing on her own door-step, quarrelling with a fat-faced Irishwoman manifestly the worse for drink. Truce was proclaimed incontinently, and both disputants turned their attention to the young lady.

"I want to know," said Love, "if Mrs. Owen lives here."

"No, she don't," answered the lodging-house keeper; "I ain't agot no lodgers o' that name, nor ain't never 'ad none. You've come to the wrong market for your fish, missy; we don't keep the likes o' you in these parts."

Until this moment it had not occurred to Loveday that her mother might have taken another name.

"She is a widow," she said, with an effort, for her head began to swim, and she felt giddy and sick. "Perhaps she is not called Owen."

"There was a widder left 'ere last week by the name o' Maitland, p'raps that might 'a' been 'er. Got be'ind 'and with 'er rent. Paid up 'andsome she did, I will say, at last, which she sold her sticks o' furnitur', and left last Saturday evenin'."

Maitland was the name of her mother's first husband, Love knew, and probably she had resumed it. Had she come so near to finding her, only to fail thus?

"Where did she go?" she cried, her voice sharp with pain. "Tell me, where did she go?"

"That I don't know nothin' about," replied the woman, her temper suddenly getting the better of her; "and let me tell you you'd best keep a civil tongue in yer 'ed, young lady; acomin' aggravatin' of me with yer queshtings, and no more thanks than to call out like that."

Love heard nothing of this outburst. She sank back in the cab, and put her hands over her eyes to shut out the hideous scene; the dirty, drunken women, the filthy street, the wretched half-starved children.

"Oh! what shall I do? where shall I look for her now?" she wailed.

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The cabman opened the lid, and looked in at his fare. Fortunately for Love he was a decent sort of man.

"'Adn't you better go to some of your friends, lady?" he said; "'tis getting late."

"I have no friends," answered Love. "I will go to Jessie Moss; it is a pretty name; she will be kind, like her sweetheart."

The cabman did not catch this rambling speech.

"Where did you say?" he called out.

"27, Nightingale Lane," said Loveday, roused by the direct question.

In a few moments they had quitted Cable Street for one a degree less horrible.

"'Ere you are," said the cabman, pulling up at the door of a tiny milk-shop.

Loveday got out of the cab, and walked in through the open door.

"I want Jessie Moss," she said.

The shop-woman looked at her curiously.

"Second floor back," she answered laconically.

Love paid the cabman without asking what his fare was.

"I say, lady," he began, as she handed him the coin, for he thought it was a sixpence. Then he saw that it was half-a-sovereign, and began again, "I say—" for he was an honest man, and, notwithstanding the trouble this singular fare had given him, he did not wish to cheat her. But she had vanished into the dark little house, so he carried her property inside and left her to her fate, though not without regret.

"I would 'ave done summat for 'er if I seen my way to it," he said to himself as he drove away.

Chapter XXV.

"He is gentil that doth gentil dedis."—Chaucer

Jessie Moss had not always lived in a London slum. Somewhere in her memory were stored visions of a world where the sun shone among great green trees on meadows thick with flowers, where song-birds twittered from daybreak till nightfall, and where a child's eyes opened at dew dawn to behold white clouds sailing across blue skies, framed by brown thatched eaves coming low over a diamond-paned cottage window. The child was herself a fair little merry creature, luxuriously treated to a clean pinafore every morning, sumptuously fed each day with bread and rich sweet milk, fresh eggs, and all cheap country dainties, the pet and darling of her happy parents.

Six years or so did such visions cover in the girl's mind; then the scene shifted to the great city. She did not recollect much of

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what had led to the change, the squire's death, her father's dismissal from his post of gamekeeper because the old estate had to be sold, and his vain dream of finding fortune in the world's centre. Her next clear consciousness was of her mother's pale face, as she sat stitching day by day when times were bad and her father was trudging London all over in search of work, returning home night after night, spent and exhausted, with the same sad shake of the head for answer to his wife's questioning glance.

Then came another picture; the father in hospital dying of disease brought on by want of food and scarcity of clothing in the bitter winter weather; mother and child shivering beside a fireless hearth, the furniture sold piece by piece, dry bread their only meal. But never remission of the mother's painful stitching, until the day when the weary hands turned stiff and cold, and the haggard features grew calm under the sacred touch of death.

Little Jessie, twelve years old then, was taken in by a good-hearted neighbour with three or four little children, whom she nursed and tended with such devotion as only an unchildlike child of her kind is capable of, in return for the keep and living she was given. She was kindly treated by Mrs. Robins and her husband, a burly, gentle-spoken policeman, and for several years she had a happy home with them, growing meanwhile into a tall, graceful girl, with soft dark eyes set in a pretty rosy face.

"It does one good to look at Jessie, it do," Robins would declare; "she ain't like a Londoner, now, is she?"

Presently bad luck came to the Robins, for the lodgers who occupied two rooms in their little house got into difficulties and finally decamped, leaving a couple of empty boxes and a neatly-corded brown paper parcel full of turnip-tops in lieu of the six weeks' rent which they owed. One of the children fell ill, too, and despite the utmost care and scraping on the part of Mrs. Robins and Jessie, they got into arrears with their rent and found that they must move into a cheaper dwelling. Then, with many tears, did Jessie resolve to leave them, pointing out that her help with the children and the little she could earn at tailoring did not cover the balance of her keep and clothing, and arguing that in domestic service she would have board and wages too. The little ones wailed aloud, and Robins went about his work for days as gloomily as if he had been losing a daughter, while Mrs. Robins could not speak of the change without a sob. But it was so evidently the right thing that pretty Jessie held to her determination, and soon found a place as cook in a great baby-linen warehouse in the West End, at wages high enough to enable her to dress herself more tidily than she had ever done since the halcyon days of her childhood, and moreover to send the policeman's family substantial and frequent tokens of her gratitude for their long kindness to her. A year after she quitted their home Robins exchanged to a country station, and took his wife and

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family with him, their move being materially facilitated by the money Jessie gave them; and about the same period she began to keep company with Tom Westmore, who came from the same Gloucestershire village as herself, though neither was aware of the fact till they had for some time been "walking together."

Now that the Robins were doing well again, and were no longer in need of her assistance, Jessie began to lay by against her marriage, and her little hoard was assuming fair proportions when a cloud came over her bright prospects in the shape of failing health. Cough, headache, and increasing weakness obliged her at length to consult a doctor, who shook his head when he heard of her long day's work in the underground, gas-lighted kitchen, and ordered her to leave her situation at once unless she wished to die of rapid consumption. Tom Westmore would have married her then and there, but Jessie refused the home he offered her, vowing never to marry him at all unless she grew strong again. They had quite a sharp quarrel over it, but Tom came round when he found that his sweetheart was firm, and she had been making her living by needlework in her tiny lodging in Nightingale Lane for more than a year before that dismal November night when Loveday Owen staggered into her room, pale as death, with a look of despair on her face, murmuring under her breath,

"Jessie Moss, it is a pretty name, she will be kind, she will help me."

Jessie was stitching busily at trouser-finishing, binding, button-holing, pressing, all for threepence halfpenny a pair, and cotton to find besides. She had been working a little harder than usual to day, and had got through a good shilling's worth since she began at six o'clock in the morning, so, although her back ached and her eyes swam, she was humming cheerfully as she bent over her needle, thinking of her Sunday stroll on the Embankment with Tom, and of the eightpence which she would be able to put into her money-box on Saturday night.

To her then entered this lady, clad in rich silk and crape, which Jessie's practised eye discerned at once to be of the costliest quality,—pulling at the fur about her throat as if its weight were choking her, and repeating meaninglessly,

"Jessie Moss, it is a pretty name."

For an instant Jessie felt inclined to resent the intrusion, taking Loveday for some district visitor or clergyman's wife calling to offer tracts and admonitions. But a second glance revealed to her that something was sorely wrong with the stranger, and she sprang up and stretched out her arms just as Loveday fell, apparently fainting, across the narrow iron bedstead which filled a third of the little room. Her head would have come sharply in contact with the wall save for Jessie's timely support. As it was it found a resting-place on the workgirl's breast, and Jessie, holding it thus, gazed for a moment at the fair unconscious

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countenance, the sweet expression of the pathetic mouth, and the dark circles below the closed eyes with their fringe of brown lashes.

"Poor dear, poor dear," she murmured.

Then she laid her tenderly on the bed, and began to rub her hands and sprinkle water on her face, for she was one of those rare women who have the sense to act first and give vent to their curiosity afterwards She was at a loss to imagine who the lady might be or what had led her there, but just now that seemed of little consequence compared with the immediate necessity of "bringing her to."

This proved to be far from easy; indeed, so long did Love continue insensible that Jessie began to doubt whether she had not better ask her neighbour to run for the doctor. However, after a time, she showed signs of returning animation, and presently she opened her eyes and looked round the tiny room with a glance, languid truly, but perfectly conscious.

"How did I come here?" she asked, "my head aches, and I cannot recollect."

"You was took rather queer, miss," answered Jessie, "you'll be better after a bit, if you keep quiet."

"I am troubling you," said Love.

"Don't mention it, miss. You're kindly welcome to stay till you feels yourself again."

"Thank you very much. I am so tired, I long to rest. Perhaps you will let me lie on your bed for an hour, and after that——"

"Certainly you may, miss, such as it is, and I'll make a cup of tea for you when you wakes, if you'll accept of it. You'll excuse me going on with my work in the meanwhile, as the days is so short this time of the year."

Love was asleep before her kindly young hostess finished speaking, and with another murmur of "Poor dear," Jessie returned to her chair by the rickety table on which stood her work-box and the farthing dip which illuminated about a square foot of the room.

She took up her needle and began to stitch away as diligently as ever, but she sewed mechanically, and continually turned to look at the stranger. The whole affair was so completely out of the common, so entirely unlike anything that had ever happened to her before, that she could scarcely believe in the reality of it, save for the tangible evidence of the sleeping girl's presence close beside her.

The moments passed considerably more swiftly than usual, as she worked and wondered who her visitor was, and what had brought her there, and she was quite startled when the eight-day clock in the corner (the sole relic of the home of her childhood) struck nine. It was an erratic old clock. Sometimes it struck the

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hour, and sometimes it only wheezed out an asthmatic kind of groan. Occasionally it stopped altogether for a day or two, without any apparent reason, and then went on again of its own accord; but of late it had gone with comparative regularity, and although this was the first time it had struck for a week, Jessie was able, by an abstruse calculation of her own, to arrive at the conclusion that the evening was far spent, and that it was nearly eleven o'clock.

Her unknown visitor, then, had been sleeping for about four hours, and, to judge from appearances, was not likely to wake for at least another four.

Jessie had not the heart to disturb her, and she revolved in her mind the problem as to where she should sleep, in default of her own bed, for Loveday was lying half across it, pretty much as she had fallen when she entered, and even had there been room for her she would scarcely have dared to place herself beside that dainty richly-dressed young lady, intruder though she was.

Her meditations were interrupted by a rap at the door, and she opened it to find her lover, Tom Westmore, standing outside.

"Good evening, Jess, old girl," he said, "I got off an hour earlier'n usual to-night, so I comed over to see how you was a-gettin' along. Ain't seen nothing of a young lady, sort of curious-looking, dressed in black, most off her head with trouble like? she ain't come to call on yer, I s'pose? I give her your d'rection, in case she lost her bearings out this way, and telled her to ask for Jessie Moss, and then I couldn't get no rest for thinking as you wouldn't be best pleased if a totial stranger dropped in unexpected, and when I found we was slack to-night, I says to myself I'll just go and give Jessie a call, I says, and tell 'er what I've done, tho' of course the lady ain't likely to go there. Still, if she did, Jess mightn't be best pleased. So 'ere I am, old girl, and I do think as you might ask me to come in and take a cup of tea, now I'm 'ere, 'stead of leavin' me standin' out in the passage."

For Jessie stood listening to his long explanation in most unwonted silence, and made no movement to admit him, though he could see into her room, with its manifest preparation for a meal.

"Is anything up?" he asked.

"'Tis quite strange," said Jessie, "you coming in now, just when I was a-wondering whoever the lady could be. She's asleep now, and 'ave been ever since she comed."

"Bless me, you don't mean to tell me she's been and comed? Well, I never give it a thought as she really would. I say, Jess, you ain't angry?"

"Lor' no. Whatever should I be angry for? I was only thinkin' as p'raps she mightn't like it, if she was to wake up and find you a-sittin' there. Ladies is so pertickler, you know."

"So they be, to be sure. What a 'ed you 'ave got, Jess. I never should 'ave give it a thought."

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"She were very queer when she come in, but she went off to sleep directly after, as nat'ral as a infant. 'I'm so tired,' she says, and she were off fast asleep that very moment."

"She didn't tell you nothin' first? Didn't say where she come from, nor nothin'?"

"Nothin' at all of it. She were too worn out, that's what it were."

"I only 'opes there ain't nothin' wrong."

"Wrong? Not more. I knows a real lady when I sees one, don't you be afraid. Then."

At this point Jessie's quick ear caught the sound of a movement in the room, and she turned to find that her visitor was awake, and looking about her with scared wide-open eyes.

"Am I dreaming?" she murmured, half aloud.

Jessie came forward with a cup of tea.

"Drink this, miss," she said, "it'll do you good."

Loveday sat up and drank it eagerly. She had scarcely tasted food since the morning.

"Ah, how kind you are," she said, with a sigh. "Although you are a stranger, you treat me as if I were your friend."

"Which I'm sure you're very welcome, miss," answered Jessie, heartily.

"I have no friends," went on Love, "I have no home. I don't know where I shall sleep this night, and I am so tired. May I stay here? I will go away to-morrow, if you will let me stay only to-night."

There was something so intensely sad in her quiet way of uttering these words, something so profoundly melancholy in her attitude and expression, that gentle Jessie's heart went out to her, and she responded—forgetful of Loveday's superior dress and apparently superior station.—

"Poor dear, you've knowed trouble, I can see; and if you like to stay here for the night I'm sure you'll be kindly welcome. It ain't much of a place for any one, but such as it is, it's quite at your service."

"I cannot repay you," said Love. "Such kindness is past paying for. But we will talk to-morrow: I only long to sleep again now—to sleep and to forget for a little longer, if I can. Will you not be here beside me? You look so good and so happy, it makes me less sad to feel that you are close to me."

"That's what I'll do then," said Jessie. "Now you lie down and go to sleep, there's a dear, and I'll come as soon as ever I've said good-night to my young man, which 'e's out on the stairs a-waiting to know how you are, 'aving give you the address, tho' little thinking as you'd comed."

"A bit touched, eh?" said Westmore, who had heard the conversation through the open door.

"I don't think so," answered Jessie, "only wored out with her

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troubles. She've got on crape as deep as my arm, and the most expensive crape as you can get for love or money either. I espex she's a orfin what 'ave run away from her nat'ral garjens 'cause they wants 'er to marry the wrong gentleman."

"An' quite right, too, if that's all," said Jessie's lover, "I'd run away fast enough if I 'ad any garjens, and they wanted me to marry the wrong Jessie."

"Don't talk no nonsense," responded his future wife. "It's 'igh time as you went 'ome, and I'm gettin' that tired I'm most ready to drop. So good-night to you, and come again soon."

Loveday was asleep when Jessie went back to her room. And before long the two girls, thus strangely thrown together, were both slumbering as peacefully as if neither of them had over known care, or grief, or that dumb agony of sorrow which is worse than the bitterest tears

Chapter XXVI.

"This may be play to you;
'Tis death to us."—Roger L'Estrange.

It was full a week after Richard Owen's funeral before Miss Rhys heard of his death, and then she learnt it only through the columns of the *Times*. His brother had been in no hurry to announce the fact to the world at large, and probably would have done nothing to that end save for Priscilla's remonstrances. To her it seemed a slight upon the dignity of the family that one of its members should go down to the grave and the event be left unchronicled, and she gave James no peace till the correct thing was done.

So it was intimated to the general public that "Richard Owen, Esq., aged 62," had died at Old Place House, Mountonshire, on the 8th of November, and the general public read the notice with the usual amount of attention.

Lady Goring saw it, and remarked upon it to De Limousin, who was staying at Goring Hall for a few days' shooting.

"That pretty girl will be well off now," she said; "you had better try your luck. I know you were one of her greatest admirers last season."

"Admirers, yes; but there we stop. She is too cold, too puritanical, to arouse a warmer feeling. And you know, Lady Goring, I am not a marrying man; I value my freedom far too much."

"Well, I believe Miss Owen is in Italy now, with Miss Rhys, so your freedom won't be endangered by her presence yet awhile. Poor girl! how sad for her to be away when her father died."

"*Au contraire.* She is saved some pain. The act of dying is not a pleasing one to witness, nor is it made more so by the

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inevitable reflection that it is also our own ultimate fate. For my part I should congratulate our charming young friend if she has been spared the obsequies of her parent, rather than say with you, 'how sad!'"

"Will you sing something now?" said Lady Goring, abruptly changing the subject. She was a kind-hearted woman, and De Limousin's cheap cynicism was distasteful to her.

Loveday was not in Italy, as we know, and Miss Rhys had heard nothing of or from her for about three weeks when she read of her old friend's death. She shed a few bitter tears for the breaking of the last link between herself and the brightest days of her youth, and then she turned her thoughts to the dead man's child, left desolate in her lonely home.

"She will come to me now," she said to Mr. Maynard.

"It seems strange that the poor girl has not written to you," said Mr. Maynard. "You see the notice was not inserted until a week after the date of death, and I should have thought she would have been able to write then."

"She was no doubt prostrated with grief, poor darling. It must have come almost suddenly, for in her last letter to me, she gave no hint of his being worse than usual. She was full of her plans for the village club, and said her father was as much interested in it as she was herself. But no doubt I shall hear from her to-day or to-morrow."

"It would be as well to write to some one else as well as to her, in case she be really ill," suggested the old vicar. "She has no relations with her, I know, but there are several servants in the house, are there not?"

"I will write to her maid by this post," said Miss Rhys.

She sent two letters to Old Place House that day, and then waited with what patience she might for the communication from Loveday which she felt sure must be on its way to her. But the next post and the next again came in, and brought no news of the girl, and Miss Rhys had become seriously uneasy, when a letter arrived from her housekeeper at the Barony, relating, so far as was known, what had taken place at Old Place.

"Mr. James Owen and his sister are there now, all the late Mr. Owen's servants having been dismissed. Miss Loveday Owen went away directly after the funeral, they say her uncle treated her shameful, and would not let her stay an hour in the house, which he said was his property and not hers. But the maid, Maurice, called here to say good-bye to me, and she told me she thought Miss Owen insisted on leaving by reason of something said about her mother. Maurice listened at the study door, which she did not take shame to herself to confess, and I don't blame her neither, seeing as her young lady looked like fainting when she came in after the funeral and found her uncle and aunt there, and her all alone among strangers, as one may say, for every one knows that Mr. Owen and his brother wasn't on speaking terms these many years. And Maurice heard them talking, but not much of what was said, except Mr. James Owen's voice, that sounded angry what she heard of it. Begging your pardon, madam, for repeating such a word to you, 'Your mother was a bad woman,' was what he said, and Maurice didn't hear anything more till Miss Loveday called out quite joyful-like, 'My mother is alive! Oh, tell me where she is!' which made

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Maurice think she must be going to her, when she came upstairs and said she was going away at once. No one have heard anything of her since that day. Maurice got her notice next day, and came up to tell me, and ask me to write to you, feeling sure as something was wrong for the young lady to go away like that on the very day as her father was buried. But we agreed together not to let no one else hear what she overheard through listening at the door. Which is the reason I have not wrote before, having had my hand crippled with the rheumatics the same as last year, and not liking to let Mary Jane do it for me as usual. And Maurice being gone I could not ask her to write to you, so had to wait till my hand got better, which I am thankful to say it now is, the wind having changed from the north-east, where it has remained this month past, and was they say the cause of poor Mr. Owen's death, for he took a chill one day and was gone the next, like a candle, so to speak. I should mention that Miss Priscilla Owen seemed kinder to the young lady than Mr. James Owen was, Maurice said, and spoke kind enough to her when she was leaving, so far as Maurice could hear, and she was standing in the hall with Miss Owen's violin and that, for she had forgotten it, and Maurice ran down to put it in the carriage, knowing she would not like to go without it. It was the fly from the Brockwell Arms, the carriage was not had out. "It ain't yours," Maurice heard Mr. James Owen say. Maurice made it her business to inquire of the driver who she saw in Brockwell next day where the young lady went to; and she told the porter to label her box for Paddington. And from that day to this no one have heard a word of her, and ain't likely to, for the post-mistress told me all letters addressed to her (and several have come since the notice in the paper) was returned with "gone away" wrote on them. And now I must conclude, for it have took me two days to finish this, through my hand being still stiff. Trusting it will find you as it leaves me at present in the enjoyment of good health, except for the rheumatics."

There was enough in this epistle to give Miss Rhys a fair idea of what had actually taken place; for it was easy to read between the lines that James Owen had told his niece the story of her mother's supposed disgrace, and that this had driven her away. But where had she gone?

The question was destined to remain unanswered. To all inquiries Miss Rhys could obtain but one reply—Loveday had left her home on the 8th of November, and had never been heard of since.

Finally from James Owen came the information that he had inherited his brother's estate and property in consequence of the invalidity of Richard's marriage, which, he added, was proven, his wife's first husband having been alive at the time of her marriage with Richard.

Miss Rhys let the brief, legal-looking note drop from her hands when she read the last sentence.

"I understand it all now," she said; "I knew a woman with a face like hers could not be wicked. What a tragedy! What a ruined life!"

In the new light thus cast upon the disappearance of the wife Miss Rhys at once obtained an insight into her side of the pitiful story. She could imagine her horror at discovering that her first husband was still living, her resolve that neither her child nor Owen should ever know the truth, and her determination to fly from her home and conceal herself for the rest of her life from the husband who was no husband, the daughter who had no right to her father's name. Only a true wife, a devoted mother, would have been capable of self-abnegation so supreme; only a woman

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absolutely loyal in thought and deed could have conceived so consummate a self-sacrifice.

Miss Rhys experienced a moment of indignation against the man who had loved this woman better than life itself, and yet had been able to believe that she was base. "Men cannot fathom the love of women," she thought. "He was unworthy of her."

But she recalled his life-long sorrow, his unceasing regret, and owned that what had been was best. The persuasion of his wife's guilt had crushed him to the earth, but the happiness of his child had been the one redeeming feature in his broken life. Had he known the truth, had he known that his wife was not his wife, that his innocent daughter was a bastard, his burden would indeed have been greater than he could bear. Now he was gone; the sorrowful drama had closed for him, and at least he had died at peace about his child.

And at that thought Miss Rhys fell on her knees, with a burst of passionate tears. "He trusted her to me," she sobbed, "and I have lost her. O my God! how shall I answer to him for it?"

She was not a woman tamely to sit down and weep, however. No sooner did she become convinced that the girl was really gone than she proceeded to take every possible step for her recovery. She advertised in all the daily papers, put the authorities of Scotland Yard on the track, and did everything that affection and a clear head for business could suggest. She would have gone to London herself to prosecute the search, had not distress and anxiety made her so ill that her medical attendant peremptorily forbade her to attempt the journey.

From Priscilla Owen, to whom she appealed in despair of obtaining any assistance from James, she learned that Loveday had, as the maid Maurice said, asked for her mother's address that she might go to her; but that availed little, for Priscilla herself, feeling uneasy when the girl neither wrote nor sent for the clothes and other property which she had left at Old Place, had made inquiries as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Maitland, and had learnt that the woman known by that name had quitted her lodging in Cable Street, E., some time since, and had left no information as to where she was going.

Careful inquiry elicited from the landlady of No. 1417 that a young lady had been there on the evening of November 8th to ask for Mrs. Maitland, but where she went afterwards no one knew. The cabman had whipped off the crowd of children who gathered round while the young lady was talking, and no one had heard the address to which she told him to drive.

Obviously the cabman must be sought for; if he could be found they would be within measurable distance of finding the girl, for he could not fail to remember a fare taken to a locality so unusual.

But the cabman could not be discovered. Every man on the

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ranks at Paddington was interrogated in vain. None of them knew anything about the young lady in question, the fact being that the man was not a licensed cab-driver at all, but a gentleman's groom out of service who had driven the cab that day to oblige a friend wishing to take a holiday on the occasion of his marriage. And he, who could have told them so much, saw none of the papers in which appeared the advertisement concerning himself, for he was lying in the "accident ward" of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, dangerously ill from the effects of a horse's kick.

So the days passed on, and no trace of Loveday was found. And Miss Rhys's heart grew sick with hope deferred, for the girl was very dear to her, and her disappearance filled her with grief and nameless terrors for her possible fate.

While all the time, if they had but known it, she was living within a stone's throw of the street visited by so many of the persons who were making it their business to seek her, having taken up her abode with Jessie Moss over the little milk-shop in Nightingale Lane.

(To be continued.)

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TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

THERE has been but one topic of interest and conversation during the past month, namely, the polls. Every morning a fresh batch of victories and defeats has been laid upon our breakfast-tables, and we have turned to the election intelligence almost with as much anxiety as men turn towards the official bulletins from the seat of war. A French cynic has observed that there is something pleasant about the misfortunes of our best friends, and it is always remembered against an unseated member that he was confoundedly conceited about his success last November, and that "after all" a little adversity will do him good. Many brave men have disappeared:

> "In that sore battle, when so many died
> Without reprieve, adjudged to death
> For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth:"

and their best friends have gone about the town, saying, "Have you heard poor So-and-So is out? Very hard, isn't it, after six months' glory? I always told him politics was a terribly uncertain game," etc., etc. Most of those who have fallen may be left to nameless oblivion, and the commiseration of their best friends. Excellent men they were, no doubt, but they come under the category of those who "won't be missed." Three or four there are among the slain who call for passing mention, although, as Voltaire says, "*Il n'a pas d'homme nécessaire*," and it is wonderful how soon the places of indispensable men get filled up. Any one passing down Pall Mall about midnight on Monday, the 6th of July, would have been startled by a loud and sudden roar proceeding from the open portals of a plate-glass and red granite palace, known to the world as the Carlton Club. The excitement communicated itself to the waiters, who told the porter, who told the commissioner, and even the most stolid of Stoic philosophers, the London hansom cabby, seemed moved by the news, which flew like the fiery cross up Pall Mall and St. James's Street, and was borne away to the far west by ladies in carriages, who had been waiting for hours outside the Carlton for the telegrams. "What's the matter, p'liceman?" asks the

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innocent passenger of the constable, who is telling the news to the sentry outside the War Office. "Why, Dilke's out for Chelsea; that's the matter," answers the helmeted sphinx, leaving you to conjecture whether he's pleased or sorry at the fact. Dilke out for Chelsea! At last! Mr. Whitmore was certainly the hero of the hour in Pall Mall, and if he had appeared at that moment in the Carlton he would undoubtedly have been chaired. What the people next door thought of the affair it was impossible to discover; they gave no sign, for Sir Charles is a member of the Reform. Nor is it possible to say whether the triumph of a young barrister, clever and cultivated, but with no marked aptitude for public speaking, over an ex-Cabinet Minister, of really first-class calibre, was due to personal or political reasons, to the Union or the divorce. People think Chelsea ought to be a very Conservative part of London, because it is S.W.; but, as a matter of fact, although Chelsea has had a rejuvenescence of fashion in the last few years, the masses far outnumber the classes, there, as everywhere else, except perhaps in South Kensington, South Paddington, St. George's, Hanover Square, and the Abbey division of Westminster. But it is a curious fact that (such is the pettiness of human nature), the majority of men always take a keener interest in personalities than in principles. This is true of the House of Commons,—Plato said long ago of popular assemblies, *καὶ ἀεὶ περὶ ἀνθρώπων τοὺς λογοὺς ποιοῦσι, ἥκιστα φιλοσοφία πρέποντα ποιοῦντες*,—and it is truer still of the public. A great many people think Sir Charles Dilke guilty; a great many think him innocent; but all men like their Member of Parliament to be, like Cæsar's wife, "above suspicion," and considering the narrowness of the majority, there seems little doubt that, although his opponent acted with scrupulous chivalry, Sir Charles Dilke was defeated by Mr. Crawford rather than by Mr. Whitmore. Another memorable defeat was Mr. Goschen's at Edinburgh; memorable, disgraceful to Edinburgh, but not the least surprising. What is far more surprising is that a man of Mr. Goschen's lucidity and knowledge of men could ever have committed the mistake of going to Edinburgh. He should never have abandoned the representation of the City of London, for the City loves to return distinguished men who have actually been connected with its affairs, and in the City Mr. Goschen's family has long had an established and commanding position. But having left the City, he would have done better to stick to the Ripon division of Yorkshire, than to entrust his peace and his place—his reputation they cannot touch—to the hands of the modern Athenians, who are as stiff-necked and as ungrateful a public as ever insulted a great man. Sir Walter Scott once warned us that we should find his countrymen "damned mischievous Englishmen," and writing to Croker, in 1826, the

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greatest of Scotchmen gives us this truthful portrait of the Scotch: "The restless, and yet laborious and constantly watchful character of the people, their desire for speculation in politics or anything else, only restrained by some proud feelings about their own country, now become antiquated, and which late measures will tend much to destroy, will make them, under a wrong direction, the most formidable revolutionists who ever took the field of innovation." The Scotch are at present "under the direction" of Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Goschen should have been warned by Macaulay's fate, and not have exposed himself to this rebuff from a churlish and conceited populace. It has been said that Mr. Goschen's name stuck in the throats of the Edinburgians, and that one reason why Mr. Gladstone has such a hold on them is that his maternal family name is Robertson. This may be so, for the Northern Athens is not, like the city of the Violet Crown, remarkable for cosmopolitan culture: but it is not likely; Macaulay's name actually begun with Mac, and they treated him just as rudely. The other remarkable catastrophe of the campaign was the rejection of Sir George Trevelyan (who succeeded to the baronetcy by the death of his father, Sir Charles Trevelyan, the husband of Macaulay's sister), by the Hawick Burghs. Sir George Trevelyan fell between two stools. While detesting Mr. Gladstone's policy openly, and probably despising his conduct in his heart, he persisted in pouring the most fulsome adulation upon his late chief. He believed Home Rule to be ruinous; but still greater than his alarm, was his grief that he should be compelled to separate himself from the greatest and best of men. This class of goods is decidedly at a discount just now, quite a drug upon the market, nor is Sir George Trevelyan's manner of recommending them likely to improve their chances. Sir George's style is occasionally hysterical, a little like that of a gushing school girl, and his praise of Mr. Gladstone irritated everybody, for the simple reason that Mr. Gladstone is at this moment the best-hated man on both sides of the House of Commons. There are Gladstonians from convenience; there are anti-Gladstonians from conviction; but it may be doubted whether there are any Gladstonians from love, for a dissolution, like a revolution, is only justified by success, and from the first it was evident that the personal *plébiscite* did not take the fancy of the people. So that altogether Sir George Trevelyan did not strike the right note; the public does not understand half-way men; he irritated the anti-Gladstonians without conciliating the Gladstonians, and consequently he lost his seat, and the loss is much to be regretted, for he is a brave, honest, clear-headed man, of whom England has much need. But it is to be hoped that the rejection of Mr. Goschen and Sir George Trevelyan by two Scotch constituencies will cure distinguished men of the mania for running up to Scotland, and will destroy the popular fallacy that

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the Scotch are an intellectual people, with a genuine appreciation of mental merit. Two other innocents have been massacred by the King, who have only themselves to thank if their extinction is surrounded by a halo of ridicule. The brothers Joseph, Mr. Arch and Mr. Leicester, made themselves conspicuous in the last Parliament, not in the least by their grammar or their garb, for in these points the House of Commons is the most perfectly republican assembly in the world, but by their vehement denunciations of every class but their own, by their astonishing ignorance of every subject under the sun, and by their overweening assumption of authority to represent the masses. Just before the elections began, these two gentlemen put their heads and "Webster" together, and issued a manifesto "to the horny-handed sons of toil," in which they announced, with the grace of a Lamartine and the benevolence of a Louis Blanc, that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." Next to the electric light, this is clearly the greatest discovery of modern times. The whole country was agog; with every circumstance of pomp and solemnity the oracle was consulted; and its answer was awaited in breathless silence. Alas for the simplicity of the horny-handed couple! They were plain, blunt men, and they had to suffer for the ignorance of what Lord Beaconsfield used to call "affairs of state." They had forgotten, like the Macedonian monarch, to bribe the oracle; the divine voice cruelly declared that they had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and two of the worst specimens of class prejudice and class ignorance are restored "to their friends and their relations." This is reassuring, for a Parliament composed of class delegates would be the worst possible Legislature this or any country could have. One or two of the mining representatives are genuine working men: members like Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick will always be respected; while every one rejoiced at the promotion of Mr. Broadhurst, for he is one of the most popular men in the House of Commons. Men like these are respected because they are genuine and informed: but some so-called working-men leaders, both in and out of the House, have always been professional agitators, and even worse. It is very likely that after the trial of a few Parliaments, and when the novelty of the experiment has worn off, the working-men themselves will find out that men of education, whose means place them above temptation and render them independent of the Party Whips, are just as capable of interpreting their interests and more capable of placing them before the House of Commons than members of their own class.

Another decided feature of the election was the astonishing triumph of the Conservatives in all parts of London. It is very remarkable that all the large towns in France are Revolutionary; Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles have always been hot-beds of Communism. But in England, London, Liverpool, and Manchester,

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are the strongholds of Conservatism. This is very important for two reasons: firstly, because it demonstrates the absurdity of Mr. Gladstone's attempted distinction between the masses and the classes; secondly, because it dispels the bogey of the Irish vote, and proves that in England, at any rate, it is not the determinant factor. Nowhere was this made more plain than in the metropolis, the largest city of the world, tainted, as Lord Beaconsfield once declared, with Jacobinism, the capital of the British Empire, the headquarters of trade, politics, and society. To the last Parliament London returned 36 Conservatives and 26 Liberals; to the new Parliament London sends 49 Conservatives, 2 Radical Unionists, and only 11 supporters of Mr. Gladstone, and the majorities by which these 11 were returned were wofully reduced. For instance, Sir Charles Russell's majority in Hackney was cut down to a pitiful hundred, and Professor Stuart, the nursling of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, only got in by 245. But South London was supposed to be the peculiar preserve of the Parnellites. Deptford and Rotherhithe had been already presented to the Premier by Mr. T. P. O'Connor; it was already arranged that Sir W. Brampton Gurdon should take the Home Office, and Mr. Lalmohun Ghose should be Secretary of State for India, when suddenly it was discovered that these gentlemen were at the bottom of their respective polls, and that Colonel Hamilton, who was obliged to escape from his meeting in a boat, had increased his majority from 500 to 1,000, and that Mr. Evelyn had consolidated his traditional connection with Deptford by a majority of over 600. Greenwich was another of Mr. Parnell's pocket boroughs; but here too Mr. Boord doubled his majority. There were four other constituencies in South London where Conservatives had got returned in November between two Radical opponents, where the Irish vote was declared to be the determinant factor, and which were already appropriated in imagination by the Gladstonians, namely, Peckham, Newington, Walworth, and North Lambeth. Yet in all these constituencies the Conservative members were returned with swelled majorities, and in Clapham, Mr. Gilliatt, a governor of the Bank of England, ousted Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., F.R.S., a remarkably brilliant man. There is no question that this result was in some measure owing to Mr. Spurgeon's celebrated letter, in which he said that Mr. Gladstone's scheme was "as full of dangers and absurdities as if it came from a madman." But undoubtedly the man who won the battle for the Union was old John Bright, whose address and whose speech to his constituents at Birmingham were zealously placarded all over the Kingdom. Lord Salisbury may be a coercionist, Lord Hartington may be an aristocrat, Mr. Chamberlain may be a self-seeking intriguer, but John Bright's position is simply unassailable, and Mr. Gladstone's pettish letter to the veteran tribune decidedly increased his popularity. It was per-

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fectly well known that it was only with the greatest reluctance that Mr. Bright consented to enter the arena; he refused to speak in Parliament; it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be got to stand for Birmingham; office was no longer possible for him; of him it may be said in the exquisite lines of Praed:

> "The glory and the glow
> Of the world's loveliness have passed away,
> And fate hath little to inflict to-day,
> And nothing to bestow."

The Premier's letters and telegrams were another novel feature of the campaign. After his pilgrimage of passion to Midlothian, after the old business at railway stations, the "old man eloquent" ran to Hawarden, where he is now at bay, firing paper bullets at his foes. At the time of the Bulgarian atrocities, ten years ago, postcards had just been invented, and were eagerly seized on by Mr. Gladstone as a means of communication. A postcard from Mr. Gladstone was a regular part of every meeting; but postcards became vulgar, and the vehicle of practical jokes; so the sixpenny telegrams and the old-fashioned post do service for the six columns of speech that we used to have. The loss of Chester to the Conservatives was no doubt very trying; it is so awkwardly near to Hawarden that it is impossible to go anywhere without passing through it, and Dr. Balthasar Foster was one of the most devoted followers. For generations every Chester Conservative has been taught that it is his duty to vote against the Grosvenor interest; but this time the Duke of Westminster threw the whole weight of Eaton into the Conservative scale, with the result that the Doctor was defeated. Mr. Gladstone wrote to console him, and declared, more in sorrow than in anger, that the Duke's action was "another blow struck at the aristocracy." As the Duke has hitherto exerted his interest at Chester on Mr. Gladstone's behalf without reproach, it is not easy to see why the mere transference of his influence from one party to the other is "a blow struck at the aristocracy." Presumably the blows struck in former times *for* Mr. Gladstone by the Duke of Westminster were blows *for* the aristocracy: it is only when the blows are *at* Mr. Gladstone that they are also *at* the aristocracy. Are then Mr. Gladstone and the aristocracy one and the same? The Duke did not understand this theory of blows, and so he wrote to "My dear Gladstone" for an explanation, and then it was pointed out to "My dear Westminster" that this was not the first time he had opposed the People, *i.e.*, Mr. Gladstone, and that in 1866 he had actually opposed a Gladstonian Reform Bill, and in short that he had always been a Tory in disguise. "We think that the honour of England requires to be cleared; and we lament that those who in your position prevent our clearing it, should strike a fresh blow at the

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aristocracy; if, indeed, as I believe, aristocracy be a thing that is good and wise to preserve, on condition of its acting with wisdom and goodness," in other words, voting for Mr. Gladstone. Truly a remarkable letter to close the campaign. It must be said before dismissing the great event of the last month, that the elections were conducted, on the whole, with sobriety and orderliness. There was a good deal of intolerance shown by the Gladstonians towards the Liberal Unionists in their constituencies, but there was nothing like serious violence, with the dishonourable exception of Islington, where the greatest brutality was displayed, both towards Mr. Richard Chamberlain and Mr. Leuellyn, a Conservative candidate. At one meeting the Duke of Norfolk was seized by the throat, and Mr. Leuellyn actually died a few days after these ruffianly performances. Of course he was in delicate health at the time, and he did not probably anticipate that he would be so roughly handled. In Ireland, of course, there have been riots in Belfast, and people have been killed, though the riots have not perhaps been so serious as was apprehended. It ought not to be omitted that Mr. Sexton gained a seat in Belfast, and Mr. T. M. Healy lost his seat for South Londonderry.

The net result of all this hurly-burly in the dog-days of July will be that there will be a majority of considerably over a hundred against Home Rule, that the Conservatives will number over three hundred, and will consequently be by far the largest party in the House of Commons, but that the eighty or so Liberal Unionists will be able to put them in a minority at any moment by voting for the Gladstonians. In other words, the scales, which were held between the parties by Mr. Parnell, will now be held by Lord Hartington. That is something, a clear definite gain from the General Election; Lord Hartington has been substituted for Mr. Parnell as the master of the situation.

But the mere fact of our having been troubled with two General Elections in six months illustrates the advantage of a written Constitution, like that of the United States, over an unwritten customary Constitution like ours. It should not be in the power of any one man to dissolve Parliament upon pretence of ascertaining the will of the people, but really to punish his adversaries and confirm his own power. Let us admit the sovereignty of the people as a fact, by all means; let us consult the people as often as they wish to be consulted; but let us then adopt the Swiss *Referendum*, or the *plébiscite*, by which the opinion of the people can be ascertained without the trouble and expense of a General Election. This Election has had the most disastrous effects upon the London season, which has been brought prematurely to a close. In the middle of July, the Park, the picture galleries, and the theatres are deserted. Tradesmen who had laid in expensive stocks of goods for their July

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harvest are complaining very bitterly, both of the shutting up of houses and the buttoning up of pockets, for even those members who keep open their town houses swear they're so hard hit by electioneering that there must be no more bills, no more balls, "no more nothink." But a great many of them have fled altogether, and many a Mayfair house, taken for the three months' season, may now be had for next to nothing. If to this be added the entire suspension of all commercial undertakings requiring Parliamentary powers, such as railways, bridges, tramways, waterworks, etc., some faint estimate of the amount of damage and loss sustained by a General Election may be formed.

Quite a flutter in the diplomatic dovecots was caused by the presentation to the Porte of a note from the Russian Government announcing that Batoum had ceased to be a free port; in other words, that Russia had determined to fortify it. Here is another instance of the evil of frequent General Elections, and perpetual changes of Government. Foreign powers take advantage of our absorption in contested elections to tear up treaties; and it is understood that Lord Rosebery has declined to express any opinion upon the question of Batoum, because, owing to the precarious condition of the present Cabinet, and the impossibility of conferring with Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, who are exclusively taken up with the question of the elections, it was impossible for him to deal with the matter in the manner it deserved! Here is a pretty position for a first-rate power to find herself in! The Foreign Minister cannot pronounce an opinion upon the violation of the Treaty of Berlin, to which Great Britain was a signatory, because his colleagues are all electioneering! The public may be reminded that the 59th Article of the Treaty of Berlin, by which Batoum was made into "a free port," was the product not only of preliminary negotiations between the Plenipotentiaries, but of the animated and lengthened debate in the Congress Chamber at Berlin. In the sitting of July 6th, 1878, Prince Gortschakoff said, "I am authorised to declare that in his right of sovereignty my august master will declare Batoum a free port. This meets the material interests of all commercial nations, and more especially, it may be, those of Great Britain, whose commerce occupies the greatest number of ships." On what conditions was Russia allowed to occupy Batoum as a free port? Dervish Pacha had defended it against the Russians, and the concession was granted in exchange for Erzeroum, and on the distinct understanding that it should only be held as a free port. If the freedom of the port is now to be simply abolished, and the place fortified by Russia, one cannot help asking, What is the use of treaties and congresses? Why do half-a-dozen elderly gentlemen go to Berlin, and sit round a green table for three weeks, and then return amidst the plaudits of their peoples, if the whole business means nothing, or means, that the treaty will

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only be observed so long as it suits the convenience of a strong military power? Two things, however, may be borne in mind to mitigate our alarm or our indignation. One is, that Prince Bismarck has made no sign, whereas if the abolition of the free port of Batoum had been really a dangerous Russian move, "our chancellor" would have shown his teeth. The other is, that though Lord Beaconsfield made a good deal of Batoum at the Berlin Congress, in the interests of the game, he decidedly pooh-poohed it in his speech in the House of Lords on his return from Berlin. "I should have been very glad," he said, in that assembly on July 18th, 1878, "if Batoum had remained in the possession of the Turks, on the general principle that the less we had reduced its territory in that particular portion of the globe, the better it would be as regards the prestige on which the influence of the Ottoman Empire much depends there. But let us see what is this Batoum of which you have heard so much. It is generally spoken of in society and in the world as if it were a sort of Portsmouth, whereas in reality it should rather be compared with Cowes. It will hold three considerable ships, and if it were packed like the London docks it might hold six; but in that case the danger, if the wind blew from the north, would be immense. You cannot increase the port seaward; for though the water touching the shore is not absolutely fathomless, it is extremely deep, and you cannot make any artificial harbour or breakwater. Unquestionably in the interior the port might be increased, but it can only be increased by first-rate engineers and the expenditure of millions of capital; and if we were to calculate the completion of the port by the precedents which exist in many countries, and certainly in the Black Sea, it would not be completed under half a century. Now, is that a question for which England would be justified in going to war with Russia?" ("Kebbel's Selected Speeches of Lord Beaconsfield," vol. ii., p. 196.) We think not.

France has been thrown into a ferment of excitement by the stupid and brutal blunder of the expulsion of the Princes. It is so stale a trick of Jacobinism that one would have thought that the sense of Radicals, of which Frenchmen are very susceptible, would have prevented this *bêtise*. But it appears that the shortest and the surest cut to popularity with the French *canaille* is to insult and proscribe somebody or other, the richer and the more respectable that somebody is the better pleased the *sansculottes*. The "limited expulsion" of the Comte de Paris and his own family, and the two Napoleonic princes, has now been extended to the Duc d'Aumale, perhaps the most popular man in France. He was first of all deprived of his rank in the army, upon the insulting pretext that he had not risen from the ranks or gained it by competitive examination, though he has fought for France in Algiers and elsewhere as few of her sons

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have fought; and when he wrote to the President of the Republic to complain of this indignity, and to assert his proprietary right to his rank, in common with all other officers, he was answered by expulsion. The Duke has a property in Worcestershire, near Evesham, where he will live for the present, and the Comte de Paris and his family have found a home at Tunbridge Wells. If it be true that history repeats itself, the expulsion of the Princes is the first step towards a Restoration.

A. A. B.

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Critical Notices.

THE LETTERS OF CASSIODORUS.*

THIS is an extremely well-edited collection of the letters of Cassiodorus, to which the learned editor has prefixed an introduction of equal value. The letters in their present state cannot perhaps be called history, but they are of the highest value as material out of which history is made; illustrating, as they do, the cardinal period when ancient and modern history meet—when the old world was dying and the new coming into being.

Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus, Senator, was a Roman official, noble by descent, philosopher and rhetorician in training, who rose to the highest posts in the service of the great Theodoric and his successors. Born about A.D. 480, he was appointed by his father (who was then Prætorian Prefect to Theodoric), as an assessor in his own court. Having the good fortune to attract the notice of the king by a public oration in his praise, he was, about A.D. 505, appointed Questor, a position, to use a modern phrase, of cabinet rank. To him was assigned the duty of finally revising the laws submitted for the signature of the sovereign, of ascertaining that they were consistent with each other, and with previous legislation. He also replied in the king's name to all petitions, conferred with foreign ambassadors, and drafted replies to the letters they brought, etc., thus combining portions of the duties of Lord Chancellor, Home and Foreign Minister, and Private Secretary to the king. In all but military matters he was, at the early age of twenty-five, practically prime minister, and was one of the principal coadjutors in Theodoric's attempt to found a kingdom which should unite the warlike vigour of the Goths with the civilisation of Rome. Italy, above all things, at this period, pined for peace as the sole means of recovery from the exactions of the *fœderati*, (Roman soldiers in name only), who followed Ricimer and Odovacar; it was therefore the policy of the king of the East Goths that the two nations should dwell in harmony side by side, his countrymen to defend the realm, and the Romans to follow the arts of peace, the hand of the king controlling the violence of the one and the fraud of the other, with a view to the ultimate fusion of the two races into one. This theory, however, turned out in practice to be unpalatable to the Romans, who, although they had lost their relish for war, could not entirely forget the deeds of their ancestors; the kingdom consequently endured for little more than the life of its founder, and fell before Belisarius.

To resume, Cassiodorus became consul in A.D. 514, and patrician in the next year. In A.D. 526 Theodoric died, and was succeeded by his grandson Athalaric, a boy of eight years old, the regency being confided to his

* "The Letters of Cassiodorus." By THOMAS HODGKIN, London: Henry Frowde. 1886.

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mother, Amalasuentha. Cassiodorus retained his position under the regency, and was in A.D. 533 promoted to the highest office under the Crown, that of Prætorian Prefect. On the death of her son in A.D. 534, the regent associated in the government Theodahad her cousin, and Theodoric's nearest male heir, by whom, however, she was deposed and murdered in the next year. Theodahad, however, being deemed by the Goths incompetent to resist the invasion of Belisarius (A.D. 535), was deposed in favour of Witigis, who in his turn was made prisoner on the fall of Ravenna in A.D. 540, and the Gothic kingdom temporarily collapsed. Cassiodorus, who under all changes appears to have remained in office, probably resigned official life about A.D. 538, and retired to his native place, Seylacium (now Squillace), in the Bruttii, and there founded a monastery. For the rest of his life he devoted himself to literary pursuits, utilising, with keen insight into the wants of his age, the ample leisure of the inmates of his convent for the preservation and transmission of learning to posterity. He died about A.D. 575, aged 96.

The great literary monument of his life is his correspondence extending from A.D. 505 to A.D. 538, usually styled the "Variæ," of which an abstract is given in the present volume. His other works comprise the "Chronicon," a history of the world produced in A.D. 529, and a "History of the Goths," published in the following year. After his retirement he produced commentaries on the Psalms and Epistles, a history of the Church, the well-known treatises, "De institutione divinarum litterarum," and "De orthographia;" some grammatical works, which have now perished, and finally transcripts of the Psalter, the Prophets, and the Epistles.

In conclusion, we have warmly to commend the chapters upon the administrative system, introduced by Diocletian, and perfected by his successors, minutely regulating the titles and functions of the imperial service, civil and military, upon the pattern of which the nobility of mediæval Europe was chiefly modelled, and to thank Mr. Hodgkin for the benefit that he has conferred upon literature in bringing out his present work.

BOLINGBROKE.*

We have much pleasure in noticing in their collected form Mr. Collins' series of essays upon Bolingbroke, as summarising the result of the latest researches upon the cardinal epoch of the eighteenth century.

To the first essay on the political life of Bolingbroke we must be pardoned if we allude but cursorily. Up to this point the biography of St. John has been the political history of England for fourteen years. We cannot, however, refrain from calling attention to the brilliant description of, perhaps, one of the most versatile intellects of the century. To the essay entitled "Bolingbroke in Exile" we must accord very high praise. From 1714 to 1752 his career assumes a new aspect, passing through a series of changes exceeding in interest the most thrilling romance. He was identified with every important movement in Europe, whether political, scientific, speculative, or literary, and with the development of thought, historical, theological, or metaphysical. He was associated with the first intellects of the time, and at his feet men like Pope and Voltaire were not ashamed to sit. In politics his influence was equally great, and it may with justice be said that from 1726 to 1742 he was the soul of the most powerful parliamentary opposition of the time, and to his energy and skill is largely to be attributed the success of the

* "Bolingbroke: an Historical Study, an Essay on Voltaire in England." By John Churton Collins. London: John Murray. 1886.

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combination which drove the great Walpole from office. The third essay upon this literary life has equal merit both in point of research and descriptive power.

With respect to the essay upon Voltaire's life in England, although from the nature of the subject it is necessarily inferior to those that precede it, we are none the less indebted to Mr. Collins for the light that he has shed upon one of the most obscure portions of the life of Voltaire.

MASOLLAM.*

It is a pity that each of Mr. Oliphant's novels should be worse than the last. "Altiora Peto," —curious and entertaining, and in parts powerful as it was, if not quite able "to equip a score of ordinary novelists for the production of a score of extraordinary novels,"—the second in the series, was hardly equal to "Piccadilly," the first. And now "Masollam," the third, is far inferior to "Altiora Peto." The fact is, Mr. Oliphant is getting too serious. The brilliant delineator of "Traits and Travesties" is scarcely to be recognised in the serious propagandist of an esoteric pietism. "Masollam" ought to be a novel: but it is clearly intended to be a tract. We know that a tract usually contains something of a story; and it sometimes happens that the story is of sufficient interest to counterbalance the dulness of the good advice. Mr. Oliphant's three-volume tract staggers (so to speak) between the claims of an entirely improbable but distinctly readable story, and those of a fantastic and conscientious purpose. The purpose interferes with the story, and the story with the purpose; and the book in consequence is confused, and leaves on our minds a confusing impression.

Still "Masollam" is, in its way, a striking book, and the second part, which takes place in a Druse village, among the mountains of Lebanon, has much of the interest of one of Mr. Oliphant's narratives of Eastern travel. Here, too, occurs the most impressive scene in the book, a brief scene of real dramatic force, in which Masollam, the "Master" of the occult religion, and his wife, ambitious of usurping his position, make up their minds, at the same moment, to murder one another, and each is simultaneously aware of the purpose of the other. Several other scenes in this part have a good spectacular quality, and here and there is a touch of nature. But no character in the book is really living. Mr. Oliphant's purpose (and, no doubt, the peculiar nature of his talent) has hindered him from achieving, or even attempting, the only possible way in which his subject could be artistically treated. Mr. Marian Crawford made a fair success in "Mr. Isaacs" by working the "astral currents" picturesquely, and without any real belief in his puppets or their manifestations. Mr. Oliphant treats *his* puppets with respect; and so we, if we are not bored by them, treat them with levity.

* "Masollam: a Problem of the Period." A novel, by Lawrence Oliphant. London & Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

"RHODA FLEMING."*

"Rhoda Fleming" is a tragedy, and, in that kind, is the greatest among Mr. Meredith's works. "Richard Feverel" alone can compare with it, and even "Richard Feverel" is less consistently and emphatically tragic. The narrative of Dahlia Fleming's sin, suffering, and expiation has little of the fine comedy (some, indeed, and that excellent) which expresses one side of Mr. Meredith's criticism of life; it is a study of intense seriousness,

* "Rhoda Fleming." By George Meredith. New edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

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and it deals with the sharper realities of life. Mr. Meredith has here surpassed himself in the record of human action and passion. Of certain scenes I can scarcely speak without running the risk of seeming—to those who have never read the book, certainly not to those who have—an enthusiast, carried away by his own feelings. I would mention, as one or two among many, the scene where Anthony meets Dahlia in London, that in which Rhoda forces the money from her uncle, Dahlia's frenzy, and the seemingly inextricable tragic tangle towards the close,—a long scene which holds one breathless on the stretch of absorbed attention. Out of material that might be melodramatic, Mr. Meredith has created a drama of humanity which we shall find it hard to equal for sheer imaginative realism and grappling tragic strength out of the pages of the "Comédie Humaine."

The plot of "Rhoda Fleming" is woven with singular closeness and deft intricacy; its exciting interest leads on the eye and mind at a gallop. The characters are singularly varied. Of the three heroines,—Rhoda and Dahlia Fleming, and Mrs. Lovell,—the first two are among the most individual of Mr. Meredith's women, and they present an admirable study of a common nature modified by a strength and weakness of will in the two sisters. Another slightly similar problem is dealt with in the two brothers-in-law, Farmer Fleming and Anthony Hackbut. The sketch of the farmer is a noble piece of solid realistic work; but the portrait of Anthony, the miserly bank clerk, stands out with a vivid strangeness of outline never to be forgotten. In sharp contrast to his grimly comic figure is the incomparable portrait of the "Fool of Quality," Algernon Blancove, perhaps the finest piece of refined comedy in Mr. Meredith's works. Edward, the hero and villain of the story, should be compared with Wilfrid in "Emilia," as Mrs. Sumfit and Mrs. Boulby might be compared with the immortal Mrs. Berry in "Richard Feverel." They are severally variations on the same theme, and they prove the resources of Mr. Meredith's genius by their originality and clear distinction one from another.

Any one who is at the pains to compare the original edition of "Rhoda Fleming" with the new edition now published, will probably at first think that no alteration has been made. A closer scrutiny will show that the book has been revised with the most scrupulous and delicate care. There is very little in the way of revision of style, and very wisely so. But an explanatory touch once and again flashes an illuminating light on some dark corner or difficult intricacy of character or of narrative. The last chapter has received considerable additions, and we are left with a clearer view of the character of Mrs. Lovell and of Dahlia. The concluding paragraph, less artificially striking than the single sentence which represented it in 1865, is more just and more merciful to poor Dahlia, and rounds the story of her life with a touch of significant and noble pathos.

HYGIENE OF THE VOCAL ORGANS*

Is a work devoted to the subject of the culture and management of the voice and prevention of diseases of the organs connected with voice-production, whilst it also points out the best means of avoiding those dangers whereby they are caused. The author in no way seeks to usurp the functions which belong to the singing-master or teacher of elocution, but treats his subject from a medico-artistic point of view, in which the artistic holds a prominent position. Few persons, if any, have enjoyed better oppor-

* "Hygiene of the Vocal Organs." By MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D. (Lond.) London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

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tunities of communion with and the sympathetic co-operation of talented vocalists and elocutionists; and whilst they have sought his advice as a skilled medical expert, he in turn has profited by the experiences which they have afforded him. In the present work, therefore, the reader will find a record of the opinions of many shining lights in the artistic world, from which the author has drawn conclusions that will be interesting and instructive to all who have to use their vocal organs for public speaking and singing. Perhaps it would have been better for the ordinary reader if, in the writing of the book, fewer Latin phrases and quotations had been used to express what could have been done as well in English. French and Italian phrases are pretty freely used, but they are perfectly admissible, as being more in harmony with the subject, and more or less familiar to those whose education has been on musical lines. The book is well arranged, and gives a good and sufficient description of the anatomy of the various parts which form the vocal apparatus, and the mechanism of the production of articulation and musical sounds. The latter knotty point, which has been the battle-ground of so many musical scientists, is well explained, as we might expect it, by one who has exceptional opportunities of making laryngoscopical examinations of the most eminent vocalists of the day. The engravings of the glottis, showing the positions of the vocal cords, etc., during the emittance of low and high notes, are clear, and show the different methods of their production in the chest, head, and falsetto registers. Observations have been made on fifty persons, most of whom are distinguished vocalists. These are arranged in tabular form as an appendix, and furnish a very valuable record. The chapters which are devoted to the subjects of "Training the Singing Voice," and "Selection of a Teacher," are well worth the study of those who teach and those who are taught; and we fully endorse the opinion that it is better for a pupil to be instructed by one possessing a similar character of voice, as imitation enters largely into the question of success. In this the author follows the teaching of Madame Seiler, who lays great stress on its importance. In the section on "The Special Hygiene for Singers" will be found rules as to diet, exercise, alcohol, and smoking, subjects on which the physician is best qualified to speak, whilst therapeutic agents—amongst which the ammoniaphone is mentioned only to be condemned—are given a place. Perhaps it would have been better had a little more attention been given to the nasal cavities,—which are mentioned as important resonance chambers,—for it is in the posterior nostrils that much trouble arises, which afterwards spreads to the pharynx and soft palate. It is here that many disorders may be timely arrested, and by keeping the nasal cavities and their secretions in a pure and healthy condition the *vox "fusca,"* and that *bête noir* of vocalists, a relaxed uvula, may be avoided. The "Training of the Speaking Voice" is described as "almost one of the lost arts." Early tuition of the child in the art of speaking is very rightly advocated, the author remarking that "if there were a thoroughly qualified instructor in elocution in every school in the kingdom our noble English tongue would lose its undeserved evil reputation for harshness of sound, . . . and much suffering would be saved to throats ruthlessly stretched and cramped in the fierce struggle to deliver the message which the speaker has in him." "Details of Training," "Removal of Defects," and "Hygiene for Speakers," are sections of the work which should be carefully perused by all who have the desire to train their own or the voices of others for elocution.

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BURMA.*

THIS little book describes Burma "as it was, as it is, and as it will be." The author is an Englishman, whose thorough knowledge of the Burmese was displayed so conspicuously in his "Burman: his Life and Notions," that the *Times* despatched him to the Indo-Chinese peninsula, while the letters he wrote about Tonkin and Burma impressed the Government so favourably, that on the annexation of King Theebaw's dominions he was appointed a civil commissioner, and sent to take charge of one of the principal districts. Mr. Scott, or Shway Yoe, as he is also known, comes before the general reader with excellent credentials, and we can confidently recommend his work, which is the latest that has been published upon Burma, as fully worthy of his reputation. It is divided into three parts, devoted respectively to the history of Burma, the country, and the people. To the former about forty pages are assigned, which is amply sufficient for those who require simply to have a rough idea of the history of the country and the causes of the annexation. A similar amount of matter is devoted to a very clear and graphic description of Upper and Lower Burma, the Irrawaddy to Mandalay, Mandalay itself, and the Irrawaddy above Mandalay. The final part, however, describing the people, their habits and character, and their trade, is the most important, and we sincerely hope that a perusal of it will awaken some of that enterprise on the part of British merchants, which unfortunately appears to have been in a dormant condition for some years past. While German merchants have been overrunning the globe, helping by the trade they have created to check over production in the manufacturing districts of the Fatherland, the enterprise of the British merchant has certainly lagged far behind the enterprise of the manufacturer, with the natural result that the avenues of trade have become clogged, and the country has suffered from a severe commercial depression. Mr. Scott's book is valuable, because he indicates the markets that lie open to us now that Upper Burma is annexed, and describes the resources waiting to be developed by British capital and skill. During the recent debate on the Indian Budget the Government stated they were fully aware of the valuable character of the Burmese ruby mines and petroleum fields, but Mr. Scott mentions in excess the profit that could be derived from coal and tin, platinum and iron, silver and gold, lead and antimony, jade and amber. Considering the rubbishy speculations daily brought before the public by unscrupulous company promoters, we trust that the real and substantial benefits to be derived from the development of Burma will be brought home by this little book to the genuine pioneers of British enterprise, and that the savings of the public may be directed through their instrumentality to the encouragement of laudable and lucrative undertakings, and at the same time to the enhancement of the prosperity of the empire.

* "Burma." By JAS. GEORGE SCOTT. London: George Redway.

ROOKERY MILL.*

THE fortunes of a Lancashire operative — or Yorkshire, we are not sure about the dialect — are recounted in "Rookery Mill."

Robert Norris was born before his time; he appreciated power looms, and saw the value of cotton in the days when George the Fourth was king.

Being such a man, it was natural that Robert should fix his affections on one far above him in social standing; it was natural also that he should have to struggle long

* "Rookery Mill." By MARY A. JAGGER. 1 vol. London: The London Literary Society.

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against jealousy in his equals and dread of dangerous innovation in men of superior intelligence. How he fought, and how at last he prevailed, the patient reader will duly find out.

The patient reader, we say, for in spite of an abundance of incident, suicide, struggles for life and death, and the burning of the mill itself, it must be confessed that the book often drives heavily.

This is partly owing to the introduction of too many moral reflections, partly to the bad habit most of the characters have of talking, and, still worse, of perpetually thinking aloud in a style worthy of a copybook or polite letter-writer.

"Yes," says Robert on one occasion, speaking of his adopted child, "she has been more to me than a child; in my darkness she brought me light. A light I thought quenched for ever in the irrecoverable past. The thought bestowed upon her kept me from becoming a petrified human being."

We hope mill hands, however superior, do not often talk like this. Still it is perhaps better to err in this direction than in that of slipshod English. The characters are fairly well drawn; the proud, hard spirit of Mrs. Norris, at once cold-hearted and obstinate as a mule, is very well rendered. The scene between her and the gentle-spirited, though proud, Mary Horsforth, is a good specimen of the book.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Norris. I have ventured to come and see you. May I be allowed to take a seat?" she (Miss Horsforth) asked in a gentle voice.

"You can please yourself," said Mrs. Norris, as she sat unmoved in her chair, and went on calmly darning the stocking she had over her arm. "Jonas Horsforth's daughter may be different from the father; but still her room is preferable to her company."

"Perhaps so, Mrs. Norris, but when we are in trouble we many times say cruel words we do not mean. I have been in trouble myself, and I know your feelings. It must be a source of great regret to you to have one son in prison and the other so ill."

"And you can sit there, Miss Horsforth, and talk to me in that barefaced manner,—you whose father killed my husband? Not content with doing that, he must make provision after his death to have his work carried on by one of his own pattern. Robert is worse than a fiend, and he has driven William into prison; but he will have to suffer for it, mark my words. I said Jonas Horsforth should not die in his bed, and my words have come true. The money that he ground out of the bones and flesh of Kirkland did him no good. A trouble to me that he is ill? No; it was a pity that the blow did not finish its work. There now, I have had my say, and if you don't like it, lump it."

The book is not at all sensational, in spite of all the murders and suicides. These are recounted in the matter-of-fact fashion of a newspaper report, rather than with the direct simplicity with which writers like Mr. Robert Buchanan handle such matters, making the scenes effective and telling, without strained sensation. There is much that is interesting in "Rookery Mill." If this is, as we imagine, the author's first work, she may learn to make better use of the evidently plentiful material at her disposal.

ABOUT THE THEATRE.*

THIS is a collection of eminently readable and interesting papers from the pen of one of our best-known art critics. The first article, which Mr. Archer calls "Are we advancing?" contains an able and exhaustive review of contemporaneous plays and playwrights, in which the author enumerates the failures and successes of the past few years, and endeavours to account for the popular verdict in each case. With most of Mr. Archer's conclusions we thoroughly agree, though we cannot help thinking that his judgment errs on the side of leniency. His opinion, for instance, of *Lords and Commons*, seems to us far too favourable, and we should have used stronger terms about Mr. Buchanan's melodramas than those which Mr. Archer has thought fit to employ; moreover, Mr. Derrick's efforts have surely been taken too seriously. But

* "About the Theatre." By WILLIAM ARCHER. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

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there is much force in his censure of that pretentious piece of fustian *Claudian*, as in his praise of that excellent melodrama *The Silver King*. Mr. Archer considers that we have but one actor, Mr. Irving, and one actress, Mrs. Kendal. The first statement will probably pass unchallenged, but about the second there is likely to be grave difference of opinion.

The most noteworthy of the remaining papers are, perhaps, those entitled "Censorship of the Stage," and "The Stage of Greater Britain." Naturally enough, Mr. Archer finds no difficulty in exposing the anomalous and absurd position of the Lord Chamberlain. But he performs his task in a thoroughly efficient manner, and narrates many curious and amusing instances of official eccentricity from the times of the "magister jocorum revellorum et mascorum" of 1544 down to the present day. The words of Lord Chesterfield, in his speech against the Act which established the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain (10 Geo. II., c. 19), are as forcible a condemnation of the office as Mr. Archer can possibly adduce.

"If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained, as other subjects are, by the known laws of their country; if they offend, let them be tried, as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country. Let us not subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man. A power lodged in the hands of a single man to judge and determine without limitation, control, or appeal, is a sort of power unknown to our laws, and inconsistent with our constitution; it is a higher and more absolute power than we trust even to the king himself."

In the "Stage of Greater Britain" Mr. Archer discusses the mutual influence of English and Americans upon each other in matters theatrical, and advocates the foundation of a self-supporting international theatre with much force and eloquence. The scheme, we fear, is not likely to be carried into effect, but it is none the less an admirable one; and we can only hope that some day it may become an accomplished fact.

"VITTORIA."*

"VITTORIA" contains the adventures of Emilia in Italy, as "Sanda Belloni" the life of Emilia in England. Though a sort of sequel, it is a work perfectly complete and intelligible by itself, and it avoids the customary fault of sequels by changing the scene of action, and introducing plenty of new characters. The manner, too, of the narrative is somewhat different. In the earlier book we had a sort of romantic comedy; here there is more of the sternness of tragedy, while, according to promise, Mr. Meredith has dismissed the "philosopher," who not unfrequently interrupted the former part of the story; for here "there is a field of action, of battles and conspiracies, nerve and muscle, where life fights for plain issues, and he can but sum results." The period is that of the Italian revolt under Mazzini (of whom there is a fine word-portrait in the second chapter), but though the course of the story leads through conspiracies innumerable, some battles, and a number of duels, the history of the revolt is always carefully and completely subordinated to the history of the characters, to which it formed no more than a background. There is always a danger that a story laid in some historical period will be swamped by the history. Mr. Meredith has happily escaped the danger. As a background nothing can be finer, and it is painted in with telling effect. Mr. Meredith's evident familiarity with Italy has inspired him with some of the finest descriptions that he has ever written,—the opening paragraph, for instance, is a wonderful piece of English.

Vittoria, it need scarcely be said, is only another name for Emilia Alessandra Belloni. She dominates, by sheer personality, the two books. As she is in the first she remains in the second, developed, indeed,

* "Vittoria." By GEORGE MEREDITH. New edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

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but perfectly the same in nature. She is the most elaborate portrait of a woman ever attempted by Mr. Meredith, and of all his splendid women she is, I think, the best. Wilfrid, her old lover, as well as Merthyr Powys, whom the close of the earlier book seemed to point to as the future hero of this, but who shrinks into singular secondariness, are both present on the new stage. Most of the other characters, with the exception of Mr. Pericles, are new. Mr. Pericles, our old friend, the malicious, music-mad Greek, with a passion for Emilia's voice, comes out in a more favourable light than circumstances had hitherto permitted; he is an almost pathetic figure in his desperate devotion to a voice. As for Barto Rizzo, the terrible conspirator, Liugi, the "honest spy," Agostina, the quaint, garrulous old poet, the Austrian officers, the Italian patriots, the crowd of ladies—all these, novel as they are, are in Mr. Meredith's best manner. Carlo Ammiam, who finally wins the peerless heroine's hand, seems perhaps a rather unsatisfactory hero; but who *could* be quite worthy of such a bride?

The tone of the book is serious, not, as in some of Mr. Meredith's novels, humorous and ironical. I venture to think, despite the really great quality of his wit, that Mr. Meredith rises to his highest heights in work that is incidentally touched with the style of the humorist. He can be a wit, and he can be a tragic artist, a romancist, a dramatist, a poet. In "Vittoria" he is something of all, but assuredly rather a chronicler of the human tragedy than of the human comedy. And "Vittoria" is certainly one of his best books. The narrative is at times almost as exciting as one of Charles Reade's; it has always a poetic richness of which Reade has no conception. So stirring and absorbing a story cannot fail to enchant those readers who for so many years have been deprived of almost the possibility of seeing it.

There are a few errata in the new edition, which should be corrected. On p. 157, *unwilling* in the seventh line should be *unwitting*; *wordly* on p. 164 should of course be *worldly*; and *water*, p. 166, l. 14, *waiter*; and there is a *my* for *by* on p. 365, l. 8.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. *The book itself, which it is hoped may be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the publisher's name, the date of publication, the size and price of each entry.*

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIANITY.

A 1.—BIBLE AND BIBLICAL STUDY.

Barmby, J. Commentary on Hebrews, etc.; 15s., r. 8vo, Paul.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Ebrard, J. H. A. Apologetics, Vol. I. [tr.]; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Clark, *Edin.*
Pfleiderer, O. The Philosophy of Religion, Vol. I. [tr.]; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Williams.

A 6.—SERMONS.

Thring, Rev. E. Sermons at Uppingham School; 2 v., 12s., cr. 8vo, Bell.

CLASS C.—PHILOSOPHY.

C 3.—MORAL.

Sidgwick, H. Outlines of the History of Ethics; 3s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Macmillan.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 3.—GOVERNMENT AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

Escott, T. H. Politics and Letters [reprints from the Mags.]; 9s., 8vo, Chapman.

CLASS E.—GEOGRAPHY.

E 5.—AMERICA.

Ebbutt, P. Emigrant Life in Kansas, plates; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Sonnenschein.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 4.—MODERN.

Trevelyan, G. O. Cawnpore, *second edition;* 6s., cr. 8vo, Macmillan.

F 6.—ANTIQUITIES.

Morgan, T. Romano-British Mosaic Pavements, col. plates; 42s., r. 8vo, Whiting.

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CLASS G.—BIOGRAPHY.

G 2.—INDIVIDUAL (Under Name of Subject).

Adams, S., Life of. By J. K. Hosmer [Am.]; 6s., 12mo, Douglas, *Edin.*
Blake, Admiral. By D. Hannay [English Worthies]; 2s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Longman.
De Lisle, R., Memoir of. By Rev. H. N. Oxenham; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Chapman.
Raleigh, Sir W. By E. W. Gosse [English Worthies]; 2s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Longman.
Wesley, Mrs. S., Life of. By E. Clarke [Eminent Women Series]; 3s. 6d., p. 8vo, Allen.

CLASS H.—SCIENCE.

H 3.—PHYSICS.

Landolt, E. Refraction of the Eye [tr.]; 30s., 8vo, Pentland, *Edin.*

CLASS I.—ARTS AND TRADES.

I 5.—INDUSTRIES.

Cotton Trade of Great Britain. By T. Ellison; 15s., 8vo, E. Wilson.
Paper, Treatise on. By R. Parkinson; 3s., 12mo, Crosby Lockwood.

I 6.—AGRICULTURE, ETC.

Ure, G. Our Fancy Pigeons, illus.; 6s., cr. 8vo, Simpkin.

I 12.—SPORTS.

Pennell, H. C. The Sporting Fish of Great Britain; 12s. 6d., 8vo, Low.

CLASS K.—LITERATURE.

K 6.—POETRY.

Cuthbertson, J. Glossary to Burns' Poems and Prose; 6s., cr. 8vo, Gardner, *Paisley.*
Firdausi, Shāh Nāmeh [tr. Chandos Lib.]; 2s., cr. 8vo, Warne.

K 9.—FICTION.

Muddock, J. E. From the Bosom of the Deep; 6s., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein.
Robinson F. W. Courting of Mary Smith; 3 v., 31s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Hurst.

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TIME.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

THE SECOND MINISTRY OF LORD SALISBURY.

BY GILBERT VENABLES.

In tendering the resignation of the Liberal Ministry, Mr. Gladstone naturally advised Her Majesty to send for the Marquess of Salisbury. Although he had suffered defeat at the hands of a combined force of Conservatives and revolted Liberals, he was under no obligation to regard the latter as a legitimate Opposition, and, besides, the Conservatives were, independently of Unionist Liberals, by far the largest party in the House. But the considerations which influenced Mr. Gladstone were by no means binding on his rival. Accordingly when the task of forming a Government was entrusted to him, it was in no spirit of mere courtesy or political chivalrousness that Lord Salisbury invited the chiefs of the Independent Liberals to take a share—and, if they so wished, the most prominent share—in the work. His attempt to form a coalition was dictated by a true sense of what was best for the country. Knowing that the foremost and most difficult problem confronting the future Government would be that of framing for Ireland a just and enduring policy, satisfying legitimate aspirations while maintaining the unity of the two kingdoms and the supremacy of the Crown, he saw clearly how much more stable would be the work of the two parties than that of one,—how much more likely to impress the Irish people as the expression of England's unalterable will, and less likely to be hereafter set aside when the government of the country should come into other hands. Nor is it easy to see how, from a strictly patriotic point of view, the Marquess of Hartington and his colleagues could justify their refusal of the invitation to take a responsible share in completing the work for the sake of which they had not hesitated to break up their party and humble their greatest leader. On the other hand, there is

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great weight in their contention that though their duty to their party is for the moment subordinated, it is not extinguished; and that so long as they give the Conservatives a hearty, though unofficial support against the Separatists, they do all that can in fairness be demanded of them. It is, of course, idle to dwell upon a point that has been practically settled, further than to show how it comes to pass that the victory of two allied parties is followed by a Ministry chosen exclusively from one of them.

For the moment the majority of the Liberal party is held together, not by a principle, but by an individual. So long as Mr. Gladstone remains active in the political field, so long will he retain the allegiance of a body of personal followers, who act, and speak, and think as if he were going to live and to lead for ever. Nothing can be more certain than that, upon his disappearance from the scene, his docile followers will, to quote an expressive phrase, "be scattered upon the hills, as sheep having no shepherd." There is hardly a man among them possessing the requisite ability, experience, and character to become their leader, and they will of necessity gravitate towards the friends from whom they are now divided. Both Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain are looking forward to this moment. The former still believes in the possible reunion of the Liberal party under Whig leadership—the party to consist, as before, of a great bulk of moderate men with a strong Radical wing. The latter is not one whit more disposed than he was nine or ten months ago to tolerate any further predominance of the "Rip Van Winkles" and the "Skeletons" of the party. Let them take themselves and their support whither they like. Though a firm adherent of imperial unity,—for which he deserves well of his country,—he believes in the reconstitution of his party on a basis of whole-hearted Radicalism, freed from the embarrassing alliance of Whigs and "Moderates." Of the two forecasts, Mr. Chamberlain's is certainly that towards the fulfilment of which recent events have been shaping themselves; but so long as the Marquis of Hartington and his friends entertain the belief here attributed to them, it is easy to see that the Conservatives, can expect from him no more decided support than he has promised—namely, protection against Separatist attacks. If the Whigs have not yet learned that their future lies with the Conservatives whom they have considerable power to influence, and not with the Radicals, whom they have lost the power to restrain, they must be left to the teaching of time. Less logical than Buridan's ass, who died of hunger from inability to choose between two bundles of hay, they hesitate between helping to guide the chariot of the Conservatives, and being dragged at the chariot-wheels of the Revolutionists. These things, however, "lie on the knees of the gods," and we are more immediately concerned with the present than with the future. At present, except as affecting the com-

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position of the Ministry, the determination of the Unionist Liberals to refuse office need not greatly affect the course of affairs. The assurance of their general support is a guarantee of strength to the Ministerialists, and should enable them to enter boldly on any line of policy they may choose to adopt.

The cry for a large infusion of "new blood" into the Ministry, which was raised as soon as it was known that an exclusively Conservative Government would have to be formed, was dictated rather by the ambition of individuals than by the exigencies of the situation. In the Ministry of June, 1885, there had been but two or three disappointments. A variety of reasons, among which feeble health must be counted foremost, had made Lord Carnarvon unavailable. But among the other members, only the Hon. Edward Stanhope and Lord Stanley had been unexpectedly weak; and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had not made so good a leader of the House of Commons as could have been wished. These latter, however, were comparatively young men, and there was no question of dispensing with them. Among the seniors of official rank it was felt that the Duke of Richmond would not, perhaps, be sorry to be exempt from the cares of office; while there was a very general agreement that Mr. Cross might be very well content with a peerage. Apart from the trifling changes involved in these considerations, the occasion indicated no need for a general transformation scene. By retaining Lord John Manners and Lord Cranbrook, the party keeps the services of two of its keenest debaters; whilst Lord Iddesleigh's head contains as shrewd a wit and as mature a wisdom as any to be found within the Cabinet, or in all Her Majesty's Privy Council. To none of those who know enough to be able to appreciate him rightly, is it a matter of any surprise that Lord Salisbury should have chosen his old colleague to fill the most important post at his disposal; yet the appointment of Lord Iddesleigh to the Foreign Secretaryship has been reckoned by the general public as among the surprises of recent Cabinet-making. No doubt vast numbers of people were misled by a great deal of nonsense that was talked rather more than a year ago when Sir Stafford Northcote was removed from the leadership of the House of Commons. It must be admitted, not that he was becoming unfit to lead the House, but that the House was becoming daily less fit to be led by him—less appreciative of courtesy, less amenable to tact, rougher, more ill-mannered, and more unprincipled. He had been accustomed to men with whom a tacit understanding was as binding as a sealed agreement, and who would have disdained the sharp practice of "old parliamentary hands." The courtesy which in his earlier days was the tribute paid by conscious strength to weakness had come to be looked upon as a sign of enfeebled spirit. Wielders of the controversial bludgeon voted his style of fence effeminate

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and his rapier a "toasting iron." Though it was not entirely in the interests of his party or his country that his removal from the House of Commons was urged; though it was no secret that he stood in the way of personal ambitions, which had to be gratified; yet, as we have said, the excuse found was, on the whole, a sufficient one, albeit the reflection was not on him, but on the House of Commons. People generally do not take trouble to inquire into these matters for themselves, and the daily papers to which they trust either have no wish to be fair or no time to give to explanations. The broadest facts only of the case are looked at; and so when Sir Stafford was dismissed to the Upper House, and, as Lord Iddesleigh, was entrusted with an office which might or might not be a sinecure, the idea prevailed that he was being gently but firmly shelved. Assuredly nothing was ever farther from the Marquis of Salisbury's thoughts; few things could have been more disastrous to the Conservative party. As Minister for Foreign Affairs, it will be his duty to let the hand of iron be felt under the glove of silk. No one doubts the silken glove; no one need fear for the iron hand. Those who suppose that there is no "hard pan" in Lord Iddesleigh's composition very much mistake their man. There will be no blustering diplomacy, nor even sensational despatches, but there will be no yielding of England's interests, as if they were no more than points in Parliamentary warfare, to be conceded for the sake of peace and quietness. No; in placing Lord Iddesleigh at the Foreign Office, Lord Salisbury has appointed a man whose nature, stimulated by, and combined with his own, gives us almost the ideal of a Foreign Secretary. It is his strongest appointment.

Unquestionably the most startling, perhaps we ought to say the most daring, of the new nominations to office was that of Lord Randolph Churchill to be Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. It is not wise in a Prime Minister to pay very much attention to what the public may think of his appointments, provided they meet his own requirements. After all he is responsible, and not his critics. But it would perhaps have been less easy for Lord Salisbury to appoint Lord Randolph Churchill, if Mr. Gladstone had not last year made a precedent to silence all criticism by the appointment of Sir William Harcourt to the same office. If the one appears at first sight a little *bizarre*, the other was downright burlesque. If Lord Randolph had not yet gained adequate political reputation, Sir William Harcourt had very little of such reputation to lose. If Lord Randolph Churchill is Chancellor of the Exchequer because he was allowed to select his own post, Sir William Harcourt was put into the same office because he could not be permitted to choose for himself. Any taunt, therefore, that may be directed at Lord Randolph from the opposite side can be so readily retorted that such attacks are likely to be few. But the

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new Leader of the Commons is not reduced to retorts for his vindication. What, after all, is the utmost that can be alleged against him? No one denies his ability; he has proved his powers of application to hard work, and his capacity for mastering the details of official life. No one alleges against him a low or mean standard of conduct, or charges him with any act of moral or political turpitude. If it were needed to sum up the objections to him in one word, we should have to be told that he is "shocking." There is a shocking want of reverence for grand old men; a shocking habit of saying loudly what other people whisper humbly; a shocking disregard of the cant which in some form or other is mixed up with most of our politics; a shocking aptitude for stirring up the dust which through a long succession of Governments has accumulated in quiescent departments; and, last of all, a shocking way of compelling men to move at a brisk trot when they would be better content with a gentle walk. All these things arouse the dislike, and to some extent the terror, of ordinary people,—more particularly of ordinary respectable people; and most especially of ordinary respectable permanent officials. To say that he has more than once passed beyond the boundaries of decorum and good taste is true enough, but means little more than that in making his omelettes he has broken eggs. No doubt his temperament is highly excitable,—excitable to the point of physical danger,—and he may not be always successful in keeping it under control; yet prolonged observation induces the firm conviction that he is always, when necessary, the master of himself, and that his apparently most extravagant outbursts have been calculated with a view to the effect produced. A natural fervour, passion, enthusiasm, excitability, thus controlled and disciplined, is one of the most powerful forces or faculties that a man can have at his disposal in swaying the minds and wills of his fellows, just as, when unmastered, it acts as a mere intoxicant, and ensures him the contempt of all men. That Lord Randolph Churchill has reduced, or is rapidly reducing, all his faculties to the position of subordination to his will and purpose is a thing which no one who watches him closely can doubt. One feels instinctively of him that—as the French phrase it—"*il ira loin.*" To say truly, there is more danger of a physical breakdown than of moral or intellectual shortcomings. These hot fires soon burn out their furnace; and gossip, with how much truth or falsehood one can never tell, attributes some at least of the impatience of his ambition to the belief that what he desires to achieve must be accomplished quickly or not at all. So many men have, however, liked to falsify similar gloomy apprehensions that we need not attach any great importance to them.

One little incident of Lord Randolph Churchill's brief stay at the India Office deserves to be recorded as an encouraging example of his administrative capacities. It is well known that

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the retired East India officers draw their pensions through banking agencies, but it is not so well known that for every payment, a life certificate, properly attested before a justice of the peace, and fenced round by various formalities, was required. Endless were the inconveniences and annoyances to which the unfortunate recipients were put if they happened to be travelling, or at places where they were not known, or where a justice of the peace was not to be found, or was not a *grata persona*. Endless, too, were the flaws, and imperfections, and informalities in the certificates sent in, all of which caused delay, and needless work, and quite uncalled-for irritation. But as it was in the beginning, so it was last year, and ever would have been, but that a kind Providence sometimes sends such a man as Lord Randolph Churchill into a Government Department. He saw at once how unnecessary was the waste of time and temper involved in this roundabout method, and proposed a simple reform. Let the respectable and responsible banks send in their lists, and let all the cheques be ready on the first day, the banks giving an indemnity in case of any wrongful payment. So the recipients are saved an infinity of trouble, and get their money on the day; business is furthered; and the country runs no additional risk of loss. Let it be granted that such a reform was not beyond the capacity of an average accountant; the fact remains that it was left for Lord Randolph Churchill to effect it. It is by indications of this kind that a man shows whether he has in him the makings of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. If Lord Randolph Churchill can show the same genius for simplifying the collection of taxes that he has evinced for facilitating departmental payments, he may rival the fame of our most brilliant financiers.

Of only one other ministerial appointment can it be said that it comes as a surprise. Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C., springs at once from the position of a barrister in private practice to the superintendence of the Home Office. That he is a Roman Catholic—some say "a zealous" one, as if that doubled his fault—has been urged against him, but the objection is one which need not detain us here. *Cæteris paribus*, it would have been more to our liking had he been an English Churchman. A conscientious Roman Catholic may feel bound to use his high office in endeavouring to subvert the accepted Protestantism, but so may a Jew use it to bring Christianity into contempt, and, more likely than either, a Nonconformist in office may leave no stone unturned to overthrow, not only the Church Establishment, but the Church that he desires to see disestablished. The abstract and constitutional argument is as strong in the one case as in the other, and as it has been given up in two cases out of the three, there is no valid reason for retaining it in the third. We accept toleration in all cases, and, by accepting it, pledge ourselves to see that it is not abused. For the rest, although, like every other new man, Mr.

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Matthews has yet to justify the choice of his chief, there are good reasons why, just now, a thoroughly able lawyer should be placed at the Home Office. Though every day makes it less probable that the defeat of the Home Rule Ministry will, after all, be followed by any immediate renewal of the dynamite campaign, yet it is impossible to believe that the Separatist fanatics of America will tamely acquiesce in the establishment of anything like peace and content in Ireland. There are so many men getting their living by agitation, and compelled to show occasional results to keep up the spirits of their dupes, that we must at least be prepared for some effort on their part to retrieve their position as soon as it becomes clear that the policy of the Conservative Government is likely to be successful. Down to the moment that Parliament met for business, there was a very wide belief among the Irish party that some compromise in the direction of Home Rule would be offered by the Conservatives, or that, at the worst, their inaction would afford scope for a steady and continuous advance in the direction of Repeal. We have yet to learn what will be the result of the disillusionment that has followed the opening speeches of Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill, unfolding a policy distinctly aggressive against all the forces that make for anarchy in Ireland, and as distinctly conciliatory and helpful towards all the forces that tend to peace and prosperity. It is, of course, just possible that the conspiracy may wholly collapse; but it is far more probable that, as it loses the bulk of its adherents, the residuum will make some desperate effort to keep it alive. In that event we shall be glad of a young and energetic Home Secretary who will combine with the responsibility of action a sufficient knowledge of the law to keep him from having recourse to that most paralysing of all assistance, the "legal opinion" of others. A good deal has been said of the former leanings of Mr. Matthews towards Home Rule. On this point the critics should be brought to an avowal. If they only mean to charge the Home Secretary with having changed his opinions, they should begin by repudiating their own great leader. If they hold that because a man favoured Home Rule, as conceived of by Mr. Butt, he must therefore support it according to the ideas of the Chicago Convention, or even as formulated in Mr. Gladstone's Bills, they have yet to learn the distinction between names and things. To our thinking, the former attitude of Mr. Matthews on this question is a guarantee that he does not approach it from what may be called the purely Saxon point of view; whilst his present alienation from the Separatist party should cause them to reflect whether the course of action by which they have driven him to side against them is one that tends towards the ultimate happiness of the country for which they profess such extraordinary and exclusive devotion. There is one other point in connection with Mr. Matthews which it is

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impossible to overlook. That all Birmingham should follow Mr. Chamberlain into revolt against the Caucus, and against the Separatist doctrines which were being foisted upon the Liberal party, though one of the most cheering political spectacles that this age has witnessed, was not quite so remarkable as that Conservatism should have obtained a foothold in the central home of Radicalism. Even apart from the personal merits of Mr. Matthews, it was a politic thing to pay so well deserved a compliment to the Birmingham Conservatives as to select the man of their choice for a prominent place in the Ministry. And, incidentally, this selection has been of additional significance since the opposition raised by Alderman Cook, on the part of the Gladstonian Liberals, to Mr. Matthews' re-election. It seems to have required the humiliating collapse of that movement, begun with so much hope, and ending in such dismal failure, to convince the Separatist Liberals how deep and impassable was the gulf opened between them and their Unionist brethren. Henceforth they should know that what they supposed was a mere party manœuvre or outcome of personal pique—a quarrel of to-day to be patched up to-morrow—was a serious political movement destined to have far-reaching consequences.

The most important of other fresh accessions to the Ministerial ranks is Sir E. Clarke, the Solicitor-General. His promotion is the natural reward of long and arduous service to the cause of Conservatism, but it is also a distinct gain to the country. Popular likes and dislikes are somewhat capricious, and sometimes hard to justify; but Sir E. Clarke is a general favourite for reasons by no means far to seek. It is known that he began at the bottom of the ladder, and that, whether in journalism or at the bar, he has conquered every step of it by sheer hard work and the help of good mother wit; not obtruding or pushing himself, but taking his place as he won it. In political life he has patiently waited his turn, and there were many who thought last year that he had waited long enough. Perhaps the fact that he was then passed by was another illustration of the truth that when a leader is in difficulties between two men his neglect is the higher compliment, for it is paid to the man whose loyalty is assured, whilst office is given to the man who might be mutinous without it. Mr. Cecil Raikes, the Postmaster-General, is another gentleman who takes office after long service in the party ranks. He is best known to the House of Commons as an able and strong-handed Chairman of Committees. Of the remaining new Ministers, Earl Cadogan takes the place of Lord Harrowby as Lord Privy Seal, whilst the Marquis of Londonderry is Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The former of these appointments calls for no particular notice. The latter has already in its favour that those most interested in maintaining Irish discontent affect great wrath about it, talking very loudly about the "hated name of Castlereagh.'

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It is true that the family has not hitherto been a popular one in Ireland, but the new Viceroy and Lady Castlereagh will be judged upon their own merits. Their functions will be quite as much social as political. They both have, at any rate, the advantage of being Irish. As a new Naval Lord at the Admiralty, Lord Charles Beresford, who has ideas of his own as to what a fighting fleet should be, will reinforce the reforming zeal of Lord George Hamilton, who returns to his place as First Lord. Of course new men do not come in without some older ones disappearing, and we miss chiefly the Earl of Harrowby, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Carnarvon, Sir William Hart-Dyke, Mr. Chaplin, and the Hon. Robert Bourke. Of these, the last-named has, after some consideration, accepted the Governorship of Madras, where, unless he is deficient in the genius of his family, he will probably show that he has an innate aptitude for rule. The absence of Mr. Chaplin from the Ministerial ranks is much to be regretted. It is understood that he was offered the Presidency of the Local Government Board, but declined it unless it were coupled with a seat in the Cabinet. At present it is quite certain that the members of the Cabinet are sufficiently numerous without this addition; and it is also true that the particular business which the Government must first take in hand will not specially concern this department. For these reasons the Prime Minister might well decline to enlarge his Cabinet at present. On the other hand, when we come to the preparation and passing of measures the conduct of which must naturally be entrusted to the President of the Local Government Board, there will, we presume, be no question as to his inclusion. It is much to be regretted that a difference of opinion on such a matter should deprive the country of services so valuable as those of Mr. Chaplin were likely to be. At the same time it gives an opportunity for the promotion of another deserving man, Mr. Ritchie, who will now have a wider field for the display of his abilities than he had as Secretary to the Admiralty.

Of most of the other transfers from one office to another it is needless to say much. Lord John Manners, by exchanging the Post Office for the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, practically abandons departmental work, as indeed he is fully entitled to do. Mr. Arthur Balfour, from having been President of the Local Government Board, becomes Secretary for Scotland, but without a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Balfour is, perhaps, the most promising of all the younger statesmen of the party, except Lord Randolph Churchill. It is said that only his relationship to Lord Salisbury—who fears the imputation of nepotism—keeps him out of the Cabinet. The suggestion is more complimentary to him than to the Prime Minister. But the latter is as little likely to be deterred from doing justice by the fear of envious tongues, as to be guilty of corruptly favouring his own kinsmen.

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Mr. Balfour is bound to rise, and can afford to bide his time. The remaining changes are wholly within the Cabinet, and are of political rather than of personal importance. To Sir Richard Cross' transformation into Viscount Cross, and his transfer to the India Office, we have briefly alluded above. It is not so easily accounted for as most of the other rearrangements. When Sir Richard Cross was made Home Secretary, it was remarked that so admirable a Chairman of Quarter Sessions would be sure to do well. He had a good knowledge of most of the questions with which he would have to deal, and was painstaking, and, though not eloquent, a useful debater. Nor did he belie the expectations of his friends. But of late there has been a suspicion that he is not quite the man he was; and as he has had no previous Indian experience, his selection for the important post of Indian Secretary has been received with some doubtfulness. To condemn it in advance would be unfair; but the most that can be said is that Viscount Cross has a fine opportunity of rising to an occasion which never appeared to be within the scope of Sir R. Cross. The return of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to a position in which he formerly achieved success is of good omen for the Irish policy of the Government. There is not, perhaps, much original genius to be found in the Irish Secretary, but, with all the appearance of spontaneity, he is in truth a firm administrator of the will that is behind his own, and may be trusted to carry out the Irish policy of the Government with a steady hand, and with an intelligent appreciation of the highest kind. But the Ministerial change from which we hope most is that which removes Sir Frederick Stanley from the Colonial Office to a peerage and the Board of Trade, and puts in his place Sir E. Stanhope, whose place he fills. At the Board of Trade he will be more in the passionless atmosphere of profit and loss, which suits his elder brother so much better than any in which the illogical forces of love and hate bear a part. Let us hope that in Sir E. Stanhope the colonies may find a minister of whom it cannot be said, as of a well-known bishop, that he has "a good head and even a good heart; but *no bowels*."

For, indeed, of the three great questions confronting the New Ministry, the Colonial Question is perhaps the most important, and the most in need of some kindlier qualities than even those of head and heart. Foreign policy presents, and is likely to present, many dangers and complications. The only existing guarantee of peace is the universal dread of what the next great war may have in store, but the amount of general belief in peace may be gauged by the magnitude of Continental armaments. The Irish question, too, needs all our wisdom, and all our patience, and a profound faith that those who are tempted to be weary in well-doing shall in due time reap, if they faint not. But while these are our dangers, our colonies are our hope.

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What will not be the value to us twenty years hence of a generous colonial policy now? People write and talk as if England were not the mother, but the step-mother of these young nations. We count the chance of repayment in coin for every penny, and meet demands with the irritating or heart-breaking *non possumus*, as if we were dealing, not with sons, but with strangers. Do parents, when starting their children in the world, open with them a debtor and creditor account of cash expended and cash received? But in this case, even if there be no higher motive than self-interest, who is so blind as not to see that already the colonies are the mainstay of our trade, as to-morrow they will be of our empire? What do we give them equivalent to the one; what shall we be able to give them equivalent to the other? In less than twenty years' time the loyalty of Australia and Canada alone will be a stronger defence to us than if we possessed all the standing armies of the Continent. Let us generously do our duty by our sons, and not only shall we be happy with our quiver full of them, but they will see that we are not ashamed when we "speak with our enemies in the gate."

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MOLIÈRE.

A SKETCH

BY MARIE CORBETT KILBURN.

I.

JEAN Baptiste Poguelin was born in 1622 of a line of upholsterers. So far as we can glean from the scanty information doled to us, no predisposing influence of heredity or environment accounts for the strong dramatic bias which showed itself in the swarthy, keen-eyed boy, though tradition whispers of the child mimicking to perfection the friends who met under his father's roof, and of an indulgent grandfather standing treat to the play.

Under the protection of Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu, the drama was daily assuming greater importance as a social factor in France. The theatres of the Bourgogne and Marais prospered; the French stage was beginning to emancipate itself from the domination of the classical drama, and to found a school which, owing much to Spain and the luxuriant over-romantic plays of Lope de Vega, should lie between the two extremes of Greek severity and Spanish licence. The plays of the great Rotrou, with their rich comedy, illumined by gleams of heroism and pathos; the ingenious intrigues and facile dialogues of Hardi had paved the way for the still greater Corneille, whose first play, *Mélite*, was produced at the Marais when Molière was seven years of age. Later on, when he was fourteen years old, we can picture his imagination fired by the popular enthusiasm for the *Cid*, which was received with a furore of public acclamation, although formally condemned by a Richelieu-ridden Academy; the masterful Cardinal being jealous of dramatic honours, and, besides, ambitious of adding the Thespian bays to his own political laurels; Corneille himself, having collaborated with Rotrou, Boisrobert, Colletet, and De l'Étoile in the construction of that famous patch-work comedy, "*Les Tuileries*," for whose plot Richelieu was responsible, while each of the five poets wrote one act of the inharmonious whole, predoomed to failure.

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Molière was sent to the Jesuit College, Clermont, where his strong individuality and the sturdy independence which in future years resisted even the seductions of familiar intercourse with the Grand Monarque himself, combined with a winning manner and keen insight into character to secure him a brilliant circle of friends: the Prince de Conti, brother of the great Condé, to both of whom he ultimately owed much; Chapelle, who procured for him philosophical lectures from Gassendi; Bernier, the traveller and friend of the Emperor Aurungzebe; Hesnault, the poet and satirist of Colbert; and Cyrano de Bergerac, subsequently a dramatist of some ability, but better known as the possessor of a nose of a singular and laughter-provoking form, which, in combination with great physical courage and moral sensitiveness, is said to have involved him in more duels than any man of even those pugnacious days; until a single-handed and victorious encounter of this singular being with five footpads in the environs of Paris paralysed the risible muscles of ridicule, and, despite the peculiarity of his proboscis, permitted his sword to rust in its sheath.

In 1641 Molière was compelled—much against his own inclination—to replace his father, for a time, as "valet-tapissier" to King Louis XIII., whom he accompanied to Narbonne. The experience of life and character which Molière must have acquired in this *tournée* is incalculable.

He was thus brought into contact for the first time with the magnificence of a court, the pageantry and excitement of military life, and the atmosphere of rivalry and intrigue which surrounded Richelieu, and which culminated at this time in the humiliation of the king's brother and the tragic death on the scaffold of his favourite equerry, Cinq Mars. It is rather conjectured than proved that during this absence Molière first became acquainted with the Béjarts, with whom the larger proportion of his life was to be spent.

On his return he would seem to have studied law for a time, at Orleans, but his passion for matters theatrical had grown with his growth, and in 1643 we find him once more in Paris, organising, in conjunction with the Béjarts, a small amateur theatrical company, which, after performing with considerable success for some time, commenced to charge admissions, and dwindled immediately in public esteem. This little company of struggling strollers contained the germs of the future Théâtre Français. The company of the three Béjarts rented the Metayers Tennis Court in Paris, and M. Cotin records a deed, in which it is agreed that Molière, Clérin, and Joseph Béjart "shall select their parts alternately, Madeleine Béjart shall play what *rôles* she pleases." The Béjarts were of good family and position, their father holding a post in the department of the woods and forests, the official stipend of which was, however, quite inadequate for the education

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and maintenance of eleven children. At the age of seventeen Madeleine appears to have felt a strong vocation for the theatre, and in 1643 we find associated with her her elder brother, Joseph, a conscientious actor, hampered by an incurable stammer, and Geneviève, who was six years Madeleine's junior. Later on a younger brother, Louis, who was lame from a sword-thrust in the thigh, also joined the company. His defect does not seem to have prevented his being an excellent actor, and his ready wit procured him the surname of "L'Eguisé." The part of La Flèche, in Molière's comedy *L'Avare*, was written for him; and in consequence of an allusion in the text to his infirmity, actors who subsequently appeared in that *rôle* usually assumed a limping gait.

Having entirely broken with his father, Molière threw in his lot with the family of Béjart when twenty-one years old, and until the day of his death their fortunes remained indisolubly linked together. The master spirit of the little company at this time was Madeleine, manageress, treasurer, leading actress from queens to soubrettes, and occasionally playwright; an auburn-haired, imperious beauty, with a talent for administration and organisation, confident, clever, undaunted by failure. Under her auspices, and with Molière as their nominal head, they rented the Metayer's Tennis Court in Paris, and calling themselves "L' Illustre Théâtre," embarked on three years of debt, failure, and difficulty. In spite of the patronage of Gaston of Orleans and Henry of Guise, the disasters of the company culminated in 1645; the charges of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, could no longer be paid, and, at the suit of the latter, Molière was arrested and thrown into the prison of Le Châtelet.

The company was completely disorganised; but a friend appears to have come to the rescue, and become bail for the amount. Not, it would seem, an influential patron, but a master paviour, whose name first appears in this connection appended to a contract for mending the approaches to Metayer's Tennis Court, and who, probably, was himself a creditor. Twenty-nine years later he again emerges from obscurity as the second husband of Geneviève Béjart. Soon after Molière's release, a partial reconciliation seems to have been effected between him and his father, who repaid Leonard Aubrey.

The little company now determined to turn their backs upon an unappreciative capital, and commenced a provincial pilgrimage which proved to be of twelve years' duration. From the cold grey of the dawn few could predict the brilliancy of the noontide, the splendour of the setting sun. They wandered with varying fortune of sunshine and storm; now, received with hearty applause; now, ousted from popular favour by a rival performance given by marionettes; playing tragedies, comedies, farces, to suit the taste of their audience of the moment. Molière was no

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longer manager. The company was provided with a titular head and effective scene-painter in Du Fresne, an artist with a keen eye for the stage picturesque; and Madeleine's business aptitude left Molière free to wield his pen on pieces for the needs of the moment, and to collect notes, types, situations, for his immortal comedies of the future, many of which were probably amplified from the materials gathered in these wander years. Of the plays from Molière's hand performed by "L'Illustre Théâtre" on their travels, only two have survived, *La Jalousie de Barbouillé* and *Le Médecin Volant*, until we find his *L'Étourdi* creating so great a sensation at Lyons, that a rival manager in the town was compelled to close his doors, and before long found himself deserted by the pick of his artistes, who hastened to tender their homage to Molière, and to offer him their services.

From this time the tide turned; the days of penury and privation were at an end.

Among the new recruits were many valuable accessions to the company; Du Croisy, the queenly Mdlle. Duparc and her husband, the gentle Mdlle. Debrie and her husband, a brute in private life, a buffoon on the stage. "L'Illustre Théâtre" now mustered almost the entire company, soon after so famous in Paris as "La Troupe de Monsieur."

The two actresses above mentioned were also destined to have no less an effect on Molière's private life. The beauty of Mdlle. Duparc—aptly christened "Marquise"—inspired him from the first with passionate admiration, but the statuesque, self-conscious enchantress was deaf to his entreaties. Cold and calculating by nature, and little liable to be led away by impulse, she was also ambitious, and could not foresee the brilliant future of the strolling provincial actor and manager. Contemporary writers are apt to rail at her want of appreciation, rather than to extol her virtue; probably doubting whether the huge mass of flesh she called husband—the "Gros René" of *Le Dépît Amoureux*, and many subsequent comedies—was capable of inspiring any warmth in the ice-maiden round whom the most lambent wits of the day played in vain. Be that as it may, she appears to have been barely warmed, much less scorched, by the flames which consumed in turn Molière, the two Corneilles, and La Fontaine, and to have given her elephantine spouse little cause for jealousy. Molière chafed bitterly under her steady repulsion of his advances, but without result.

Among the recent additions to his troupe was another actress of scarcely less charm, if fewer pretensions, Catherine Debrie. Slight and girlish in figure, her delicate, mobile features harmonising with a highly-strung, sensitive temperament, the fine artistic perceptions of the ideal *ingénue* of her day, were rather due to a refined, sympathetic nature than to any very great degree of brain power. Deeply unhappy in her own domestic

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relations, Debrie—buffoon, drunkard, and tyrant—being utterly incapable of recognising the gentle harmonies of such a nature, she offered to Molière a sympathy so full of tact and delicate comprehension, as in course of time to efface its cause, and induce him to plead with her that she had only too effectually consoled him and herself reopened the old wound which her soothing arts had healed. Mademoiselle Debrie's gentle and enduring affection for Molière ceased only with her life, and the days which he passed with her form the one idyllic episode in a storm-tossed life of struggle and embittered passion.

About this time, in the course of his wanderings—which would seem to have extended as far as Vienna—Molière again came across his old schoolfellow, the Prince de Conti, who warmly resumed their old friendship, entertained him royally, applauded the performances of the company, and promised to exert his influence on their behalf. He even offered Molière the position of his secretary, which was, however, declined without hesitation. "Let us," said Molière, "not displace ourselves; a tolerable author may be a bad secretary, and, besides, I cannot desert my players." It is possible he was also deterred by the fate of his predecessor, Sarrasin, who had enraged the Prince by his advocacy of his marriage with one of Mazarin's nieces; in the heat of the altercation his patron struck the unfortunate secretary with the tongs, and the blow, falling on his temple, caused his death.

At Lyons, too, Molière fell in with D'Assoucy and his lute; that picturesque survival of the days of trouvères and troubadours, wandering, followed by his two little pages, from town to town, and village to village, singing at each place the results of past strange adventures and *bizarre* experiences while gleaning materials for future impromptus. For three months he lived with the genial and sociable comedians, and his songs, in which he never tires of praising the joviality of the company, the excellence of the viands, and the quality of the hypocras, prove that the days of stint were ended indeed.

But Molière and his company were destined for a wider brilliancy than to traverse, comet fashion, the skies of far-lying provinces, momentarily eclipsing fixed local stars. By the well-directed influence of the Prince de Conti a permission arrived to play before the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV. himself, and a hurried demarch upon the capital began. Pausing at Rouen, pending final settlement of details, they encountered the two Corneilles, who both singed their wings at the candle of the fair Marquise du Parc, though kindling it no brighter for their added fuel. The acquaintance seemed, however, to suggest to her her greater fitness to shine in the clear lamps of tragedy than the flickering sconce—flinging alternately lights and shadows—of comedy. In 1659 we find her forsaking Molière to play in a

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tragedy of Corneille's at the Marais; but the attraction exerted by the great comedian over all who once enlisted under him is a marked characteristic of his whole career, and in one year the names of the two Du Parcs again appeared on his playbills.

In 1658 "L'Illustre Théâtre"—soon no longer to be thus described—played before the king, appearing by royal command in Corneille's tragedy *Nicomède*, whose weight crushed the lively comedians, moving stiffly in unwonted grooves. The court chilled them by its critical non-appreciation, the king was grave and unmoved, and the curtain fell on an undoubted "frost." Momentarily dashed, Molière took courage for a plunge, and stepping forward craved the royal indulgence, and permission to present one of the "trifles" which had roused provincial plaudits. The king signified assent. *Le Docteur Amoureux* relaxed the rigid assemblage, and, at its close, the laughing king, despite late and long sedentary hours, demanded "something else." The "frost" had thawed indeed, and as "la Troupe de Monsieur" Molière and his company stood full in the sunshine of the king's favour, and established themselves in the Petit Bourbon Theatre, playing at first alternately with the Italian comedians, who had for some time been in possession of its stage.

In 1659, when the "Troupe de Monsieur" threw open its doors and let in the searching light of Parisian criticism, the follies of the Hôtel Rambouillet were at their height. Molière was quick to perceive the underlying dramatic elements, and with inimitable wit, biting irony, and sarcasm as delicate as it was keen, had the courage to attack this dominant coterie. His *Precieuses Ridicules* was the first instance of such a satire on contemporary manners, painted direct from the life, and so truly aimed was the shaft that it went straight home to its mark. "Henceforth," said the critic Ménage to the poet Chapelain, as they left the theatre, "we must burn what we have worshipped, and worship what we have burned." The great temple of bad taste, whose ritual consisted of involved metaphor, attenuated wit, and strained gallantry, was doomed, and Paris stood agaze to see the scourge of the moralist in the hands of the comedian. The popularity of *Les Precieuses* was such that for four months it had to be played twice in the twenty-four hours.

The caste may still be of some interest:—

MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE	MOLIÈRE
VICOMTE DE YODELET	JODELET
GORGIBUS, *bon bourgeois*	L'EPI
LAGRANGE } *amants rebutés*	LAGRANGE
DUCROISY } *amants rebutés*	DUCROISY
ALMANZOR *Laquais des Precieuses*	DEBRIE
MADELON	MADEMOISELLE DEBRIE
CATHOS	Not known (probably MADELEINE BÉJART)
MAROTTE, *servant des Precieuses*	MAROTTE.

L'Epi and Lagrange were both new accessions to the company.

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The latter, both before and behind the scenes, proved himself a valuable aide-de-camp; he remained with Molière until his death, subsequently assisted his widow to keep the disorganised company together, and lived to play in the Comédie Française. For him many of Molière's best parts were written, he excelled in the *rôle* of the ardent, yet tender and deferential lover, and shared with Mademoiselle Debrie the secret of perennial youth. He deserves also more than passing mention as Molière's first biographer.

About this time, Molière produced before the king, at a brilliant *fête* given by Fouquet, his comedy-ballet of *Les Fâcheux*, in which he satirised most of those present, and, luckily, caught the royal fancy. At the close of the first representation the king himself pointed out M. de Soyecourt, Chasseur du Roi, remarking: "There is one great original you have not yet copied." On this hint the character of "Dorante" was added, and played six days later.

Louis XIV. admitted Molière, who at this time resumed the appointment of valet-tapissier du roi, to a familiarity of intercourse, which was probably not only due to a keen appreciation of his keen and whimsical humour, but to the frank freedom of speech which he permitted himself in the midst of a servile court. The low social estimation of an actor rendered Molière, who was a pleasant *aigre-doux* to the king, gall and wormwood to the *noblesse*, who objected to the presence of the comedian at their table, and even declined to make the king's bed with him. Hearing this, the king remarked, "I hear my courtiers object to sit down to meals with you, M. Molière; perhaps you will let me have the honour they so little appreciate. Let my 'en cas de nuit' be served." The light repast which waited day and night the caprice of the royal appetite was set before them, and the distinction of sharing it, hitherto coveted in vain, thus being stolen by the comedian from the court, at least ensured him no lack of emulous entertainers.

In this same year Molière migrated to the magnificent theatre of the Palais Royal, built by Richelieu, where he opened with *Don Garcie*, to be succeeded in time by *L'Ecole des Maris*, in the caste of which, in the small *rôle* of Leonor, we find for the first time the name of Armande Béjart, younger sister, or some say daughter, of Madeleine. Not critically beautiful, say the chroniclers; the mouth too wide; the eyes, if brilliant, too small. Molière himself paints her portrait as "Lucile" in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (act iii., sc. 9). The nonchalant, capricious coquette, whose beauty might be questioned, but whose grace, fascination, and charm made sport of criticism, was destined to be the Tantalus fruit of the great comedian's life, exciting always the passion she starved, luring while she eluded, tormenting while she enticed. She was nineteen; Molière, forty-nine. In this same play, *L'Ecole des Maris*, though Molière

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played "Sganarelle," it was in "Ariste" that he avowed to himself his hopes.

"Mon dessein n'est pas de la tyranniser," says Ariste of his young bride.

> "Je sais bien que nos ans ne se rapporte guère,
> Et je laisse à son choix liberté tout entière.
> Si quatre mille écus de rente bien venants,
> Une grande tendresse et des soins complaisants,
> Peuvent à son avis, pour un tel mariage,
> Réparer chez nous l'inégalité d'âge,
> Elle peut m'épouser."

He declares his intention of permitting her to enjoy "society, balls, and comedies." "And if she likes to spend 'in dress, linen, and bows,' to try to fall in with the 'natural wishes of a young girl,'—a pleasure," he adds, "which, if one has the means, one may permit oneself." As Sganarelle retorts on Ariste, "C'est tout sucre et tout miel." The prospect thus offered to the worldly and frivolous coquette of unlimited indulgences, jewels, and "chiffons" chimed with her ambitions, but there was included in her *corbeille* one gift besides, which she could well have dispensed with, which embarrased her, and which she threw aside—the heart of her husband. The marriage took place in 1662. The gentle reign of Catherine Debrie was over, and the capricious Armande enthroned in her stead. Mademoiselle Debrie, though heartbroken at the rupture of the tie which had lasted nine happy years, appears to have risen above the inutilities of reproach, and continued to perform in the company.

In the year of his marriage Molière produced *L'Ecole des Femmes*, in which we can trace that the illusion which had veiled the facts to him is already torn aside. It was a marked characteristic of the man to reflect in his plays, not only the life passing round him, but his own personality. We may note that "Arnolphe," in *L'Ecole des Femmes*, lacks the blind confidence of "Ariste" in *L'Ecole des Maris*. He repines already that twenty years of added experience rather hinder than assist him either to control, or to conquer, the heart of his wife.

In *L'Ecole des Femmes*, Mademoiselle Debrie created the *rôle* of "Agnes," the innocent hoyden, who, touched by her tender grace, became charming; one of her most inimitable impersonations and the *rôle* with which her name is indissolubly connected. Ten years later, when she had performed with Molière for nearly twenty years, a younger actress of great merit, Mademoiselle Ducroisy, was entrusted with the part. The audience rose in indignation, volubly demanding Mademoiselle Debrie, who was forced to re-appear, and to play that evening in her walking dress, radiant with triumph and with inextinguishable youth!

The play, however, when first produced, raised much discussion, especially amongst the purists of diction, who took exception to

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many of its expressions, one of which, "tarte à la crème," almost passed into a proverb. This induced Molière to bring out on his own stage a lively bit of dialogue, entitled *La Critique sur L'Ecole des Femmes*, in which his sharp irony effectually turned the edge of his opponents' weapons.

In 1664, the year of the production of *Tartuffe*, Racine's *Andromache* also appeared. A year or two previously, its author, a young ecclesiastic of winning manners and faultless attire, brought to Molière his first dramatic essay, a tragedy, called *Le Thebaide*, in which the great master of comedy was quick to detect the promise of genius under much that was youthful and immature. Always eager to aid striving talent to climb the toilsome initial rungs, he assisted the young poet with many hints culled from his own long experience, and added that more solid encouragement—a first commission. The result was hardly equal to his anticipations, but the genius of Racine reached maturity at a bound; *Andromache* was a revelation, and from its production Molière and Corneille were fain to recognise above the social horizon a star of their own magnitude. The Palais Royal needed all the attraction of *Tartuffe* to maintain its supremacy.

Mademoiselle du Parc also had, for the second time, forsaken comedy for tragedy. Her colossal spouse was dead, and, deprived of this substantial bulwark, her virtue proved no longer impregnable, and the dark eyes and insinuating address of the young poet prevailed. For one year she shared his freshly-gathered laurels, and played in the great tragedy which opened to him fame's golden gates. The next year they closed upon her. She died suddenly.

> "L'Hôtel de Bourgogne est en deuil,
> Depuis peu voyant au cerceuil
> Son Andromache si brillante,
> Si charmante et si triomphante,"

sings Robinet.

Racine appears to have been on unfriendly terms with Molière and to have forgotten former kindnesses; indeed, it is characteristic of him, that he locked between the covers of his tragedies all the noble, earnest, and devoted sentiments with which they were inspired, and retained for his friends the cold criticism, heartless insincerity, and self-seeking arrogance which formed the residuum of his character.

The production of *Tartuffe*, of *Le Festin de Pierre*, and of *Le Misanthrope*, forms an era in Molière's art. There is little doubt that in them he depicts a crisis in his own life. Under the laughing mask of comedy we may have divined before the traces of tears, but in these three plays the mask is laid aside.

(*To be continued.*)

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ON THE THAMES.

BY RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

THE courtly gentlemen who used to take the air at Twickenham and afterwards write their experiences in formal iambics, were wont to call the river they pretended to love "Silver Thames." There is no proof that the poets of the Georgian era were more accurate than any other poets have ever been, and the probability is that the Thames, in the days of good Queen Anne, was even more of a sewer than it is now. It was the fashion, however, to float up and down on the tideway, seated in uncomfortable gilded barges, dressed in garments which, whatever their artistic capabilities may have been, were certainly not the best suited for either hot weather or hard work. It was also the fashion to consider that the air of the Thames Valley was peculiarly healthy. When the speculative builder, for reasons which those who have been unfortunate enough to live in gabled cottages will readily appreciate, made "Queen Anne" the fashion, it was the most natural thing in the world that the Thames should take the fancy of the revivalists. Ladies and gentlemen who, all the week, looked, or tried to look, through square-paned windows at Bedford Park or Hampstead, on Sunday migrated to Sunbury, Staines, or Maidenhead. In short, it was æsthetic to admire the Thames.

Before the æsthetic furore, the little inns which dot the banks from Folly Bridge to Teddington Lock subsisted mainly upon the scant and frugal patronage of the rowing man and angler. The little villages slumbered on, their only excitement being a Christmas flood or a summer pestilence. The inns were cheap, because custom was scarce and customers poor; the villages picturesque, because no one had ever attempted to "improve" them; they were dirty, but then dirt forms an essential part of the picturesque. It is both curious and painful to note the rise of the Thames in public favour. Soon after Rob Roy wrote his camping-out experiences, it was my fortune to spend a few weeks camping out on the Thames. I was stoned for a madman! In those days, fish of all sorts were not uncommon in the waters of the upper river, and anglers were wont to stay at a quaint inn, not a hundred miles from Goring, remunerating mine host for food

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and lodging at the not exorbitant rate of thirty shillings per seven days. Another and more enterprising proprietor at the same hostelry charged me, last week, five shillings for a plate of Yankee ham!

In the old days worship of the Thames was a select cult—a pleasant freemasonry existed amongst the rowing men, and the same faces were to be seen year after year. Then poor Field was more than a memory, and his house at Cleeve was famed for its gatherings of smart folk. If his pale ghost haunting the fields of asphodel, as he fondly hoped it would, could see his well-loved Cleeve reach to-day, with its rows of red-brick villas and flaming announcements of "desirable mansions," it would praise Poseidon for having whelmed him in Moulsford waters before the speculator should have cut down his pollards and driven the lazy chub to less perturbed pools. Those were the days of little dinners at the Lamb at Benson; evenings when we discussed *cotelettes à la Reforme* with the burly Templar under the elms at Moulsford; days when the head-waiter at the "Christopher" had still comet claret; the days when launches were to be counted by the dozen, when Salter was king of the river, when house-boats were unknown; days when the "Red Lion" lawn was as select as the lawn at Ascot, days before concrete had made hideous lock and lasher; days of quiet, of well-known faces, and of practised watermen. That all is altered now we know to our cost. 'Arry, striped like any dragon-fly, flounders with his 'Arriet on the broad waters of Nuneham, makes the wharf at Pangbourne resound to the strains of "Charlie Dilke," and fights all Sunday afternoon at Boulters. He is not the 'Arry of Whitechapel or Seven Dials, who is, after all, a much-abused person with a natural turn of wit, who, so long as you give him the right to get drunk, will molest no one, but quite another sort of person. The Thames 'Arry is a young person who has only one idea, and that is to be fashionable. In an evil moment he was led to believe that the correct thing to do was to row up and down the river, so to the river he went. Money is no object to him; he invests in boats of every description, he may be seen punting past Clieveden in a brand new mahogany punt, upholstered in blue satin, or sculling in gilded skiff carpeted with a Persian rug, 'Arriet fanning herself on a scarlet plush cushion. But though he may adorn his canoe with the skin of a Bengal tiger, or build his launch of the cedars of Lebanon, he is 'Arry all the same. He is utterly incapable of understanding the river he affects. He invariably punts with a pole so light and brittle as to be quite useless in the hands of a man who means business. He attires himself for his expedition in a brown deerstalker hat, a high and abnormally stiffened collar, a spotless striped shirt, and he never, no never, is seen without a broad leathern belt, from which hangs a formidable knife. I have never

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met any one of these gentlemen who could explain why he wore either knife or belt; and some, in a moment of weakness, have been known to confess that both were extremely uncomfortable, but still they are the inevitable companions of the modern puntsman. Thus arrayed, 'Arry in his punt is more dangerous than the swiftest launch, more to be dreaded than the most ferocious bargee. He does not want to be a terror; indeed, he longs to pose as a waterman, but he is the victim of circumstances. In an evil moment he decided that punts were *chic:* knowing nothing of the river, how he could tell that they were very difficult things to manage! nobody warned him, and the unfortunate creature now flounders in a perpetual perspiration at the mercy of every eddy. Give him a wide berth, for he is not to be trusted. He may be going along smoothly enough, when down goes his pole into a hole. He is helpless; and woe betide the boat he may be near. Yet his gyrations are amusing, if watched at a safe distance. Little use is that polished belt, his knife cannot help him—the bank is his only friend. At locks he prefers to charge broadside, and trust to the hitcher and kindness of the lock-keeper. After a long day he is a sad sight, the glory of his starch has departed, his belt lies discarded at the bottom of the punt, he is generally wet, dishevelled, and out of temper. Be he a wise man he will not venture on too long a jaunt, but seek the safety of an overhanging tree, under which he may read a yellow book and smoke ninepenny cigars of abnormal length. I counted forty-eight such gentry under the woods of Clieveden last Sunday. Like the now historic critic, these young men feed their thews and muscle on chicken and cheap champagne. So great is their consumption of the latter, that I notice a firm specially advertises "a cheap wine at three shillings a bottle, *suitable for the river.*" Of late the young gentleman who affects the river has become the victim of a new craze, the Canadian canoe. That he should have chosen such a craft in which to disport himself shows more conclusively than any words can how little he understands either the Thames or its boats. A punt is a useful thing, it is not easily upset, it is very steady, will carry considerable weight, and is comfortable for a river like the Thames: with a good bottom and a slow stream it is as good a ship as a man can wish for. It only requires to be well managed. But a Canadian canoe is as much out of place as a racing yacht would be. It was built for rapid waters, it is the liveliest craft known, but is slow, and on a sluggish stream is utterly incongrous. Yet our Thames 'Arry laboriously paddles about all day cramped up in his canoe, utterly unconscious that to a Canadian *voyageur* he would be food for laughter inextinguishable. He fondly imagines that he knows quite as much as a half-breed about canoes, little imagining that the wily Canuck now builds, specially for English taste, an ugly flat tub, with no

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lines and no buoyancy. Canoes were made for rapids, but the striped abortions one sees daily on the river would infallibly fill in the first "riff." Our friend, however, attires himself in a silk shirt, with a cap to match, perches on the stern of his boat, and wobbles uncomfortably through his Sabbath-day's journey. Nine out of every ten canoeists have never learned the right way to paddle, and having expended immense energy in the first getting a "way" on, expend an equal amount in stopping themselves. Still, they show off their silken attire, and it would be cruel to disturb their conceit by suggesting that the true canoeist kneels to his work—'Arry could never kneel, it would spoil his gorgeous trousers.

It must be confessed that 'Arry is best seen to advantage on a launch. Here, in wholesome dread of the Conservancy bye-laws, he abdicates in favour of a paid waterman, who knows his business, and despises his master accordingly. I heartily wish that 'Arry could decide that the correct thing, and the only thing, was "hiring launches," for a hired launch is licensed under the eye of the law, and can be kept in order by any policeman. As his only recreation seems to be the drinking of champagne, he could indulge it to his heart's content by paying so much a day to the proprietor of the boat; he would still be able to say that he had been "on the river," he could still wear belt and dagger, the silk or striped coat, his stiff collars would never get limp, he would be saved from many a ducking, and the river would be again given over to those who love boating for the sake of the exercise. But the enormous increase in the number of small launches seems to point to the fact that 'Arry means owning his own boat, in which case the Conservancy will have to revise their laws. This season I have noticed numbers of twenty and thirty feet launches, and many driven by the great 'Arry in person. They are always overcrowded, for the gilded youth are gregarious, and they invariably steam too fast. The launch builder knows his customer, and builds recklessly; any boat will suit—one which buries her nose, and makes swell enough for a tug is the latest fashion—and a boat which would carry six with safety, when loaded down to the combing, sends off a wave which makes the unfortunates in skiffs dance for half an hour. These small launches are the latest pest, and must be promptly brought to book by the authorities. The Conservancy, though it cares little for the lives or conveniences of those who use the Thames, is jealous of its banks, and these are in danger; such danger finds its own remedy as soon as it touches the pockets. We cannot complain that these little launches hide their identity. The youths who run them, proud of their imaginative powers, paint the name of their boat boldly enough. Beautiful names they are too—"Oof Bird," to wit.

But it has always been strange to me why, though launches

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are duly registered and under control, house-boats should have hitherto been left to their own sweet devices. The house-boat is almost entirely a creation of the past few years. It is true some few enthusiasts, such as Keeley Halswelle, Captain Weldon, and others have lived in house-boats for many years, but whilst a decade back such boats might have been counted in dozens, they now number by hundreds. Hardly a reach but has its quota. Their inhabitants it must be confessed are in the main harmless enthusiasts, well-behaved, and more or less practical oars. Living as they actually do on the stream, some knowledge of boating, however slight, is a necessity. But it is not the inhabitants themselves, but their boats which require looking after. Let me give one example. Without mentioning names, there is a reach within easy distance of town, on which are moored some seven boats. On the bank is a village, the villagers, and the quasi-fashionable folk who spend their summer in this village, are dependent for their water supply upon wells. These wells, disguise it as you will, are merely full of river water. The level of the village is certainly below the bed of the river. All the winter months it is in a chronic state of flood. A dry summer would empty half the wells. All the house-boats undisguisedly drain into the reach. On a warm summer day, garbage, sewage, and the incongruous refuse from half-a-dozen families float up and down on the stream. I noticed an empty bottle in the same spot for a whole week. In every little creek, thick, black mud has collected to a depth of sometimes three and sometimes four feet. As the water falls, the sun draws odours unmentionable from the fetid banks. The present season has been phenomenally wet, we had good strong floods in June; what must be the sanitary condition of the reach I mention, after a dry season, I leave my readers to judge. Small-pox has been steady in the neighbourhood ever since April. It might be chronic by the apathy exhibited. Yet this reach is, sanitarily speaking, most favourably situated, for the village and its boats lie on the outside of the bend, round which what stream there is washes. In many another spot the positions are reversed, and boats are moored in a sluggish backwater, there to stew in their own filth. It is perfectly certain that house-boats are on the increase, every year each boat builder adds one or two to his stock, and it is equally certain that the demand is much in excess of the supply. What will happen? Either the Conservancy must insist upon all boats taking such sanitary precautions as are required of the humblest cottager, or we shall see an epidemic which will ruin the Thames for ever. Imagine the effects of a case of cholera, say at Cookham or Windsor. Londoners in the main depend for their water supply upon the Thames. They would be drinking cholera germs in a week, and no power on earth could save them.

But if house-boats have their dangerous side they also have

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their humorous one. Any one bitten by the house-boat mania goes to a boat builder; he asks if there are any boats to be hired. The builder is dubious, he might get one with some difficulty; but he hesitates; they are scarce things these house-boats; So-and-so at —— had one, he knows, but he thinks it has gone. The would-be hirer grows eager, declares that he must have one at once; then the boatman wakes up: "If you really do want one, perhaps I can get one for you. There's the *Mary Anne*, she's a new boat; Lord —— had her last year, the Duke of So-and-so the year before." The victim's imagination is fired by the long line of belted earls who have lived on the *Mary Anne*. He must have the *Mary Anne;* and the price,—One hundred guineas. But even a boat that has been the cradle of earls, and the resting-place of dukes seems dear at one hundred guineas for three months, and the hirer hesitates; indeed, he summons up courage enough to tell the boat builder what he thinks. But there is no hesitation about that gentleman. "A hundred too dear; well, I'll take fifty and do her up." "Let me see her." "Certainly;" and the boat is inspected. Possibly she is a new boat, but the chances are that she is a new shell on an old punt, in which case look out for leaks. Supposing the hirer agrees to pay £50,—and he is foolish if he does, for there is no fixed price for house-boats; each owner asks as much as possible, and takes what he can get,—he finds he has to furnish. He will do well if he buys the cheapest rubbish procurable, the river air is not the best possible preservative of either furniture or bric-à-brac.

House-boats are unquestionably palaces of idleness, but this only applies to them as stationary objects; let the unfortunate owner attempt to move one, and he is at the mercy of the wind and stream. Indeed, the only way to move an ordinary-sized boat is to hire a steam tug for a good round sum and place yourself entirely in the hands of the skipper. To cast loose from the moorings, fondly hoping that the stream will drift your boat down with the help of a punt pole, is facing helpless misery. A house-boat no sooner finds itself free than it goes straight to the opposite bank, where it remains, grinding its sides and smashing its windows against the banks; it has an inordinate passion also for the buttresses of bridges, the sharp corners of locks, or, indeed, any impediment which can in the slightest degree damage it. Perhaps the hardest work known to the river enthusiast is taking a house-boat down stream short handed—I say down stream, because to attempt to take one *up* stream would end in complete collapse. But if it be toil unutterable to move one's own boat, nothing can surpass the luxury of being towed behind a powerful tug, with a short line to prevent swaying. Sitting on the deck under an awning, with a midsummer sun dancing over the ripples, with the wide stretches of water meadows fading away into the distance, with no sound but the gurgle of the

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water as it rushes past the boat; this is pleasure fit for lotus-eaters. I may say that unless one has navigated the Thames thus, he cannot be said to have thoroughly seen it. On no other craft does so complete a vista unfold itself, as from the high eminence of a house-boat deck. A house-boat, as I have said, is naturally of an evil disposition; whilst moving, it requires a good, strong tug to keep it in subjection, and when still it must be sternly restrained by the stoutest anchors fore and aft. A few good big stones, with chains round them, are also useful to curb its eccentricities in a high wind. It has a nasty knack of getting loose in the dead of night and fouling some rival craft or drifting into mid stream, there waiting with fiendish glee for a passing launch, to cut it down. Fortunately, it is a foolish, unwieldy thing; did it but know its power, life on board would be impossible.

But, unwieldy as it is, it is all too small for its purpose, for the average river man insists upon crowding a dozen people into room for four. I can sleep a dozen, declares one, and you discover that his saloon is 10 by 8, and that he has only four bunks 6 by 2. Were a dozen people to crowd into the same space in Seven Dials, George R. Sims would write a special article in the *Daily News* on the horrors of overcrowding. We middle-class may swelter on a hot summer's night like herrings in a cask, but our morning headaches inspire no thrilling leaders; our insanitary condition would cause writers in the *Lancet* to shriek with horror, the hard work we undergo would drive a dock labourer to despair, and the frugal food make even a Scotchman grumble; but we bear all patiently because we are on a house-boat, and house-boats are the fashion! Here is the diary of one day:—

6.0 A.M.—Get up; raining hard; too wet to bathe; wash in a bucket; roll up mattresses; light fires, and clean up saloon, an hour's hard work.

7.0 A.M.—Swab decks; clean out the boats; polish up the brasses; mop over the outside of the boat; clean weeds and other refuse away; go in to breakfast, hot, wet, and with a severe backache, the result of scrubbing.

8.0 A.M.—Breakfast; very hard work waiting upon each other; very hot in the kitchen, 6 ft. by 4 ft., with a cooking-range 3 ft. by 2 ft.; temperature 98° Fahr., reminding one of the stoke-hole of an Atlantic liner.

9.0 A.M —Pull up to village in pouring rain to get letters, and buy in provisions; carry a sack of potatoes and heavy parcels of groceries down to landing, and pull back a heavy load against strong stream.

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10.0 A.M.—Make up beds in bunks; shake the carpets; clean up kitchen, wash up generally, and make things ship-shape; washing up plates and dishes is light work, but unpleasant, bed-making very fatiguing.

11.0 A.M.—Go carefully over the flower boxes, flowers on a house-boat being *de rigeur;* find they require constant attention and that the cold wind kills them off in a couple of days, much to the delight of the florist. Water flowers; wet work.

12.0 NOON. Prepare to cook luncheon; find that we forgot to buy bread; and have to go two miles to the nearest baker's; get bread, when it is.

1.0 P.M.—Too late to cook luncheon, so fare sumptuously off sardines; find sardines, as a diet, not satisfying, but handy; have eaten twelve boxes in a week; luncheon to-day consists of bread, marmalade, and sardines.

2.0 P.M.—More washing up; make up a fire and find that kitchen chimney smokes; the boat full of smoke and blacks, principally blacks. Mem., never use coal on a house-boat, it produces all the disadvantages of London life, and none of its conveniences.

3.0 P.M.—From 2.30 to nearly four is occupied in taking the kitchen chimney to pieces, trying to clean it with a hand-broom. Wonder why house-boats require such tall chimneys? Mem., never try to clean a chimney in white flannels.

4.0 P.M.—Clean myself preparatory to getting dinner. Chimney, stimulated by its unnatural cleanliness, draws furiously; stove gets red hot, with bad results to dinner.

5.0 P.M.—Dinner at last; peace and contentment with pipe.

6.0 P.M.—Wash up for third time this day; find that soda and hot water is not to be recommended for cleaning hands, however good it may be for crockery.

7.0 P.M.—Row to the village for a sack of coals; for the future, think it would be cheaper to leave the kitchen chimney in its soot.

8.0 P.M.—At rest.

9.0 P.M.—Midges begin; no more rest; am compelled in self-defence to close all doors and windows; temperature of saloon 90° Fahr.; the midges abate.

10.0 P.M.—Called out to fire; Chinese lantern has caught fire and consumed not only itself, but two-thirds of the awning; Chinese lanterns require as much looking after as a baby, and are more dangerous.

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11 P.M.—Make up beds and tumble in; dead tired; but kept awake by water rats which have got into larder and are eating the sardines; drive rats out; turn in again.

12.0 P.M.—Awoke by steam tug with barges; heavy swell grinding boats against house-boat; swell sends dinghy adrift; dress and go after it; just in time to prevent it going over the weir; turn in again.

1.0 A.M.—Awake again; mysterious noises, grinding and rumbling, crashing of glass; find that the wind has got up, and driven the boat against bank, breaking a couple of windows; moor up boat safely after a hard struggle with an incipient hurricane.

2.0 A.M.—Hurricane conquered; rest at last, dead beat.

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FRANZ LISZT.

BY H. KEATLEY MOORE, B.MUS., B.A.

On Saturday, April 3rd of this present year, a group of distinguished persons proceeded from London to Calais to meet, as if he were a royal personage, a venerable Hungarian gentleman of seventy-five, on his arrival, with a suite of his own, at that port. The passage across to our shores was royally fair, and the Chatham and Dover Railway Company stopped their mail-train, *mirabile dictu*, in mid-career that this favoured stranger might alight nearer to his destination. A group of Hungarians stood by the steps as Liszt descended from the train, and the inevitable bouquet and address were presented. A short drive brought the man thus royally received to the house of him who had undertaken to be his entertainer during his London stay, and here the spacious music-room was crowded with all the celebrities of the musical and artistic world, assembled to do honour to the illustrious visitor. What was it in this man that caused his visit to be a matter of national interest, so that his entrance into a concert-room was commonly greeted in the manner with which we salute crowned heads—by the company rising from their seats? Is it too much to say that all who had met Liszt before, or who then met him for the first time, realised in some sort, however dimly, that they were in the presence of something majestic, something superhuman, something akin to the divine? No artist has so dominated the world of our time as Liszt. Even as a player he was greater on the pianoforte than Paganini on the violin; and he was far more than a player—in fact, for more than twenty years before his death he declined to play in public at all. He was the uncrowned monarch of music, and a king of men besides. He was so possessed by his own transcendent genius that he had no room for the petty passions which consume the soul of the ordinary artist. His princely generosity equalled the startling rapidity of his advancement in fortune, and so little was he careful of the "rascal counters," that when he thought it better for his influence on his art that he should cease to be a virtuoso, the most fabulous offers could not tempt him to continue the career which was pouring floods of gold at his feet. It would not be easy to parallel such heroic abnegation; but instances of the contrary abound. Do we not all lament the loss of a great man of letters

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who might be yet charming us with immortal works had he not descended to the platform to make money, and lost his life in the empty struggle? Liszt had an exquisitely noble nature, a magnetic atmosphere surrounded him; all artists who were privileged to approach him felt themselves raised to a higher sphere, weaknesses and pettinesses sank out of sight, life was seen to be indeed worth the living.

When we heard that Franz Liszt had passed away in the night of July 31st, in little more than three months since we had seen him and heard him in London, we were shocked beyond measure. That heroic form, that eagle glance, that splendid head with the snow-white hair falling in profuse masses upon the shoulders, that ideally artistic presence, did not seem destined to be taken from us in a few short days; and the suddenness of the loss seems to make it all the greater. It is but natural that we should console ourselves by recalling, in whatever imperfect fashion we may, the brilliant career Liszt has enjoyed; a series of successes beyond what any other artist has ever achieved. Unfortunately there is as yet no good record of his life, though Ramann has made a good beginning, in a first volume carrying the subject down to 1840.

Franz Liszt was the son of Adam Liszt, a descendant of Johannes Listzius, a regal chancellor of Hungary and bishop of Raab in the sixteenth century, and of pure Magyar birth. Franz was thus by origin Hungarian for generations back, on his father's side; and much of the emotional and keenly artistic temperament he possessed must be attributed to this source, as well as that indescribable ever-changing charm which permeates his best music, and which is shared by it in common with the wild Hungarian melodies now familiar to us through the labours of himself, of his compatriot Joachim and of Johannes Brahms. Adam Liszt, the father of Franz, was an amateur musician of considerable attainment, and had the honour of the friendship of Haydn, of Cherubini, and of Hummel. Adam Liszt had been an officer in the Imperial service. Hummel interested himself in his fortunes sufficiently to get him a post on the estates of the famous Prince Esterhazy, at Raiding, near Oedenburg, in Hungary. Here Adam Liszt married Anna von Lager, a German lady, and here Franz Liszt was born to them on the night of the 21st-22nd October, 1811.

The father, with great wisdom, entirely devoted his time to his son as soon as his extraordinary genius began to manifest itself. When only a child of six, Liszt had already become so absorbed in his art as to injure his health by excessive work. For three months he practised the pianoforte, the instrument he had chosen, with such fervour that he drove himself into a fever. With this ardour seconding a genius like his, it is not surprising that at nine years old he was beginning to be locally famous, and in 1820 he played so marvellously at a concert in Oedenburg that Prince Esterhazy, who heard the child's performance of Ries's

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Concerto in E flat on that occasion, gave him a present of fifty ducats, and arranged for his appearance at Presburg. Here the astonishment the wonderful boy created was prodigious. It culminated in a highly practical way. Six Hungarian noblemen, to whom posterity owes a debt of gratitude, determined that the lad should have a better chance than the struggling circumstances of a half-pay officer could allow. They agreed together to give him 600 gulden a year for six years, during which time he might be free by their generosity to prosecute his studies without hindrance. The grateful father at once threw up his appointment on the Esterhazy estates and removed with Franz to Vienna. Here the boy was placed under Czerny for the pianoforte, and Salieri and his pupil Randhartinger for composition. The latter had been at the Konvict School a short time with the great Schubert, who was only five years his senior, and their boyish friendship had ripened into a close affection. It was he to whom we are indebted for the priceless treasure of the "Schöne Müllerin" songs, for he gave them to Schubert to set to music; and it was he who, a year or two later, was one of the few friends who saw the lonely artist in his miserable closing hours, embittered by poverty and neglect. Randhartinger introduced the enthusiastic boy, now his pupil, to the great composer, whom he and a few others were at that time alone in estimating at his true worth. Liszt's soul caught aflame, and then and for ever afterwards he ceased not to exalt Schubert's genius. The present position of that composer is largely due to Liszt, who as soon as he began seriously to compose on his own account, poured forth the most exquisite pianoforte transcriptions of Schubert's best songs, and later on arranged others for the orchestra, and finally, though not till 1854 (twenty-six years after poor Schubert's death), gained a hearing for his opera, "Alfonso and Estrella." The music of this last was found to be superb, the "book" bad; but in our own time, with judicious alterations in the libretto and dramatic effects, Schubert's fine work has actually gained a footing on the stage, and this is entirely due to Liszt. Other men, Schumann and Mendelssohn amongst them, and our excellent Manns also (of the Crystal Palace), have worked for Schubert, but Liszt probably did most. His first composition which was printed was in company with one of Schubert, his idol of that time. It happened thus. Diabelli in 1821 asked fifty of the leading artists of the day to contribute one variation each to a little waltz-theme. Beethoven was so pleased with the theme that he wrote, not one variation, but his famous thirty-three (op. 120), which were of course published separately. Franz Liszt was permitted to write one, and his is by no means the worst variation of the fifty; it is the 24th. The collection was called "Vaterländische Künstler-Verein," and was published by Diabelli in 1823. Schubert's variation is the 38th.

But a greater even than Schubert was to cross the path of the

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fortunate boy. His marvellously-formed hands, exercised with unwearying diligence, had by this time gained much of that command of the keyboard which no one besides himself in his fully-developed period has ever possessed; and his magnificent power of dramatising the conceptions of others was now ready to blaze forth in its splendour. At last the great step was taken, and on the 1st January, 1823, Liszt made his first appearance in public at Vienna. His success was phenomenal. Beethoven was present; and to the surprise of every one he climbed the platform after the boy had ceased playing, and in the sight of all warmly kissed him again and again. (Beethoven's kindness was returned with interest a few years later, for Liszt persistently introduced his pianoforte compositions in his concerts when they were highly unpopular, and by his wonderful interpretation of them made them, not only understood, but loved by thousands to whom they had up till then been a sealed book.) The benediction thus solemnly given by the greatest composer who has ever lived was approved by all; enthusiasm rose to a great height, and this boy of twelve was admitted to be one of the finest artists Vienna had known. His father determined to take him to Paris, where Cherubini, head of the Conservatoire, exercised a sort of musical autocracy over Europe. Concerts were given on the way and in Paris too; and Franz was admitted to be the wonder of the age. His father had need to exert his utmost care to prevent the boy's character from being ruined by the extravagant attentions that were paid him. In spite of his genius and his celebrity, and even (which weighed far more with the diplomatic old musician) in spite of Metternich's personal appeal, Cherubini closed the door of the Conservatoire against Liszt, as the regulations forbade the admission of students of foreign birth. Where the principal was an Italian, one would not think the school need have been so painfully precise over admitting a Hungarian scholar. However, the Conservatoire in this way lost him who would have been its greatest pupil, and he was put under Reicha and Paer as private teachers.

Liszt's fame had travelled to England, whither everything of the highest excellence invariably drifts, and where it always meets with a cordial welcome and substantial encouragement. Liszt formed no exception to our hospitable rule, and when he came over on a tour in 1824 he was applauded and fêted to his father's fullest desires. At his first concert, 21st June, 1824, Liszt played Hummel's A minor concerto, and the audience were roused to a great pitch of excitement. At its close a lady was heard to call for a theme "upon which Master Liszt should improvise," so say the newspapers of the day. The duet "Zitti, zitti," from Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, was given, and the gifted boy improvised a fugue upon it, calling down thunders of applause. Presently the king himself sent for him to Windsor,

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where Liszt so pleased his Majesty that the indolent "First Gentleman of Europe" actually took the trouble to come up to London to be present at his great concert in Drury Lane. Liszt came again the next year, being described at his Manchester concert as "only twelve years old," by error, for he was then fourteen; and he came yet once again in 1827. A concert tour to Switzerland and the production of his first considerable composition, the operetta of *Don Sanche* at the Académie Royale, Paris, 17th October, 1825, filled the interval.

After the close of the English tour of 1827, Liszt's excellent father died, and the young artist was thrown upon his own resources at sixteen years of age, with his mother to support as well as himself. He worked very hard, and he had the fatigues of a great social success to encounter as well as his professional toils. All that was great in literature and art welcomed him with open arms. Lamennais, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, etc., were his associates: in his own art, proverbially a jealous one, he made friends everywhere; even such difficult subjects as Berlioz and Chopin, widely asunder in temperament as they were, figured amongst his intimate companions. But Liszt always wielded the same irresistible fascination over his friends that he did over his audiences. Indeed, who could refrain from loving a man capable of such a deed as this which follows? Liszt had written a splendid orchestral version of the "Rakoczy March," the Marseillaise of Hungary; but when he heard from Berlioz that the latter was going to use this same theme in his *Damnation de Faust*, he kept back his own version from publication, and it was never performed nor even known until 1871, two years after Berlioz's death. The usual fate of ardent youths overtook him next; he fell in love with a high-born maiden, and his passion was disapproved of by the lady's friends. This, with his hard work and the life at high pressure which he was living, overthrew him, and he fell so ill that at least one paper (*L'Etoile*) published an obituary notice of him. On his recovery he entered into a fit of religious enthusiasm. He had previously been infatuated with the principles of St. Simon, and only his father's authority had made him continue to work at music instead of joining their body. He now plunged with equal fervour into the sentimentalities of Chateaubriand, became deeply melancholy, and thought of abandoning his art, except as to compositions for the Church. He was roused from this unhappy state by the rumours of the extraordinary powers of Paganini on the violin. In no mean spirit of jealousy, but fired by a noble enthusiasm, he resolved to show, as he well knew he could, what were the full capabilities of his own instrument, the pianoforte. He attacked his studies with renewed vigour, and in 1830 he reappeared, this time with every faculty trained to the highest possible pitch, and

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charmed Paris with effects never before heard on the instrument. His success was invariable, and a personal affection seemed to grow up between him and his audience. Nevertheless, soon after he had made the acquaintance of the Countess d'Agoult (whose literary pseudonym was "Daniel Stern," and to whom he became attached in 1834), he again retired from the platform, and left Paris for Geneva, where he passed a year in absolute retirement. The connection between himself and the countess, who was certainly plain, and a bit of a blue-stocking, with a strong sense of her own superiority into the bargain, lasted, wonderful to relate, till 1840. She bore him three children—a son, who died early; a daughter, who married Emile Ollivier (that French statesman notorious as beginning the war with Prussia "with a light heart"); and another daughter, Cosima, first the wife of Hans von Bülow the pianist (a pupil of Liszt), and afterwards the wife of Wagner, whom she has survived. Liszt was not so entirely devoted to the countess as she desired, and she, on her side, succeeded in wearing him out by her jealousy and domineering spirit; so they separated, and, as might be expected, she "put him into a book;" following therein George Sand's illustrious example. From 1839 to 1847 Liszt was incessantly travelling from one place to another, visiting all the capitals of Europe, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, everywhere greeted with the same rapturous astonishment, which his marvellous playing indeed could not fail to evoke. If a concert tour was financially not so successful as might be wished, Liszt would make up the balance out of his pocket, as he did in London in 1840; if a disaster was caused by the overflowing of the Danube, a princely sum was at once forthcoming from the generous artist; did Beethoven's statue (at Bonn) lag for subscriptions, Liszt at once paid the entire balance out of his own pocket; and when his fellow-countrymen had subscribed handsomely to erect a statue in his honour at Pest, he begged them to give him the money instead, all of which he handed over to a young sculptor whose genius was being starved for want of funds.

The career of a virtuoso, enormously lucrative as it was, could not satisfy Liszt, whose soul had always refused to fetter itself with mere money considerations. He felt the need of a more enduring fame; he aspired to move the world of music by his undoubtedly great personality; he wished also to become a conductor and a composer. He had conquered the world of the pianoforte, both as executant and composer; he now longed for the stage and the orchestra. In 1843, therefore, he took leave of his public at Vienna, where he had begun his triumphs; and he received such extravagant homage upon this occasion as would, we are assured, be incredible to any one who had not witnessed it.

His connection with Weimar had gradually been growing closer. Ever since 1842 Liszt had given yearly a series of

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concerts there, and finally, in 1849, he definitely undertook the conductorship of the Weimar Court Theatre. The ten years of his directorate were a golden age of music. Weimar now became as famous musically, as once, under the influence of Goethe and Schiller, it had been renowned in literature. Artists and amateurs flocked to the standard Liszt set up. Operas which had been refused or neglected, as Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, Schubert's *Alfonso and Estrella*, Schumann's *Genoveva* and *Manfred*, Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, etc., were produced with the greatest completeness, though necessarily on a small scale. Liszt induced in his colleagues at Weimar the same wonderful catholicity of enthusiasm which beamed from his own mind.

A striking example of his appreciation of all real endeavour may be given. Wagner had met him at Paris in the heyday of his fame and fashionable life, and was not disposed—neglected, unfashionable artist as he himself was—to credit Liszt with his real grandeur of soul. When Wagner was received merely with Liszt's exquisite politeness, he chose to feel hurt at his want of cordiality, though, as he himself confesses, with the simplicity of a truly great man, he had taken no steps to show Liszt what his own worth really was. Some common acquaintance having made this known to Liszt, he was touched in his turn, and at once used every effort to conciliate the solitary and despairing brother-artist, even without knowing any of his compositions, purely from benevolent feeling and comradeship in art.

"He who knows," cries Wagner, "the selfishness and terrible insensibility of our social life, and especially of the relations of modern artists to each other, cannot but be struck with wonder, nay, delight, at the treatment I experienced from this extraordinary man."

But the same royal sweetness of temper was dealt to every one alike. Even the insufferably self-important Spontini, whom all men else avoided, Liszt managed to get along with. He often endeavoured to reconcile such discordant natures as that of the pompous Italian master and the fiery erratic Berlioz, though Spontini pointedly refused to consider the latter as a composer at all. Such are time's revenges, that while no one now hears a note of Spontini's music, we are all getting fairly familiar, thanks partly to Liszt, with a great deal of Berlioz's. After many vain attempts to make Spontini look more kindly on Berlioz, Liszt at last ran to him with a highly laudatory article from the pen of Berlioz on the *Vestale*, the opera which Spontini had just produced; sure of extorting from gratified vanity that which was denied on the score of mere justice. Spontini, much mollified, swelled himself in his high shirt-collars as his wont was, smiled on the warm-hearted artist, and graciously allowed that "Monsieur Berlioz avait du talent *comme critique!*"

George Eliot, who was an excellent musician herself, tells this

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delightful anecdote in the fragment of journal (1854) preserved in her husband's life of her. She had it from Liszt himself. She was enraptured with Liszt, as all were who ever came within the magic sphere of his influence.

"Liszt looked splendid," she exclaims, "as he conducted the opera (*Ernani*). The grand outline of his face and floating hair were seen to advantage as they were thrown into dark relief by the stage lamps. We were so fortunate as to have all three of Wagner's most celebrated operas while we were at Weimar. . . . And I appreciated these operas all the better retrospectively when we saw *Der Freischütz*, which I had never before heard and seen on the stage," etc., etc.

What a wonderful catholicity of taste have we here, the Italian *fioriture* of Verdi's *Ernani*, the ultra-Teutonic romanticism of Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and the revolutionary productions of Wagner, all produced faithfully and appreciatively, and not from the mere necessity to afford variety to the mixed patrons of a luxurious entertainment. At his Weimar concerts Liszt was as enthusiastic over Bach as over Schumann: all that was good he welcomed. A breakfast at Liszt's house is the subject of another charming sketch which may be found in George Eliot's journal, the *déjeuner* set out in the garden in a saloon formed by overarching trees, the guests princes and princesses, poets and *littérateurs*, painters and musicians; amongst the latter, to give one of each, Hoffman von Fallersleben, George Eliot, Cornelius, and Raff. After breakfast Hoffman read some of his own poetry.

"I sat next to Liszt," says George Eliot, "and my great delight was to watch him and observe the sweetness of his expression. Genius, benevolence, and tenderness beam from his whole countenance, and his manners are in perfect harmony with it. Then came the thing I had longed for—his playing. I sat next him, so that I could see both his hands and face. For the first time in my life I beheld real inspiration; for the first time I heard the true tones of the piano. He played one of his own compositions—one of a series of religious fantasies. There was nothing strange or excessive about his manner. His manipulation of the instrument was quiet and easy, and his face was simply grand; the lips compressed and the head thrown a little backward. When the music expressed quiet rapture or devotion, a sweet smile flitted over his features; when it was triumphant, the nostrils dilated. There was nothing petty or egotistic to mar the picture."

This tallies well with the criticisms of professed musicians. Take, for example, Mendelssohn's account of Liszt in 1840 (letter of Mendelssohn to his mother, Leipzig, March 30th, 1840):—

"Liszt possesses a degree of velocity and complete independence of finger, and a thoroughly musical feeling which can scarcely be equalled. In a word, I have heard no performer whose musical perceptions, like those of Liszt, extended to the very tips of his fingers, emanating directly from them. That he, along with Thalberg, *alone* represents the highest class of pianists of the present day is, I think, undeniable."

Thalberg remained the mere virtuoso that Mendelssohn knew in 1840, composer and player of marvellous musical fireworks, but Liszt's genius soared ever higher and wider. Each year saw him leave more and more behind the mere glitter of his brilliant art. A vivid trail of this kind is noted in 1854 by George Eliot in her Weimar journal; when speaking of another visit, after describ-

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ing the cabinets full of precious stones and jewels,—the gifts of the great,—the portraits, medallions, busts, etc., in his honour, arranged in a room of his house by one of the princesses in commemoration of his birthday, our great novelist goes on :—

"In the music *salon* stand Beethoven's and Mozart's pianos. Beethoven's was a present from Broadwood, and has a Latin inscription intimating that it was presented as a tribute to his illustrious genius."

Here we note the intense veneration for all the great departed which possessed this ardent Radical in music. On the other hand, the welcome to Raff, of a few lines back, is followed by a like warm-hearted recognition of another young composer—one at that time almost unknown, though he has since become the only man who may be named in the same breath with Liszt as a virtuoso :—"One évening Liszt came to dine with us, and introduced M. Rubinstein, a young Russian, who is about to have an opera of his performed in Weimar." All this formed but a part of Liszt's regular life at Weimar, as seen by a casual keen observer; reverence of the past, eagerness for the future, generous welcome to all that was young, and fresh, and striving, cherishing of all that was old, and timeworn, and honoured; and mingled with it all a reproductive power quite unequalled. "Oh," said Rubinstein once to one who was flattering him, "compared to Liszt we are all wood-choppers."

"He who has had frequent opportunities of hearing Liszt play," writes Wagner, "must have understood that this was rather production than reproduction. I have proved for myself that in order fully to reproduce Beethoven, one must produce with him. It would be impossible to make this understood by those who have only heard ordinary renderings of Beethoven's works. On the other hand, I ask those who have heard Beethoven's Op. 106 or Op. 111 played by Liszt in a friendly circle, what they previously knew of those creations, and what they learned of them on those occasions?"

A cluster of ardent young students gathered at Weimar at this period round the feet of the great prophet of the pianoforte, whom they idolised; but whom, notwithstanding, even all this hero-worship failed to spoil.

A quarrel over a captious opposition to one of Liszt's generous efforts in encouraging neglected merit caused him to throw up the Weimar conductorship in 1859; and in 1861 he left the town altogether, and went to live for a while at Athens. Visits to Rome, Weimar, and Pest, occupied the next years, and an increasing tendency to religious practices soon caused a rumour to originate that Liszt had entered the Roman Catholic priesthood. He wrote a public letter denying this in 1864; but no one was surprised when in the following year he received the tonsure at the hands of his friend the Cardinal Hohenlohe (25th April, 1865). After this Liszt, as was natural, retired more and more from the public eye, but his influence was perpetually felt, and his activity in composition on the largest scale greatly increased. The constant efforts of his pupil, Mr. Walter Bache, to make his later compositions better

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known to English audiences, and the careful preparation of the master's oratorio of "St. Elizabeth" by our own distinguished composer Mr. Mackenzie, seemed to merit a reward at the hands of the venerable Abbé. Accordingly he came to England in this present year, for the first time since 1840, not now to "kill three Erards a week," as Theodore Hook veraciously recorded in the *John Bull* that it was his habit then to do, not to play even a note before a public audience, but to acknowledge the homage that the young musicians of England were desirous of offering him. He arrived, as was said at the beginning of this article, on Saturday, April 3rd, and was received at Sydenham with a concert of his own works, conducted by Mr. Walter Bache. He attended Mr. Mackenzie's full rehearsal of "St. Elizabeth" on Monday afternoon, and a choral rehearsal in the evening; and to reward the young people who were working so enthusiastically for him, he played them an improvised fantasia on the theme they had just sung, finishing with his own "Ave Maria," to their intense delight. On Tuesday, 6th, he had the gratification of handing the endowment (£1100) of the "Liszt" scholarship, chiefly due to Mr. Bache's exertions, to the principal of the Royal Academy; and here also, after listening to a concert performed by the students in his honour, he graciously volunteered to play to them. An eye-witness says of this interesting scene:—

At last the Abbé appeared to become conscious that the students wished to hear him play. With a self-deprecatory gesture he arose, and made his way on to the platform amidst uproarious excitement. His was, indeed, literally a "flowery path," for every girl had a posy to cast at the feet of the great pianist, and every youth who sported a "button-hole" willingly offered his tribute. The consequence was that when Liszt reached the pianoforte, he found it half full of flowers, and had to wait some time until the strings were cleared. Then he began—with a tender caressing touch, such as no other pianoforte player ever possessed—his fingers stealing over the keys, until the melody merged in Chopin's "Chant Polonaise." The students, and audience too, were breathless with suspense until he had concluded, when a ringing cheer proclaimed how gratified all the listeners had been by so prodigious a display of subtle art. The Abbé was fain to rise from his seat and bow repeatedly, but he good-naturedly resumed his place at the instrument, and played his own "Cantique d'Amour," sending the juvenile aspirants to the honours of the piano into the seventh heaven of delight.

The next day came the exciting performance of Liszt's *magnum opus*, "St. Elizabeth:" and on Wednesday the 7th the great artist went to Windsor at the Queen's request and played before her Majesty. Thursday the 8th April saw Liszt at a splendid gathering at the Grosvenor Gallery, at the invitation of Mr. Walter Bache, and here also he was induced to play. The sculptor Boehm attended him at odd moments during these days, to steal casual sittings for a bust; but he cannot have had many opportunities, for on Friday the Abbé honoured the Chevalier Bache's Liszt concert at St. James's Hall with his presence, and after that went to meet the Prince of Wales at his request at a smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society in Prince's Hall; while on Saturday Mr. Manns had him down to a

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Liszt concert at the Crystal Palace (where also a young pupil of his, Herr Stavenhagen, played the master's First Concerto), and in the evening the members of the German Athenæum prevailed on Liszt both to listen to them, and play to them in London. Thus the days went on—with ovations at the Monday Popular Concert, the audience rising to its feet as usual when Liszt appeared; with ringing cheers when the visitors at the Lyceum detected him listening to Irving in "Faust;" and with enthusiastic appreciation of the Abbé's proverbially generous feeling to young artists when he found time in this whirl of fatigue to be present at the concert, at St. James's Hall, of that young Mr. Lamond whom Glasgow has recently sent us as an exceptionally fine pianist—till on Tuesday morning, 20th April, Liszt left our shores. By the last days of July he was dead! Exhausted as he was with such a trial as the London excitement must have been to a man of seventy-five, he went over to a performance of "St. Elizabeth" at Paris; and thence he retired to Weimar to rest for a few days before proceeding to Bayreuth to attend the Festival of Wagner's great dramas, which he never missed, intending also to celebrate at the same time the marriage of his granddaughter. He was present at the first performance of "Tristan and Isolde," though he was already coughing and had to be assisted to his box. On returning home he was laid prostrate with fever, and soon became insensible; and after a few days he peacefully passed away. He had long desired to be buried at Bayreuth, and his wish was carried out. The Hungarians assert, however, that they hope to induce Frau Cosima Wagner to allow them at some future time to take his remains to Hungary. Liszt had gratified their pride in him some years before by becoming the head of the Hungarian Musical Academy. They had indeed good reason to be proud of so great a fellow-countryman.

It is too near to his death as yet for any one to form an impartial estimate of Liszt as a composer. In the feeling of poignant regret at his loss it is perhaps natural to over-estimate his works. At all events, every pianist must allow the "Pianoforte Transcriptions" of his earlier years to be superb and almost unapproachable in their style. His sacred music is not considered in England to be his best achievement. A large number of his songs, however, as the "King of Thule," "Du bist wie eine Blume," "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh," Victor Hugo's "Comment disaient-ils," etc., are placed by universal consent amongst the art treasures of these later years. The Hungarian Rhapsodies for orchestra, fifteen in number, are also generally admired. But the twelve "Symphonic poems," the Faust-Symphony and the Dante-Symphony, Liszt's greatest efforts at expressing emotion by orchestral means, arouse intense anger on the one hand amongst conservative musicians, and frantic admiration on the other amongst the "faithful." Of these remarkable works those which have been received with

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the greatest favour are "Mazeppa" (where, following Hugo, he regards the flight of the prince towards a seemingly inevitable death, which, however, ends in unexpected glory, as emblematical of the career of genius), and the "Tasso's lament and triumph," a kindred theme; since every one is compelled to recognise the lofty purpose and the great mastery over effect which appear in these throughout. Liszt deliberately casts aside the shackles of musical form in these later productions. Is it wise to do so? Even if he has been successful, as to which the verdict yet hangs in the balance, to what awful abysses of vague inanity has he not exposed us at the hands of those who adopt, from idleness and ignorance, the rhapsodical methods which he ventured upon, only after rigorous and lifelong study had prepared him for his daring emancipation.

After all his severe toil in the composition of nearly two hundred works, many of them of considerable magnitude, and his literary labours (as author of *Wagner's Lohengrin*, 1851; *Chopin*, in French, 1852; *Music of the Gypsies in Hungary*, 1861; *On Field's Nocturnes*, 1859; *Robert Franz*, 1872, etc.), though the latter compensates for a little occasional redundancy of expression by its critical discernment throughout, it is doubtful whether at the present moment Liszt is thought of and regretted so much because of his writings, as because of his personality. We remember and reverence him as a centre of life-giving enthusiasm, as an apostle of musical progress, as a pure artist in these days filled with tradesman-like bargains, as a daring innovator and yet a reverent admirer of the past, always ready with encouragement to the young and to the struggling, generously appreciative, noble in heart and deed, unwavering in friendship to man, unswerving in devotion to art—and, in fine, as a very splendid and right royal personage amongst the immortal ranks of genius.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM BÉRANGER.

II.

SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.

(MEMORIES OF THE PEOPLE.)

THEY'LL celebrate his renown
  Under the thatch long time to come,
  And in fifty years the cottage home
Will that single story own;
  Where the gossiping village gathers,
    Sits the crone, thus besieged by their tongue:
  "Come, recount now of our forefather,
    Though, 'tis muttered, he wrought us wrong,
  Come, shorten the twilight dim.
        We worship him still the same,
          Yes, worship still the same.
        Tell us something of *him*, grandame,
          Tell us something of him."

"My children, a great while syne,
  Our hamlet he entered through
  With a royal retinue;
My cot was but lately mine:
  I stood on the hillock's flat,
    Where methought I could well survey:
  He had on a little hat,
    And a riding coat of grey.
  At his presence perplexed I grew.
        But 'Good-morrow!' he deigned to exclaim,
          'Good-morrow, sweetheart!' to exclaim
        "Did he parley with you, grandame?
          Did he parley with you?"

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"Next year in Paris one day,
A poor woman, I viewed again
Napoleon with his train
On his Notre-Dame-ward way.
Oh! all hearts were satisfied,
As they gazed on the pageant brave.
'What a fine day!' they cried,
'Great Heaven, our emperor save!'
And his smile was gentle too.
God had granted a son to his name,
Had granted a son to his name."
"What a fine day for you, grandame!
What a fine day for you!"

"But when the champagne land lay
A prey to the ruthless stranger,
The hero of every danger,
He appeared, alone, and at bay,
One night—this it well might be,
Hark! a knock at the porch! I fling
Open. Good God! 'tis he,
With a feeble following.
He sat on this very chair.
'What a war!' he gasped; 'what shame!'
'What a war, what a shame!'"
"He sat there, sat there, grandame?
Sat he, Napoleon, there?"

"Hungry!" he sighed, and straight
I serve him sour wine, black bread.
As he dries his clothes, his head
Leans in a drowse by the grate.
He wakes, and beholds my tear.
'I avenge,' he says, 'poor France,
Poor Paris, so be of good cheer:
I bring you deliverance.'
That glass for a keepsake, pet,
Ever since I have prized of his fame.
For the sake of his fame."
"Yes, you cherish it yet, grandame,
You prize it as keepsake yet!'

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"Here it stands—but dashed his pride;
The hero was dragged and bound;
He whom the Pope had crowned
On a desert island died.
None, as the years rolled by,
Would believe it: 'He comes,' was the presage,
'Over ocean he hastens nigh,
With a stranger-subduing message.'
Yet he ever delayed distressing
Us who must bear the blame,
His servants who bear the blame."
"God will vouchsafe you His blessing, grandame,
God will vouchsafe you His blessing."

Σ.

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BRANGINOCO, A BURMESE BUONAPARTE.

BY J. HORTON RYLEY.

THERE is no lack of accessible matter for the student who wishes to inquire into the past history of Britain's latest annexation, and a perusal of such standard works as those of Phayre and Yule—not to mention many others of later date—would well repay the trouble. Recent publications, journalistic and otherwise, have tended to throw more light upon a curious race and a country hitherto never thoroughly explored by Europeans; but it must be admitted that, generally speaking, we even now know little about the inhabitants beyond our coast rule, and are apt to class with savages a race of considerable refinement and education. Without giving any further proof of this, it is only necessary to point to the serious errors committed, even since the first day of the present year, when the annexation of Upper Burmah was formally announced. It seems to have been forgotten even that the Burmese had for centuries maintained the reputation of a fighting race, as the following sketch, compiled from the best sources, will show.

Early in the sixteenth century (about 1530) there came to the throne of Tounghoo, a small territory lying between the Irrawaddy and Salwin rivers, a young man, afterwards known in history as Tabeng-shwe-ti. His father was a usurper who, by dint of considerable ability, and during a reign of forty-five years, had made his tiny kingdom independent, and had succeeded in attracting within its limits all the Burmese from the neighbouring kingdom of Ava, who were discontented with the supremacy of the Shan princes.* Tabeng lost no time in furthering his late father's ambitious schemes, and from the first was aided with singular ability and faithfulness by his brother-in-law, Kyoah-teng, who was soon entitled Bureng Naung, or heir to the throne, as a recognition of his services. This military hero is known to old European chroniclers, who used to haunt the Bay of Bengal about this time, as Branginoco. After four years of preparation, the young king Tabeng determined to commence his career of con-

* Phayre, in his "History of Burmah," says that the Principality of Tounghoo was shut in by hills on the east and west, and watered by the Sitang or Sittaung river, being only about eighty miles long by thirty broad. It was first populated by Burmese from the north, and Talaings (Peguans of the coast) from the south. The word "Tounghoo" means a stronghold, but it is now the name of the town which is the terminus of the Rangoon-Tounghoo railway, and, it may be added, the starting point for the extension to Mandalay, and thence, it is hoped, to Bhamo and India.

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quest by attacking the great city of Pegu. It was not, however, till 1538, and after the city had been thrice invested, that it fell, and then to some extent through treachery. It is curious to learn that cannons or matchlocks were used on the walls,* but what is of still more interest is the fact that, for the first time, European mercenaries were employed on this coast in the native conflicts. This opportunity for filibustering was fully appreciated in after-years by the adventurers who began to swarm in these seas, and many a romantic and tragic story could be told of the exploits of the early navigators. On this occasion it appears that the Portuguese viceroy at Goa had sent one Ferdinand de Morales "with a great galleon" to trade at Pegu. The king, having resisted two attacks by Tabeng, engaged Morales to help him, and in the third siege the Portuguese made great havoc. Overborne by numbers, however, Morales was killed, and the city fell.† Branginoco after the victory drove the flying Peguan king, Takarwutbi (or Dacha Rupi, according to the imperfect rendering of the Portuguese) out of his own country, and the unfortunate potentate, finding himself almost deserted, entered the jungle and was heard of no more.

Tabeng was now declared king of Pegu—the country which had held his forefathers in vassalage,—and he at once set about the work of administration. One city, the flourishing port of Martaban, at the mouth of the Salwin river (and not far from the modern Moulmein), however, promised to give some trouble. Soabinya,‡ the viceroy, brother-in-law of the late king of Pegu, declined to acknowledge the conqueror, and Branginoco thereupon, prepared to lead the army of his royal master to another victory. Probably the viceroy felt safe in the assistance of his Portuguese allies, for a treaty had been signed with them at Martaban fully as far back as 1519.§ Tabeng advanced with an immense army and many boats, all under the command of Branginoco, while he also had a contingent of Portuguese mercenaries, under one Joano Cayeyro.‖ The viceroy, however, was well prepared; he too had a party of Portuguese, under "Paulo de Seixas

* According to Phayre, Indian Mussulman gunners were employed in the defence of Pegu.

† Faria y Sousa (Stevens' translation, 1695) says the opposing forces actually numbered 2,000,000 men and 10,000 elephants (*sic*). He adds, that the Burmese covered the land like a torrent, while their vessels blocked the river. He also gives a singular account of the rising of the Burmese against the Talaings. Some 30,000 of them were kept in bondage at Pegu, being engaged in rebuilding the city. But one day the old king, whilst walking amongst the works with the ladies of his court, was set upon and killed, the ladies were robbed, and the Burmese bondsmen fled, no doubt to Tounghoo, for the war above referred to broke out soon afterwards.

‡ Mendez Pinto, who says he was present during part of the siege of Martaban, calls the viceroy "Chaubainhaa."

§ See Sousa's account of the return of Correa to Malacca with the treaty in 1519.

‖ Pinto (Cogan's translation, 1692) asserts that he arrived on the scene about the end of March, 1545, as a messenger from Pedro de Faria, Governor of Malacca. Cayeyro was then in the besieging force of "700,000 men," with 700 well-equipped Portuguese, and there were many other foreigners not Europeans of course in the army. The defenders, he adds, numbered 130,000 men.

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of Obidos,"* while on the waterside there were seven European vessels, heavily armed.† For seven months the siege went on, and at last the garrison were reduced to extremities, and then the viceroy began to make overtures to Tabeng. Finding there was no mercy to be expected in that quarter, Soabinya was driven to consider only the safety of himself and family. With this view he offered an immense bribe to Cayeyro by means of Seixas, who stole into the besieging camp in disguise, but the Portuguese did not assist him.‡ At last the viceroy had to surrender merely on the promise that his life should be spared, and a painful scene ensued. Branginoco's motley army were called out in all their panoply of war, and the viceroy, "dressed in black velvet, with head and eyebrows shaven, and mounted on a small elephant," and a weeping procession, consisting of his wife and four small children and the ladies of the court, attended by bonzes, or priests, passed through a lane made of the files of the Portuguese and other soldiery. Tabeng placed his captives at first in honourable confinement, but it was only till he had secured the immense treasure contained in the city, for which he took careful precautions, ordering the twenty-four gates to be well guarded.§ At a given signal, however,—the discharging of a gun—the guards were removed, and hell seemed to be let loose, some 300 of the soldiery being crushed to death in thronging through the gates. The sack of the city extended, amid indescribable horrors, over three days, and such was the violence of the mercenaries towards each other that Tabeng (or Branginoco) had to go into Martaban six or seven times to appease them.‖ It is computed that 60,000 of the wretched inhabitants were slaughtered during the pillage alone, and then at the end of the third day the city was set on fire and totally destroyed.¶ The sight and hearing of all these

* In referring to Seixas and his ultimate escape, Pinto says nothing of other Portuguese defenders.

† Phayre gives a good account of the siege.

‡ In his account of this interview Pinto says that Seixas was closely questioned as to the reality of the viceroy's wealth, and quite satisfied his hearers. In fact, it was only personal jealousy amongst the mercenaries that prevented their assisting in the escape. Seixas was afterwards presented by the unfortunate viceroy with two bracelets, and left the city secretly with a native woman whom he afterwards married at Coromandel. He sold the bracelets to two dealers for 36,000 ducats, and they afterwards parted with them to another local potentate for 80,000 ducats.

§ Pinto alleges that the spoil of Martaban had been promised to the mercenaries, but the king first employed 1000 men two whole days in removing the palace treasures, which amounted to "a hundred millions of gold."

‖ "They all went to the spoil with closed eyes, and therein showed themselves so cruel-minded that the thing they made the least reckoning of was to kill one hundred men for a crown." Pinto, who is careful to say nothing of the part he himself took in all this, adds that the mercenaries carried off immense booty, and that "6000" pieces of brass or iron artillery were found within the walls.

¶ Pinto says that 140,000 houses and 1700 temples were burned, chiefly in one night. This does not seem an altogether improbable estimate when read in the light of present knowledge, for only the other day some 500 of these flimsy structures were destroyed in a few hours at Mandalay, in spite of every effort to quench the flames.

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atrocities only seemed to harden Tabeng's heart, for next morning he led out the wife of the viceroy with her four children and over 130 ladies, and hanged them all by the feet on gallows which had been erected for the purpose on the summit of a hill.* But this shocking act of wholesale murder very nearly caused a mutiny in the conquering army, and probably this saved the viceroy from some nameless torture, for during the following night he and fifty or sixty of his chief followers were thrown into the sea with stones tied to their necks.

The famous siege and capture of Martaban, which is a kind of landmark in the history of Burmah, was soon to be followed by other victories, which further demonstrated the military genius of Branginoco. But Tabeng first returned in triumph to Pegu, where he was solemnly consecrated king, and, to commemorate the ceremony, he placed "new Htis on the two great national pagodas at Hansawadi, capital of Toungboo, and Dagon."† He then set about recovering the Ava of the Burmese from the Shan invaders, and first marched upon Prome, then held by one Meng.Khaung, who was tributary to Thohanbwa of Ava, whose daughter he had married.‡ An army of Shans was sent from Ava to meet Tabeng, and the king of Arakan, on the west, threw a force over the mountains to intercept the conqueror, who was proceeding up the Irrawaddy Valley. But Branginoco, meeting his enemies in detail, first beat back the Shans, and then utterly routed the Arakanese. As to the fate of Prome, the city fell after a desperate struggle, one account says by treachery, and there was a repetition of former horrors, which need not be detailed.§ The unhappy queen was stripped and flogged round the town, till death put an end to her sufferings; and then the young king was tied alive to her dead body and flung into the river. Branginoco, however, did not lose sight of the main object of the expedition. Both as general, and subsequently as king, he never showed an inclination to perpetrate these outrages, and he was soon on his way to Ava, and carried the war to its very gates. Tabeng then fell back upon the ancient Burmese capital of Pagan, and was again declared king, Branginoco being formally recognised as heir-apparent. Without following the history of this reign through the comparatively insignificant and unsuccessful invasion of

* The ages of the ladies averaged, according to Pinto, from seventeen to twenty-five years, and the four children were all under seven.

† Phayre. The "Schwe Dagon," or golden Dagon pagoda, is now the resort of many pilgrims at Rangoon.

‡ Pinto, who by this time had become a king's prisoner through the machinations of a countryman named Gonzalo Falcan, had arrived at Pegu, and says he went on this expedition. The King of Prome he describes as a boy of thirteen, who had been contracted in marriage to his aunt, a woman of 36 years, known as the Queen of Prome.

§ Amongst the other atrocities committed by Tabeng (according to Pinto, who was in the Portuguese contingent), the flesh of children was chopped up fine and mixed with the fodder of the elephants, while the bodies of the slaughtered inhabitants were first mangled and then burnt in heaps.

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Arakan, we come to the expedition against Siam in 1548.* Branginoco marched with an immense force, including 180 Portuguese under James Soarez de Melo, and after some fighting in which Soarez distinguished himself, the invaders reached Odia (Yodaya or Ayudha), the then capital, which is described as being eight leagues in compass. But here they met with a warm reception, for there were some goodly-sized guns on the walls, and fifty Portuguese, under James Pereyra, formed part of the garrison. Branginoco now received his first decisive check, and Tabeng made overtures to Pereyra, but to the honour of that soldier of fortune be it said that he, like Dugald Dalgetty, remained faithful to his employer for the time being, even though it involved fighting his own countrymen. In the end the Burmese were beaten off, and had to retire through a difficult country in the best way they could.† This reverse completely changed the vigorous if barbarous character of Tabeng, who, although he had reigned twenty years, was only thirty-six years of age. He associated himself with a nephew of Soarez, and gave way to drunkenness and every kind of dissipation, but Branginoco—exhibiting a rare fidelity, considering the circumstances—banished the young man from the country. Still, this state of affairs, of course, gave an opportunity to the many who were only too ready to destroy the waning power of the king. The son of a former native king of Pegu, who called himself Thaminhtoa, and is known to the Portuguese chronicler (Sousa) as Xemindoo, revolted. Soarez was sent against him, and Tabeng, also advancing, defeated Xemindoo, who had gained the city of Pegu. But Tabeng's career was now drawing to a close. Being invited by the then governor of Sittaung,‡ also a scion of the deposed royal race of Pegu, to witness the capture of an elephant in the jungle, this great king, the terror of the whole of the surrounding region, was set upon and murdered. Thus ended one of the most remarkable reigns in the Burmese chronicles of the kings.

The character and ability of Branginoco, now successor to the powerful throne of Pegu in the line of the Burmese dynasty, have already been seen, and during his own reign of thirty years the same high qualities were exemplified. But first of all he had to win his throne, for the struggle which had now commenced was one of dynasties. The Peguan governor of Sittaung, Thaminsoadwut, shut himself up in that city, and proclaimed himself

* According to Faria y Sousa, the dispute arose about the possession of a so-called white elephant. Phayre also gives this as the origin of a later quarrel, which see.

† In his account of this expedition, Sousa puts the number of invaders at 1,500,000 with 4000 elephants; and the defenders on the walls of Odia at 60,000 with 4000 cannon, "some of a prodigious magnitude." Phayre says the operations lasted five months, and that the retreating invaders were glad to treat with the Siamese, which they were enabled to do, having captured the king's son-in-law.

‡ Sitang or Zatan. His name or title is given by Phayre as Thaminsoadwut, and by Sousa as "the Ximi de Zatan." "Ximi," adds the latter, "is equivalent to a duke, and he really was one of Satan's creating."

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king, and Branginoco's brother, Thihathu, flying from the capital, the rebel marched in and took possession. Branginoco then, having only a small force, marched by the walls unmolested, and retired to Tounghoo. Here, however, his brother closed the gates of the capital against him, and for a time the great general retired to the mountains, apparently crushed, but, as events proved, only to await his opportunity. Meanwhile the other Peguan pretender, Xemindoo, appeared on the scene, and, fighting a battle with the assassin of Sittaung, beat him and took him prisoner, "the Ximi" afterwards being beheaded. Branginoco, having now received many reinforcements, for he was deservedly popular, succeeded in acquiring the capital of his native Tounghoo (Hansawadi), whereupon, with his characteristic greatness of spirit, he pardoned his treacherous brother, and subsequently showed him no little favour. He then retook Prome, which had also rebelled, and the country up to Pagan submitted. He now turned his attention southward, and in 1551 approached the city of Pegu, at present occupied by the native potentate Xemindoo.* The latter, who appears also to have had a spice of the chivalrous about him, seeing that his opponent's army was not large, disdained the shelter of the walls, and came out to meet the great and now royal general at the north of the city. After a desperate engagement the unfortunate Xemindoo was totally defeated, and had to fly for his life.† Branginoco now found himself master of the capital city of the whole of that region, but he continued the pursuit of his opponent without loss of time, and the fugitive had to take to the sea, actually reaching Martaban in an open boat. After three months' seclusion, Xemindoo, the last Talaing king, was captured and beheaded.‡ The conqueror in the meantime had himself consecrated with the proud title of King of Kings, his eldest son being made heir-apparent, whilst one of his brothers was created king tributary of Martaban. A new palace and several fine buildings were erected at Pegu, which excited the wonder and admiration of the increasing number of strangers who visited the city. Having virtually secured all that Tabeng-shwe-ti had left, Branginoco, as a true Burman, again turned his eyes towards Ava, and began to plan the first of the great and original successes which marked his reign. The opportunity

* Phayre says that this individual is recognised in the Talaing (Peguan, distinct from the Burmese) chronicles under the title of Zaggali Meng; he was the last monarch of the native dynasties.

† Sousa here calls the conqueror Mandaragri, which is very probably the corruption of some subsidiary title.

‡ The end of Xemindoo (or "Shemindoo," as Fytche, in his "Burma" calls him) was romantic in the extreme. He fled at last to the hills, and married the daughter of a poor mountaineer. He confided his secret to his wife, and she to her parents, whose poverty led to betrayal. Pinto alleges that he witnessed the execution, and that Xemindoo, who was mounted on a sorry jade, with the executioner riding behind him, was compelled to wear a straw crown adorned with mussel shells, and an iron collar which was trimmed with onions.

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came at last. The Shan king of Ava, finding himself too weak to suppress a rebel at Monyin, came to Branginoco for assistance.* In this case, as in that of the ancient Britons and the Saxons, such an appeal merely meant the conquest of the country, and Branginoco carried this out with uncommon skill. Leaving the heir-apparent at Pegu, he marched "with a body-guard of 4000 Portuguese, dressed in uniform and armed with "arquebuses," † and detaching a corps under the tributary king of Tounghoo, the latter marched and entrenched himself near Panya, in the north. The main body having marched to Sagaing opposite Ava, the Panya column advanced, engaged the Shans, and drove them into the city. Then Branginoco crossed the river, placing himself round the walls, and, his flotilla coming up, the waterside was also held. In a few days Ava was taken by assault (March, 1555), and Branginoco returned homeward. Still the conqueror, who had appointed a brother tributary king of Ava, did not feel safe from interference by the Shans, and therefore, when appealed to in another dispute amongst the chiefs, he again marched from Pegu, and succeeded in overrunning the whole of the northern country to the hills of Patkoi, on the borders of Assam.‡ On again returning to Pegu in 1557, Branginoco, who allowed no cause of a quarrel to pass, had to prepare an expedition to Zimmè, which, in spite of great natural difficulties, he carried out in the following year, compelling the king to pay tribute.

From 1559 to 1562 the great empire which Branginoco now ruled was at peace, and this gave the conqueror an opportunity of developing another side of his character. When among the Shans he put a stop to human and other sacrifices, and now he prohibited amongst his people the worship of Nats or familiars, a corruption which had become mixed with their Buddhism. It is stated that he actually carried on proselytism to some extent amongst his foreign and more western visitors.§ But what he appears to have desired most, was the possession of one of the four sacred white elephants in the possession of the king of Siam, and not obtaining a satisfactory reply to his request he determined to invade the country.‖ Nothing daunted by the igno-

* About this time, according to Sousa, another rebellion broke out in Pegu, and the queen was compelled to fly to the castle, where she was protected by thirty-nine Portuguese. Afterwards the king sent for the men who defended the queen, and the officer "brought him some Moors of note; but the king, knowing the Portuguese were the Men, said in anger, "I sent you for Men, and you bring me Cowards; go, bring me Men.'" He then loaded the Portuguese "with riches, praises, and honours."

† Phayre, who gives a detailed account of the operations.

‡ "His soldiers, although born and nurtured in the tropics," says Phayre, "urged on by his spirit and example, chased the fugitive Shans into the mountains on the north-east, amidst the region of snow."

§ Phayre limits his success in this particular to Moslems.

‖ It will be recollected that, according to Sousa, Tabeng's invasion of Siam arose from a similar cause.

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minious defeat of the previous reign, Branginoco collected an enormous army,* after the rainy season of 1563, which was divided into four divisions, each under a tributary king. This conquering force swept down the valley of the Menam, and by March, 1564, the city had fallen and the king and his queens were being carried away captive. Branginoco, with his usual diplomacy, however, allowed the elder son, Bramahim, to remain as tributary king. The king of kings then set off to punish the potentate of Zimmè for some breach of vassalage, but was obliged to hurry back to Pegu to quell a rebellion. Here he found that some of his new buildings had been destroyed by fire, but he set about rebuilding them with even greater magnificence, the immense plunder he had obtained helping to enrich them, and proceeding against Zimmè in November, 1564—having in his army both Indians and Portuguese—he soon brought the king to submission. Whilst he was away, however, another rebellion broke out, headed by a Shan captive, which again caused Branginoco's return; and it is said that he was so enraged that he determined upon a terrible punishment. He hunted down the rebels and thousands were captured, whom the king of kings ordered to be placed in a huge wicker-work building with their families and burnt to death. But with his usual magnanimity, Branginoco, on the intercession of the bonzes or priests, forgave all but the leaders. Another three years' peace ensued, 1565-8, and then it was only broken by what may be described as over-generosity. The ex-king of Siam had become a devotee, and was allowed to return home to worship; his younger son, who had been in captivity with him, died, and the widow and children were also allowed to return to Siam. Bramahim, finding that Branginoco now held no hostages from him, rebelled. This was quite enough for the king of kings. In October, 1568, another great army swept down upon Odia and completely invested the city. For four months, however, was the siege protracted, and in the meantime the king of Lengzeng (or Laos), with his army of relief, was driven back. At last the city fell through an artifice,† and was given up to plunder. Thus for a second time Branginoco vindicated his dominion over Siam, and he returned to Pegu in triumph in June, 1570.

The next ten years of the reign of King Branginoco over the vast territories stretching from the Shan states in the north to, and including, Siam in the south, were not remarkable for any great military event. There was an expedition from Ava against Mogoung in 1576, when the Shan chief was given up, and exposed in fetters of gold at one of the gates of the city. But shortly

* Bowring, in his "Siam," gives the reported number at 900,000.

† It appears (Phayre) that a Siamese noble of high rank, who was in Branginoco's army, pretended to desert to Bramahim, and appeared before him in Odia with chains on his legs. The beleaguered king received him with joy, and gave him a high command—which, of course, he took advantage of.

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after this, Branginoco—now at the zenith of his power, and having as his capital one of the most magnificent cities of the East*—received from Ceylon the holy tooth of Gaudama Buddha, a relic held in the highest veneration.† This so gratified his religious aspirations, that he is said to have rewarded the king of Colombo with such munificence as to promptly receive the offer of another tooth of Gaudama from the king of Kandy! Some desultory fighting took place in Zimmè, conducted by another of Branginoco's sons, but nothing of importance occurred till the end of 1579. The king of kings, finding that Arakan on the west was the only country left unconquered by him of the many that had acknowledged Burmese supremacy, determined to invade it. A great fleet was at once equipped and set forth, and it actually succeeded in beating off the Portuguese, who considered themselves invulnerable at sea, and who for some reason had quarrelled with Pegu. The force landed and lay for over a year at Sandoway, probably awaiting their great leader. But in November, 1581, the expedition, which had every promise of success, was suddenly brought to an end by the death of Branginoco. Thus, after a reign of thirty years, departed the greatest figure perhaps in the Burmese chronicles; one who excelled his brilliant predecessor in conquest, and who firmly established the Burmese dynasty over a region extending from over the mountains to the sea.

* Cæsar Frederick, a Venetian trader, who reached Pegu by an overland route, 1567-9, gives a description of the city with its twenty gates, which may be found in Purchas, book v. It is added that the reigning monarch had sway over twenty-six princes, and could bring into the field a million and a half of men. Ralph Fitch, the first Englishman to visit Pegu, arrived about 1583.

† Faria y Sousa says that the king of Pegu sent for a daughter of the king of Colombo, in the sacred island of Ceylon, as the astrologers had told him he was to marry her. That potentate not having a child, the daughter of the chamberlain was palmed off as the princess, with a fictitious holy tooth as dowry, the real relic from Jaffna having been burnt by the Portuguese at Goa. The bride was received in a boat "manned" by Burmese amazons.

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GOVERNMENT BY AMATEURS.

(A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.)

BY CASSANDRA.

THE Honourable Sir Jabez Dulster was the type of a successful man; he had worked his way up from the people and ended his days as a wealthy, eminent, and highly-respected public servant. It may prove instructive concisely to record his remarkable career.

Sir Jabez was a native of a small provincial town in the west of England; he was the son of the Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Dulster, an eminent Nonconformist divine of a small, but ardent sect, which made up in fervour what it lacked in numbers. The family was new in that part of the country, and nobody could tell precisely where they came from; they themselves were never weary of asserting that they were of an old Norman stock that had for many generations ruled and flourished in Ireland, as the old spelling of their name D'Ulster clearly proved; but malignant tongues, especially those of other creeds, asserted, not without emphasis, that the name had formerly been spelt Dullster, and that this elided "l," if replaced, might lead to another theory, possibly less flattering, but probably more consonant with truth than the theory propounded by the family themselves. We need not settle this moot point; the doctor was, beyond all cavil, a very popular man with his congregation; his sermons were as savoury as they were racy, and as orthodox as they were fearless and unyielding. His quips and witty home-thrusts, uttered with a deep, husky voice from the pulpit, are remembered and quoted with effect to this very day. With his congregation his influence was paramount, and their services and purses were at his disposal; nor was he slow to avail himself of his power. His Dorcas Society, his Sunday school, his Home Mission, and other benevolent institutions throve to his heart's content; all the threads of administration he held in his own hands, but every administrator found in him a sympathising listener and a shrewd helper: only one condition was attached to the bestowal of his sympathy and support—the applicant had to be a member of his church, at least of his congregation. Yet the doctor was also wise in his generation; he knew how to advance the interests of his children,

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and albeit he did not pay undue heed to the Mammon of unrighteousness, yet he averred that his small savings were righteously earned in the service of the Lord, and did not fall under that denunciation. And so at his death he left, to everybody's surprise, a compact little fortune, safely and skilfully invested, which, being divided amongst his three children, was amply sufficient to give buoyancy to the prospects of each of them.

Sir Jabez himself was a man of modest talents and still more modest attainments; but from early childhood he possessed the rare and valuable, nay, invaluable, gift of *savoir faire*. At school little Jabez was always near the bottom of his class; he was as great a duffer at both cricket and football as at lessons; all his gifts were of a negative kind, and yet he was treated deferentially by his teachers, and was respected even by his schoolfellows.

The secret of his success has never yet been divulged. He avoided scrapes with consummate skill, and with still greater skill he got out of any into which he had unwittingly been betrayed. How different from that clever scapegrace William Weller! William never studied, never pleased his teachers, and yet was always at the top of his classes. Nothing ever went amiss at any time in the school, but William was at the bottom of it. Of course he got into scrapes innumerable, but he never wriggled out of them, and never curried favour with either masters or schoolfellows. William became learned, gained a hotly-contested open scholarship at Oxford, earned distinctions many and great, and remained a Ne'er-do-weel to the end of the chapter.

Dr. Ebenezer, the shrewd man of business, soon saw that his firstborn, Jabez, would never be a shining light in the tabernacle, and so, without much repining, he apprenticed him at the age of twelve to a member of his church, a pious, God-fearing shoemaker. "A good shoemaker, too, can serve the Lord," said the doctor most justly; "and," he added shrewdly, "he can, if he please, make the best of both worlds."

Jabez accepted his father's decision without a murmur. During the week he worked manfully at his trade, and on Sundays he was first the most attentive of Sunday scholars, and subsequently the most zealous of the Sunday school teachers.

His influence quickly made itself felt, and when at the age of nineteen he was out of his articles, he was actually elected chairman of the local Sunday School Union. It must be owned he began life at the bottom rung of the social ladder; for five years he worked at his trade as a simple journeyman, and then he set up as a master in a small way in a small provincial town with small prospects of a rise.

Fortune favours the bold; but was he bold? Far from it, and yet she favoured him too. Amongst his colleagues in the

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Sunday school was a venerable old man, a prosperous leather merchant, who gave him the needful credit and support, and at his death bequeathed his business to him. Mr. Jabez Dulster wisely followed the lines of his predecessor; being without initiative, he never attempted new paths, but he throve on the old lines. At last his father died, lamented by his congregation as an irreparable loss, and the reader may trace on his monument in the cemetery, erected by the congregation, the record of his holiness and a complete schedule of his many virtues.

Mr. Jabez's portion of the inheritance amounted to the respectable sum of nearly five thousand pounds, and now he was at a bound one of the notable men of the town. Quickly he rose from dignity to dignity, and at the early age of thirty-six he was a prosperous leather merchant and mayor of his native town.

Fortune, still smiling, led royalty through the town, and now Jabez Dulster, Esq., encountered his first serious difficulty: he had to make a speech, an address of welcome expressive of the loyalty, the joy, and the other becoming emotions of his fellow-townsmen. What was to be done? This was a duty that could not be shirked, an opportunity that must not be missed, for what might not a judiciously managed interview with royalty draw into his net? He bethought himself of his hitherto neglected schoolfellow, Mr. William Weller, now a briefless London barrister, who had married for love, and was father of a growing family. A journey to town, an interview with the needy barrister, a few kind words, and a couple of guineas, and the difficulty was a thing of the past. Two days after his return home the post brought him a very appropriate speech, composed by Mr. Weller. Some are born talented, some achieve talent, but some can appropriate other people's talents. To the latter category of men it was that Mr. Jabez belonged.

The momentous day at last arrived, and with it a brilliant success for the town and a greater success still for its indefatigable mayor. Under the triumphal arch the royal carriage was stopped, the acclamations were hushed, and the mayor's daughter, a charming damsel of thirteen, handed a nosegay to the princess, which was graciously received. The mayor's well-conned speech, delivered with unctuous dignity, gave great satisfaction to the royal couple, was printed *in extenso* in all the country papers, and had even a short laudatory paragraph devoted to it in the *Times*. Within less than a month Mr. Jabez Dulster crept out of his cocoon a blazing Sir Jabez Dulster, Knt.

He bore his new-fledged honours very meekly. He remained affable to all, and did not drop a single one of his friends or acquaintances. He made no perceptible change in his household, and never failed to declare, in and out of season, that he was well conscious of his own demerits, but that his townsmen and royalty were in him only honouring his principles and his cause.

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But what those principles and that cause were has never been clearly set forth.

About a twelvemonth after the royal visit Parliament was dissolved. A deputation waited upon Sir Jabez, asking him to put up for the town. A new and dazzling prospect opened before his delighted eyes, but he also dreaded the perplexities and the expense. To stump the town and find three to four hundred pounds was no trifle to ask of him. Long and anxious were his cogitations and consultations, but at last he saw his way clear. Once more it was—William Weller, to the rescue! He engaged him as his private secretary for one month, at a salary of £5 a week, with free quarters at his own house. And now there was adopted in Sir Jabez's study a wise division of labour. The secretary wrote out the speeches, and Sir Jabez learnt them by heart. Mr. Weller even wrote out a catechism of questions and answers on all possible and impossible subjects of the day—political, religious, and social—all of which the indefatigable and omnivorous Sir Jabez committed to memory. With an electorate willing to be convinced, he achieved an easy triumph. The election over, Sir Jabez unfolded to his secretary his little plan for raising the wind. Mr. Weller was instructed to drop inuendoes here and there that Sir Jabez found the election expenses a heavier burden than he cared to avow. The inevitable followed; a semi-public meeting was held, a subscription list opened, and a sum of money, contributed by rich and poor in guineas and sixpences, covering more than double the election charges, was subscribed in the room. Not a bad stroke of business; to add M.P. to your name and be between three to four hundred pounds in pocket is a move worthy of a man of genius.

In the House Sir Jabez proved a silent, but, for all that, a very useful member. "My party, right or wrong, my party" was his one maxim, and "Follow my leader" his invariable rule of conduct. Being thus "personally conducted," his vote could always be counted upon. He was, moreover, assiduous in his duties, and his name was never absent from any important division list. The Premier once or twice spoke of him approvingly both in and out of the House, everybody regarded him as a rising man, and honours and emoluments flowed in apace. At foot is a list of some of his appointments* known to the writer.

	Salary per year. £	s.	d.
* A Director of the Arctic and Antarctic Steamship Co.	150	0	0
A Director of the Great British and Irish Coal and Iron Mining Co.	120	0	0
A Director of the London and Timbuctoo Bank, with a fee of £3 3s. for each attendance, yielding about	147	0	0
A Director of the "Superabundance" Fire and Life Assurance Co.	105	0	0
A Director of the Suburban Necropolis Co.	84	0	0
Chairman of the Thames, Tyne, and Clyde Shipbuilding Co. . .	250	0	0
A Manager of the Acrocorinth Building Society, twelve monthly sittings with a guinea fee (for all is fish that comes to net) .	12	12	0

etc., etc.

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In the discharge of these multifarious duties Sir Jabez was assiduous and punctual beyond praise, and he was known "as a very busy man."

He was presented with the freedom of the city and of several public companies. He opened a branch business in London, and was made an alderman, and when his Serene Highness the impecunious Duke of Schenkenquell was received in the city, the duty of delivering an address of welcome devolved on Alderman Sir Jabez Dulster, M.P. Unfortunately Mr. Weller was just then ill from nervous exhaustion, and so Sir Jabez's speech was not a success; his failure, however, was ascribed to a late bereavement, and even raised him in the public estimation.

He was now high up on the social ladder, but fate had a still greater rise in store for him: he actually became a member of the Government, though not of the Cabinet. He was Vice-President of the Army and Navy Tactical and Strategical School Committee, and even his detractors (for he had such) were forced to admit that a more becoming figurehead had never filled and adorned that responsible office. In addition to his handsome official salary, he was allowed a private secretary, with a stipend of £350 a year, and now Sir Jabez showed that he was capable of gratitude and not unmindful of past services. He gave the post to Mr. Weller, who, as a recompense, agreed to go equal shares with his employer.

For Sir Jabez was still a needy man; would he otherwise have sent his eldest son Ebenezer to Cambridge as a sizar? or would he have placed his little Jabez in the Blue-Coat School? A calumny not to be thought of! No, he was poor, and never shrank from publicly avowing it.

At the great exhibition of Adrianople in 18—, Sir Jabez was sent out by Government as the English representative in honour of his country, and the jury appointed him chairman of Class xxxvii. An exhibitor in that class was Mr. Timothy Snipsley, the well-known West End tailor. He authorises the writer to narrate the following incident:—

On one of the mornings when the jury of Class xxxvii. were making their round of visits, the impulsive Ragusan commissioner said to Mr. Snipsley, in the Lingua Franca of those regions: "Mais, dites-moi, mon cher Monsieur Timotee Snéepslee, ce Monsieur Seer Jarbaize Dulstare, qu'est-ce que ce qu'il est? Il ne sait rien, absolument rien, du tout, du tout, pas même un mot de notre langue." Mr. Timothy answered that Sir Jabez was a silent, reticent man, whom Government delighted to honour. "C'est toujours beaucoup," said the Ragusan, shrugging his shoulders, "mais enfin il faut savoir quelque chose." The ignorant foreigner that he was! What need is there to know, so long as you can make believe that you know? So long as you can utilise other people's knowledge? More ravens adorned

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with peacocks' feathers escape detection than ever were brought to condign punishment. Sir Jabez, far from being found out during the six months that the exhibition lasted, came back with an enhanced reputation, and laden with honours and gifts.

Prince Flaskowisky presented him with his portrait set in diamonds, and Duke Narrowitz sent him a flattering letter, with a sword of honour.

Returned to London, he was requested by a deputation, whose spokesman was Mr. Snipsley, to deliver to the tailors' and shoemakers' trades unions an address, giving an account of England's status at the exhibition. Sir Jabez asked time to consider; next day he called on Mr. Snipsley, and, having ordered a new coat, he confessed that he had nothing to say, and inquired if the address was really wanted. Being assured that this was the case, he frankly asked Mr. Snipsley to write out something for him. Good-natured Timothy! He agreed, and sent in to Sir Jabez five pages of closely-written foolscap, giving a minute account and impartial appraisement of the chief exhibits under Class xxxvii.

The whole of this speech was reported verbatim in most of the London papers, with favourable comments and encomiums on Sir Jabez. "What versatility of talent!" said one paper, "what fluency of utterance, what varied attainments, profound and accurate knowledge, combined with so much industry and assiduous activity!" This praise was justified, for don't we know him as a many-sided administrator? Alas, that death should cut short so valuable a life! At the early age of fifty-four, when his prospects were at their brightest, his hopes at their highest, that man worshipped by the masses, and not despised by the classes, was carried off by a ruthless east wind in the early spring of the year. Listen, oh reader, his personal estate was sworn under £60,000! Is not this a life of success? an almost unchequered run of victories? And yet, may we not ask, who is the better for this life? And for what real service has he drawn such ample and brilliant wages? Has he in his several public and semi-public capacities introduced one single improvement, or removed so much as one little abuse? Was he not all along a mere tool in the hands of the permanent officials?

Such are your rulers and administrators, oh ye English! You fondly flatter yourselves that you are self-governed, or, at least, governed by men under your control; for can we not dismiss, say you, any figurehead that is found wanting! But who is it that administers? The figurehead or the officials? The hapless, bewildered head of the department thinks that he is using the officials for his own purpose, and all the while he is as potter's clay in the hands of his cunning, so-called underlings.

The science of government is one thing, but the art of administration is quite another; the former deals in mere abstractions

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and general principles, some wise and some otherwise, but the latter deals in deeds and concrete facts, having immediate and inevitable consequences. Legislation and administration are the twin brothers, the Esau and Jacob of public rule; and this Jacob, too, has known how to dispossess his elder brother, and play all the power and profit into his own cunning hands.

In lieu of God-appointed lawgivers, we get mob-elected lawwrights. And the mob have their reward. Your lawgivers with a mission, your Lycurgus or Moses is apt to be stern and uncompromising; how much pleasanter to deal with the idols made by our own hands! See how plausible, accommodating, and amenable to reason they are! Whither Moses and men of his ilk have led their nations through deserts and toils and sorrows, history has indelibly engraven on her tablets; but whither these guides are leading us, the near future will reveal. *Dii avertant omina!*

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A CENTURY OF IRISH TRAVEL,

BEING NOTES ON THE TOURS OF ARTHUR YOUNG, DE LATOCNAYE, SIR R. COLT HOARE, SIR F. HEAD, ETC.

BY HENRY STUART FAGAN.

THE Irish question is like "the unchanging East." People nowadays always think it needful to write of it in the same commonplaces. To the man (or woman) heartily sick of these eternal repetitions, there is something refreshing in going back and seeing what the shrewd observers of the last century had to say on this hackneyed topic.

You may go back still earlier, and learn from the bad example of Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald du Barri, Henry II.'s chaplain) what a foolish thing it is to stigmatise a whole race on account of the sins of a few. Giraldus talked of the twelfth-century English as the *St. Stephen's Review* and Mr. Froude do of the Irish of the nineteenth. "The Irish race," said the *St. Stephen's Review* last February, "is hopelessly bad. They have not, never have had, and never will have, the essential attributes of a civilised human being. There is not one of them who has any stability of moral principle." And Mr. Froude the other day, at Salcombe, suggested that "the small population of Ireland in mediæval times was an arrangement in the order of Providence, to prevent more of that tribe from being brought up—a tribe which behaves the better the more you hold them down." Giraldus's opinion of the glorious Anglo-Saxon was not a whit more flattering. "Who dares compare," he asks, "the English, the most degraded of all races, with the Welsh? In their own country they are the veriest slaves of the Normans. In ours whom else have we for our herdsmen, cobblers, skinners, cleaners of our dog-kennels, ay, and our sewers, but Englishmen?" And the murder of a Norman here and there in wild parts like the New Forest—a protest, we are nowadays assured, against unbearable oppression—leads him to add, "They are to this day so given to treachery and murder that, even in their Teutonic fatherland, when any one *enormiter delinquere videtur* (is guilty of some crime that seems quite out of the common), he is nicknamed *Untrewe Sax* (a faithless Saxon)." This is about as fair as it is to charge on the people of all Ireland those very localised Kerry

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outrages, the result, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt assures us, of oppression as unbearable as that which maddened the twelfth-century English; and to lay (as so many for election purposes have not been ashamed to do) the exploits of the wickedly mischievous dynamiters at the door of the whole Irish race. No doubt such of the "Saxons" as read Giraldus protested quite as strongly as *United Ireland* has been doing against his injustice in taking a part for the whole. No doubt, too, they denounced the murders of Normans as the most certain way of perpetuating Saxon slavery, just as *United Ireland* has, month after month, in scathing language been denouncing Captain Moonlight, and telling him he is the best friend to coercion and Salisbury, and the worst enemy of Home Rule. The English race of to-day can smile at Giraldus and his hasty generalisations; the Irish race of to-morrow will smile just as serenely at Mr. Froude* and his imitators in the Tory press.

Well, Giraldus went to Ireland with Henry's son John in 1185, and got materials for his "Topographia Hiberniæ." He is always amusing; the handsomeness and tall stature of a people who had plenty to eat delights him, so does their harp-playing, and the free life and familiar intercourse between chiefs and tribesmen. In one point they were, he says, the exact opposites of the Welsh. "A Welshman is of all people the least troubled with jealousy, an Irishman the most so." They were bad churchmen (herein Giraldus ought to have sympathised with them; for though he was thrice appointed bishop of St. David's, there was so much against him that he never dared to ask the Pope for institution). The "badness" of the Irish consisted chiefly in not paying Peter's pence, and in wedding within the proscribed degrees. The Irish married their deceased wives' sisters, and in other ways (marriage of cousins, etc.) broke the Church's rule. Their aim in marriage was that which Cæsar assigns to the old Gauls—to strengthen the clan; if, then, the wife died, why give back the cattle and *prestige* that had come with her, when her sister or her first cousin was there to hand? Giraldus, however, belongs to a bygone day; I only quoted him to show how dangerous are these sweeping charges against whole nations. After the '45 the Highlandman was for a long time in no good

* When I read Mr. Froude's election address at Salcombe, as given in the *Times* of July 3rd, I at once wrote to ask if it was correctly reported. He replied, "*The report is absurdly inaccurate;* the shorthand writer was unequal to his task," etc. I again wrote, urging on him the plain duty of at once giving this "absurdly inaccurate report" the widest possible contradiction—or correction. He declined to do either; having spoken as he did with the view of "telling the Salcombe people something of what they were to vote about," he allowed the "absurdly inaccurate" printed report to influence the votes of outsiders. And that is how history is made! At a tennis party the other day, a Primrose League dame said to me, "Don't think I'm prejudiced; I've been reading all about Ireland, that I might be in a position to judge for myself." "What books?" "Oh, I've read Froude, and could, I'm sure, pass an examination in him." How much of Mr. Froude's book deserves the epithet which he himself applied to the *Times* report of his address?

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repute through the Lowlands. He was glad to put up with the occupations which, says Giraldus, fell to the lot of the English in Wales, until a happy inspiration led to the forming of Highland regiments, whose combined dash and endurance made the kilt so honourable that the First Gentleman in Europe donned it when he went to hold his court in "Auld Reekie." Nations get over these things; though if you go on giving the proverbial dog a bad name, you will probably end by doing some mischief to his moral character. In this matter of calling bad names Arthur Young is just as cautious as Giraldus is reckless. And another great comfort in reading him is that he does not know anything about "races." He thoroughly belongs to the humanitarian eighteenth century; he believes in man; he never says a word about "the Celt," or hints that "the Irishman" is a being of a different breed, and demands different treatment from the Englishman. Even when he has to find fault, as, for instance, with the enormous charge (three shillings per volume) which a Dublin bookseller makes for receiving subscriptions, he blames him, not as an Irishman, a creature of a lower race, but as a Dublin tradesman, whose way of doing business he contrasts, not with that of "the large-souled Anglo-Saxon," but with that of the brisker Londoner. He sees as clearly as Mr. Gladstone does just now that Ireland, which ought to be England's strength, is her weakness. He would have France with her army, and England with her navy, allied against "the new devils" (as Lord Chesterfield called them) who were stirring in Eastern Europe; and to this end he would have Ireland rich and well cultivated, that so she may be in a position to help the larger island. In his day, as now, the number of English people who cared to really understand the Irish question was very small. Ten absentees only does he name; among them Lord Shelburne, Burke, Samuel Whitbread, and Lord Kenmare, as having responded to his call for introductions to land-agents; "indeed, too many of the possessors of great Irish estates wish to know nothing beyond the remittance of their rent." In Dublin, however, he got plenty of information from Lord Charlemont, Lord Altamont, the Blennerhassets, the Jepsons, and others whose names fill more than three columns; and what delighted him most was "the uncommon, but polite hospitality of the nation, united with an eagerness to do whatever had the most distant appearance of being serviceable to their country." Thus aided and accredited, the squire of Bradfield Hall, Suffolk, author of "Political Arithmetic," went from landlord to landlord, and from agent to agent, throughout the length and breadth of the island. He does not wholly neglect the picturesque. At Westport he casually says, "Lord Altamont's house is very beautifully situated." At Curraghmore he is roused to a brief enthusiasm by "a deer-park wood of old oaks, spread over the side of a bold hill, and of such an extent that the scene is

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truly a forest one, and very few prospects that I have anywhere seen are finer." Of the glen of the Downs in Wicklow he says, "The scenery is of a most magnificent character; and near Tinehinch you come to a delicious view—on the right a small vale opening to the sea, bounded by mountains whose dark shade forms a perfect contrast to the extreme beauty and lovely verdure of the lower scene. . . . Powerscourt presently comes in view from the edge of a declivity, and appears to be in the most beautiful situation in the world." He is greatly struck with the Powerscourt waterfall, "where the ridges of mountain, closing, form one great amphitheatre of wood, which, with the water bursting from a rock many hundred feet above, forms a scene singularly beautiful." Every visitor to Dublin knows the Dargle; every one, having seen it, is ready to confess that no other European capital has such a delightful bit of wilderness so near to it.

"Upon the whole," says Young, "the Dargle is a very singular place, different from all I have seen in England, and I think preferable to most." One wonders what he had seen in England. Charnwood Forest contains many a "sylvan solitude," as the men of Young's day phrased it. Then there are the skirts of Dartmoor, different in their lovely wildness from the dull bare mass of peat and tors which they surround. There is Dulverton and the glens round Dunkerry beacon. There are choice bits on the Bodmin moors, where King Arthur hunted when he lived at Tintagel. There is a strange little miniature Cheddar gap, called "Vallis," near Frome; and then there is all Derbyshire, and the Yorkshire moorlands, and the English lakes (which he knew, for he compares them with Killarney), and the border (so little known even now; how can any one care for the Norfolk Broads, with their scent of rotting weed, who has not traced the Roman wall?). One wonders how much of all this Young had not seen that he should prefer the Dargle to "most places in England." It is very unlike most English scenery, this narrow glen, choked with granite boulders, and yet so full of shrubs and trees that, as Young says, "you are almost enclosed in wood." "Add to this a horrid precipice, with pointed bleak mountains in view." I should like to quote all Young's description, for it is racy of the time when (thanks, they say, to Rousseau in France and Cowper in England) people were beginning to admire wild scenery, but still admired it rather in fear and trembling. Sensible, as usual, he is so pleased that "no contradictory emotions are raised—no ill-judged *temples* appear to enliven the scene. Every object excluded but rock, and wood, and water, all retired and gloomy, and a brown horror breathing over the whole. It is a spot for melancholy to muse in," and also (the visitor nowadays has to confess) for picknickers to disport themselves in, making a good deal of it the reverse of retired, and showing that the Dublin 'Arry is just as careless as

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his English brother about his sandwich papers, and his corks, and his empty bottles. Temples, Young does not wholly put under a ban; at Castle Caldwell, "where there is little of the sublime, but the very range of beauty, gaiety, and pleasure; and where the parts are of extreme varieties, yet in perfect unison with each other," he much approves of an octagon temple, "which at the end of a wood has an admirable effect." Of course he has most to say about "the glories of Killarney—the wildest and most romantic country I had anywhere seen; magnificently wild, stupendous, impressing the mind with a certain species of terror; tremendous mountains of an aspect savage and dreadful; the lake soft and mild, a perfect contrast of beauty to the sublimity of the mountains which form the shore." One thinks of the Suffolk squire as the father of all guide-book makers, till one remembers that a century ago the love of scenery was a rare novelty, and Ruskinese an unborn tongue, and guide-book style was the only speech understood even by the educated. But even amid the finest scenery Young never forgets "business." At Killarney the patches of grass far up among the ridges of rock "prove that these mountains are not incapable of being applied to useful purposes;" and "the want of accommodation and the extravagant expense, miserable inns, and lodgings little better," struck him as fatal to the place's prosperity. "With a good hotel on the lake shore, with good rooms, and a large rendezvous room, an ordinary, billiards, boats, fishing-nets, and all the accommodations one would find at an English spa, and, above all, the prices of everything hung up in every part of the house, visitors would not fly away at the first moment to avoid dirt and imposition; and a man with some capital and some ingenuity might make a fortune by fixing here upon such principles." Since those days a good many men have deserved to make their fortune in the hotel-line at Killarney. The hotels leave nothing to be desired, and it is the same in many other places. Even *Punch* some time ago testified to the thorough comfort of the Glengariff inn. Wild little Letterfrack (see Thackeray, or rather "Michael Angelo Titmarsh") now boasts a very well-appointed hostel; at Kenmare the hotel has always been so good that one has wondered how it could be kept up.* I know dozens of excellent hotels in Ireland; but I used to know a few very indifferent ones. If genius means "a boundless faculty for taking pains," then genius was for some time in abeyance among one class of Irish innkeepers. It is much the same, with far less excuse, in many parts of England. I have found Yorkshire, ay, and Devon village inns, just as rough as the roughest in Ireland, the roughness being unredeemed by that manifest wish to make

* Those interested in small Irish industries should write to D. Mahony, Kenmare Hotel, for samples of home-spun tweed.

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you comfortable, which is pleasing, even when it fails. The fact is, much of the blame lavished upon Irish inns is most unfair. In England a man who goes off the regular route, forsaking the commercial or family hotels, and putting up at village "publics," does not expect much. The same man, going abroad, looks for certain comforts, and if any place on the main line falls far below the average he "writes to the *Times*." Ireland he treats as he does foreign countries, forgetting that Ireland has very few main tourist lines; and therefore he is annoyed if, on the Killeries, things are not as nicely managed as on the Lake of Thun. I hope we may never come in Ireland to the Scotch or Swiss caravanserai. But I own there is in some places room for improvement; and one of the reasons why I am a Home Ruler is because I trust that, when we are "a nation," we shall grow, not only in self-respect, but in knowledge of cookery and other household arts, and shall make up our minds that in the matter of country inns, as in everything else, we will not be behind any other people in the world. One help will be that, under Home Rule, Irish people will give up the insane system of taking their holiday out of Ireland. You meet a Dublin Government clerk, who has never seen Donegal, planning a month in the Isle of Man, where there are hundreds like him; no wonder the Manx hotels can afford more appliances than those of Bundoran or Gweedore. The Irish friend with whom you're staying has a touch of rheumatism, and will go next month to Buxton, though he hates the sea, and would get at least as much benefit from the waters at Lisdoonvarna in County Clare; and this helps to account for Buxton being "more of a place" than Lisdoonvarna. But I must get back to Arthur Young, whose professed aim was "to teach facts, instead of being, like other writers on agriculture, generally didactic. How best to fatten pigs (and he thinks potatoes, with a little oats at the last, give much firmer pork than "pollard"), how many barrels of wheat are grown per acre, what are the wages, and the rent, and the crops, and who are making improvements and experiments, and how they answer—that is the staple of his book. He grieves over "the vast tracts in a state of nature with fine roads passing through them;" he knew what Coke, Earl of Leicester, and Marquis Townsend, and the other fathers of Norfolk farming had done with much more unpromising land that had not the advantage of good roads passing through it. He finds that rents in Meath average 20*s*. an acre (Irish, I presume), of which 6*s*. go to the inevitable middleman. His ideal of cottage accommodation is not high; for at Summerhill, in Meath, he thinks the cabins with mud walls two feet thick, and well thatched, superior to "the thin clay walls in England. . . . It is true they have not always chimneys, the door serving for that and window too. If their eyes are not affected by the smoke, it may be an advantage in

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warmth. Very few cottars are without a cow, some have two; every cabin swarms with poultry, and most of them have pigs." At Slane a weaver's cabin, with a rood of potato ground and the grass of a cow and no turf (for there they were driven, to Young's great disgust, to burn straw), cost four guineas, surely a rent far higher than Griffiths'. Here is a sentence which gives the key to the whole land difficulty: "Mr. Fortescue's land ten years ago was let at 3*s.* 6*d.*, now it is a guinea, *which great work was done by the tenants*, lime on fallow being the principal means pursued." So that there the premium on improvement was to have your rent increased almost sevenfold. There are in Arthur Young many like texts for Land League sermons; here is one of his many complaints of the unfairness of the system of government. He says that Irish orators at College Green don't speak at all so well as Irishmen in the English House of Commons (his friend Burke among them); and this he attributes to the feeling discouraging to both hearer and speaker, that "the Attorney-General of England, with a dash of his pen, can reverse, alter, or entirely do away with the matured result of all the eloquence and all the abilities of this whole assembly." This feeling of pupillage, this not being thrown on their responsibility, affects, he thinks, the Dublin people in other things besides eloquence, accounting for the narrowness and ill-kept state of most of the streets, "which, along with the dirt and wretchedness of the *canaille*, makes walking a most uneasy and disgusting exercise." De Latocnaye, too, notices the shameful state of the Irish towns, especially of Cork. He attributes it, however, not to the want of legislative independence, but to the penal laws, which, by cutting off the Catholics from almost every profitable industry, and taking the heart out of them generally, had thrown trade and wealth almost exclusively into the hands of Protestants—*i.e.*, mostly foreigners. Thus Cork struck him as one of the most money-making places he had ever seen; but the money-makers were nearly all Scotch, who, to their shame (De Latocnaye is very bitter against them), made fortunes in at most a score of years, and then went off, leaving the place that had enriched them more like a pigstye than a civilised town. De Latocnaye notes all over Ireland a want of enterprise—so much land which he thinks might easily, in all those shallow loughs, be reclaimed from the sea; so much more which, now covered with lakes, could easily be made to grow crops; and again and again he points out the absurdity of charging the backwardness of the country on the so-called laziness of the peasantry. "They've no inducement to work, wages being down to 6*d.* a day for an able-bodied man, and nothing when he's ill. In England they work hard enough. Give them employment at home;" and this, he hints, may now be done, "seeing that the country is waking out of its seven hundred years' sleep" (he wrote not so long after Grattan's Parliament). Young shows by figures that the

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money which ought to go in improvements is taken out of the country; the absentee rent he gives at £732,200 a year, a vast sum for that time; and yet his list, he avows, is far from complete. Absenteeism was accountable for what he calls the deplorable custom of letting all the cabins with the land. A careful resident landlord would keep the labourers' cottages in his own hands; a non-resident looked only to get the highest rent, and the man who offered it sought to recoup himself by re-letting the cabin lands at an extravagant price, "valuing the labourer's wage at 4*d.* or 6*d.* a day, and paying it in land rated much above its value." This system was general, but was at its worst in Kerry, notably in the district just lately made infamous by eviction outrages. "Here the poor are depressed; their circumstances are infinitely worse than they were twenty years ago; for now very few keep cows (which all had then), scarce any pigs, but a few poultry." And yet the rise in rent had been immense. "The Earl of Kerry's grandfather agreed to lease all the Lixnaw lands for ever for £1500 a year, but the bargain fell through. The same property now lets for £20,000." Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who has lately been tracing these outrages to their cause,—the stubborn refusal of some landowners to make reductions which wise men like Lord Listowel feel to be just,—ought to have read this before he began his journey. Indeed, few books would "pay" the serious tourist better than Arthur Young. When, for instance, you go to Blarney, and see not only the castle and the too-famous stone, but the mills in which the Brothers Mahony make the finest black serges and tweeds in the United Kingdom, it is interesting to study Young's account of Mr. Jefferys' industrial town, with mills for all kinds of cloth, for leather dressing, for bolting, for tape, paper, etc.; all of which, with the town hall, in which a hundred pounds' worth of knitted stockings used to be sold every market day, have gone as completely as the old glories of the M'Carthys. Mr. Jefferys' improvements paid, as similar work will pay so soon as Home Rule has restored confidence and loosed the people's purse-strings. Twenty acres, which before brought him in 10*s.*, Young found let for nearly £7 the acre. Other land had quadrupled in value; house rents, too, had so increased that on the whole Young calculated Mr. Jefferys' net profit on his expenditure as fully seven per cent. Mr. Jefferys was only one of many improving landlords, whose usefulness makes Young all the more bitter against the absentees and the detrimentals. Along the Donegal coast, men like Mr. Nesbit, of Kilmacredan (who, in 1759, invented the gun-harpoon), Mr. Montgomery, at Inver, etc., were making large profits out of the fisheries; but they were handicapped by what Young calls "*one of the undoubted oppressions on the trade of Ireland*—viz., that, while the Scotch have a bounty per barrel of herrings on exportation, which they draw on sending them to Ireland, whereby they

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are enabled, with the help of a higher bounty on their vessels, to undersell the Irish in their own market, *the Irish merchant is precluded from exporting either to Scotland or England.*" What would Young have said to the "oppression" wherewith Irish fisheries have been treated since 1800? In 1819 it was decided to carry out the Union by extending to Ireland the system of bounties and other encouragements which was in operation in England and Scotland, whereby, in fact, the Scotch and English fisheries had been consolidated. There was an immense amount of mismanagement; there almost always is in English governmental arrangements for Ireland. Out of a total expenditure of £163,400 over £68,000 went in salaries! Yet from 1819 to 1830 was the prosperous time of Irish post-Union fishing. By 1819 the Union had nearly ruined what Young found one of the most flourishing branches of industry. Only twenty-seven vessels, carrying 188 men, claimed bounty; in 1829 the fisheries had so improved, that bounty was paid to 12,611, whose crews amounted to 63,421. In 1830 bounties were discontinued all round, Scotland having received £1,190,000, Ireland only £330,000. Scotland, moreover, continued to enjoy the funds of the British Fishing Society, and she retained an efficient Fishery Board and staff of officers, who still carry out the branding system, and spend £500 a year in repairing poor men's boats. Ireland, which needed them so much more, was denied these advantages. She was just then fighting for that Catholic Emancipation which had been promised at the Union; and in the excitement of that contest the solid advantages which the Scotch retained were overlooked.

But Young saw very well that there must be something besides landlords' improvements—to wit, good feeling between classes—to make those improvements permanent; and this, he found, did not exist in Ireland. After a long account of food, clothing, wages, etc., he winds up with a chapter on "oppression." "The labouring poor are treated with harshness, and are in all respects so little considered, that their want of importance seems a perfect contrast to their situation in England, of which country, comparatively speaking, they reign the sovereigns. . . . The little country gentlemen, or rather vermin of the kingdom, are a sort of despots who yield obedience in what concerns the Roman Catholic poor to no law but that of their will. . . . A landlord can scarcely invent an order which a servant, labourer, or cottar dares refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but unlimited submission. Knocking down is spoken of in a manner that makes an Englishman stare. . . . The execution of the laws lies very much in the hands of the J.P.'s, many of whom are drawn from the most illiterate class in the kingdom. . . . When manners are in a conspiracy against law, to whom are the oppressed to have recourse? . . . They can have no defence but by means of pro-

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tection from one gentleman against another, who protects his vassals as he would the sheep he intends to eat. *The colours of this picture are not changed*" (vol. ii. p. 29). No, honest Arthur, the Devon Commission found the state of things too little changed; and you were quite right in saying that the cure for Whiteboyism was "not to pass laws calculated for the meridian of Barbary, but for the gentlemen to change their conduct entirely, and then the poor will not long riot. . . . Treat them like men who ought to be as free as yourselves, and put an end to that system of religious persecution which for seventy years has divided the kingdom against itself." He had a presage of '98: "A better treatment of the Irish poor is a very material point to the welfare of the whole British Empire. *Events may happen which will convince us fatally of this truth.* . . . By what policy the Government of England can so long have permitted such an absurd system to be matured in Ireland is beyond the power of plain sense to discover."

Unlike Young, De Latocnaye had no inkling that in less than two years after his visit civil war would be raging in a good part of Leinster; and this is the more remarkable, because disturbances had already broken out in the north. These he thought purely agrarian, except in Armagh. In the religious professions of the Orangemen and their spiritual guides, the Kanes and Hannas of that day, he had not a particle of faith; they coveted the Catholics' lands, and were indignant at changes in the penal laws which enabled those tainted with Popish error to hold leases. Their conduct was a good deal like that of Captain Moonlight and his men. When they wanted to oust a tenant they would send a threatening notice. And this would usually be enough; for the recipient knew that it would be followed up by vigorous action, just as the Catholic workmen who were bidden to leave Mayor Harland's shipyards knew that, if they stay, they would risk being tarred like old Johnstone, even supposing they escaped being hit in the stomach with the mayor's iron rivets. De Latocnaye met scores of families moving painfully towards the Shannon, where landlords like Lord Altamont and Colonel Martin, of Ballynahinch, received them gladly. The Frenchman groans over the loss of many of them by emigration; whereas, if Government would do wholesale what the Connaught landlords were doing a little of, his favourite draining and improvement schemes might be carried out. I wish I could analyse his book as I have done Young's; but it needs and deserves a paper to itself.* His position was a difficult one; a Breton *émigré*, he sympathised strongly with the Roman Catholics; at the same time he was wholly out of touch with the vapouring United Irishmen. Of the peasants, in whose cabins he often slept, he formed a high opinion: "They are, of all the

* I have more thoroughly discussed him elsewhere; but he could not be omitted in even the most general notice of travellers in Ireland.

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Irish, the most fitted to make society flourishing and happy, *if only one could inspire them with an interest in their country.*" This interest, he remarks, has been lost through persistently denying to the masses any education but what their religion forbids them to receive, and through the equally persistent attempts at anglicising them. "They'll improve, if you let them develop after their own fashion, and try to lead them by their prejudices instead of running counter to them" (si l'on cessait une bonne fois de vouloir absolument les Angliser à tout prix, et qu'on sut les mener par les préjugés et les manières qui leur sont propres, on en ferait ce qu'on voudrait). A queer figure he must have made, now claiming hospitality at a beggar's cabin, now spending a week with Colonel Martin or Lord O'Neil. He did most of his journeying on foot, and carried all his baggage in his coat-pockets; yet, by dexterous contrivances, which he gives for the benefit of others, he managed always to come down to dinner in full evening dress. Such a man is well worth reading, though his circumstances made him careful of giving offence. His picture of the soldiery swaggering through Dundalk market, and pulling off any green article of dress that the women have dared to appear in, is suggestive; so is his account of the "Ancient Britons fencibles, who, thinking that the Irish were half savages and wholly rebels, behaved as though they were in an enemy's country, and made themselves very formidable to the inhabitants;" while his remark that "*the law was only carried out in the one article of preventing the Catholics from bearing arms,*" shows a state of society which was sure to breed heroes like the present Grand Masters of Orange Lodges, and rank and file like these Belfast rioters.* De Latocnaye does not, like Young (in his "Tour in France"), dilate on "the magic of property," but, like him, he traces much of the backwardness of Ireland to the disregard and oppression of the poor. Their condition seemed deplorable, even to a Frenchman, accustomed to the not very thriving state of his own pre-Revolution peasantry. Not that he thinks the people faultless; he would pass a "Whisky Act," the "Gin Act" having done so much good in England by substituting wholesome malt and hops for brutalising spirits. But he is sure the grand requisite is to draw the people together, so that all, whatever their religion, may come to look on themselves as a "partie intégrante du même peuple, et qu'ils cessent de se considérer les uns comme conquérants et les autres comme vaincus." "This feeling," he says, "has prompted the landowners to screw out the last penny in rent without regard to the poverty of the tenant, and to take no pains to improve property of which they fancied their tenure was uncertain." On things in

* "When the lower people are armed, *and feel that they have the sympathy and support of the authorities,*" he adds, "there is sure to be a good deal of wild work." He might have been writing in 1886 instead of 1796.

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general, De Latocnaye is full of shrewd and amusing remarks: he notes the greed of the Galwegians (one thinks of Livy's *auri gens cupidissima*); he thinks that in Ireland the uglier the country the prettier are the women—witness Galway itself and Connemara; he sees that the reverence for holy wells belongs to an earlier creed, which has been grafted on to Christianity, and which the priest tries in vain to prune down. Altogether, a great deal may be learned from his book. For one thing, it is an interesting specimen of Dublin printing in 1797. The Graisberrys did their work well: "J'ai fort à me louer de l'attention de mes imprimeurs," says the author; and, in his English preface, he remarks, "They knew no French, and yet the errors of press are far fewer than in the book that I printed in Scotland." Of Irish hospitality it is no wonder that he speaks in the highest terms; during a nine months' tour he was only six times in an inn.

Sir R. Colt Hoare, well known for his work on Wiltshire barrows, published his "Tour in Ireland" in 1806. "The Continent was closed by the ferocious decrees of a Corsican despot," or he would not have visited an island of which he had heard that "the inhabitants are savage and the paths dangerous." In spite of the Union, he had, on landing, "to submit to the exactions of twelve different officers of the customs"! It almost seems as if the old army of placemen, instead of being pensioned off, must have been allowed to prey on likely-looking strangers. However, he pushed on, aiming chiefly at antiquities, and (though he overlooked Glendalough, with its seven churches) he saw several seldom-noticed places. He was chiefly struck with Kilmallock, which he magniloquently calls "the Baalbec of Ireland, looking like a town suddenly deserted." With Adair, too, he was greatly delighted, and styles its noble owner "a great proprietor of ruins;" but, inasmuch as he was looking for ruins, and not for scenery, and since, except Muckross Abbey, Irish ruins are generally in ugly country, he missed most of the picturesque parts, and characterises the scenery as "most uniformly uninteresting." However, he does see Killarney, and advises everybody to do the same: "the collected beauties of this favoured spot are so great, so varied, and so superior to anything I have yet seen, either in Italy, Switzerland, or England, that they can neither be delineated nor described."

Sir F. Bond Head, author of "A Faggot of French Sticks," and many other more or less lively works, says, "At the fag end of this summer (1852), among a motley crowd of tourists, by the irresistible power of steam, I was injected into the island of Ireland, which I had never before seen. For a week, almost without winking, I looked it steadily in the face. For a similar period, immured by myself, I was poring over data which I deemed it necessary to obtain." A fortnight, then, seemed to his ineffable

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self-conceit sufficient for comprehending that Irish difficulty which has puzzled every thoughtful statesman from the Jacobean Sir John Davis down to Mr. Gladstone. I may describe Sir F. Head's as the "Albert Smith" style, which has also been adopted by *Punch*. The fun of writing "yere Ann'r," "kushuns," "gort" (got), "harspital," etc., I never could understand; Sir F. Head must have found it very amusing, for he gives us page after page of it. The backbone of his book (so far as it has any) is measureless abuse of the Catholic priesthood; their speeches, their tactics, evidence about them collected by himself, fill up his "second part," and evidently form the data which he gathered while "immured." Not caring to rake up the cesspools of bigotry, I shall not quote a word of all this. His final chapter, "What is to be done?" would delight Lord Salisbury. He would "fling away all the vain attempts at conciliation which have brought discredit both on Whigs and Tories, and would resolve to act with firmness, justice, and impartiality, seizing the priesthood by the throat whenever they dare to disturb the peace of the country. . . . Such conduct will be approved of, not only by the well-educated, but by the poorer classes of Roman Catholics, whose perception of justice is proverbially acute, clear, and distinct." He winds up with an eulogium (fulsome enough to have earned him three pensions) on Lord Eglinton and his "gubernatorial abilities of high caste, his natural dignity of demeanour, etc.;" but neither bigotry nor adulation can quite extinguish his human nature. He is alive to the beauty of Irish children; he pities the evicted, from whom, on Lord Lucan's estate, he gets kind words and such shelter as a temporary lean-to would afford. He is rather disgusted at finding the Union workhouses chokeful of able-bodied evictees, and at hearing that in towns like Castlebar the shopkeepers have had to shut up because their customers were "improved off." *Per contra*, Lord Lucan had imported a Scotch steward, a Scotch engineer to work his 12-horse-power steam-engine, three Scotch bailiffs, and a Cheshire man and woman, with a staff of "plump, rosy-faced Cheshire dairy-maids, neatly dressed, and actually wearing shoes and stockings." It seems a great joke to Sir F. Head to say that these "young persons looked as if they had been created on purpose to turn milk into Cheshire cheeses." No doubt Lord Lucan will be held by some to have deserved well of what I decline to call his country; but I think that the crowded Castlebar workhouse, and the empty shops, and the emigrants gone off with hatred in their hearts, outweigh in the balance of real national prosperity the Cheshire cheeses, and the Scotch bailiffs' "improvements," and the excellent drill and neat appointments of the thirty constables told off for their protection. In Young's day the non-improving landlord chiefly confined himself to negative dealing; he neglected his tenant, or else treated him like a brute beast; but he did not turn him off.

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Since the Famine and that most disastrous measure, the Encumbered Estates' Act, it has "paid" to evict, and so eviction has become general.

Enough of Sir F. Head. I don't think it can profit anybody to read a man who can spend half a page in describing a beggar's trowsers—"looking, without exaggeration, as if they had been filled with rats, and gnawed through by Skye-terriers anxious to get at the vermin." Poor man, he had only been a fortnight in Ireland; but Mr. Murray knew that those four hundred pages would "pay," and so the wretched book got published. Thackeray's little tour is amusing, and that is all. "Peg of Limavady" may suit some people's tastes, but I prefer not to study anything Irish through the eyes of him who wrote the atrociously unfair "Barry Lyndon, Esquire, of the Kingdom of Ireland;" and who, having been received by Lever with exuberant hospitality, showed himself a bigger snob than any of those in his book, by the way in which he wrote and spoke about his host. One Irish tourist behaved even worse—Carlyle; but then he had the excuse of a fit of dyspepsia more grievous even than what usually afflicted him.

Mr. Froude may fairly be classed among the others whose names are at the head of our paper. After travelling about, and living some time in Kerry, he wrote his famous "English in Ireland," in which he certainly does not spare his countrymen. The English Government in Ireland has, on his showing, been perhaps the worst that one European nation ever inflicted on another. It has been a succession of mistakes; and the men through whom it was carried on have been no credit to the country which employed them. Primates like Boulter and Stone, "the beauty of holiness," were at once a disgrace to the Church, and also to the Government in which they took a foremost part. One thinks of Swift's complaint that England always appointed excellent persons, chosen with great care, to Irish bishoprics; but somehow, in going over Hounslow Heath, they were invariably seized by highwaymen, who made them change clothes, and, carrying off their papers, stepped into their sees, where (to the astonishment of the Prime Minister and of every one not in the secret) they behaved after their kind—as highwaymen, and not as bishops. Of the successive generations of English officials, high and low, Mr. Froude speaks so slightingly that his words might well be taken as a text by the most thoroughgoing Nationalist. But then follows the extraordinary inference that this official recreancy, this corruption and infamy in high places, this disgraceful imbecility or yet more mischievous wrongheadedness, is due to something in the Irish air and Irish surroundings. Mr. Froude improves upon Dean Swift. The officials, whether bishops or laymen, are worthy men till they have crossed the Channel. As soon as they

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are settled in Dublin they become (as the Norman settlers of old were said to do) "more Irish than the Irish," tainted with Irish views, given up to Irish ways; and of Irish views and Irish ways Mr. Froude has a very poor opinion. To live in that unhappy island brings about, he thinks, "a paralysis of all manliness." Herein is the sting of his book. In his "History of England" he had displayed the horrors of Tudor government in Ireland, the miserable screw-penny policy of the glorious Queen Bess, who broke her generals' hearts, and forced her soldiers to subsist at free quarters, so that O'Neil's country became the refuge for such of the "Pale" farmers as wished to reap their own crops. He had shown, with the force and clearness of truth, the awful misery of the desolation of Munster, and the equally cruel conquest of the Wicklow clans, when English officers would take out their men for "a little birding," and shoot women and children in some village of O'Byrnes with as little compunction as if they were pigeons at Hurlingham. But, when he came to treat at large of the later relations between the two countries, he somehow managed to lay all the blame on "those Irish." It is the most curiously topsy-turvy reasoning that one has ever known an educated man indulge in. But Mr. Froude has Ireland on the brain; he can't talk of the Maoris (in that "Oceana" which is bringing on him such a storm of indignation from colonials) without likening their huts to Connemara cabins, and themselves to the inhabitants of the said cabins. How delighted he would be, could he add that, like the Maoris, the Connemara folks will soon be nothing but a name. In his latest utterance (see *Times* of July 3rd) he stigmatises "the Irish down to Henry VIII.'s time as nothing better than a set of savages." This he said to teach the rural voters in the Devon South Hams how to use their franchise in the interests of union! Mr. Froude is a problem, a puzzle to historians—suffering from colour-blindness. Like one of Eugene Sue's characters, he cries, "J'y vois rouge," whenever Ireland is the topic. The Froude baitings in the *Saturday Review* used to be immense fun, though the *Saturday Review* generally confined itself to English ground. Read his "English in Ireland," and you'll be driven to the very opposite conclusion to that which he adopts—viz., that English misrule is answerable for everything that is now a "difficulty," even to the existence of that Irish nationality, which will, as Lord Spencer said, have to be reckoned with. Better not read the book, say I; it will only stir up angry feelings.

Mrs. Houstoun's book, "Twenty Years in the Wild West," proves that, just as Mr. Froude was, with his peculiar temperament, the very worst man to write about Ireland, so she was the very worst person to live there. You go to County Galway, you turn sheep-farmer, and man your farm with Scotch bigots (p. 203), for whose behoof you set up an Irish Church Mission

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school; and then you are indignant because you are misunderstood, and because Archbishop MacHale objects to the native children attending where their religion—the religion to which they have clung when everything else was wrested from them, the religion which solaced and supported them through the penal days—is looked on as gross idolatry. What can these English be thinking of? What utter Philistinism, passing even Mr. Matthew Arnold's power to conceive, it is to fancy that, having held their faith so long, they will be converted because the wife of a gentleman farmer finds it convenient to pitch her tent among them. "*Bore me no love*," indeed! Was it likely, Mrs. Houstoun, when your spirit is shown by your taking credit to yourself for having called the Archbishop "'Your Grace,' though he did speak with a brogue (!), and was not *quite* the cleanest man with whom I had ever come in contact" (p. 198)? Fancy a man, speaking with what Mrs. Houstoun is pleased to call a brogue, weakening his right to what she admits is his "legitimate clerical rank." Fancy an Irish lady *publishing* her opinion on the state of an English bishop's linen after a long car-drive across the mountains on a blazing August day! If a Russian or a Turk were to come to my Norfolk village, and behave as many English people think they have a right to do in the "sister island," I'll answer for it, they'd get such a boycotting as Ireland has not yet seen. I'm ashamed at the whining after sympathy in those afflicted with such utter want of insight as books of this kind display. There is the same want of insight in "Letters from Donegal." The "lady Felon" is fond of calling the Government "hysterical;" but she almost goes into hysterics herself because the Americans, very properly, and after full warning (though, she says, "in consequence of a deeply-organised League plot") refused to receive some shiploads of wretched, Irish-speaking creatures whom the Galway unions had thrust across the Atlantic. She, like Sir F. Head, is a priest-hater; thinks Home Rule means Rome Rule, and doesn't mind hearing "To hell with the Pope!" because it shows that those who use it "are protesting against the one-man system"! She probably was born since the Famine, and therefore does not remember, as I do, how ship after ship went down—all drowned, captain and crew saved; enough to account for the story she gives about Lord Palmerston's emigrants.

But enough; my writers on Ireland don't improve as we get along. It is always hard to find an impartial historian; it is hardest of all to find impartiality when Ireland is the topic. I want Ireland to become a touring ground; I want many Londoners, now so wofully ignorant, to go and see for themselves. But I want them to hear all sides, not to listen to this hospitable friend or to that; in short, to imitate Young and De Latocnaye, or, in more modern times, Lord Sydney Godolphin

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Osborne (the *Times* "S. G. O."), whose "Gleanings in Ireland" should be studied by all who would understand the genesis of Fenians, Invincibles, Dynamiters, and such like, instead of imitating Sir F. Head and Mr. Froude.*

* Besides Irish authors such as Barry O'Brien ("Fifty Years of *Concessions* to Ireland") and O'Neill Daunt, let them put into their travelling-bag "A Short History of Ireland," by C. P. Deane (Elliot Stock). The author is, to me, absolutely unknown, but he must allow me to heartily thank him for "*writing as an Englishman, yet doing his best to avoid partisanship;*" he has succeeded.

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A LOVER'S APPEAL.

J. C. HENDERSON.

WATCH with me, Darling, yet a little while,
Till fades the crimson splendour from those clouds,
Touched by the pallid fingers of the night;
Till tremulously the first faint evening star
Lights her wan lamp above the purple weeds
That climb with serried ranks the mountain side,—
Like some vast host advancing to besiege
Yon rocky fortress towering to the sky.

See, Dearest, where the river winding flows—
Along whose banks the lissom willows bend—
The steaming mist that, rising slowly now,
Submerging all beneath its filmy waves,
Spreads like a magic lake o'er the wide plain.

Oh! linger yet beneath these sombre trees,
That cast weird shadows on the dewy grass,
And listen to the vespers of the wood,
The thrush's liquid note that rises clear
Above the myriad voices of the birds,
Singing their evensong of love and peace;
As in cathedral vast, some chorister,
In anthem soaring high above the rest,
Brings heaven to earth, and moves the heart to tears.

Hark to the music of the swaying pines,
In whose tall branches nature's organist,
The passionate, plaintive wind, with master touch
Accompanies those choral harmonies
In hurrying fugues, or airs disconsolate.

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Nay, leave me not in darkness here alone;
When thou art gone, the glory all is fled,
And these fair sights and sounds which at thy side
Make of this earth a heaven for thee and me,
Grow pale and drear; with thee my soul awakes
To see rare beauty even in common things,
And hear in earthly sounds a voice Divine;
Without thee nought I see in all around
But lifeless shapes from which the soul has fled;
In vain on my unheeding ear may fall
Nature's sweet voice, thy gentle tones unheard.

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THE WORLD BELOW.

A Novel.

BY E. M. ABDY-WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Mist clogs the sunshine.
Smoky dwarf houses hem me round everywhere.
A vague dejection
Weighs down my soul."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LOVEDAY slept for nearly twenty-four hours after her unceremonious entry into Jessie Moss's room. Several times she moved in her sleep, half opening her eyes, and murmuring, "*O mon père!*" But she did not regain full consciousness till late in the following afternoon, and the long rest probably saved her from a serious illness, for when she was quite aroused she was calm and collected, and, although still weak and weary, was perfectly well in health.

Gradually the recollection of all that had happened returned to her, and great was her distress at the trouble and inconvenience to which she had put the seamstress.

"I know now," she said, "it was the name told to me by the porter. He spoke so kindly, his words must have entered my brain, though not my consciousness, and they must have led me to you. What should I have done, where should I have gone, but for you?"

She told Jessie the whole story of her father's death and of her uncle's cruelty (though she did not call it by that name), and further explained what had brought her to Cable Street. She did not say much of her distress at not finding her mother there. The disappointment was too crushing to be spoken of. But she asked Jessie's advice as to what she should now do to find her; and when the girl suggested that she should write to her friends and ask for their assistance, she answered almost bitterly, for her,—

"You do not understand. They are ashamed of me now. If they did not cast me off, they would only be kind against their own wish. I am too proud for that. It is true my best friend would never cast me off, disgrace though I were to her. She

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would hide her feeling of shame for the sake of my dead father, and she would think it was her duty to be good to me always. But that I could not bear. I will never put her to that pain. Rather I will work for my bread."

"You ain't fit for it, miss," said Jessie. "It's an 'ard life for any one, most of all a lady like you."

"I am not a lady," cried Love. "I am a nameless girl. You are better than I, for you at least are your father's lawful child, while I—ah, if he were living now, I should not even have the right to call him 'father!' Oh, I know, I have read of these things. Do not call me "miss;" it pains me. Call me Love, and I will call you Jessie."

"I'm quite agreeable," said Jessie, "though it don't seem quite befitting. But, miss—I mean, Love—ain't you got nowheres to go? You can't never mean to stop 'ere in this poor part. 'Ow ever will you abear it after being used to the country?"

"I cannot go back now. Let me stay with you. I can work. I will help you to sew, and I will earn my living like you."

Jessie pondered a long time over this suggestion. Of course, she could see plainly enough, as any sharp London-bred girl would have done in her place, that Loveday was singularly ignorant of the manner of life she proposed to adopt, and being a really kind, good-hearted young woman, she felt extremely unwilling to encourage her in such a course without first explaining things clearly to her. On the other hand, it was apparent that the shock of learning her true position in "society" had given Loveday such an exaggerated idea of her own degradation that the slightest appearance of unwillingness on her (Jessie's) part to join company would at once be construed by Love into that "feeling of shame" which she had determined never to inflict on any of her friends.

The seamstress did not review the situation exactly after this fashion in her own mind, as she silently sewed on, thinking things over, but she felt how the land lay, though she did not express her instinct. And a terror seized her for the girl who had so suddenly entered into her life, and had so completely won her heart. What evil might not happen to her if she went away, not to her well-to-do friends, but to wander about lonely and unsuspecting, among people to whom her ignorance and innocence would be only weapons for her destruction? What might not have happened to her already last night, if in her dazed condition she had gone into another house in that very same street, similar in appearance to the one she had entered, but widely different in character?

The very thought was enough for honest Jessie. Never should any good girl be exposed to danger of that kind, were she gentle or simple, if she could stretch out a hand to save her.

"You can stay with me as long as you please," she said,

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"though I 'opes your own relations will do something, as indeed they did ought, to 'elp you, for 'tis very 'ard work if you ain't got nothing else to look to. And my room's full small for two. Still, miss, so far as I'm concerned, it'll be a real pleasure, and no mistake, and I'm sure I'll do my very best to make you comfortable."

Loveday burst into tears. Until now she had no difficulty in maintaining her equanimity; indeed, she had scarcely yet recovered the stunning effect of the events which had followed each other in quick succession yesterday. But the seamstress's kindness was too much for her, and for a few minutes she wept uncontrollably.

After a time, however, she composed herself.

"I will cease crying," she said, with determination, perceiving that Jessie had laid down her work, and was gazing at her with an expression of considerable anxiety. "I am foolish to cry, now that I have found a home, for I did not cry before, when I had lost one."

"I'm afraid you won't care to call this 'ome long," said Jessie; "but there's one thing I must tell you of, miss, if you means to stop along of me 'ere, and that is your dress. The folks will for certain be passing remarks if they sees you and me together, for there's a many as knows me 'ereabouts. Now, if you 'ad an old dress to put on they wouldn't notice you not so much like, and I might say you was a friend of mine, which they wouldn't never believe, not with you wearing that beautiful dress."

Loveday saw the point of this at once, and agreed to let Jessie arrange a change of costume for her; but when the seamstress unpacked her box and discovered the dainty slippers, lace-trimmed under-linen, ivory-backed brushes, and all the other accessories of the young lady's toilet, she held up her hands with an exclamation of awe.

"O my, there's pounds upon pounds worth 'ere, and you to talk of living with me what 'asn't got but one tidy dress to my name, and never had, not since father left 'is place in the country. You can't do it, miss. You don't know what 'tis to earn your living, with the rent every week, and coals so dear as they is now with winter coming on, and gettin' up at six in the morning these cold days, and your 'ands chapped and all. Don't you try to do it, miss. You take my word for it, you ain't never strong enough for it, which it's bad enough for us as is used to it. And see what a difference that makes, let alone you not knowing the work."

"But indeed I can sew very well," said Love. "Old Jeanne taught me to embroider when I was little, and I can knit also. Only let us try, dear Jessie. I will sell all my clothes and buy plainer ones, and I will soon earn money."

"Well," said Jessie, "there's no 'arm trying. I knows a lady as keeps a shop in the Minories. She offered me some marking

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yesterday, and I couldn't take it. 'I'd pay you extry for it,' she says, 'cos I wants to give it to some one as I can trust,' she says. I was sorry I 'ad to disappoint 'er, she seemed so put out. I was frightened I should lose 'er work, too, but I couldn't do marking like that, not if my life depended on it. But that's no reason you shouldn't get it, and I'll go round this very minute and see about it, if you'll get the tea for me."

No more was said on either side of Loveday's unfitness for earning her own living, but the work in question was readily obtained, and performed in such a fashion as to give the "lady" (a wealthy Jewess) complete satisfaction. So pleased was Jessie at the prospect thus opened up of paying employment for her friend that she ventured to give expression to an idea which had been developing in her mind since Love's first proposal to remain with her. This was nothing less than a scheme to change house, and it involved so large an expenditure that she scarcely dared to think of it, save as a goal to be attained in the distant future by dint of long pinching and saving in such matters as food, firing, and candles. Great though the project was, it seemed less visionary in view of the half-crown paid to Loveday for work which had only taken her eight hours to do; and at least there was no harm in talking of the scheme.

"You've seen that there great big block of new building down Katherine Docks' way?" she said. "Well, that's where I wants to go. There's rooms there to be 'ad for one and six a week, no smaller than this, what costs me every penny of two shillings, and threepence more very often, when I 'as to pay the landlady's little girl to go and do my bits of shopping for me three or four days in the week on account of 'aving to get my work done in time or p'raps losing the place. And with you getting two shillings a day we could easy take two rooms, and keep one for living in and the other to sleep in. But it would cost us all of ten shillings to move in and get the place comfortable, and it'll be some while before we can save out all that, so it ain't no good saying nothing about it yet."

"But I have more than ten shillings," said Loveday. "Only to-day I found in my travelling-bag a five-pound note. I did not know where it was from, but I think now it was my aunt who gave it to me, as I was leaving my home. I forgot it, and I thought I had nothing, for I gave the last money out of my purse to the cabman. At least, I believe so, for my purse is empty now. But five pounds will last a long time, will it not?"

"Five pounds!" cried Jessie.

She had never seen so much money in her life. What could not be done with such a fabulous sum? For two years she had been laying by every penny she could scrape together, and her hoard only amounted now to twenty-eight shillings and sevenpence, though she worked early and late, and never spent a

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farthing that she could by any means save. And here before her lay a thin bit of paper representing four times that amount, very nearly enough to pay the rent for a whole year. No wonder the sight of it was too much for her prudence; no wonder it led her into extravagance beyond her wildest dreams.

"Five pounds!" she cried, "why, 'tis enough to pay for twenty times moving, and new furniture into the bargain. We'll give notice this very day as ever is, and move into Margaret Buildings next week, and then we'll put by all the rest of the money till the slack time after Christmas, when maybe we shan't be getting no work to speak of."

So the die was cast, and the two girls took up their abode in the great block of artisan's dwellings known as Margaret Buildings, where, among the six hundred tenants, all more or less poverty-stricken, and all entirely engrossed in the struggle for daily bread, they passed in and out unnoticed, save by the rent-collector, who was gratified at the regularity with which their rent was paid, and by the ragged, half-starved children who ran after Loveday, eager for the word or the smile which they never failed to obtain.

And the days passed on, until Richard Owen had been in his grave a month, and never a sign of her mother did his daughter find, though she sought for her in the streets and the market-places, and watched for her with an intensity that was the more pitiful from its utter inutility. Often her heart failed her, and her spirit almost broke under the pressure of her grief and her anxiety. Often she came in wringing her hands in despair at the sights and sounds around her. Sometimes, indeed, she felt as if she could not go on with the life she had chosen; when the dirt and squalor outside, and the dulness and ugliness of the poor little home within, which they could in no way afford to decorate, save at the price of a meal or of some necessary article of clothing, weighed so heavily upon her that she could scarcely endure them with any measure of patience; and at such times all Jessie's sweetness and goodness seemed as nothing compared with her lack of refinement, and her want of education. True, this mood would soon pass away, and then Loveday would reproach herself bitterly for her ingratitude to the girl who was so good to her. But the suffering did not pass away, nor the fruits of it. She grew grave and silent, and her forehead took new lines of thought, for the iron entered into her soul, and her busy brain perplexed itself ever more and more with the question why such things should be, why people should be born into the world in which they have no share of aught but misery, why some should never know the slightest pang of need, while others have hunger and want for their companions every day and their bedfellows every night. For she was not a political economist, and knew not the consolation to be derived from certain theories of the "dismal

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science" which, if studied with sufficient faith, convince the inquirer that these things are a law of nature against which it is a folly—almost a crime—to fight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Shall we receive good at the hand of God
And evil not receive?" R. BROWNING.

THE doctors had made no error when they prescribed for Isabel Rhys, *née* Pwllmeyric, a voyage round the world, as her best chance of recovery. Long before the year was out she had fully regained her health and her spirits, and about the time of Loveday Owen's first appearance in London society, she was having at least an equal success in Auckland, if such a comparison be admissible. The society of the New Zealand capitals may not be what we in England would consider of the first water, but it has one great merit in the eyes of the appreciative foreigner, it is heartily hospitable. Given the smallest pretence of introduction, and the average Englishman may, if he so please, enter the most exclusive circles, and flirt with the most aristocratic maidens within a very few days of his arrival on the island. Nor are similar privileges denied to the average Englishwoman, for the New Zealand ladies are not jealously disposed; their own position is too assured, their supremacy over the sterner and more numerous sex too complete for that small vice to find a foothold among them.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Rhys had plenty of good introductions, in addition to youth, competence, and *l'air du grand monde*, to recommend them. Auckland quite lost its heart to them. They were fêted morning, noon, and night; life was one round of picnics, dinners, concerts, and dances during the three weeks they remained there.

Among the more particularly pleasant of the many pleasant people who entertained them was a young couple lately arrived from San Francisco, English by birth, but American by education, apparently well-to-do, certainly clever and good looking. With the wife Isabel speedily struck up a great intimacy, while Chris and the husband smoked and played *écarté* together often enough to warrant the remark of the general public that they were never to be seen apart.

The Verreys had come to Auckland on business connected with the firm to which he belonged. It was a speculative concern, and was in an extremely bad way, had the world but known it. But the world did not know it, and in New Zealand, as in San Francisco, society does not inquire too closely into the solvency of its favourites. The Verreys were considered rich people, and certainly everything in their way of living warranted this assumption.

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Isabel liked Auckland, and would have been willing to remain there for any length of time; the careless gaiety of the place suited her volatile character, and in the exuberance of her newly-regained strength she asked for nothing better than a continual round of amusement, while the feeling of restfulness and content which her marriage brought, satisfied those deeper cravings of her nature of which she was herself hardly conscious.

But Christopher had the travel fever on him, and did not care to stop long in one place. So when the Verreys announced that they were going back to San Francisco, he readily fell in with a suggestion somewhat carelessly thrown out by Mr. Verrey, that he and Isabel should accompany them, taking Australia and the Sandwich Islands on the way, and, in fact, making a three months' pleasure trip. Isabel raised no objections. Pleasant though the life at Auckland was to her, she saw that her husband was becoming restless, and did not care to stay when he wished to go. In point of fact, Christopher, though he did not realise it, was beginning to feel homesick.

So they went to Melbourne, and stayed there long enough to make several expeditions up country to see something of Australian bush life, including a kangaroo hunt, which rejoiced the men and sickened the women. Then they took steamer to Honolulu, where they were presented in due form to King Kamehameha, and were impressed by the courtesy of that genial monarch, who made much of them for the sake of Isabel's pretty face. But soon after their arrival Verrey received letters which called him home without delay, so their stay in the Sandwich Isles was cut short, and some ten days later they saw the sun setting as they entered the Golden Gates.

A change seemed to come over the Verreys from the moment they set foot on American soil. Mrs. Verrey shut herself up in her own room at the hotel, and refused to see any one, on the plea of a severe cold, while her husband was all day immersed in business, seldom joining the Rhyses for meals or anything else. Mrs. Verrey professed herself unable to see even Isabel, and there were no more of those pleasant games of *écarté*, which had become almost as indispensable to Christopher as his tobacco. Thus left to their own resources, the Rhyses found San Francisco somewhat dull. They had not included the States in the scheme of their tour, having originally contemplated returning to England *viâ* India and the Canal, and had, therefore, not provided themselves with any introductions. They had agreed to come for the sake of the Verreys, and the Verreys were proving themselves the most broken of reeds.

"It's all very fine," drawled Chris one morning, when they had absolutely nothing to do, having seen all the sights in which they could get up the smallest possible amount of interest,—"it's all very fine for Verrey to make business an excuse for treating us

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in this fashion: but in my opinion it's beginning to verge on downright rudeness. No fellow need stick at his business all day and all night too, unless he chooses. I believe they want to get rid of us: that's the long and short of it."

"Well, it's easy enough to gratify them, I'm sure," answered Isabel. "We don't want to stay here. It's frightfully hot, and very dull, and we might just as well leave at once."

"That's so," said Christopher. "Suppose we do. What time does the next train start for anywhere?"

"Don't be a goose," said Isabel; "I'm in earnest."

"So am I—in deadly earnest. I feel as if all my levity were being melted out of me, and as if there would soon be nothing left of me but a spot of very earnest grease."

"It is very hot," said Isabel, with a sigh, as she took up the nearest newspaper and lazily fanned herself. "I wish we were back in England."

"You must not go till the year's up,—remember your doctor's orders. But what on earth shall we do with the remaining three months? The thought of them lies heavy on my soul."

"Let's defy the doctors," said Isabel.

"No, my dear, to that I will never consent. I'm not going to risk having you knocked up again, just because at this particular moment the world is hollow and our doll stuffed with sawdust; or, in other words, because our dear friends overhead are not as civil as they might be."

"I should like to go to the Barony for Christmas," said Isabel, somewhat irrelevantly. "Miss Rhys is so kind when one is ill."

"All right," answered her husband; "I think we can count on cousin Peg for that."

"Isabel did not speak again: the combined influence of the weather and a very comfortable rocking-chair were sending the young lady to sleep. The newspaper with which she had been fanning herself presently dropped from her hand, and fell with a slight rustle on the floor. Christopher picked it up, but he did not read much of it, he sat looking at his wife instead. He was as much in love with her now as when first she accepted him, and he still thought her the wisest, wittiest, and prettiest of women. She certainly looked very pretty at this moment, in her cool white wrapper, her cheeks just flushed to a delicate pink by the heat. She was very sound asleep. As Christopher watched her, her head fell on one side in an uncomfortable attitude, but it did not rouse her, neither did she wake when he rose and put a cushion for her to lean against. Then the cushion slipped down; the rocking-chair, though perfect as a lounge, was not adapted to slumber.

"She'd be much more comfortable on the sofa," thought Chris, and he proceeded to lift her in his arms, and carry her to the further end of the room, where stood a large couch. She just

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opened her eyes and murmured, "Thank you," and was asleep again at once.

But Christopher dropped into the nearest chair, panting and exhausted.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I am out of condition. I could have carried her a mile this time last year, without turning a hair. I must get some exercise, this flabbiness is disgraceful."

He went out then and there, leaving a note for his wife to the effect that he was going for a ride, and would not be back for an hour or two. He hired a decent horse, and rode some ten miles into the country; but he felt none the better for it; on the contrary, he returned, late in the afternoon, quite worn out with fatigue.

"Awfully sorry to be so behind time," he said, as he lounged into the room: "fact is, it was so hot I really couldn't ride fast coming back."

In point of fact he had come home at foot pace, feeling too languid to attempt anything quicker. Isabel was so accustomed to his laziness of voice and movement that she did not notice anything unusual about him.

"I did begin to wonder what had become of you," she said; "but Mrs. Verrey has been sitting with me a good while. Her cold is better; in fact, for all I could see, she was perfectly well. And, just fancy Chris, they start for New York to-night. They must go at night, she said, because if any of their friends were to see them they would be so bothered with invitations; and they're bound to go straight away to New York on account of his business. They want us to go with them. Don't you think we might as well? It is so deadly dull here, and she apologised to any extent for having left us so much to ourselves, so I don't see that we need think any more of that. Do let us go, Chris."

"Such an awful rush," drawled Chris, "you'll never get all your traps together in time."

"I thought of that," answered Isabel, "but Mrs. Verrey said she'd help me. She said it would be much better for us to go with them, because, of course, they know the journey. Do let us go, Chris. I do so want to get away from here, and I should be so very sorry to break off with the Verreys. She said that New York is a capital place to make your head-quarters, because you can do Niagara and Boston and all those places from it, don't you know. O Chris, think how lovely and cool it would be at Niagara this weather."

"Not much cooler than anywhere else, unless you sit under the falls, but we'll go if you like; I don't mind."

Delighted at having her own way—not that there was anything unusual in that—Isabel ran off to tell Mrs. Verrey, while Christopher with difficulty roused himself enough to give directions about his own packing, which he was obliged to get one of

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the hotel servants to do, wondering meanwhile what in the world was the matter with him. For although he had cultivated his drawl and his laziness until they had become a second nature, he had always possessed a reserve fund of energy on which to draw when necessary, and had never before found himself physically incapable, as he now was, of making any exertion at all.

He continued to conceal his condition from Isabel until they were in the train on the first day of their journey to New York. Neither of the Verreys took much heed of him. They were both manifestly preoccupied, and until the train started, Verrey himself scarcely spoke except to grumble at trifling delays and to curse the guard under his breath for being two minutes behind time. When once they were out of the city he became more cheerful, and even proposed a game of *écarté*, which Christopher declined, saying that he was too sleepy to stand a chance.

"You are shockingly lazy," laughed Isabel. "I hope you will wake up before we get to New York."

She had not the remotest idea that his listlessness was the precursor of a severe illness. For the first three or four days of the journey he struggled manfully against his increasing weakness, but by the time they reached New York he was completely prostrated and had to be carried from the train to the nearest hotel.

"Typhoid," said the doctor.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" said Mrs Verrey to Isabel. "I am *so* sorry for you. How I wish I could help you in any way!"

Isabel was perfectly calm and collected. All the levity of manner which gave her at times the appearance of being so much younger than she really was, had left her from the first moment she realised the state her husband was in.

"Thank you very much," she said; "there is really nothing to do now that I have engaged the nurses; but it is a comfort to me to feel that I have a friend at hand."

"Have you no relations who would come to you?" asked Mrs. Verrey.

"No one except my eldest brother, and I should not like to ask him to leave his work. Besides, I don't really want any one else as long as you are here. No one except me can be of any use to my husband, only, of course, I am glad not to be quite among strangers."

"But that is just the point, my dear," said Mrs. Verrey. "I am more grieved than I can say, but we are compelled to leave you. My husband's affairs, you know—business men are not their own masters. Nothing should induce us to go if it were possible to us to stay, but we have no option. You see, in a business like his, a day's delay may mean ruin to him."

This was perfectly true. Both Verrey and his wife were well aware that before the week was out he would be wanted for

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fraudulent bankruptcy, and it was essential to his safety that he should leave New York at once for the seclusion of London.

But Isabel, knowing nothing of this, thought it strange and unkind of Mrs. Verrey to desert her at such a time, and replied somewhat coldly to that lady's expressions of regret,—

"Pray do not let any consideration for me affect you for a moment. Of course, I can manage perfectly well by myself."

So Isabel was left alone with her sick husband. The great ocean of humanity rolled resistlessly on its way towards eternity, bearing its freight of weal and of woe, its youth and hope and happiness, its old age, misery, and dumb despair: men died and rested from their labours, children were born for good or for evil; there were wars and rumours of war, fortunes were made and lost, and the black record of vice and crime was the longer by just one fortnight, and she knew nothing of it. All creation was centred for her in that quiet room at the back of the hotel. Every one in the establishment was interested in the pretty English bride. The servants vied with each other in ministering to her wants; but, though she accepted their attentions gratefully and courteously, she was scarcely conscious of what was said or done.

At length there came a day when the doctors held a consultation, from which they came with grave faces to tell Isabel that she must prepare for the worst, that, unless a change took place soon, all hope would be gone. And then the younger of the two, he who had attended Christopher from the first, took upon himself the responsibility of telegraphing for her brother.

Thus it happened that Tom Pwllmeyric was absent from England at the time of Richard Owen's death, so that Miss Rhys could not call on him to assist in the search for the vanished Loveday.

Chapter XXIX.

"We call thee Famine!
Goddess of fasts and feasts, starving and cramming!
Through thee, for emperors, kings, and priests, and lords,
Who rule by viziers, sceptres, banknotes, swords,
The earth pours forth its plenteous fruits:
Corn, wool, linen, flesh, and roots."
Those who consume these fruits through thee grow fat;
Those who produce these fruits through thee grow lean."—Shelley.

Let it not be supposed that Loveday, in all her grief and trouble, had forgotten the man who loved her. The thought of him was to her like a guiding star shining in the far distance, often obscured, it is true, by the clouds of doubt and despondency which rolled over her soul, but always there, nevertheless. When he quitted her on the night of their last meeting, she had experienced almost more pain and perplexity at his strange conduct than happiness in the assurance of his affection for her. But this phase had not lasted long; for some instinct, some in-

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explicable communion of spirit, had soon made clear to her what was in his mind when he left her so abruptly. And then the thought that filled her soul had been, as we have said, "Some day he will know that I understand and am one with him." This it was that had led her seriously to study social questions; this it was that had made her desire to organise that club for the young men of Old Place, which had been so cruelly nipped in the bud by the death of her father; and this again it was, more than anything else, that gave her strength and courage to remain in her self-chosen exile from all her old friends.

When things were very bad with her, or when her heart was wrung by some tale of wretchedness which it was out of her power to alleviate, the recollection of Miss Rhys, with her kind heart and her apparently boundless purse, came upon her with renewed force, and her reasons for keeping out of sight seemed to lose their cogency. She was as anxious as ever to find her mother, but she never seemed to come any nearer to doing it; and, after all, might she not carry on the search as well or better if she were back again with her kind friend, who would certainly give her every assistance in her power?

But she was always brought up short at this stage of her reflections by the thought of her uncle's bitter words: "You are a disgrace to your family; none of your friends will care to own you now." Miss Rhys would not disown her. She would always be kind and good to her; of that Love was absolutely certain; but the disgrace would be there: the brand of shame would still be upon her. She could never go back to Miss Rhys, for that would mean going back to her lover. She knew he would not cast her, off any more than Miss Rhys would, and this very knowledge made it the less possible for her to return; she could not bring disgrace upon him, for she loved him.

That they would not consider it disgrace, that they would welcome her back, not out of pity or compassion, but out of their great love,—this never occurred to her. So deeply had her uncle's words impressed her, so little doubt had she that he spoke as all the world would speak.

So she stayed with the girl to whom chance had led her, and but for whose example of cheerfulness and content she would have been profoundly unhappy. Miserably poor though they were, they were yet so much better off than the majority of their neighbours that Loveday felt she would have been worse than ungrateful to complain. They at least could pay their way, and were tolerably sure of having enough to eat on the morrow, so long as they were able to work.

None of the rough boys or drunken men about the place ever molested either of these girls. Jessie, indeed, occasionally received an over-familiar greeting, or was subjected to a coarse jest, such as generally obtain favour with young women of her class, but

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to Loveday no disrespectful word was ever spoken. The least observant of the people about recognised in her a being superior to themselves—superior not so much by the difference in manners, words, and actions, but by virtue of her exceeding refinement and purity, which made itself felt more widely and exercised a far stronger influence than she had any idea of.

"I do not know how it is," she said one day to an old Frenchman who lived on the same landing, and with whom she had struck up a friendship, dating from a certain day when he had stopped outside their window to listen to her violin. "I do not know how it is that you say these boys use bad language. They always appear to me to behave well, when I pass them."

"Ah yes, mademoiselle," said the old man, "that is because you pass. For you they have respect; they wish not that you see them wicked."

There was much of this feeling all over the Buildings before Loveday had lived there two months. Not one-half, perhaps not one-quarter of the people knew who she was, or anything about her; but they all liked to see her go in and out, and they were all pleased to receive the greeting which she never failed to bestow.

For into the lives of these toilers there comes so little that is in any way good to contemplate, their hours are brightened by so little grace or loveliness, that the smallest glimpse of anything pleasant—a pretty face, bright colours, even good clothes—cheers and enlivens them for the whole day. They enter deeply—though all unconsciously—into the meaning of the poet's words, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." And Loveday, although she looked pale and worn, was really beautiful in the sight of these poor souls, for the light of love and sympathy shone from her eyes when she looked at them, and they felt it, and their hearts grew warm towards her.

Every morning, between half-past eight and nine o'clock, she went to the shop for her work, carrying with her that which she had done the day before, and followed, as often as not, for a considerable part of the way by a troop of children going to school. It had come to be understood among the little ones that clean faces might be rewarded by a kiss; and there was one baby in particular—a blue-eyed mite of four years old—who would come to Loveday's door quite early in the morning, calling out, "Lady, I'se washed to-day; tiss me, lady!"

"And the way that there child do worrit after the soap and water is more than I can say," her mother would remark. She was half blind, and her husband had been out of work for weeks, so that most of the furniture, and all the clothes, except what they had on their backs, had, bit by bit, been "put away" (in the boxes of the pawnbroker). And it was, therefore, scarcely surprising that it was a somewhat rare event for the soap-loving Katie to be clean. She was the eldest of three.

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One bitter cold week in December, Loveday missed the little creature for several days, and then came upon her and her brother Patsy, aged two, in the courtyard. There were plenty of other children about, notwithstanding the cold, most bare-headed, many bare-footed, some trying to keep themselves warm by playing "tip-cat"—to the great peril of the neighbouring windows—some skipping with a broken clothes-line for a rope, or attempting a rudimentary form of cricket, with a piece of board for a bat and a bit of fire-wood for a ball. The two little Sullivans were not playing, but sat shivering and miserable at the foot of the staircase leading up to the first balcony.

"Why, my dears," said Love, "what is the matter?"

For some time she could get no answer save "Lady, lady!" mingled with sobs, but at length Katie managed to tell her that the baby was dead, and that mother had no money to bury it.

"Don't cry, little ones," said Love; "come with me, and I will go to see your mother."

In Margaret Buildings all the rooms open on a public balcony extending the whole length of the block. There are four stories, and each has its balcony, from which you step straight into the rooms, as if from the street. Frequently the home consists of one room, in which father, mother, and children live, eat, and sleep. In these cases the door is more often open than shut, so that the world at large may look in as it will. We of Margaret Buildings do not set much store by privacy or seclusion; which is perhaps as well, considering the extreme difficulty of securing those luxuries.

When Loveday reached the Sullivans' abode she found the door wide open, and a small crowd of women assembled outside. The dead baby was lying in state in a little blue coffin placed in one corner of the room, on a box, in lieu of trestles, under a sheet arranged as a sort of canopy, and decorated with blue and pink paper flowers. The mother was seated in the middle of the room, her dim eyes red and sore with tears. She was narrating, in a dreary monotone, some story, of which Loveday heard the concluding sentences:—

"No; 'e said 'e wouldn't take the fifteen shillin'. I must pay the twenty-five down, or else let the parish bury 'er, and it's a week to-morrow as she's bin lyin' there!"

"Is that true?" asked Loveday of one of the lookers-on, a sharp-featured woman with a large-headed child in her arms.

"It's true as I stand 'ere, miss; my young man sat up with the little corpse last night, 'imself. She and Sullivan 'ave put away nigh upon everythink they 'ave to their name, and they couldn't get but five shillin'; and then a young man what used to work with Sullivan and 'as always kept friendly with 'im, 'e put away 'is watch, and got ten shillin' on it yesterday, and Mrs. Sullivan she've just bin to the undertaker, an' asted 'im to

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bury the child and let 'er pay the rest as 'er could, and 'e says no, 'e will 'ave 'is money down afore ever 'e comes to take it away."

"But it is shocking!" exclaimed Loveday. "Can nothing be done?"

"She'll 'ave to let the parish bury it, if she can't get no more money afore to-morrow, for the gentleman what comes for the rent was 'ere this morning, and said as 'ow 'e'd send the saningtary gentleman to see if it wasn't buried. 'E said as 'ow it wasn't 'ealthy to 'ave the poor little dear layin' there and all of 'em sleepin' in the room and us takin' it in turns to sit up with it beside."

"Of course it must be buried," said Loveday. "What can be done? Surely it would be better to let the parish bury it."

She went into the room and spoke to the mother.

"For the sake of your other little ones," she said, "will you not let your baby go? They will be ill, and perhaps you will lose them too."

But Mrs. Sullivan was past being reasoned with just then. She had been fretting and grieving over her baby's death until the other children seemed of small account to her.

"No, I can't, I can't, I can't," she moaned: "I can't let 'er be disgraded, just because she's only a baby. If it was Katie or Patsy, now, they wouldn't say I ought to let 'em come on the parish, and why should my baby 'ave any less respec'? She's the prettiest of 'em all, she is, and she shan't be disgraded, if I 'ave to sell my own bed to bury 'er decent."

Loveday looked at the little creature lying in its coffin, which, according to custom, was still open. Owing to the coldness of the weather no change was as yet noticeable in the waxen features or the tiny hands. The noisy crowd outside, the mean and miserable surroundings, and the tawdry paper flowers, contrasting with the sacred solemnity of death, gave her an indescribably painful expression, and yet she could not help feeling that the vulgarity of the scene was more than redeemed by the touching devotion of the mother, and the simple kindness of the neighbours.

"I will give you ten shillings," she said, forgetful for the moment that she was no longer able to give away half sovereigns.

"What! you, miss? The Holy Virgin bless you. It's a happy woman I'll be if I can bury my child decent after all."

There was something in the involuntary stress laid upon the "you" that recalled Loveday to a sense of her true position, and for a moment she thought with pain that she had promised what she could not perform. Then she remembered that, thanks to Jessie's careful husbanding, twenty-two shillings still remai ned out of her five-pound note. All the rest was gone; but this they had put by against a rainy day. "For," said Jessie, "it do make one feel comf'able, if there's something to look to when you wants

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it." It had gone into the money-box, together with the twenty-eight shillings that Jessie herself had so laboriously amassed. Ten shillings out of this would make a sad hole in the little hoard, but anything was better than disappointing the poor mother now.

"I am so sorry," she said to the astonished Jessie: "I am so sorry I forgot how little money we have; but you will let me give it to her, will you not?"

"'Tis your own, to do what you likes with," said Jessie: "you can throw it in the street if you pleases, which you might just so well 'ave done as give it to them there Sullivans. Oh yes, I know 'em. I've known 'em for years, and 'e 'aven't never 'ad constant work all that time."

"You are vexed," said Loveday; "and I am so very sorry I did not think before I spoke: but it seemed so sad."

"Sad enough, I dessay; but they ain't the only ones," said Jessie, wearily. There was more excuse for her impatience than Loveday knew: for some days past the troublesome cough which she never could shake off during the winter, had been getting steadily worse, and this morning, though she had not told Loveday, a violent paroxysm had resulted in slight spitting of blood. It was very slight, truly, but she knew too well, poor girl, what it portended. The least chill, the smallest increase of cold, and she would be on her back for weeks, if not for months. With this prospect staring her in the face, it was perhaps not surprising that Loveday's impulsive generosity should try her temper sorely: but the sight of the distress which came into her friend's face at her expression of disapproval very soon softened her heart.

"Never mind, dear," she said, "don't take no notice of me; I've bin feelin' a bit queer this mornin', and your comin' in so sudden seemed to put me about."

"I am very sorry," said Love. "I wish I hadn't said it; but I can give the money as I did promise it, can I not?"

"Bless you, yes, dear: ain't it your own? I ain't sayin' but what she's a respectable woman enough, and tries 'er best to get on, she do; and 'tis shocking to think of that poor little baby layin' unburied, just for want of the money, when we've got enough and to spare."

So the money was given, and the baby was buried, and Loveday's fame went abroad in the Buildings, and her influence extended in proportion, though she was not aware of the fact.

The weather grew colder and colder. A dry, biting east wind blew day after day, as though it never would change; and with the hard weather the illness and distress in the Buildings seemed to increase daily. Women and children died, one after another, of diseases which the mortality returns called bronchitis and consumption, but which were in literal truth cold and starvation.

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The depression in trade showed no signs of decreasing, and painters, masons, and skilled artisans of all classes daily joined the mass of day labourers and unskilled workmen who constitute the ever-growing army of the unemployed, while pawnbrokers and undertakers waxed fat on the misery of their neighbours. The horror of it all roused to boiling-pitch the blood of sundry ardent reformers, who went about preaching fire and sword as the only possible remedies, but they might as well have preached to the stones they trod on: for how could people, whose whole minds, and hearts, and desires, and instincts were absorbed in the continually recurring question of the next meal, give a thought to the social revolution or Utopian schemes for the emancipation of labour? Charitably-disposed ladies and gentlemen tried to grapple with the general misery by means of soup-kitchens and free breakfasts, clothing clubs, and other well-meant efforts; which, "like a plaster laid on a festering sore, soothed for a moment the spots they touched, but left the wound unhealed;" while philanthropists, burning with righteous zeal and indignation, advocated great schemes, only to break their hearts against the chilling objections of conventional "economists," backed by place-hunting politicians. The Charity Organisation Society did yeomen's service so far as in them lay, but, for want of public support, were practically powerless to cope with the mass of suffering, and might well have laid down their arms in despair. Relief funds were formed, and large sums collected and distributed among the hungry crowds who clamoured for the money, not always with the happiest results. For it was not upon the loud-tongued petitioners that the distress came most grievously: the worst sufferers were those who had never been brought so low before. Men and women, too proud to beg, too honest to steal, to whom the pawnshop was a degradation, and the confession of their misery a humiliation, who sat all day in their fireless rooms, patient and uncomplaining, and crept out at nightfall, trying to elude observation, to pawn one by one their treasured household relics, that they might buy bread for their children—these were the real sufferers. No one came to their help: their pride would have made them unapproachable, even had assistance been at hand. Plain to the eye, audible to the ear, was a tide of misery impossible to stem; who, then, could take time to look below the surface for that which was neither seen nor heard?

And among the silent sufferers to whom no help came were presently to be reckoned the two girls in Margaret Buildings.

Embroiderers are well paid; so long as their season lasts they can make, in their day of ten hours, from twelve to twenty-four shillings a week; but from November to May or June the trade is very slack. Loveday's work was so good that she continued to receive orders from the shop to which Jessie

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had introduced her, until well on into December; but a few days after the funeral of the Sullivan baby she was told that there would be no more work for her before the summer. And about the same time, Jessie laid down her needle, having plied it a few hours too long, and took to her bed with hæmorrhage from the lungs.

"I knowed it was coming," she said to her friend. "Poor Tom, he won't never marry me now."

Tom, however, thought differently. He brought the best doctor he could find, and got everything that was ordered for his sweetheart in the way of strengthening food, wine, and medicine, as long as his wages held out, reducing his own living, meanwhile, almost to the proverbial straw a day, that he might have the more to spare for her. But twenty shillings a week soon goes, for physic and physicians are expensive, and strong beef tea and port wine cannot be had for a song. The money box grew lighter and lighter, until one morning it was quite empty, and that afternoon the rent-collector (who being a humane man, experienced many a heartache in the course of his business nowadays) called for his weekly due, which, when paid, though Loveday did not tell him so, left the two girls penniless. And then began for Loveday also those secret expeditions to the pawnbroker, for she would not use Tom's mony, except for Jessie's needs, yet somehow or other the rent must be paid and she herself must eat. So it went on, till there was nothing left to sell, and still her friend lay on her sick bed, and still she could get no work.

Chapter XXX.

"Her way is parted from my way. . . .
Out of sight, beyond light.
At what goal will we meet?"—D. G. Rossetti.

Miss Rhys came to England for Christmas after all. Christopher did not die. The doctors, when they gave him up, had not made due allowance for a magnificent constitution and an intense desire for life, both of which asserted themselves powerfully at the anxious period of his fever.

Tom Pwllmeyric, arriving at New York in the full expectation of learning that all was over, found his brother-in-law already on the high road to convalescence, he having taken a turn for the better on the very day after the dispatch of the telegram announcing his imminent decease.

So, instead of escorting his sister home as a widow, which he had feared would be his melancholy task, he presently formed one of a not uncheerful party of three on board a fast Cunarder, bound for Liverpool, in due time convoying the invalid and his wife to the Barony, where Miss Rhys was waiting to receive them.

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Isabel had been so overcome with alarm during the first weeks of her husband's illness that she had written to no one. Consequently the first intimation Miss Rhys received of her young cousin's danger was contained in a letter from Tom, which also told of his rapid recovery. The same letter contained intelligence which caused Miss Rhys to set aside all considerations of her own health, and to hurry back to England, regardless of frost and cold. She had been longing to return since the first tidings of Loveday's disappearance, and now nothing could keep her longer away.

And notwithstanding the depression that still weighed heavily upon her at the loss of her old friend, and the terrible uncertainty as to the fate of his daughter, she was determined that justice should be done to the home-coming of her heir. So the closed rooms were opened, holly was hung on the walls, a great Yule-log blazed in the hall, and the whole place seemed to be *en fête* when the travellers arrived at the Barony on Christmas Eve.

But Miss Rhys herself, in spite of her best endeavours, could not greet them with a smile for thinking of the bitter blow which must fall upon poor Tom when he learnt, as learn he must at once, what had happened at Old Place House.

All the way home Tom, *nolens volens*, had been rejoicing at the necessity which, in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary, was bringing him back into the neighbourhood of the girl he loved. He was making a couple of hundred a year now, and little as he thought of his own powers, he could not fail to be encouraged to look forward hopefully, when he contrasted his present prospects with those of a year ago. He had had a run of good luck in the way of unexpected commissions, small enough in themselves, but giving fair promise for the future, and he had also obtained a post on the staff of an important journal devoted to bricks and mortar, and this brought him in a steadily-increasing income. The sudden call to America had somewhat thrown him back, but he had no reason to suppose that it would injure him in the future. In fact, even now there was work waiting for him which had been delayed in order that he, rather than any one else, should undertake it. The Artisans' Hall in Stepney was finished and opened long since, but he still kept his lodgings there, and had no intention of going to live in any other locality. A budget from his landlady had met him at Queenstown, enclosing a mass of correspondence, accumulated during his absence, among which was a letter telling him of this fresh commission, and several sheets from his friend Philip Pell, giving him an account of various proceedings at the Hall, of which he was superintendent, and painting in glowing colours the aggravation of misery and distress produced in the district by the unusually severe weather.

"It will be a good day for us when you come back to cheer us up a bit. It makes a chap awfully downhearted to see such

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things and have no one to talk to, that is to say, to talk in an understanding kind of way. I told the men last night there was hopes of your being back with us by the New Year, and it gave great satisfaction."

Tom was torn two ways on receiving this letter. He felt as if duty called him straight back to London and the misery of the East End, while, at the same time, it seemed almost impossible to give up the hope of meeting Love, which he had been cherishing for so many days. Finally he resolved to decide nothing till he should see how Christopher was on landing at Liverpool, and there, perceiving that his brother-in-law really was hardly fit to cope with the exigencies of the long railway journey at this season of holiday-making crowds, he willingly convinced himself that his first duty lay in seeing the Rhyses safely home. During the time they had been together Isabel had arrived at a very fair idea of what was in her brother's mind, and perhaps in the fulness of her sympathy she somewhat exaggerated Christopher's weakness and her own ignorance of Bradshaw. Certainly, she showed marked ingenuity in bringing forward, not to say inventing, reasons why he should accompany them, not only as far as Birmingham, as he at first suggested, but the whole way to Mountonshire. Remembering Tom's strong dislike to such suggestions, she never ventured directly to approach the subject of the affection which she was convinced he felt for Loveday, and when she spoke of her, which she did pretty frequently, she always took care to talk as if the subject in no way specially concerned him. But she had not lived with him a twelvemonth without learning to understand him thoroughly; and she did not fail to remark certain signs of interest which he could not entirely suppress at the mention of Miss Owen, and which she had no difficulty in construing.

"It would be the very thing for Tom," she said to Christopher. "I do wish he wasn't so cracked on these points. I know he'd make Loveday happy, and he would be worth twice as much if he were married to her."

"Considerably more than twice as much," replied Christopher. "Two thousand a year is quite a capitalist's percentage on two hundred. She'd be altogether too valuable a piece of property for him. He'd want to divide her money with all his proletarian friends."

"It's such rubbish!" said Isabel. "Of course, they might give something away, and still have enough to live comfortably on. Look how well off we are on Cousin Margaret's allowance; and if they gave away half, they would still have as much as we have. And even the Bible only tells you to give away a tenth."

"I don't fancy those are quite Tom's views," said Chris. "You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It's the principle of the thing he objects to, I take it. People ought not to give any-

thing away, because no one ought to have anything to give. That's Tom as I understand him; and I must say I respect the old fellow for being able to stick to his theories, even when there is a woman in the case. I'm quite sure I'd have got the better of my theories, if I had ever had any, when you came along, my dear."

"You're a silly old goose," she said, giving him a kiss, "and you can't hold a candle to Tom, as I've often told you. But seriously, Chris, do let us try and help them. That's real Christianity, isn't it, to make people happy when one can?"

"I don't know about the duty of match-making on high moral grounds," said Chris, "but I'm game. How shall we begin? Shall I take Tom aside when next I see him, and swear Loveday is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and the richest?"

"Oh no!" exclaimed Isabel. "Mind, whatever you do, don't say anything about her money."

"No, no, to be sure. I'll say she is the poorest; that I happen to know her money is in bad securities, and she is on the point of going smash."

"That might do," said Isabel. "But it would not be true, Chris. The money belongs to her father. You must not tell a lie. I am afraid you would only spoil matters, you are so blunt. Try and have a little *finesse*."

"Well, tell me what to say," replied Chris, meekly.

"Put yourself exactly in Tom's place, and think what would induce you to throw over all scruples and propose at once to Loveday. Try and feel as if you were him. We want to get a man's view of the matter."

"Well, if I were he," said Chris, thoughtfully, after pausing for quite five seconds, "I suppose I should do as he does."

"No, you wouldn't," said Isabel, savagely. "You never acted like Tom in your life. But I see it's no use asking you to help; you only make fun of me when I am in earnest. I wish I had never married. It only complicates one's difficulties and makes one feel more alone in them than one was before."

"It is rather disappointing, certainly," said Chris, patting his wife's head. Then, seeing that she looked a little mollified, he added, "Why should we try to make two other people as unhappy as ourselves? But, Isabel, I have thought of a brilliant idea. Let's try and make Tom jealous! I know that would have brought me up to the scratch at once if I had been inclined to hang fire about you."

"That *is* a good idea," said Isabel. "But I fear it is of no use. Loveday doesn't know how to flirt a bit, and Tom would have to be worse than Othello if he were jealous about her. I don't suppose he knows how much she cares for him. But he must see that she likes no one else. I think perhaps that would be the best thing to do, to let him know, inadvertently as it were, that she is in love with him. I know she is, for she shook all

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over when she heard he was going away, that day at the Barony, don't you remember?"

"I didn't notice anything remarkable, but I don't know which day you mean. Did her teeth chatter? Perhaps she was cold, poor girl."

"Cold, nonsense; why, it was quite a bright day. But it is maddening to try to talk sense with you, Chris. And I'm not at all sure that it is quite fair to Loveday to say so much about her. Really, I think the best thing you can do is to keep your clumsy old fingers out of the pie altogether."

"I wish for nothing better," said Chris. "Did *I* begin this discussion? On the whole, my Belle, I recommend you to do the same. I don't believe in meddling in other people's affairs, especially when they are of such a delicate nature."

Isabel said no more, but she felt implicit confidence in her own wisdom in the matter, and would by no means relinquish the hope of helping to carry the affair to a successful termination. She was convinced that the lovers needed no more than the opportunity to discover each other's sentiments, for that any principle could be strong enough to weigh against reciprocated affection was a contingency not dreamed of in her philosophy. It was all very well for Tom to stand by his colours, she thought, so long as he imagined Love was indifferent to him; but, of course, he would look at matters in another light when he discovered that her happiness, as well as his own, demanded that he should do so.

So she planned and plotted all the way home, and perhaps Tom himself scarcely looked more eagerly for Loveday when, the long journey safely accomplished, they entered the warm, brightly-lighted hall of the Barony, amid the acclamation of the dogs, Fat Spite and Little Man.

Miss Rhys, painfully alive to their expectations, saw the inquiring glances of the brother and sister only too plainly, but she resolutely refrained from responding to them. She had not the courage to destroy the pleasure of this home-coming at once, and each moment that passed made it more difficult to begin her sad explanation. Isabel did not introduce the subject, out of consideration for Tom; Tom, for his part, dared ask no question, for from the instant he realised that Loveday was not there his heart sank with a foreboding of impending trouble, and he shrank from speaking for dread of what he might hear.

To Christopher did Miss Rhys at last resolve to address herself. It would matter little to him whether Loveday were there or not, save inasmuch as the loss of her would grieve his wife, so it would be easier to tell him than either of the others.

"Don't say anything to Belle to-night," he said, when she came to the end of her story. "She'll be awfully cut up, and to-morrow will be quite time enough. As for Tom, I'll tackle him;

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you're not fit for that job, cousin Peggy. Poor old chap, I am afraid he'll be bowled clean over; Belle says he's been counting so on seeing her down here. It is awfully rough on him, I must say, but we must set to work to find the young lady. It's nonsense to suppose she's lost for good and all."

After dinner, when the two men were alone, Christopher told Tom what had happened.

"I've got bad news for you, old fellow," he said.

"I knew it," answered Tom, "it's in the air. As it concerns me in particular, or you think it does, I suppose it's about Miss Owen. Is she married? Out with it, I can stand it."

"No, she is not married, it's almost worse than that."

Tom's hardly-sustained composure deserted him, he changed countenance, and his voice grew hoarse.

"She's not dead—speak out, for God's sake,—is she dead?"

Then Christopher told him all, how Richard Owen had died, how his marriage had been proved no marriage, and his daughter illegitimate, how brutally James Owen had treated her, and, finally, how she had gone away and had never been heard of since.

Tom listened to the whole story in silence, only interrupting his brother-in-law once or twice with some trenchant question. And to Christopher's intense surprise, instead of grief or despair, a look almost of satisfaction came across his face when he heard of Loveday's loss of fortune and position.

"Well," he said, "you take it pretty coolly, old man. Now have we by any chance been misunderstanding your sentiments altogether? Don't you care for her? Or are you putting on this air of indifference as a blind?"

Tom turned his face towards Christopher. Certainly sorrow was not the expression most visible on it.

"Don't you see," he said, "don't you see? I can ask her to marry me now."

"And the poor old chappie positively seemed to forget," said Chris afterwards, in recounting the scene to his wife, "that she wasn't there to be asked. He's awfully hard hit, landed with both barrels this time, and no mistake."

"I must leave you to-morrow," said Tom to Miss Rhys, an hour or two latter. She was sitting alone in the drawing-room, Isabel having gone early to bed, and she was sadly picturing to herself the agony poor Tom must be enduring in the recital of Loveday's misfortunes, when the young man walked in with a cheerful smile and the light of resolution on his brow.

"You know?" said Miss Rhys.

"I know all Chris could tell me. There is nothing more behind, is there?"

"Nothing. You know the best and worst, if he has told you all he knows."

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"He has. Miss Rhys, you will think me a brute for not being more troubled by it, but, upon my soul, I can think of nothing except that she is within my reach now, if she will have me. I couldn't propose to her before—you can understand that—even though I thought—I couldn't help thinking she didn't hate me. But now there's nothing to stand between us. Miss Rhys, it seems too good to be true."

Miss Rhys' eyes filled with tears. She thought of her own unavailing inquiries, of the baffled detectives, of the last six weeks of fruitless search, and her heart sank within her. But she would not discourage Tom, she was thankful that he accepted the position thus hopefully, instead of mourning and lamenting over the turn events had taken.

"Yes, she loved you, I know," she said. "She never told me so in plain words, but I watched her too closely not to discover her secret. Go and find her, Tom, and bring her home to me. But don't make too sure that she will marry you."

(*To be continued.*)

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TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

When Mr. Gladstone was asked in the last Parliament by a young member, who has taken our Indian and Colonial Empire under his protection, whether he would order a naval review at the national expense for the benefit of the Colonists, the then Prime Minister refused to do anything of the kind, somewhat snappishly. What the nation, or rather the nation's Premier, would not do, the officers of the Royal Navy and Marines determined to do out of their own pocket for the credit of the service. Every officer, from the admiral of the fleet down to the beardless "midshipmite," gave up a day's pay towards the expenses of the naval manœuvres at Portsmouth; and it must be said that, of all the functions that have been got up for these much-enduring worthies, the entertainment provided by the naval and marine officers was the most impressive, and would have been the most enjoyable had it not been for that most indispensable, but incalculable excursionist, the weather, which was execrable. It poured the proverbial cats and dogs, and when these quadrupeds combine with a high wind the result is trying, even to colonial constitutions, though "the mild Hindoo" is imperturbable, and always shows his white teeth, no matter how cold the day or how long the speeches. Added to the dirty weather there was an awkward accident, by which several of the visitors were hurt. The gallant hosts had extemporised a special omnibus train, consisting of trucks with cloth-covered seats fitted inside them to take their guests round the docks. In running from the railway jetty to the repairing basin one of these trucks got off the line, and the truck behind was fairly upset, Sir William Dobson, Chief Justice of Tasmania, his wife, and Miss Nugent being rather badly hurt. It is curious how Providence watches over, not only drunkards, but great men. Our "only general" was in the next truck to the one that came to grief. The old hull of the *Victory* was brought alongside the pier for the occasion, and the visitors had an opportunity of gazing on the spot where Nelson fell, after which they did justice to the lunch on board H.M.S. *Euphrates*. The Queen's indifference to rain, and her liking for cold air are well known, and for a woman of her age quite wonderful, though, no doubt, the secret of her health. Her Majesty steamed down between an anchored line of

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her own ironclads and the troopship *Orontes*, containing the Colonials, in the royal yacht, and the effect of the bunting and the loyalty, which nothing could damp, was most imposing. Then H.M.S. *Colossus* became the object of a concentrated attack by that marine mosquito, the torpedo launch, which, of course, failed to penetrate the wire crinoline with which the *Colossus* (surely all ships should have a feminine name, fancy a "she" Colossus!) had equipped herself, and, of course, the launches were blown into a thousand pieces, or they would have been in real warfare. Then there were sundry manœuvres with ground-mines and circuit-closers, and by 7 P.M. the unhappy victims —we beg pardon, we mean visitors—were packed, wet and weary, into a special train for Victoria, profoundly impressed with the conviction that Britannia ruled the waves, if not the weather.

Of all carnal things there is satiety, and it has to be said that the Colonial boom has been a trifle overdone. The Colonials must be heartily sick of us, our dinners, our mayors, and our garden parties; and we, if the truth must be told, are getting just a tiny, weeny bit weary of them, their speeches, and their adoration. But nothing is so vulgar as indiscrimination. Just as, in the Highlands, there are Campbells and Campbells, so there are Colonials and Colonials. There are, in the first place, Colonials of the type of Sir Victor Houlton, Sir George Bowen, Sir John Pope Hennessy, and Sir Arthur Birch, late Governor of Ceylon. These men are only Colonials *pro hac vice*, to use an academic term. They are of course not colonists by birth, but, as a rule, politicians who have not had enough capital to stay the race out, or who have missed their mark in the House of Commons. Many of them have been promoted from clerkships in the Colonial Office, or private secretaryships to Colonial Secretaries of State. They are nearly all public school and university men, and, being polished by those famous pumice-stones, and having, moreover, measured themselves with the men at home, they are seldom either bores or boors. In a word, they may be said to compose the very best class of civil servants, and one can only regret that when they return, after governing some distant province, "to rust unburnished" in some remote suburb of the metropolis, they should not be enabled, by means of life-peerages, to contribute their experience to the councils of the House of Lords. Very different are the Colonials of the type of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Graham Berry. They are Colonials, born and bred, and though politically and psychologically more interesting than our civil servants, socially they have the true provincial note of narrowness, of exaggeration, of unsuccessful imitation. This no doubt is flat blasphemy; but we think that some of the Colonial stars would have been more appreciated if they had not twinkled with quite so persistent a brilliance; and

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probably the Canadian Commissioner would have been more popular if he had not been bent on showing us that the after-dinner oratory of the New World is better than that of the Old.

After the naval manœuvres at Portsmouth there were some clerical manœuvres at Canterbury, and the Colonials were gratified by the sight, not only of the cathedral, by no means one of our best, but of the archbishop, and no one plays his part better on such occasions than Dr. Benson. The irreproachable Duke of Northumberland entertained them at Sion House; the wicked Duke of Westminster, who has been striking blows at Mr. Gladstone and the aristocracy, showed them the unfinished glories of Eaton Hall; the cultivated Lord Carnarvon had them down to Highclere, and offended them by posting policemen all over the place; York, Newcastle, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Folkestone, Dover, Edinburgh, and Glasgow—all these triumphs of civilisation they have witnessed. The eye aches and the brain whirls at the bare imagination of such a tour, and the reader cries, Hold, enough! That the whole business of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, the speechifying and the touring, have been of enormous educational and political value to the citizens of the British Empire in both hemispheres cannot be denied. At a time when the whole fabric seemed to be cracking and gaping under the blows of Secessionist demagogues, undoubtedly the bazaar and the living figures did that which is always most difficult with regard to uneducated people; it reached the imagination of the masses, and impressed them with the reality and extent of their empire. One word of warning may, however, be addressed to the enthusiasts for Imperial Federation. The Colonials who come over here are all advocates of the idea; it is their business to flatter English politicians with phrases about Colonial loyalty. It would be too much to say that they bring:

> "Smooth comforts false,
> Worse than true wrongs."

But there are many colonists, and many visitors to the colonies, who tell a different tale. They say that if there is one thing that offends a Canadian more than another, it is to speak of him as a colonial or a provincial, and that there is more sympathy in the Dominion with the United States than with Old England. In speech and ideas the Canadians are certainly more like the Americans than ourselves, and the same may be said of the Australians. The sceptic will strike the balance between Federation and Separation, and conclude that the majority of colonists are indifferent to the whole question.

Every two or three years there crops up in a court of law a case which, from various reasons, becomes the universal and absorbing topic of conversation. When men are by themselves they discuss it unreservedly; when women are by themselves they discuss it

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reservedly. At first it is tabooed in mixed society, or only alluded to in cautious periphrases. But at last, after it has been running through the papers for a fortnight, reserve becomes affectation, and at dinner-tables and in railway carriages nothing else is talked of. It is hardly necessary to say that the case always concerns the relations between a man and a woman, generally in the "hupper suckles" of society. Even the ministerial appointments were thrown into the shade by the Dilke Case. It will be remembered that on a hot July night in 1885, Mrs. Crawford stood by her husband's bedside, and confessed to him the story of her adultery with Sir Charles Dilke, at that time President of the Local Government Board, and a Cabinet Minister. The husband wrote the story down afterwards, and upon that confession he petitioned the Court to grant him a divorce from his wife upon the ground of her adultery with Sir Charles Dilke, who was made the co-respondent. Mrs. Crawford did not appear at all, and Sir Charles Dilke sat still. The Court found, according to an established canon of evidence, that a confession is evidence against the person making it, but not against anybody else; that, therefore, Mrs. Crawford had been proved guilty of adultery with Sir Charles Dilke, but that there was nothing to prove that Sir Charles Dilke had committed adultery with Mrs. Crawford, and that a decree *nisi* of divorce should be granted to the husband. This result was perfectly logical to a legal mind, but it puzzled the press and the public. The coarse conclusion will suggest itself to the vulgar mind, that it takes two to commit adultery, and very hard things were said about Sir Charles Dilke. The unhappy man soon found his position intolerable. In vain did he run about London in his brougham, protesting his innocence to every one who would receive him. In vain did he go down to the House of Commons, steal into a seat between "Union Jacks" and Sir George Balfour, and try to talk unconcernedly to Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James. In vain did he hang piteously about the Reform Club, picking up crumbs of comfort from some good-natured *gobe-mouche* of easy morals and Whig politics. It was all no use—things were not as they were; he must do something. His position could not possibly be worse than it was; he had assured his constituents that he would prove his innocence; and, in an unhappy hour, the doomed man did what is known as setting the Queen's Proctor in motion. The Queen's Proctor is a public official, whose name is a secret of State (we believe it is Stephenson), and who intervenes, on behalf of the Crown, to prevent a decree *nisi* of divorce being made absolute upon the ground that there has been collusion between the parties, or that there has been a suppression of material evidence. The Queen's Proctor always moves at the instigation of somebody; we believe he is bound to intervene if anybody supplies him with sufficient facts; and in this case he was instructed by Sir Charles Dilke, who

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declared that material evidence had been suppressed, that Mrs. Crawford had been guilty with several other men, and that he, an innocent man, had been fastened on as a scapegoat. Everybody knows what followed. The engineer was hoist with his own petard. Mrs. Crawford appeared, and swore to the truth of every detail in her original confession. Sir Charles Dilke went into the witness-box, and swore that the confession was a lie. Mrs. Rogerson, Lady Dilke, Captain Foster, footmen, and housemaids appeared in grim procession in this hideous plot. Avowed wanton as she was, Mrs. Crawford was believed by the jury rather than Sir Charles Dilke, and the decree *nisi* was made absolute. There are newspapers which still assert that Sir Charles is innocent; the Chelsea Caucus still records its unalterable confidence in his politics and his propriety; and he himself, of course, continues to protest that he is the victim of a vile conspiracy. What did the second trial add to the first in the way of proof? Mrs. Crawford's confession, sworn to by her husband at the first trial, was sworn to by herself at the second, but it was not proved by corroborative evidence; that is to say, she and Sir Charles were never caught, or even seen in suspicious circumstances. One of the servant girls saw "a lady" in Sir Charles's bedroom one morning, but she could not swear that it was Mrs. Crawford. The Helliers saw Sir Charles and "a lady" come to Warren Street, but the lady, according to their description, was more like another lady in the court than Mrs. Crawford. What the second trial did add to the first were the facts that Sir Charles did use a bedroom in Warren Street for the purpose of assignations, and that "his relations with a Hagar of his household were patriarchal," as *Truth* puts it. But does that prove his adultery with Mrs. Crawford, ask his partisans in the press? The ordinary juryman probably thinks that a baronet who seduces his housemaid, and keeps an assignation room off the Tottenham Court Road, would not be over-scrupulous about his neighbour's wife; and the ordinary juryman is therein probably right. There was a Zolaesque squalor and brutality about the whole business which was as sickening as surprising. There was a splendid dignity about Bacon's bribery; there was a glorious recklessness about Mirabeau's amours; Melbourne and Palmerston were both engaged in affairs with "women," which did them no harm; but the Tottenham Court Road—faugh! Of course, there will be no prosecution for perjury; nor should there be. The public have heard quite enough of the case, and the fanatic virtue of Mr. Stead may be satisfied; for Sir Charles Dilke will be punished quite as badly as any man can be on this earth. We should say that French novels and the character of an earnest Liberal had been the causes of his ruin.

The island of Tiree is situate in the Atlantic Ocean, to the west of Mull, Staffa, and Iona, and not very far from Oban by

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steamer. It belongs to the Duke of Argyll, and has recently been the scene of a miniature revolution. Needless to say that the population is purely Celtic, and that therefore they have proved apt pupils for the Land League agitators, who have selected this Highland Arcadia in which to preach their gospel of public plunder. The names of the actors matter nothing. Whether it be Hector Macdonald or Hugh MacNeil,

"Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell;"

but the facts of the story are instructive. A farmer gave up a farm, called Green Hill farm, and it was taken from the duke's factor by a leading member of the Tiree Land League, who knew that the farm was a good one, and who quietly began business as a farmer. The crofters of Tiree, not understanding this interpretation of the gospel according to Parnell, and having been taught that to take a farm which had been thrown on the landlord's hands was a capital crime, simply took possession of the farm, and pastured their flocks and herds upon it. In answer to the Duke of Argyll's factor, they said that they would pay rent for the farm, but that they would not give up possession, because they had now no other means of livelihood. The duke has been very kind to the islanders of Tiree, and a few years ago he very liberally assisted several families to emigrate. But the business was serious; here were seventy or eighty crofters squatting on a farm, and refusing to budge. A body of police arrived from Glasgow with a sheriff's officer, and seventy-five interdicts, or writs of eviction, in his pocket. The policemen landed in a small boat from the Oban steamer, and were received by scowling groups of men and women. The weather was wet and stormy, but the constables commenced their march through the wild scenery, accompanied by the duke's factor in a carriage, and a gibbering Gaelic crowd, in order to serve the seventy-five writs of ejectment. The crowd increased in numbers and vehemence; the policemen found that they were boycotted, upon compulsion, by the landlord of the solitary inn. Five notices were served in different villages, but the Gaelic imprecations grew so impressive, that the policemen began to retrace their steps. The women began to put stones in stockings; the men began to mass with an appearance of organisation; a shot was fired from behind a knoll by a man in a black mask; the duke's horses took fright and ran away; the duke's factor was decidedly of opinion that it would be dangerous to serve any more notices; in short, what is known as "the deforcement in Tiree" was effected. Deforcement is a Scotch law term meaning that the police have been beaten back by the mob. The police returned to Oban, and landed at that fashionable watering-place amid the jeers of boots and ostlers, who are all Celts. The crofters were of course

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triumphant, and held meetings at which there was a good deal of praying and swearing in Gaelic. Nothing would induce them to give up Green Hill farm, if they dyed the emerald turf with their hearts' tide—for the Celts are a race of born rhetoricians. Judging from the way in which Government has dealt with the National League in Ireland, every one thought that the crofters had really won the day, and would be left in possession of the duke's farm. But, alas for the poor people of Tiree! They have no Parnell, no Tim Healy, no O'Brien, no No. 1, not even a Biggar! Non-payment of debts and defiance of the law are privileges reserved for Paddy, and the "deil tak'" his Highland imitator. The Scotch are a peculiar people, with no sympathy for Celtic rhetoric, and an instinctive love of law. Two men-of-war, the *Ajax* and the *Assistance*, appeared one morning in the green waters of Scarinish Bay, and smart and well-manned gigs landed two hundred and fifty red marines, besides our old friend the sheriff's officer, and his sheepish bobbies. The Tiree crofters were delighted, and immediately came forward with offers of milk and oatmeal. Such bright accoutrements, and such pretty fellows they had never seen. The gallant marines learned to make love in Gaelic, and the crofters swore that they were welcome as long as they liked to stay, which, considering the number of maidens on the island, was decidedly rash on their part. All this was very trying to the police, who, in metropolitan areas, are generally considered greater favourites that the redcoats. A second march was begun through the island; the seventy remaining writs were served without the slightest trouble; and six poor fellows were arrested for "mobbing and rioting," and shipped off to Inverary gaol, where they now lie awaiting trial. So ended the Tiree deforcement, a remarkable instance of how quickly the pernicious doctrines of the Land League spread amongst the ignorant, and how easily they are put down by a prompt assertion of the law. The affair excited a good deal of attention in the Highlands, where the lairds complain bitterly of the way in which the Celtic character has been corrupted of late years by the Land Leaguers. Ten years ago, they say, the Highlanders were the most civil, obliging, and contented population in the world, whose chief fault was deceit; now they are surly and suspicious, taking nothing as a favour, demanding everything as a right; even the old feudal feeling for the chief of the clan seems to be dying, and the ordinary notions of getting other people's land for nothing have sunk deep into their minds. The lairds are also wailing loudly over the meeting of Parliament in August and September. It was difficult enough to let their shootings before, owing to bad times; now it is impossible, and some will not improbably be thrown on their hands. They will not be consoled even by the visit of the Orleanist princes to the Highlands.

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Cabinet-making is a very exciting process. The Carlton and the Reform are in a ferment; Brooks's simmers with composed curiosity; and even at the Marlborough and White's there is a dandified anxiety about the Household and Buckhounds. As soon as it became known that Mr. Gladstone, following the precedent set by Mr. Disraeli in 1868, would tender his resignation to the Queen without meeting the new Parliament, imaginary lists of the new Government appeared from day to day in most of the daily papers. Mr. Gladstone advised Her Majesty to send for Lord Salisbury, and that nobleman received the royal mandate to repair to Osborne. Before starting for the Isle of Wight, Lord Salisbury did, what in modern politics appeared to be a very remarkable thing, though in the last century Ministries were made up of combinations of family groups—he drove in his brougham to Devonshire House to call on Lord Hartington. We know now that the Minister who had been "sent for" by the Sovereign to form a Government of his own, offered to fill a subordinate place in the Cabinet of a rival statesman, and to advise Her Majesty to send for Lord Hartington. Such an instance of magnanimous and lofty conduct certainly deserves to be remembered in the politics of this country, which are too apt to degenerate into a mere scuffle for places. But Lord Salisbury had to deal with a man as high-spirited and as disinterested as himself. Lord Hartington refused to entertain the idea of forming a Government, and indeed it is difficult to see how a statesman, supposed to lead a party of seventy-six members of doubtful fidelity, could, consistently with the traditions of party government, have made another answer. Lord Salisbury then offered Lord Hartington a seat in his own Cabinet, and presumably seats for some of his friends. But this offer, for reasons afterwards stated by his lordship, but not quite intelligible, Lord Hartington refused. Forced to content himself with the promise of cordial co-operation on the subject of Ireland, and benevolent neutrality on all other subjects, Lord Salisbury hurried off to Osborne to receive the Queen's commands to form an Administration. On his return, he found his house in Arlington Street besieged by a crowd of fly-catchers, who could hardly expect to be asked to form a part of Her Majesty's Government, but who watched and criticised the arrival of the callers. Then the Cabinet-making began in earnest, and a tough and weary job Lord Salisbury must have found it. There is always a mysterious class of persons, consisting of obscure members of Parliament, who start up on these occasions with what are called "claims" upon the party. Some hoary county member, who has occupied a silent seat on the back benches for several sessions, or some veteran Q.C., from whom practice has retired, are suddenly discovered to have "claims" which must be satisfied, in the one case by the Chancellorship of the Duchy, in the other by the

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Solicitor-Generalship. Then there is in every party a number of clever young Corsairs,

"Ripe for revolt and greedy for reward,"

who demand that there shall be a clean sweep of "the Old Gang," and an entire redistribution of places. Lastly, there are the rival claims and personal pretensions of the leaders themselves. Foodle will not go here; Doodle cannot possibly go there; while it is morally and physically impossible that if Doodle does go there, Coodle can go anywhere at all. There were only four incidents about the composition of the Conservative Government. Lord Randolph Churchill was made Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, *vice* Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who became Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C., was made Home Secretary; Mr. Chaplin was offered the Presidency of the Local Government Board, without a seat in the Cabinet, and declined; and Sir Richard Cross was made Secretary of State for India with a peerage. For the rest, Foodle and Coodle gradually fell in, and there was some shuffling of the cards since the last Conservative arrangement in July. Sir Frederick Stanley was also made a peer and President of the Board of Trade, while Mr. Arthur Balfour was made Secretary of State for Scotland, without a seat in the Cabinet, a rather extraordinary exclusion. A long-merited and long-delayed promotion was conferred upon Mr. Edward Clarke, who became Solicitor-General, Sir John Gorst, who formerly filled that office, becoming Under-Secretary for India.

Franz Liszt died at Bayreuth at the age of seventy-five, and just as Pitt is said to have died with the words, "My country," on his lips, "Tristan" is said to have been the last word breathed by the veteran artist. Liszt has been so lately in this country, and so much was written about him then, that the details of his life and his personal appearance have become familiar to our public. Paris is the paradise of brilliant Ishmaels, and towards Paris at a very early age Liszt gravitated. He lived with Heine, and George Sand, and Chopin, and revelled in "that ancient French society, so brilliant, so polished, so jealous of pleasing," as M. Rénan described it the other day. He read Rousseau and Chateaubriand, wrote Philippics against the bad music of a *bourgeois* Court, and threw himself heart and soul into the romantic movement in art and letters, of which De Musset, Theophile Gautier, and Victor Hugo were the master spirits. More nonsense has been penned about Romanticism than probably about any other subject, which is neither religious nor political. Romanticism is simply the modern mode of expressing the beautiful. When a poet says, I will write as I like, he is a Romanticist; when a painter says, I will paint as I like, he is a Romanticist; when a musician says, I will play as I like, he is

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a Romanticist. Liszt was certainly a Romanticist, for he is the acknowledged creator of a new school of pianoforte technique. He believed in "the omnipotence of the pianoforte." He said himself, that "the piano was to orchestral compositions what steel engravings are to paintings—it multiplied and diffused." He extended the compass of his instrument, and it has been said that specialists, when they came to look at the scores, stared in blank dismay, as perhaps did some of his audience, when they came to hear them. Transcendent Liszt's execution undoubtedly was, and it will long be remembered by virtuosoes; but it is not likely that Liszt will live as a composer. Like Carlyle, he was too decided and too disagreeable a mannerist ever to become generally popular; Carlyle, who, with all his genius, is destined, according to Mr. Bagehot, to be unread by future generations. It will probably always be a fruitful theme for after-dinner argument, whether the specialist or the plain man is the better judge of an art. The subject has been very fairly argued, at hundreds of guineas a day, in the celebrated Belt case. Judged by the popular standard, although Liszt declared that he always played for the people in the top gallery, he was not and will never be a favourite. Liszt wrote some very sensible essays, "De la Situation des Artistes," some of which might be reprinted, and circulated in London, where we hear so much about the social position of actors and actresses. About art Liszt wrote in these terms:—"To comprehend art not as a convenient means for egotistical advantages and unfruitful celebrity, but as a sympathetic power which unites and binds men; to educate one's own life to that lofty dignity which floats before talent as an ideal; to open the understanding of artists to what they should and what they can do; to rule public opinion by the noble ascendancy of a high, thoughtful life, and to kindle and nourish in the minds of men that enthusiasm for the beautiful which is so nearly allied to the good—that is the task which the artist has to set before him, who feels himself strong enough to strive to be Paganini's heir. . . . We all foresee a transformation of our social position." The words of a man of genius are always worth reading, and the above is a good description of the mission of art, preached by how many, practised by how few! Liszt himself practised it, for he did not amass gold; he lived a simple, though not an austere life. But how many of his brother artists "comprehend art as a convenient means for egotistical advantages and unfruitful," or rather fruitful, "celebrity"? And considering the incurable irregularity of the *vie de Bohême*, what does "the alliance between the enthusiasm for the beautiful and the good" amount to? Quite the most original thing that Liszt did was to go and live among the Bohemian gipsies, and to collect and transcribe their songs into "Hungarian Rhapsodies." He wrote a book on the gipsies, with a digression on the Jews, which must be most

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Since the Famine and that most disastrous measure, the Encumbered Estates' Act, it has "paid" to evict, and so eviction has become general.

Enough of Sir F. Head. I don't think it can profit anybody to read a man who can spend half a page in describing a beggar's trowsers—"looking, without exaggeration, as if they had been filled with rats, and gnawed through by Skye-terriers anxious to get at the vermin." Poor man, he had only been a fortnight in Ireland; but Mr. Murray knew that those four hundred pages would "pay," and so the wretched book got published. Thackeray's little tour is amusing, and that is all. "Peg of Limavady" may suit some people's tastes, but I prefer not to study anything Irish through the eyes of him who wrote the atrociously unfair "Barry Lyndon, Esquire, of the Kingdom of Ireland;" and who, having been received by Lever with exuberant hospitality, showed himself a bigger snob than any of those in his book, by the way in which he wrote and spoke about his host. One Irish tourist behaved even worse—Carlyle; but then he had the excuse of a fit of dyspepsia more grievous even than what usually afflicted him.

Mr. Froude may fairly be classed among the others whose names are at the head of our paper. After travelling about, and living some time in Kerry, he wrote his famous "English in Ireland," in which he certainly does not spare his countrymen. The English Government in Ireland has, on his showing, been perhaps the worst that one European nation ever inflicted on another. It has been a succession of mistakes; and the men through whom it was carried on have been no credit to the country which employed them. Primates like Boulter and Stone, "the beauty of holiness," were at once a disgrace to the Church, and also to the Government in which they took a foremost part. One thinks of Swift's complaint that England always appointed excellent persons, chosen with great care, to Irish bishoprics; but somehow, in going over Hounslow Heath, they were invariably seized by highwaymen, who made them change clothes, and, carrying off their papers, stepped into their sees, where (to the astonishment of the Prime Minister and of every one not in the secret) they behaved after their kind—as highwaymen, and not as bishops. Of the successive generations of English officials, high and low, Mr. Froude speaks so slightingly that his words might well be taken as a text by the most thoroughgoing Nationalist. But then follows the extraordinary inference that this official recreancy, this corruption and infamy in high places, this disgraceful imbecility or yet more mischievous wrongheadedness, is due to something in the Irish air and Irish surroundings. Mr. Froude improves upon Dean Swift. The officials, whether bishops or laymen, are worthy men till they have crossed the Channel. As soon as they

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are settled in Dublin they become (as the Norman settlers of old were said to do) "more Irish than the Irish," tainted with Irish views, given up to Irish ways; and of Irish views and Irish ways Mr. Froude has a very poor opinion. To live in that unhappy island brings about, he thinks, "a paralysis of all manliness." Herein is the sting of his book. In his "History of England" he had displayed the horrors of Tudor government in Ireland, the miserable screw-penny policy of the glorious Queen Bess, who broke her generals' hearts, and forced her soldiers to subsist at free quarters, so that O'Neil's country became the refuge for such of the "Pale" farmers as wished to reap their own crops. He had shown, with the force and clearness of truth, the awful misery of the desolation of Munster, and the equally cruel conquest of the Wicklow clans, when English officers would take out their men for "a little birding," and shoot women and children in some village of O'Byrnes with as little compunction as if they were pigeons at Hurlingham. But, when he came to treat at large of the later relations between the two countries, he somehow managed to lay all the blame on "those Irish." It is the most curiously topsy-turvy reasoning that one has ever known an educated man indulge in. But Mr. Froude has Ireland on the brain; he can't talk of the Maoris (in that "Oceana" which is bringing on him such a storm of indignation from colonials) without likening their huts to Connemara cabins, and themselves to the inhabitants of the said cabins. How delighted he would be, could he add that, like the Maoris, the Connemara folks will soon be nothing but a name. In his latest utterance (see *Times* of July 3rd) he stigmatises "the Irish down to Henry VIII.'s time as nothing better than a set of savages." This he said to teach the rural voters in the Devon South Hams how to use their franchise in the interests of union! Mr. Froude is a problem, a puzzle to historians—suffering from colour-blindness. Like one of Eugene Sue's characters, he cries, "J'y vois rouge," whenever Ireland is the topic. The Froude baitings in the *Saturday Review* used to be immense fun, though the *Saturday Review* generally confined itself to English ground. Read his "English in Ireland," and you'll be driven to the very opposite conclusion to that which he adopts—viz., that English misrule is answerable for everything that is now a "difficulty," even to the existence of that Irish nationality, which will, as Lord Spencer said, have to be reckoned with. Better not read the book, say I; it will only stir up angry feelings.

Mrs. Houstoun's book, "Twenty Years in the Wild West," proves that, just as Mr. Froude was, with his peculiar temperament, the very worst man to write about Ireland, so she was the very worst person to live there. You go to County Galway, you turn sheep-farmer, and man your farm with Scotch bigots (p. 203), for whose behoof you set up an Irish Church Mission

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school; and then you are indignant because you are misunderstood, and because Archbishop MacHale objects to the native children attending where their religion—the religion to which they have clung when everything else was wrested from them, the religion which solaced and supported them through the penal days—is looked on as gross idolatry. What can these English be thinking of? What utter Philistinism, passing even Mr. Matthew Arnold's power to conceive, it is to fancy that, having held their faith so long, they will be converted because the wife of a gentleman farmer finds it convenient to pitch her tent among them. "*Bore me no love*," indeed! Was it likely, Mrs. Houstoun, when your spirit is shown by your taking credit to yourself for having called the Archbishop "'Your Grace,' though he did speak with a brogue (!), and was not *quite* the cleanest man with whom I had ever come in contact" (p. 198)? Fancy a man, speaking with what Mrs. Houstoun is pleased to call a brogue, weakening his right to what she admits is his "legitimate clerical rank." Fancy an Irish lady *publishing* her opinion on the state of an English bishop's linen after a long car-drive across the mountains on a blazing August day! If a Russian or a Turk were to come to my Norfolk village, and behave as many English people think they have a right to do in the "sister island," I'll answer for it, they'd get such a boycotting as Ireland has not yet seen. I'm ashamed at the whining after sympathy in those afflicted with such utter want of insight as books of this kind display. There is the same want of insight in "Letters from Donegal." The "lady Felon" is fond of calling the Government "hysterical;" but she almost goes into hysterics herself because the Americans, very properly, and after full warning (though, she says, "in consequence of a deeply-organised League plot") refused to receive some shiploads of wretched, Irish-speaking creatures whom the Galway unions had thrust across the Atlantic. She, like Sir F. Head, is a priest-hater; thinks Home Rule means Rome Rule, and doesn't mind hearing "To hell with the Pope!" because it shows that those who use it "are protesting against the one-man system"! She probably was born since the Famine, and therefore does not remember, as I do, how ship after ship went down—all drowned, captain and crew saved; enough to account for the story she gives about Lord Palmerston's emigrants.

But enough; my writers on Ireland don't improve as we get along. It is always hard to find an impartial historian; it is hardest of all to find impartiality when Ireland is the topic. I want Ireland to become a touring ground; I want many Londoners, now so wofully ignorant, to go and see for themselves. But I want them to hear all sides, not to listen to this hospitable friend or to that; in short, to imitate Young and De Latocnaye, or, in more modern times, Lord Sydney Godolphin

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Osborne (the *Times* "S. G. O."), whose "Gleanings in Ireland" should be studied by all who would understand the genesis of Fenians, Invincibles, Dynamiters, and such like, instead of imitating Sir F. Head and Mr. Froude.*

* Besides Irish authors such as Barry O'Brien ("Fifty Years of *Concessions* to Ireland") and O'Neill Daunt, let them put into their travelling-bag "A Short History of Ireland," by C. P. Deane (Elliot Stock). The author is, to me, absolutely unknown, but he must allow me to heartily thank him for "*writing as an Englishman, yet doing his best to avoid partisanship;*" he has succeeded.

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A LOVER'S APPEAL.

J. C. HENDERSON.

WATCH with me, Darling, yet a little while,
Till fades the crimson splendour from those clouds,
Touched by the pallid fingers of the night;
Till tremulously the first faint evening star
Lights her wan lamp above the purple weeds
That climb with serried ranks the mountain side,—
Like some vast host advancing to besiege
Yon rocky fortress towering to the sky.

See, Dearest, where the river winding flows—
Along whose banks the lissom willows bend—
The steaming mist that, rising slowly now,
Submerging all beneath its filmy waves,
Spreads like a magic lake o'er the wide plain.

Oh! linger yet beneath these sombre trees,
That cast weird shadows on the dewy grass,
And listen to the vespers of the wood,
The thrush's liquid note that rises clear
Above the myriad voices of the birds,
Singing their evensong of love and peace;
As in cathedral vast, some chorister,
In anthem soaring high above the rest,
Brings heaven to earth, and moves the heart to tears.

Hark to the music of the swaying pines,
In whose tall branches nature's organist,
The passionate, plaintive wind, with master touch
Accompanies those choral harmonies
In hurrying fugues, or airs disconsolate.

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Nay, leave me not in darkness here alone;
When thou art gone, the glory all is fled,
And these fair sights and sounds which at thy side
Make of this earth a heaven for thee and me,
Grow pale and drear; with thee my soul awakes
To see rare beauty even in common things,
And hear in earthly sounds a voice Divine;
Without thee nought I see in all around
But lifeless shapes from which the soul has fled;
In vain on my unheeding ear may fall
Nature's sweet voice, thy gentle tones unheard.

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THE WORLD BELOW.

A Novel.

BY E. M. ABDY-WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Mist clogs the sunshine.
Smoky dwarf houses hem me round everywhere.
A vague dejection
Weighs down my soul."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LOVEDAY slept for nearly twenty-four hours after her unceremonious entry into Jessie Moss's room. Several times she moved in her sleep, half opening her eyes, and murmuring, "*O mon père!*" But she did not regain full consciousness till late in the following afternoon, and the long rest probably saved her from a serious illness, for when she was quite aroused she was calm and collected, and, although still weak and weary, was perfectly well in health.

Gradually the recollection of all that had happened returned to her, and great was her distress at the trouble and inconvenience to which she had put the seamstress.

"I know now," she said, "it was the name told to me by the porter. He spoke so kindly, his words must have entered my brain, though not my consciousness, and they must have led me to you. What should I have done, where should I have gone, but for you?"

She told Jessie the whole story of her father's death and of her uncle's cruelty (though she did not call it by that name), and further explained what had brought her to Cable Street. She did not say much of her distress at not finding her mother there. The disappointment was too crushing to be spoken of. But she asked Jessie's advice as to what she should now do to find her; and when the girl suggested that she should write to her friends and ask for their assistance, she answered almost bitterly, for her,—

"You do not understand. They are ashamed of me now. If they did not cast me off, they would only be kind against their own wish. I am too proud for that. It is true my best friend would never cast me off, disgrace though I were to her. She

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would hide her feeling of shame for the sake of my dead father, and she would think it was her duty to be good to me always. But that I could not bear. I will never put her to that pain. Rather I will work for my bread."

"You ain't fit for it, miss," said Jessie. "It's an 'ard life for any one, most of all a lady like you."

"I am not a lady," cried Love. "I am a nameless girl. You are better than I, for you at least are your father's lawful child, while I—ah, if he were living now, I should not even have the right to call him 'father!' Oh, I know, I have read of these things. Do not call me "miss;" it pains me. Call me Love, and I will call you Jessie."

"I'm quite agreeable," said Jessie, "though it don't seem quite befitting. But, miss—I mean, Love—ain't you got nowheres to go? You can't never mean to stop 'ere in this poor part. 'Ow ever will you abear it after being used to the country?"

"I cannot go back now. Let me stay with you. I can work. I will help you to sew, and I will earn my living like you."

Jessie pondered a long time over this suggestion. Of course, she could see plainly enough, as any sharp London-bred girl would have done in her place, that Loveday was singularly ignorant of the manner of life she proposed to adopt, and being a really kind, good-hearted young woman, she felt extremely unwilling to encourage her in such a course without first explaining things clearly to her. On the other hand, it was apparent that the shock of learning her true position in "society" had given Loveday such an exaggerated idea of her own degradation that the slightest appearance of unwillingness on her (Jessie's) part to join company would at once be construed by Love into that "feeling of shame" which she had determined never to inflict on any of her friends.

The seamstress did not review the situation exactly after this fashion in her own mind, as she silently sewed on, thinking things over, but she felt how the land lay, though she did not express her instinct. And a terror seized her for the girl who had so suddenly entered into her life, and had so completely won her heart. What evil might not happen to her if she went away, not to her well-to-do friends, but to wander about lonely and unsuspecting, among people to whom her ignorance and innocence would be only weapons for her destruction? What might not have happened to her already last night, if in her dazed condition she had gone into another house in that very same street, similar in appearance to the one she had entered, but widely different in character?

The very thought was enough for honest Jessie. Never should any good girl be exposed to danger of that kind, were she gentle or simple, if she could stretch out a hand to save her.

"You can stay with me as long as you please," she said,

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"though I 'opes your own relations will do something, as indeed they did ought, to 'elp you, for 'tis very 'ard work if you ain't got nothing else to look to. And my room's full small for two. Still, miss, so far as I'm concerned, it'll be a real pleasure, and no mistake, and I'm sure I'll do my very best to make you comfortable."

Loveday burst into tears. Until now she had no difficulty in maintaining her equanimity; indeed, she had scarcely yet recovered the stunning effect of the events which had followed each other in quick succession yesterday. But the seamstress's kindness was too much for her, and for a few minutes she wept uncontrollably.

After a time, however, she composed herself.

"I will cease crying," she said, with determination, perceiving that Jessie had laid down her work, and was gazing at her with an expression of considerable anxiety. "I am foolish to cry, now that I have found a home, for I did not cry before, when I had lost one."

"I'm afraid you won't care to call this 'ome long," said Jessie; "but there's one thing I must tell you of, miss, if you means to stop along of me 'ere, and that is your dress. The folks will for certain be passing remarks if they sees you and me together, for there's a many as knows me 'ereabouts. Now, if you 'ad an old dress to put on they wouldn't notice you not so much like, and I might say you was a friend of mine, which they wouldn't never believe, not with you wearing that beautiful dress."

Loveday saw the point of this at once, and agreed to let Jessie arrange a change of costume for her; but when the seamstress unpacked her box and discovered the dainty slippers, lace-trimmed under-linen, ivory-backed brushes, and all the other accessories of the young lady's toilet, she held up her hands with an exclamation of awe.

"O my, there's pounds upon pounds worth 'ere, and you to talk of living with me what 'asn't got but one tidy dress to my name, and never had, not since father left 'is place in the country. You can't do it, miss. You don't know what 'tis to earn your living, with the rent every week, and coals so dear as they is now with winter coming on, and gettin' up at six in the morning these cold days, and your 'ands chapped and all. Don't you try to do it, miss. You take my word for it, you ain't never strong enough for it, which it's bad enough for us as is used to it. And see what a difference that makes, let alone you not knowing the work."

"But indeed I can sew very well," said Love. "Old Jeanne taught me to embroider when I was little, and I can knit also. Only let us try, dear Jessie. I will sell all my clothes and buy plainer ones, and I will soon earn money."

"Well," said Jessie, "there's no 'arm trying. I knows a lady as keeps a shop in the Minories. She offered me some marking

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yesterday, and I couldn't take it. 'I'd pay you extry for it,' she says, 'cos I wants to give it to some one as I can trust,' she says. I was sorry I 'ad to disappoint 'er, she seemed so put out. I was frightened I should lose 'er work, too, but I couldn't do marking like that, not if my life depended on it. But that's no reason you shouldn't get it, and I'll go round this very minute and see about it, if you'll get the tea for me."

No more was said on either side of Loveday's unfitness for earning her own living, but the work in question was readily obtained, and performed in such a fashion as to give the "lady" (a wealthy Jewess) complete satisfaction. So pleased was Jessie at the prospect thus opened up of paying employment for her friend that she ventured to give expression to an idea which had been developing in her mind since Love's first proposal to remain with her. This was nothing less than a scheme to change house, and it involved so large an expenditure that she scarcely dared to think of it, save as a goal to be attained in the distant future by dint of long pinching and saving in such matters as food, firing, and candles. Great though the project was, it seemed less visionary in view of the half-crown paid to Loveday for work which had only taken her eight hours to do; and at least there was no harm in talking of the scheme.

"You've seen that there great big block of new building down Katherine Docks' way?" she said. "Well, that's where I wants to go. There's rooms there to be 'ad for one and six a week, no smaller than this, what costs me every penny of two shillings, and threepence more very often, when I 'as to pay the landlady's little girl to go and do my bits of shopping for me three or four days in the week on account of 'aving to get my work done in time or p'raps losing the place. And with you getting two shillings a day we could easy take two rooms, and keep one for living in and the other to sleep in. But it would cost us all of ten shillings to move in and get the place comfortable, and it'll be some while before we can save out all that, so it ain't no good saying nothing about it yet."

"But I have more than ten shillings," said Loveday. "Only to-day I found in my travelling-bag a five-pound note. I did not know where it was from, but I think now it was my aunt who gave it to me, as I was leaving my home. I forgot it, and I thought I had nothing, for I gave the last money out of my purse to the cabman. At least, I believe so, for my purse is empty now. But five pounds will last a long time, will it not?"

"Five pounds!" cried Jessie.

She had never seen so much money in her life. What could not be done with such a fabulous sum? For two years she had been laying by every penny she could scrape together, and her hoard only amounted now to twenty-eight shillings and sevenpence, though she worked early and late, and never spent a

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farthing that she could by any means save. And here before her lay a thin bit of paper representing four times that amount, very nearly enough to pay the rent for a whole year. No wonder the sight of it was too much for her prudence; no wonder it led her into extravagance beyond her wildest dreams.

"Five pounds!" she cried, "why, 'tis enough to pay for twenty times moving, and new furniture into the bargain. We'll give notice this very day as ever is, and move into Margaret Buildings next week, and then we'll put by all the rest of the money till the slack time after Christmas, when maybe we shan't be getting no work to speak of."

So the die was cast, and the two girls took up their abode in the great block of artisan's dwellings known as Margaret Buildings, where, among the six hundred tenants, all more or less poverty-stricken, and all entirely engrossed in the struggle for daily bread, they passed in and out unnoticed, save by the rent-collector, who was gratified at the regularity with which their rent was paid, and by the ragged, half-starved children who ran after Loveday, eager for the word or the smile which they never failed to obtain.

And the days passed on, until Richard Owen had been in his grave a month, and never a sign of her mother did his daughter find, though she sought for her in the streets and the market-places, and watched for her with an intensity that was the more pitiful from its utter inutility. Often her heart failed her, and her spirit almost broke under the pressure of her grief and her anxiety. Often she came in wringing her hands in despair at the sights and sounds around her. Sometimes, indeed, she felt as if she could not go on with the life she had chosen; when the dirt and squalor outside, and the dulness and ugliness of the poor little home within, which they could in no way afford to decorate, save at the price of a meal or of some necessary article of clothing, weighed so heavily upon her that she could scarcely endure them with any measure of patience; and at such times all Jessie's sweetness and goodness seemed as nothing compared with her lack of refinement, and her want of education. True, this mood would soon pass away, and then Loveday would reproach herself bitterly for her ingratitude to the girl who was so good to her. But the suffering did not pass away, nor the fruits of it. She grew grave and silent, and her forehead took new lines of thought, for the iron entered into her soul, and her busy brain perplexed itself ever more and more with the question why such things should be, why people should be born into the world in which they have no share of aught but misery, why some should never know the slightest pang of need, while others have hunger and want for their companions every day and their bedfellows every night. For she was not a political economist, and knew not the consolation to be derived from certain theories of the "dismal

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science" which, if studied with sufficient faith, convince the inquirer that these things are a law of nature against which it is a folly—almost a crime—to fight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Shall we receive good at the hand of God
And evil not receive?" R. BROWNING.

THE doctors had made no error when they prescribed for Isabel Rhys, *née* Pwllmeyric, a voyage round the world, as her best chance of recovery. Long before the year was out she had fully regained her health and her spirits, and about the time of Loveday Owen's first appearance in London society, she was having at least an equal success in Auckland, if such a comparison be admissible. The society of the New Zealand capitals may not be what we in England would consider of the first water, but it has one great merit in the eyes of the appreciative foreigner, it is heartily hospitable. Given the smallest pretence of introduction, and the average Englishman may, if he so please, enter the most exclusive circles, and flirt with the most aristocratic maidens within a very few days of his arrival on the island. Nor are similar privileges denied to the average Englishwoman, for the New Zealand ladies are not jealously disposed; their own position is too assured, their supremacy over the sterner and more numerous sex too complete for that small vice to find a foothold among them.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Rhys had plenty of good introductions, in addition to youth, competence, and *l'air du grand monde,* to recommend them. Auckland quite lost its heart to them. They were fêted morning, noon, and night; life was one round of picnics, dinners, concerts, and dances during the three weeks they remained there.

Among the more particularly pleasant of the many pleasant people who entertained them was a young couple lately arrived from San Francisco, English by birth, but American by education, apparently well-to-do, certainly clever and good looking. With the wife Isabel speedily struck up a great intimacy, while Chris and the husband smoked and played *écarté* together often enough to warrant the remark of the general public that they were never to be seen apart.

The Verreys had come to Auckland on business connected with the firm to which he belonged. It was a speculative concern, and was in an extremely bad way, had the world but known it. But the world did not know it, and in New Zealand, as in San Francisco, society does not inquire too closely into the solvency of its favourites. The Verreys were considered rich people, and certainly everything in their way of living warranted this assumption.

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Isabel liked Auckland, and would have been willing to remain there for any length of time; the careless gaiety of the place suited her volatile character, and in the exuberance of her newly-regained strength she asked for nothing better than a continual round of amusement, while the feeling of restfulness and content which her marriage brought, satisfied those deeper cravings of her nature of which she was herself hardly conscious.

But Christopher had the travel fever on him, and did not care to stop long in one place. So when the Verreys announced that they were going back to San Francisco, he readily fell in with a suggestion somewhat carelessly thrown out by Mr. Verrey, that he and Isabel should accompany them, taking Australia and the Sandwich Islands on the way, and, in fact, making a three months' pleasure trip. Isabel raised no objections. Pleasant though the life at Auckland was to her, she saw that her husband was becoming restless, and did not care to stay when he wished to go. In point of fact, Christopher, though he did not realise it, was beginning to feel homesick.

So they went to Melbourne, and stayed there long enough to make several expeditions up country to see something of Australian bush life, including a kangaroo hunt, which rejoiced the men and sickened the women. Then they took steamer to Honolulu, where they were presented in due form to King Kamehameha, and were impressed by the courtesy of that genial monarch, who made much of them for the sake of Isabel's pretty face. But soon after their arrival Verrey received letters which called him home without delay, so their stay in the Sandwich Isles was cut short, and some ten days later they saw the sun setting as they entered the Golden Gates.

A change seemed to come over the Verreys from the moment they set foot on American soil. Mrs. Verrey shut herself up in her own room at the hotel, and refused to see any one, on the plea of a severe cold, while her husband was all day immersed in business, seldom joining the Rhyses for meals or anything else. Mrs. Verrey professed herself unable to see even Isabel, and there were no more of those pleasant games of *écarté*, which had become almost as indispensable to Christopher as his tobacco. Thus left to their own resources, the Rhyses found San Francisco somewhat dull. They had not included the States in the scheme of their tour, having originally contemplated returning to England *viâ* India and the Canal, and had, therefore, not provided themselves with any introductions. They had agreed to come for the sake of the Verreys, and the Verreys were proving themselves the most broken of reeds.

"It's all very fine," drawled Chris one morning, when they had absolutely nothing to do, having seen all the sights in which they could get up the smallest possible amount of interest,—"it's all very fine for Verrey to make business an excuse for treating us

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in this fashion: but in my opinion it's beginning to verge on downright rudeness. No fellow need stick at his business all day and all night too, unless he chooses. I believe they want to get rid of us: that's the long and short of it."

"Well, it's easy enough to gratify them, I'm sure," answered Isabel. "We don't want to stay here. It's frightfully hot, and very dull, and we might just as well leave at once."

"That's so," said Christopher. "Suppose we do. What time does the next train start for anywhere?"

"Don't be a goose," said Isabel; "I'm in earnest."

"So am I—in deadly earnest. I feel as if all my levity were being melted out of me, and as if there would soon be nothing left of me but a spot of very earnest grease."

"It is very hot," said Isabel, with a sigh, as she took up the nearest newspaper and lazily fanned herself. "I wish we were back in England."

"You must not go till the year's up,—remember your doctor's orders. But what on earth shall we do with the remaining three months? The thought of them lies heavy on my soul."

"Let's defy the doctors," said Isabel.

"No, my dear, to that I will never consent. I'm not going to risk having you knocked up again, just because at this particular moment the world is hollow and our doll stuffed with sawdust; or, in other words, because our dear friends overhead are not as civil as they might be."

"I should like to go to the Barony for Christmas," said Isabel, somewhat irrelevantly. "Miss Rhys is so kind when one is ill."

"All right," answered her husband; "I think we can count on cousin Peg for that."

"Isabel did not speak again: the combined influence of the weather and a very comfortable rocking-chair were sending the young lady to sleep. The newspaper with which she had been fanning herself presently dropped from her hand, and fell with a slight rustle on the floor. Christopher picked it up, but he did not read much of it, he sat looking at his wife instead. He was as much in love with her now as when first she accepted him, and he still thought her the wisest, wittiest, and prettiest of women. She certainly looked very pretty at this moment, in her cool white wrapper, her cheeks just flushed to a delicate pink by the heat. She was very sound asleep. As Christopher watched her, her head fell on one side in an uncomfortable attitude, but it did not rouse her, neither did she wake when he rose and put a cushion for her to lean against. Then the cushion slipped down; the rocking-chair, though perfect as a lounge, was not adapted to slumber.

"She'd be much more comfortable on the sofa," thought Chris, and he proceeded to lift her in his arms, and carry her to the further end of the room, where stood a large couch. She just

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opened her eyes and murmured, "Thank you," and was asleep again at once.

But Christopher dropped into the nearest chair, panting and exhausted.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I am out of condition. I could have carried her a mile this time last year, without turning a hair. I must get some exercise, this flabbiness is disgraceful."

He went out then and there, leaving a note for his wife to the effect that he was going for a ride, and would not be back for an hour or two. He hired a decent horse, and rode some ten miles into the country; but he felt none the better for it; on the contrary, he returned, late in the afternoon, quite worn out with fatigue.

"Awfully sorry to be so behind time," he said, as he lounged into the room: "fact is, it was so hot I really couldn't ride fast coming back."

In point of fact he had come home at foot pace, feeling too languid to attempt anything quicker. Isabel was so accustomed to his laziness of voice and movement that she did not notice anything unusual about him.

"I did begin to wonder what had become of you," she said; "but Mrs. Verrey has been sitting with me a good while. Her cold is better; in fact, for all I could see, she was perfectly well. And, just fancy Chris, they start for New York to-night. They must go at night, she said, because if any of their friends were to see them they would be so bothered with invitations; and they're bound to go straight away to New York on account of his business. They want us to go with them. Don't you think we might as well? It is so deadly dull here, and she apologised to any extent for having left us so much to ourselves, so I don't see that we need think any more of that. Do let us go, Chris."

"Such an awful rush," drawled Chris, "you'll never get all your traps together in time."

"I thought of that," answered Isabel, "but Mrs. Verrey said she'd help me. She said it would be much better for us to go with them, because, of course, they know the journey. Do let us go, Chris. I do so want to get away from here, and I should be so very sorry to break off with the Verreys. She said that New York is a capital place to make your head-quarters, because you can do Niagara and Boston and all those places from it, don't you know. O Chris, think how lovely and cool it would be at Niagara this weather."

"Not much cooler than anywhere else, unless you sit under the falls, but we'll go if you like; I don't mind."

Delighted at having her own way—not that there was anything unusual in that—Isabel ran off to tell Mrs. Verrey, while Christopher with difficulty roused himself enough to give directions about his own packing, which he was obliged to get one of

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the hotel servants to do, wondering meanwhile what in the world was the matter with him. For although he had cultivated his drawl and his laziness until they had become a second nature, he had always possessed a reserve fund of energy on which to draw when necessary, and had never before found himself physically incapable, as he now was, of making any exertion at all.

He continued to conceal his condition from Isabel until they were in the train on the first day of their journey to New York. Neither of the Verreys took much heed of him. They were both manifestly preoccupied, and until the train started, Verrey himself scarcely spoke except to grumble at trifling delays and to curse the guard under his breath for being two minutes behind time. When once they were out of the city he became more cheerful, and even proposed a game of *écarté*, which Christopher declined, saying that he was too sleepy to stand a chance.

"You are shockingly lazy," laughed Isabel. "I hope you will wake up before we get to New York."

She had not the remotest idea that his listlessness was the precursor of a severe illness. For the first three or four days of the journey he struggled manfully against his increasing weakness, but by the time they reached New York he was completely prostrated and had to be carried from the train to the nearest hotel.

"Typhoid," said the doctor.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" said Mrs Verrey to Isabel. "I am *so* sorry for you. How I wish I could help you in any way!"

Isabel was perfectly calm and collected. All the levity of manner which gave her at times the appearance of being so much younger than she really was, had left her from the first moment she realised the state her husband was in.

"Thank you very much," she said; "there is really nothing to do now that I have engaged the nurses; but it is a comfort to me to feel that I have a friend at hand."

"Have you no relations who would come to you?" asked Mrs. Verrey.

"No one except my eldest brother, and I should not like to ask him to leave his work. Besides, I don't really want any one else as long as you are here. No one except me can be of any use to my husband, only, of course, I am glad not to be quite among strangers."

"But that is just the point, my dear," said Mrs. Verrey. "I am more grieved than I can say, but we are compelled to leave you. My husband's affairs, you know—business men are not their own masters. Nothing should induce us to go if it were possible to us to stay, but we have no option. You see, in a business like his, a day's delay may mean ruin to him."

This was perfectly true. Both Verrey and his wife were well aware that before the week was out he would be wanted for

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fraudulent bankruptcy, and it was essential to his safety that he should leave New York at once for the seclusion of London.

But Isabel, knowing nothing of this, thought it strange and unkind of Mrs. Verrey to desert her at such a time, and replied somewhat coldly to that lady's expressions of regret,—

"Pray do not let any consideration for me affect you for a moment. Of course, I can manage perfectly well by myself."

So Isabel was left alone with her sick husband. The great ocean of humanity rolled resistlessly on its way towards eternity, bearing its freight of weal and of woe, its youth and hope and happiness, its old age, misery, and dumb despair: men died and rested from their labours, children were born for good or for evil; there were wars and rumours of war, fortunes were made and lost, and the black record of vice and crime was the longer by just one fortnight, and she knew nothing of it. All creation was centred for her in that quiet room at the back of the hotel. Every one in the establishment was interested in the pretty English bride. The servants vied with each other in ministering to her wants; but, though she accepted their attentions gratefully and courteously, she was scarcely conscious of what was said or done.

At length there came a day when the doctors held a consultation, from which they came with grave faces to tell Isabel that she must prepare for the worst, that, unless a change took place soon, all hope would be gone. And then the younger of the two, he who had attended Christopher from the first, took upon himself the responsibility of telegraphing for her brother.

Thus it happened that Tom Pwllmeyric was absent from England at the time of Richard Owen's death, so that Miss Rhys could not call on him to assist in the search for the vanished Loveday.

Chapter XXIX.

"We call thee Famine!
Goddess of fasts and feasts, starving and cramming!
Through thee, for emperors, kings, and priests, and lords,
Who rule by viziers, sceptres, banknotes, swords,
The earth pours forth its plenteous fruits:
Corn, wool, linen, flesh, and roots."
Those who consume these fruits through thee grow fat;
Those who produce these fruits through thee grow lean."—Shelley.

Let it not be supposed that Loveday, in all her grief and trouble, had forgotten the man who loved her. The thought of him was to her like a guiding star shining in the far distance, often obscured, it is true, by the clouds of doubt and despondency which rolled over her soul, but always there, nevertheless. When he quitted her on the night of their last meeting, she had experienced almost more pain and perplexity at his strange conduct than happiness in the assurance of his affection for her. But this phase had not lasted long; for some instinct, some in-

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explicable communion of spirit, had soon made clear to her what was in his mind when he left her so abruptly. And then the thought that filled her soul had been, as we have said, "Some day he will know that I understand and am one with him." This it was that had led her seriously to study social questions; this it was that had made her desire to organise that club for the young men of Old Place, which had been so cruelly nipped in the bud by the death of her father; and this again it was, more than anything else, that gave her strength and courage to remain in her self-chosen exile from all her old friends.

When things were very bad with her, or when her heart was wrung by some tale of wretchedness which it was out of her power to alleviate, the recollection of Miss Rhys, with her kind heart and her apparently boundless purse, came upon her with renewed force, and her reasons for keeping out of sight seemed to lose their cogency. She was as anxious as ever to find her mother, but she never seemed to come any nearer to doing it; and, after all, might she not carry on the search as well or better if she were back again with her kind friend, who would certainly give her every assistance in her power?

But she was always brought up short at this stage of her reflections by the thought of her uncle's bitter words: "You are a disgrace to your family; none of your friends will care to own you now." Miss Rhys would not disown her. She would always be kind and good to her; of that Love was absolutely certain; but the disgrace would be there: the brand of shame would still be upon her. She could never go back to Miss Rhys, for that would mean going back to her lover. She knew he would not cast her, off any more than Miss Rhys would, and this very knowledge made it the less possible for her to return; she could not bring disgrace upon him, for she loved him.

That they would not consider it disgrace, that they would welcome her back, not out of pity or compassion, but out of their great love,—this never occurred to her. So deeply had her uncle's words impressed her, so little doubt had she that he spoke as all the world would speak.

So she stayed with the girl to whom chance had led her, and but for whose example of cheerfulness and content she would have been profoundly unhappy. Miserably poor though they were, they were yet so much better off than the majority of their neighbours that Loveday felt she would have been worse than ungrateful to complain. They at least could pay their way, and were tolerably sure of having enough to eat on the morrow, so long as they were able to work.

None of the rough boys or drunken men about the place ever molested either of these girls. Jessie, indeed, occasionally received an over-familiar greeting, or was subjected to a coarse jest, such as generally obtain favour with young women of her class, but

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to Loveday no disrespectful word was ever spoken. The least observant of the people about recognised in her a being superior to themselves—superior not so much by the difference in manners, words, and actions, but by virtue of her exceeding refinement and purity, which made itself felt more widely and exercised a far stronger influence than she had any idea of.

"I do not know how it is," she said one day to an old Frenchman who lived on the same landing, and with whom she had struck up a friendship, dating from a certain day when he had stopped outside their window to listen to her violin. "I do not know how it is that you say these boys use bad language. They always appear to me to behave well, when I pass them."

"Ah yes, mademoiselle," said the old man, "that is because you pass. For you they have respect; they wish not that you see them wicked."

There was much of this feeling all over the Buildings before Loveday had lived there two months. Not one-half, perhaps not one-quarter of the people knew who she was, or anything about her; but they all liked to see her go in and out, and they were all pleased to receive the greeting which she never failed to bestow.

For into the lives of these toilers there comes so little that is in any way good to contemplate, their hours are brightened by so little grace or loveliness, that the smallest glimpse of anything pleasant—a pretty face, bright colours, even good clothes—cheers and enlivens them for the whole day. They enter deeply—though all unconsciously—into the meaning of the poet's words, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." And Loveday, although she looked pale and worn, was really beautiful in the sight of these poor souls, for the light of love and sympathy shone from her eyes when she looked at them, and they felt it, and their hearts grew warm towards her.

Every morning, between half-past eight and nine o'clock, she went to the shop for her work, carrying with her that which she had done the day before, and followed, as often as not, for a considerable part of the way by a troop of children going to school. It had come to be understood among the little ones that clean faces might be rewarded by a kiss; and there was one baby in particular—a blue-eyed mite of four years old—who would come to Loveday's door quite early in the morning, calling out, "Lady, I'se washed to-day; tiss me, lady!"

"And the way that there child do worrit after the soap and water is more than I can say," her mother would remark. She was half blind, and her husband had been out of work for weeks, so that most of the furniture, and all the clothes, except what they had on their backs, had, bit by bit, been "put away" (in the boxes of the pawnbroker). And it was, therefore, scarcely surprising that it was a somewhat rare event for the soap-loving Katie to be clean. She was the eldest of three.

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One bitter cold week in December, Loveday missed the little creature for several days, and then came upon her and her brother Patsy, aged two, in the courtyard. There were plenty of other children about, notwithstanding the cold, most bare-headed, many bare-footed, some trying to keep themselves warm by playing "tip-cat"—to the great peril of the neighbouring windows—some skipping with a broken clothes-line for a rope, or attempting a rudimentary form of cricket, with a piece of board for a bat and a bit of fire-wood for a ball. The two little Sullivans were not playing, but sat shivering and miserable at the foot of the staircase leading up to the first balcony.

"Why, my dears," said Love, "what is the matter?"

For some time she could get no answer save "Lady, lady!" mingled with sobs, but at length Katie managed to tell her that the baby was dead, and that mother had no money to bury it.

"Don't cry, little ones," said Love; "come with me, and I will go to see your mother."

In Margaret Buildings all the rooms open on a public balcony extending the whole length of the block. There are four stories, and each has its balcony, from which you step straight into the rooms, as if from the street. Frequently the home consists of one room, in which father, mother, and children live, eat, and sleep. In these cases the door is more often open than shut, so that the world at large may look in as it will. We of Margaret Buildings do not set much store by privacy or seclusion; which is perhaps as well, considering the extreme difficulty of securing those luxuries.

When Loveday reached the Sullivans' abode she found the door wide open, and a small crowd of women assembled outside. The dead baby was lying in state in a little blue coffin placed in one corner of the room, on a box, in lieu of trestles, under a sheet arranged as a sort of canopy, and decorated with blue and pink paper flowers. The mother was seated in the middle of the room, her dim eyes red and sore with tears. She was narrating, in a dreary monotone, some story, of which Loveday heard the concluding sentences:—

"No; 'e said 'e wouldn't take the fifteen shillin'. I must pay the twenty-five down, or else let the parish bury 'er, and it's a week to-morrow as she's bin lyin' there!"

"Is that true?" asked Loveday of one of the lookers-on, a sharp-featured woman with a large-headed child in her arms.

"It's true as I stand 'ere, miss; my young man sat up with the little corpse last night, 'imself. She and Sullivan 'ave put away nigh upon everythink they 'ave to their name, and they couldn't get but five shillin'; and then a young man what used to work with Sullivan and 'as always kept friendly with 'im, 'e put away 'is watch, and got ten shillin' on it yesterday, and Mrs. Sullivan she've just bin to the undertaker, an' asted 'im to

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bury the child and let 'er pay the rest as 'er could, and 'e says no, 'e will 'ave 'is money down afore ever 'e comes to take it away."

"But it is shocking!" exclaimed Loveday. "Can nothing be done?"

"She'll 'ave to let the parish bury it, if she can't get no more money afore to-morrow, for the gentleman what comes for the rent was 'ere this morning, and said as 'ow 'e'd send the saningtary gentleman to see if it wasn't buried. 'E said as 'ow it wasn't 'ealthy to 'ave the poor little dear layin' there and all of 'em sleepin' in the room and us takin' it in turns to sit up with it beside."

"Of course it must be buried," said Loveday. "What can be done? Surely it would be better to let the parish bury it."

She went into the room and spoke to the mother.

"For the sake of your other little ones," she said, "will you not let your baby go? They will be ill, and perhaps you will lose them too."

But Mrs. Sullivan was past being reasoned with just then. She had been fretting and grieving over her baby's death until the other children seemed of small account to her.

"No, I can't, I can't, I can't," she moaned: "I can't let 'er be disgraded, just because she's only a baby. If it was Katie or Patsy, now, they wouldn't say I ought to let 'em come on the parish, and why should my baby 'ave any less respec'? She's the prettiest of 'em all, she is, and she shan't be disgraded, if I 'ave to sell my own bed to bury 'er decent."

Loveday looked at the little creature lying in its coffin, which, according to custom, was still open. Owing to the coldness of the weather no change was as yet noticeable in the waxen features or the tiny hands. The noisy crowd outside, the mean and miserable surroundings, and the tawdry paper flowers, contrasting with the sacred solemnity of death, gave her an indescribably painful expression, and yet she could not help feeling that the vulgarity of the scene was more than redeemed by the touching devotion of the mother, and the simple kindness of the neighbours.

"I will give you ten shillings," she said, forgetful for the moment that she was no longer able to give away half sovereigns.

"What! you, miss? The Holy Virgin bless you. It's a happy woman I'll be if I can bury my child decent after all."

There was something in the involuntary stress laid upon the "you" that recalled Loveday to a sense of her true position, and for a moment she thought with pain that she had promised what she could not perform. Then she remembered that, thanks to Jessie's careful husbanding, twenty-two shillings still remained out of her five-pound note. All the rest was gone; but this they had put by against a rainy day. "For," said Jessie, "it do make one feel comf'able, if there's something to look to when you wants

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it." It had gone into the money-box, together with the twenty-eight shillings that Jessie herself had so laboriously amassed. Ten shillings out of this would make a sad hole in the little hoard, but anything was better than disappointing the poor mother now.

"I am so sorry," she said to the astonished Jessie: "I am so sorry I forgot how little money we have; but you will let me give it to her, will you not?"

"'Tis your own, to do what you likes with," said Jessie: "you can throw it in the street if you pleases, which you might just so well 'ave done as give it to them there Sullivans. Oh yes, I know 'em. I've known 'em for years, and 'e 'aven't never 'ad constant work all that time."

"You are vexed," said Loveday; "and I am so very sorry I did not think before I spoke: but it seemed so sad."

"Sad enough, I dessay; but they ain't the only ones," said Jessie, wearily. There was more excuse for her impatience than Loveday knew: for some days past the troublesome cough which she never could shake off during the winter, had been getting steadily worse, and this morning, though she had not told Loveday, a violent paroxysm had resulted in slight spitting of blood. It was very slight, truly, but she knew too well, poor girl, what it portended. The least chill, the smallest increase of cold, and she would be on her back for weeks, if not for months. With this prospect staring her in the face, it was perhaps not surprising that Loveday's impulsive generosity should try her temper sorely: but the sight of the distress which came into her friend's face at her expression of disapproval very soon softened her heart.

"Never mind, dear," she said, "don't take no notice of me; I've bin feelin' a bit queer this mornin', and your comin' in so sudden seemed to put me about."

"I am very sorry," said Love. "I wish I hadn't said it; but I can give the money as I did promise it, can I not?"

"Bless you, yes, dear: ain't it your own? I ain't sayin' but what she's a respectable woman enough, and tries 'er best to get on, she do; and 'tis shocking to think of that poor little baby layin' unburied, just for want of the money, when we've got enough and to spare."

So the money was given, and the baby was buried, and Loveday's fame went abroad in the Buildings, and her influence extended in proportion, though she was not aware of the fact.

The weather grew colder and colder. A dry, biting east wind blew day after day, as though it never would change; and with the hard weather the illness and distress in the Buildings seemed to increase daily. Women and children died, one after another, of diseases which the mortality returns called bronchitis and consumption, but which were in literal truth cold and starvation.

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had introduced her, until well on into December; but a few days after the funeral of the Sullivan baby she was told that there would be no more work for her before the summer. And about the same time, Jessie laid down her needle, having plied it a few hours too long, and took to her bed with hæmorrhage from the lungs.

"I knowed it was coming," she said to her friend. "Poor Tom, he won't never marry me now."

Tom, however, thought differently. He brought the best doctor he could find, and got everything that was ordered for his sweetheart in the way of strengthening food, wine, and medicine, as long as his wages held out, reducing his own living, meanwhile, almost to the proverbial straw a day, that he might have the more to spare for her. But twenty shillings a week soon goes, for physic and physicians are expensive, and strong beef tea and port wine cannot be had for a song. The money box grew lighter and lighter, until one morning it was quite empty, and that afternoon the rent-collector (who being a humane man, experienced many a heartache in the course of his business nowadays) called for his weekly due, which, when paid, though Loveday did not tell him so, left the two girls penniless. And then began for Loveday also those secret expeditions to the pawnbroker, for she would not use Tom's mony, except for Jessie's needs, yet somehow or other the rent must be paid and she herself must eat. So it went on, till there was nothing left to sell, and still her friend lay on her sick bed, and still she could get no work.

Chapter XXX.

"Her way is parted from my way. . . .
Out of sight, beyond light.
At what goal will we meet?"—D. G. Rossetti.

Miss Rhys came to England for Christmas after all. Christopher did not die. The doctors, when they gave him up, had not made due allowance for a magnificent constitution and an intense desire for life, both of which asserted themselves powerfully at the anxious period of his fever.

Tom Pwllmeyric, arriving at New York in the full expectation of learning that all was over, found his brother-in-law already on the high road to convalescence, he having taken a turn for the better on the very day after the dispatch of the telegram announcing his imminent decease.

So, instead of escorting his sister home as a widow, which he had feared would be his melancholy task, he presently formed one of a not uncheerful party of three on board a fast Cunarder, bound for Liverpool, in due time convoying the invalid and his wife to the Barony, where Miss Rhys was waiting to receive them.

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Isabel had been so overcome with alarm during the first weeks of her husband's illness that she had written to no one. Consequently the first intimation Miss Rhys received of her young cousin's danger was contained in a letter from Tom, which also told of his rapid recovery. The same letter contained intelligence which caused Miss Rhys to set aside all considerations of her own health, and to hurry back to England, regardless of frost and cold. She had been longing to return since the first tidings of Loveday's disappearance, and now nothing could keep her longer away.

And notwithstanding the depression that still weighed heavily upon her at the loss of her old friend, and the terrible uncertainty as to the fate of his daughter, she was determined that justice should be done to the home-coming of her heir. So the closed rooms were opened, holly was hung on the walls, a great Yule-log blazed in the hall, and the whole place seemed to be *en fête* when the travellers arrived at the Barony on Christmas Eve.

But Miss Rhys herself, in spite of her best endeavours, could not greet them with a smile for thinking of the bitter blow which must fall upon poor Tom when he learnt, as learn he must at once, what had happened at Old Place House.

All the way home Tom, *nolens volens*, had been rejoicing at the necessity which, in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary, was bringing him back into the neighbourhood of the girl he loved. He was making a couple of hundred a year now, and little as he thought of his own powers, he could not fail to be encouraged to look forward hopefully, when he contrasted his present prospects with those of a year ago. He had had a run of good luck in the way of unexpected commissions, small enough in themselves, but giving fair promise for the future, and he had also obtained a post on the staff of an important journal devoted to bricks and mortar, and this brought him in a steadily-increasing income. The sudden call to America had somewhat thrown him back, but he had no reason to suppose that it would injure him in the future. In fact, even now there was work waiting for him which had been delayed in order that he, rather than any one else, should undertake it. The Artisans' Hall in Stepney was finished and opened long since, but he still kept his lodgings there, and had no intention of going to live in any other locality. A budget from his landlady had met him at Queenstown, enclosing a mass of correspondence, accumulated during his absence, among which was a letter telling him of this fresh commission, and several sheets from his friend Philip Pell, giving him an account of various proceedings at the Hall, of which he was superintendent, and painting in glowing colours the aggravation of misery and distress produced in the district by the unusually severe weather.

"It will be a good day for us when you come back to cheer us up a bit. It makes a chap awfully downhearted to see such

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things and have no one to talk to, that is to say, to talk in an understanding kind of way. I told the men last night there was hopes of your being back with us by the New Year, and it gave great satisfaction."

Tom was torn two ways on receiving this letter. He felt as if duty called him straight back to London and the misery of the East End, while, at the same time, it seemed almost impossible to give up the hope of meeting Love, which he had been cherishing for so many days. Finally he resolved to decide nothing till he should see how Christopher was on landing at Liverpool, and there, perceiving that his brother-in-law really was hardly fit to cope with the exigencies of the long railway journey at this season of holiday-making crowds, he willingly convinced himself that his first duty lay in seeing the Rhyses safely home. During the time they had been together Isabel had arrived at a very fair idea of what was in her brother's mind, and perhaps in the fulness of her sympathy she somewhat exaggerated Christopher's weakness and her own ignorance of Bradshaw. Certainly, she showed marked ingenuity in bringing forward, not to say inventing, reasons why he should accompany them, not only as far as Birmingham, as he at first suggested, but the whole way to Mountonshire. Remembering Tom's strong dislike to such suggestions, she never ventured directly to approach the subject of the affection which she was convinced he felt for Loveday, and when she spoke of her, which she did pretty frequently, she always took care to talk as if the subject in no way specially concerned him. But she had not lived with him a twelvemonth without learning to understand him thoroughly; and she did not fail to remark certain signs of interest which he could not entirely suppress at the mention of Miss Owen, and which she had no difficulty in construing.

"It would be the very thing for Tom," she said to Christopher. "I do wish he wasn't so cracked on these points. I know he'd make Loveday happy, and he would be worth twice as much if he were married to her."

"Considerably more than twice as much," replied Christopher. "Two thousand a year is quite a capitalist's percentage on two hundred. She'd be altogether too valuable a piece of property for him. He'd want to divide her money with all his proletarian friends."

"It's such rubbish!" said Isabel. "Of course, they might give something away, and still have enough to live comfortably on. Look how well off we are on Cousin Margaret's allowance; and if they gave away half, they would still have as much as we have. And even the Bible only tells you to give away a tenth."

"I don't fancy those are quite Tom's views," said Chris. "You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It's the principle of the thing he objects to, I take it. People ought not to give any-

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thing away, because no one ought to have anything to give. That's Tom as I understand him; and I must say I respect the old fellow for being able to stick to his theories, even when there is a woman in the case. I'm quite sure I'd have got the better of my theories, if I had ever had any, when you came along, my dear."

"You're a silly old goose," she said, giving him a kiss, "and you can't hold a candle to Tom, as I've often told you. But seriously, Chris, do let us try and help them. That's real Christianity, isn't it, to make people happy when one can?"

"I don't know about the duty of match-making on high moral grounds," said Chris, "but I'm game. How shall we begin? Shall I take Tom aside when next I see him, and swear Loveday is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and the richest?"

"Oh no!" exclaimed Isabel. "Mind, whatever you do, don't say anything about her money."

"No, no, to be sure. I'll say she is the poorest; that I happen to know her money is in bad securities, and she is on the point of going smash."

"That might do," said Isabel. "But it would not be true, Chris. The money belongs to her father. You must not tell a lie. I am afraid you would only spoil matters, you are so blunt. Try and have a little *finesse*."

"Well, tell me what to say," replied Chris, meekly.

"Put yourself exactly in Tom's place, and think what would induce you to throw over all scruples and propose at once to Loveday. Try and feel as if you were him. We want to get a man's view of the matter."

"Well, if I were he," said Chris, thoughtfully, after pausing for quite five seconds, "I suppose I should do as he does."

"No, you wouldn't," said Isabel, savagely. "You never acted like Tom in your life. But I see it's no use asking you to help; you only make fun of me when I am in earnest. I wish I had never married. It only complicates one's difficulties and makes one feel more alone in them than one was before."

"It is rather disappointing, certainly," said Chris, patting his wife's head. Then, seeing that she looked a little mollified, he added, "Why should we try to make two other people as unhappy as ourselves? But, Isabel, I have thought of a brilliant idea. Let's try and make Tom jealous! I know that would have brought me up to the scratch at once if I had been inclined to hang fire about you."

"That *is* a good idea," said Isabel. "But I fear it is of no use. Loveday doesn't know how to flirt a bit, and Tom would have to be worse than Othello if he were jealous about her. I don't suppose he knows how much she cares for him. But he must see that she likes no one else. I think perhaps that would be the best thing to do, to let him know, inadvertently as it were, that she is in love with him. I know she is, for she shook all

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over when she heard he was going away, that day at the Barony, don't you remember?"

"I didn't notice anything remarkable, but I don't know which day you mean. Did her teeth chatter? Perhaps she was cold, poor girl."

"Cold, nonsense; why, it was quite a bright day. But it is maddening to try to talk sense with you, Chris. And I'm not at all sure that it is quite fair to Loveday to say so much about her. Really, I think the best thing you can do is to keep your clumsy old fingers out of the pie altogether."

"I wish for nothing better," said Chris. "Did *I* begin this discussion? On the whole, my Belle, I recommend you to do the same. I don't believe in meddling in other people's affairs, especially when they are of such a delicate nature."

Isabel said no more, but she felt implicit confidence in her own wisdom in the matter, and would by no means relinquish the hope of helping to carry the affair to a successful termination. She was convinced that the lovers needed no more than the opportunity to discover each other's sentiments, for that any principle could be strong enough to weigh against reciprocated affection was a contingency not dreamed of in her philosophy. It was all very well for Tom to stand by his colours, she thought, so long as he imagined Love was indifferent to him; but, of course, he would look at matters in another light when he discovered that her happiness, as well as his own, demanded that he should do so.

So she planned and plotted all the way home, and perhaps Tom himself scarcely looked more eagerly for Loveday when, the long journey safely accomplished, they entered the warm, brightly-lighted hall of the Barony, amid the acclamation of the dogs, Fat Spite and Little Man.

Miss Rhys, painfully alive to their expectations, saw the inquiring glances of the brother and sister only too plainly, but she resolutely refrained from responding to them. She had not the courage to destroy the pleasure of this home-coming at once, and each moment that passed made it more difficult to begin her sad explanation. Isabel did not introduce the subject, out of consideration for Tom; Tom, for his part, dared ask no question, for from the instant he realised that Loveday was not there his heart sank with a foreboding of impending trouble, and he shrank from speaking for dread of what he might hear.

To Christopher did Miss Rhys at last resolve to address herself. It would matter little to him whether Loveday were there or not, save inasmuch as the loss of her would grieve his wife, so it would be easier to tell him than either of the others.

"Don't say anything to Belle to-night," he said, when she came to the end of her story. "She'll be awfully cut up, and to-morrow will be quite time enough. As for Tom, I'll tackle him;

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you're not fit for that job, cousin Peggy. Poor old chap, I am afraid he'll be bowled clean over; Belle says he's been counting so on seeing her down here. It is awfully rough on him, I must say, but we must set to work to find the young lady. It's nonsense to suppose she's lost for good and all."

After dinner, when the two men were alone, Christopher told Tom what had happened.

"I've got bad news for you, old fellow," he said.

"I knew it," answered Tom, "it's in the air. As it concerns me in particular, or you think it does, I suppose it's about Miss Owen. Is she married? Out with it, I can stand it."

"No, she is not married, it's almost worse than that."

Tom's hardly-sustained composure deserted him, he changed countenance, and his voice grew hoarse.

"She's not dead—speak out, for God's sake,—is she dead?"

Then Christopher told him all, how Richard Owen had died, how his marriage had been proved no marriage, and his daughter illegitimate, how brutally James Owen had treated her, and, finally, how she had gone away and had never been heard of since.

Tom listened to the whole story in silence, only interrupting his brother-in-law once or twice with some trenchant question. And to Christopher's intense surprise, instead of grief or despair, a look almost of satisfaction came across his face when he heard of Loveday's loss of fortune and position.

"Well," he said, "you take it pretty coolly, old man. Now have we by any chance been misunderstanding your sentiments altogether? Don't you care for her? Or are you putting on this air of indifference as a blind?"

Tom turned his face towards Christopher. Certainly sorrow was not the expression most visible on it.

"Don't you see," he said, "don't you see? I can ask her to marry me now."

"And the poor old chappie positively seemed to forget," said Chris afterwards, in recounting the scene to his wife, "that she wasn't there to be asked. He's awfully hard hit, landed with both barrels this time, and no mistake."

"I must leave you to-morrow," said Tom to Miss Rhys, an hour or two latter. She was sitting alone in the drawing-room, Isabel having gone early to bed, and she was sadly picturing to herself the agony poor Tom must be enduring in the recital of Loveday's misfortunes, when the young man walked in with a cheerful smile and the light of resolution on his brow.

"You know?" said Miss Rhys.

"I know all Chris could tell me. There is nothing more behind, is there?"

"Nothing. You know the best and worst, if he has told you all he knows."

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"He has. Miss Rhys, you will think me a brute for not being more troubled by it, but, upon my soul, I can think of nothing except that she is within my reach now, if she will have me. I couldn't propose to her before—you can understand that—even though I thought—I couldn't help thinking she didn't hate me. But now there's nothing to stand between us. Miss Rhys, it seems too good to be true."

Miss Rhys' eyes filled with tears. She thought of her own unavailing inquiries, of the baffled detectives, of the last six weeks of fruitless search, and her heart sank within her. But she would not discourage Tom, she was thankful that he accepted the position thus hopefully, instead of mourning and lamenting over the turn events had taken.

"Yes, she loved you, I know," she said. "She never told me so in plain words, but I watched her too closely not to discover her secret. Go and find her, Tom, and bring her home to me. But don't make too sure that she will marry you."

(*To be continued.*)

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TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone was asked in the last Parliament by a young member, who has taken our Indian and Colonial Empire under his protection, whether he would order a naval review at the national expense for the benefit of the Colonists, the then Prime Minister refused to do anything of the kind, somewhat snappishly. What the nation, or rather the nation's Premier, would not do, the officers of the Royal Navy and Marines determined to do out of their own pocket for the credit of the service. Every officer, from the admiral of the fleet down to the beardless "midshipmite," gave up a day's pay towards the expenses of the naval manœuvres at Portsmouth; and it must be said that, of all the functions that have been got up for these much-enduring worthies, the entertainment provided by the naval and marine officers was the most impressive, and would have been the most enjoyable had it not been for that most indispensable, but incalculable excursionist, the weather, which was execrable. It poured the proverbial cats and dogs, and when these quadrupeds combine with a high wind the result is trying, even to colonial constitutions, though "the mild Hindoo" is imperturbable, and always shows his white teeth, no matter how cold the day or how long the speeches. Added to the dirty weather there was an awkward accident, by which several of the visitors were hurt. The gallant hosts had extemporised a special omnibus train, consisting of trucks with cloth-covered seats fitted inside them to take their guests round the docks. In running from the railway jetty to the repairing basin one of these trucks got off the line, and the truck behind was fairly upset, Sir William Dobson, Chief Justice of Tasmania, his wife, and Miss Nugent being rather badly hurt. It is curious how Providence watches over, not only drunkards, but great men. Our "only general" was in the next truck to the one that came to grief. The old hull of the *Victory* was brought alongside the pier for the occasion, and the visitors had an opportunity of gazing on the spot where Nelson fell, after which they did justice to the lunch on board H.M.S. *Euphrates*. The Queen's indifference to rain, and her liking for cold air are well known, and for a woman of her age quite wonderful, though, no doubt, the secret of her health. Her Majesty steamed down between an anchored line of

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her own ironclads and the troopship *Orontes*, containing the Colonials, in the royal yacht, and the effect of the bunting and the loyalty, which nothing could damp, was most imposing. Then H.M.S. *Colossus* became the object of a concentrated attack by that marine mosquito, the torpedo launch, which, of course, failed to penetrate the wire crinoline with which the *Colossus* (surely all ships should have a feminine name, fancy a "she" Colossus!) had equipped herself, and, of course, the launches were blown into a thousand pieces, or they would have been in real warfare. Then there were sundry manœuvres with ground-mines and circuit-closers, and by 7 P.M. the unhappy victims —we beg pardon, we mean visitors—were packed, wet and weary, into a special train for Victoria, profoundly impressed with the conviction that Britannia ruled the waves, if not the weather.

Of all carnal things there is satiety, and it has to be said that the Colonial boom has been a trifle overdone. The Colonials must be heartily sick of us, our dinners, our mayors, and our garden parties; and we, if the truth must be told, are getting just a tiny, weeny bit weary of them, their speeches, and their adoration. But nothing is so vulgar as indiscrimination. Just as, in the Highlands, there are Campbells and Campbells, so there are Colonials and Colonials. There are, in the first place, Colonials of the type of Sir Victor Houlton, Sir George Bowen, Sir John Pope Hennessy, and Sir Arthur Birch, late Governor of Ceylon. These men are only Colonials *pro hac vice*, to use an academic term. They are of course not colonists by birth, but, as a rule, politicians who have not had enough capital to stay the race out, or who have missed their mark in the House of Commons. Many of them have been promoted from clerkships in the Colonial Office, or private secretaryships to Colonial Secretaries of State. They are nearly all public school and university men, and, being polished by those famous pumice-stones, and having, moreover, measured themselves with the men at home, they are seldom either bores or boors. In a word, they may be said to compose the very best class of civil servants, and one can only regret that when they return, after governing some distant province, "to rust unburnished" in some remote suburb of the metropolis, they should not be enabled, by means of life-peerages, to contribute their experience to the councils of the House of Lords. Very different are the Colonials of the type of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Graham Berry. They are Colonials, born and bred, and though politically and psychologically more interesting than our civil servants, socially they have the true provincial note of narrowness, of exaggeration, of unsuccessful imitation. This no doubt is flat blasphemy; but we think that some of the Colonial stars would have been more appreciated if they had not twinkled with quite so persistent a brilliance; and

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probably the Canadian Commissioner would have been more popular if he had not been bent on showing us that the after-dinner oratory of the New World is better than that of the Old.

After the naval manœuvres at Portsmouth there were some clerical manœuvres at Canterbury, and the Colonials were gratified by the sight, not only of the cathedral, by no means one of our best, but of the archbishop, and no one plays his part better on such occasions than Dr. Benson. The irreproachable Duke of Northumberland entertained them at Sion House; the wicked Duke of Westminster, who has been striking blows at Mr. Gladstone and the aristocracy, showed them the unfinished glories of Eaton Hall; the cultivated Lord Carnarvon had them down to Highclere, and offended them by posting policemen all over the place; York, Newcastle, Leeds, Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Folkestone, Dover, Edinburgh, and Glasgow—all these triumphs of civilisation they have witnessed. The eye aches and the brain whirls at the bare imagination of such a tour, and the reader cries, Hold, enough! That the whole business of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, the speechifying and the touring, have been of enormous educational and political value to the citizens of the British Empire in both hemispheres cannot be denied. At a time when the whole fabric seemed to be cracking and gaping under the blows of Secessionist demagogues, undoubtedly the bazaar and the living figures did that which is always most difficult with regard to uneducated people; it reached the imagination of the masses, and impressed them with the reality and extent of their empire. One word of warning may, however, be addressed to the enthusiasts for Imperial Federation. The Colonials who come over here are all advocates of the idea; it is their business to flatter English politicians with phrases about Colonial loyalty. It would be too much to say that they bring:

> "Smooth comforts false,
> Worse than true wrongs."

But there are many colonists, and many visitors to the colonies, who tell a different tale. They say that if there is one thing that offends a Canadian more than another, it is to speak of him as a colonial or a provincial, and that there is more sympathy in the Dominion with the United States than with Old England. In speech and ideas the Canadians are certainly more like the Americans than ourselves, and the same may be said of the Australians. The sceptic will strike the balance between Federation and Separation, and conclude that the majority of colonists are indifferent to the whole question.

Every two or three years there crops up in a court of law a case which, from various reasons, becomes the universal and absorbing topic of conversation. When men are by themselves they discuss it unreservedly; when women are by themselves they discuss it

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reservedly. At first it is tabooed in mixed society, or only alluded to in cautious periphrases. But at last, after it has been running through the papers for a fortnight, reserve becomes affectation, and at dinner-tables and in railway carriages nothing else is talked of. It is hardly necessary to say that the case always concerns the relations between a man and a woman, generally in the "hupper suckles" of society. Even the ministerial appointments were thrown into the shade by the Dilke Case. It will be remembered that on a hot July night in 1885, Mrs. Crawford stood by her husband's bedside, and confessed to him the story of her adultery with Sir Charles Dilke, at that time President of the Local Government Board, and a Cabinet Minister. The husband wrote the story down afterwards, and upon that confession he petitioned the Court to grant him a divorce from his wife upon the ground of her adultery with Sir Charles Dilke, who was made the co-respondent. Mrs. Crawford did not appear at all, and Sir Charles Dilke sat still. The Court found, according to an established canon of evidence, that a confession is evidence against the person making it, but not against anybody else; that, therefore, Mrs. Crawford had been proved guilty of adultery with Sir Charles Dilke, but that there was nothing to prove that Sir Charles Dilke had committed adultery with Mrs. Crawford, and that a decree *nisi* of divorce should be granted to the husband. This result was perfectly logical to a legal mind, but it puzzled the press and the public. The coarse conclusion will suggest itself to the vulgar mind, that it takes two to commit adultery, and very hard things were said about Sir Charles Dilke. The unhappy man soon found his position intolerable. In vain did he run about London in his brougham, protesting his innocence to every one who would receive him. In vain did he go down to the House of Commons, steal into a seat between "Union Jacks" and Sir George Balfour, and try to talk unconcernedly to Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James. In vain did he hang piteously about the Reform Club, picking up crumbs of comfort from some good-natured *gobe-mouche* of easy morals and Whig politics. It was all no use—things were not as they were; he must do something. His position could not possibly be worse than it was; he had assured his constituents that he would prove his innocence; and, in an unhappy hour, the doomed man did what is known as setting the Queen's Proctor in motion. The Queen's Proctor is a public official, whose name is a secret of State (we believe it is Stephenson), and who intervenes, on behalf of the Crown, to prevent a decree *nisi* of divorce being made absolute upon the ground that there has been collusion between the parties, or that there has been a suppression of material evidence. The Queen's Proctor always moves at the instigation of somebody; we believe he is bound to intervene if anybody supplies him with sufficient facts; and in this case he was instructed by Sir Charles Dilke, who

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declared that material evidence had been suppressed, that Mrs. Crawford had been guilty with several other men, and that he, an innocent man, had been fastened on as a scapegoat. Everybody knows what followed. The engineer was hoist with his own petard. Mrs. Crawford appeared, and swore to the truth of every detail in her original confession. Sir Charles Dilke went into the witness-box, and swore that the confession was a lie. Mrs. Rogerson, Lady Dilke, Captain Foster, footmen, and housemaids appeared in grim procession in this hideous plot. Avowed wanton as she was, Mrs. Crawford was believed by the jury rather than Sir Charles Dilke, and the decree *nisi* was made absolute. There are newspapers which still assert that Sir Charles is innocent; the Chelsea Caucus still records its unalterable confidence in his politics and his propriety; and he himself, of course, continues to protest that he is the victim of a vile conspiracy. What did the second trial add to the first in the way of proof? Mrs. Crawford's confession, sworn to by her husband at the first trial, was sworn to by herself at the second, but it was not proved by corroborative evidence; that is to say, she and Sir Charles were never caught, or even seen in suspicious circumstances. One of the servant girls saw "a lady" in Sir Charles's bedroom one morning, but she could not swear that it was Mrs. Crawford. The Helliers saw Sir Charles and "a lady" come to Warren Street, but the lady, according to their description, was more like another lady in the court than Mrs. Crawford. What the second trial did add to the first were the facts that Sir Charles did use a bedroom in Warren Street for the purpose of assignations, and that "his relations with a Hagar of his household were patriarchal," as *Truth* puts it. But does that prove his adultery with Mrs. Crawford, ask his partisans in the press? The ordinary juryman probably thinks that a baronet who seduces his housemaid, and keeps an assignation room off the Tottenham Court Road, would not be over-scrupulous about his neighbour's wife; and the ordinary juryman is therein probably right. There was a Zolaesque squalor and brutality about the whole business which was as sickening as surprising. There was a splendid dignity about Bacon's bribery; there was a glorious recklessness about Mirabeau's amours; Melbourne and Palmerston were both engaged in affairs with "women," which did them no harm; but the Tottenham Court Road—faugh! Of course, there will be no prosecution for perjury; nor should there be. The public have heard quite enough of the case, and the fanatic virtue of Mr. Stead may be satisfied; for Sir Charles Dilke will be punished quite as badly as any man can be on this earth. We should say that French novels and the character of an earnest Liberal had been the causes of his ruin.

The island of Tiree is situate in the Atlantic Ocean, to the west of Mull, Staffa, and Iona, and not very far from Oban by

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steamer. It belongs to the Duke of Argyll, and has recently been the scene of a miniature revolution. Needless to say that the population is purely Celtic, and that therefore they have proved apt pupils for the Land League agitators, who have selected this Highland Arcadia in which to preach their gospel of public plunder. The names of the actors matter nothing. Whether it be Hector Macdonald or Hugh MacNeil,

"Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell;"

but the facts of the story are instructive. A farmer gave up a farm, called Green Hill farm, and it was taken from the duke's factor by a leading member of the Tiree Land League, who knew that the farm was a good one, and who quietly began business as a farmer. The crofters of Tiree, not understanding this interpretation of the gospel according to Parnell, and having been taught that to take a farm which had been thrown on the landlord's hands was a capital crime, simply took possession of the farm, and pastured their flocks and herds upon it. In answer to the Duke of Argyll's factor, they said that they would pay rent for the farm, but that they would not give up possession, because they had now no other means of livelihood. The duke has been very kind to the islanders of Tiree, and a few years ago he very liberally assisted several families to emigrate. But the business was serious; here were seventy or eighty crofters squatting on a farm, and refusing to budge. A body of police arrived from Glasgow with a sheriff's officer, and seventy-five interdicts, or writs of eviction, in his pocket. The policemen landed in a small boat from the Oban steamer, and were received by scowling groups of men and women. The weather was wet and stormy, but the constables commenced their march through the wild scenery, accompanied by the duke's factor in a carriage, and a gibbering Gaelic crowd, in order to serve the seventy-five writs of ejectment. The crowd increased in numbers and vehemence; the policemen found that they were boycotted, upon compulsion, by the landlord of the solitary inn. Five notices were served in different villages, but the Gaelic imprecations grew so impressive, that the policemen began to retrace their steps. The women began to put stones in stockings; the men began to mass with an appearance of organisation; a shot was fired from behind a knoll by a man in a black mask; the duke's horses took fright and ran away; the duke's factor was decidedly of opinion that it would be dangerous to serve any more notices; in short, what is known as "the deforcement in Tiree" was effected. Deforcement is a Scotch law term meaning that the police have been beaten back by the mob. The police returned to Oban, and landed at that fashionable watering-place amid the jeers of boots and ostlers, who are all Celts. The crofters were of course

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triumphant, and held meetings at which there was a good deal of praying and swearing in Gaelic. Nothing would induce them to give up Green Hill farm, if they dyed the emerald turf with their hearts' tide—for the Celts are a race of born rhetoricians. Judging from the way in which Government has dealt with the National League in Ireland, every one thought that the crofters had really won the day, and would be left in possession of the duke's farm. But, alas for the poor people of Tiree! They have no Parnell, no Tim Healy, no O'Brien, no No. 1, not even a Biggar! Non-payment of debts and defiance of the law are privileges reserved for Paddy, and the "deil tak'" his Highland imitator. The Scotch are a peculiar people, with no sympathy for Celtic rhetoric, and an instinctive love of law. Two men-of-war, the *Ajax* and the *Assistance*, appeared one morning in the green waters of Scarinish Bay, and smart and well-manned gigs landed two hundred and fifty red marines, besides our old friend the sheriff's officer, and his sheepish bobbies. The Tiree crofters were delighted, and immediately came forward with offers of milk and oatmeal. Such bright accoutrements, and such pretty fellows they had never seen. The gallant marines learned to make love in Gaelic, and the crofters swore that they were welcome as long as they liked to stay, which, considering the number of maidens on the island, was decidedly rash on their part. All this was very trying to the police, who, in metropolitan areas, are generally considered greater favourites that the redcoats. A second march was begun through the island; the seventy remaining writs were served without the slightest trouble; and six poor fellows were arrested for "mobbing and rioting," and shipped off to Inverary gaol, where they now lie awaiting trial. So ended the Tiree deforcement, a remarkable instance of how quickly the pernicious doctrines of the Land League spread amongst the ignorant, and how easily they are put down by a prompt assertion of the law. The affair excited a good deal of attention in the Highlands, where the lairds complain bitterly of the way in which the Celtic character has been corrupted of late years by the Land Leaguers. Ten years ago, they say, the Highlanders were the most civil, obliging, and contented population in the world, whose chief fault was deceit; now they are surly and suspicious, taking nothing as a favour, demanding everything as a right; even the old feudal feeling for the chief of the clan seems to be dying, and the ordinary notions of getting other people's land for nothing have sunk deep into their minds. The lairds are also wailing loudly over the meeting of Parliament in August and September. It was difficult enough to let their shootings before, owing to bad times; now it is impossible, and some will not improbably be thrown on their hands. They will not be consoled even by the visit of the Orleanist princes to the Highlands.

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Cabinet-making is a very exciting process. The Carlton and the Reform are in a ferment; Brooks's simmers with composed curiosity; and even at the Marlborough and White's there is a dandified anxiety about the Household and Buckhounds. As soon as it became known that Mr. Gladstone, following the precedent set by Mr. Disraeli in 1868, would tender his resignation to the Queen without meeting the new Parliament, imaginary lists of the new Government appeared from day to day in most of the daily papers. Mr. Gladstone advised Her Majesty to send for Lord Salisbury, and that nobleman received the royal mandate to repair to Osborne. Before starting for the Isle of Wight, Lord Salisbury did, what in modern politics appeared to be a very remarkable thing, though in the last century Ministries were made up of combinations of family groups—he drove in his brougham to Devonshire House to call on Lord Hartington. We know now that the Minister who had been "sent for" by the Sovereign to form a Government of his own, offered to fill a subordinate place in the Cabinet of a rival statesman, and to advise Her Majesty to send for Lord Hartington. Such an instance of magnanimous and lofty conduct certainly deserves to be remembered in the politics of this country, which are too apt to degenerate into a mere scuffle for places. But Lord Salisbury had to deal with a man as high-spirited and as disinterested as himself. Lord Hartington refused to entertain the idea of forming a Government, and indeed it is difficult to see how a statesman, supposed to lead a party of seventy-six members of doubtful fidelity, could, consistently with the traditions of party government, have made another answer. Lord Salisbury then offered Lord Hartington a seat in his own Cabinet, and presumably seats for some of his friends. But this offer, for reasons afterwards stated by his lordship, but not quite intelligible, Lord Hartington refused. Forced to content himself with the promise of cordial co-operation on the subject of Ireland, and benevolent neutrality on all other subjects, Lord Salisbury hurried off to Osborne to receive the Queen's commands to form an Administration. On his return, he found his house in Arlington Street besieged by a crowd of fly-catchers, who could hardly expect to be asked to form a part of Her Majesty's Government, but who watched and criticised the arrival of the callers. Then the Cabinet-making began in earnest, and a tough and weary job Lord Salisbury must have found it. There is always a mysterious class of persons, consisting of obscure members of Parliament, who start up on these occasions with what are called "claims" upon the party. Some hoary county member, who has occupied a silent seat on the back benches for several sessions, or some veteran Q.C., from whom practice has retired, are suddenly discovered to have "claims" which must be satisfied, in the one case by the Chancellorship of the Duchy, in the other by the

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Solicitor-Generalship. Then there is in every party a number of clever young Corsairs,

"Ripe for revolt and greedy for reward,"

who demand that there shall be a clean sweep of "the Old Gang," and an entire redistribution of places. Lastly, there are the rival claims and personal pretensions of the leaders themselves. Foodle will not go here; Doodle cannot possibly go there; while it is morally and physically impossible that if Doodle does go there, Coodle can go anywhere at all. There were only four incidents about the composition of the Conservative Government. Lord Randolph Churchill was made Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, *vice* Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who became Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C., was made Home Secretary; Mr. Chaplin was offered the Presidency of the Local Government Board, without a seat in the Cabinet, and declined; and Sir Richard Cross was made Secretary of State for India with a peerage. For the rest, Foodle and Coodle gradually fell in, and there was some shuffling of the cards since the last Conservative arrangement in July. Sir Frederick Stanley was also made a peer and President of the Board of Trade, while Mr. Arthur Balfour was made Secretary of State for Scotland, without a seat in the Cabinet, a rather extraordinary exclusion. A long-merited and long-delayed promotion was conferred upon Mr. Edward Clarke, who became Solicitor-General, Sir John Gorst, who formerly filled that office, becoming Under-Secretary for India.

Franz Liszt died at Bayreuth at the age of seventy-five, and just as Pitt is said to have died with the words, "My country," on his lips, "Tristan" is said to have been the last word breathed by the veteran artist. Liszt has been so lately in this country, and so much was written about him then, that the details of his life and his personal appearance have become familiar to our public. Paris is the paradise of brilliant Ishmaels, and towards Paris at a very early age Liszt gravitated. He lived with Heine, and George Sand, and Chopin, and revelled in "that ancient French society, so brilliant, so polished, so jealous of pleasing," as M. Rénan described it the other day. He read Rousseau and Chateaubriand, wrote Philippics against the bad music of a *bourgeois* Court, and threw himself heart and soul into the romantic movement in art and letters, of which De Musset, Theophile Gautier, and Victor Hugo were the master spirits. More nonsense has been penned about Romanticism than probably about any other subject, which is neither religious nor political. Romanticism is simply the modern mode of expressing the beautiful. When a poet says, I will write as I like, he is a Romanticist; when a painter says, I will paint as I like, he is a Romanticist; when a musician says, I will play as I like, he is

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a Romanticist. Liszt was certainly a Romanticist, for he is the acknowledged creator of a new school of pianoforte technique. He believed in "the omnipotence of the pianoforte." He said himself, that "the piano was to orchestral compositions what steel engravings are to paintings—it multiplied and diffused." He extended the compass of his instrument, and it has been said that specialists, when they came to look at the scores, stared in blank dismay, as perhaps did some of his audience, when they came to hear them. Transcendent Liszt's execution undoubtedly was, and it will long be remembered by virtuosoes; but it is not likely that Liszt will live as a composer. Like Carlyle, he was too decided and too disagreeable a mannerist ever to become generally popular; Carlyle, who, with all his genius, is destined, according to Mr. Bagehot, to be unread by future generations. It will probably always be a fruitful theme for after-dinner argument, whether the specialist or the plain man is the better judge of an art. The subject has been very fairly argued, at hundreds of guineas a day, in the celebrated Belt case. Judged by the popular standard, although Liszt declared that he always played for the people in the top gallery, he was not and will never be a favourite. Liszt wrote some very sensible essays, "De la Situation des Artistes," some of which might be reprinted, and circulated in London, where we hear so much about the social position of actors and actresses. About art Liszt wrote in these terms:—"To comprehend art not as a convenient means for egotistical advantages and unfruitful celebrity, but as a sympathetic power which unites and binds men; to educate one's own life to that lofty dignity which floats before talent as an ideal; to open the understanding of artists to what they should and what they can do; to rule public opinion by the noble ascendancy of a high, thoughtful life, and to kindle and nourish in the minds of men that enthusiasm for the beautiful which is so nearly allied to the good—that is the task which the artist has to set before him, who feels himself strong enough to strive to be Paganini's heir. . . . We all foresee a transformation of our social position." The words of a man of genius are always worth reading, and the above is a good description of the mission of art, preached by how many, practised by how few! Liszt himself practised it, for he did not amass gold; he lived a simple, though not an austere life. But how many of his brother artists "comprehend art as a convenient means for egotistical advantages and unfruitful," or rather fruitful, "celebrity"? And considering the incurable irregularity of the *vie de Bohême*, what does "the alliance between the enthusiasm for the beautiful and the good" amount to? Quite the most original thing that Liszt did was to go and live among the Bohemian gipsies, and to collect and transcribe their songs into "Hungarian Rhapsodies." He wrote a book on the gipsies, with a digression on the Jews, which must be most

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interesting, as few men had such varied personal experience of these peoples as the Abbé. Of course, Liszt scholarships and Liszt colleges will be founded without end; Liszt statues will be ordered *galore;* and no doubt a handsome sum of money will be collected for distribution amongst numerous big and little Liszts. Great men leave stings behind them, in the shape of subscription lists.

There has been nothing abroad of any special interest during the past month.* Burmah has turned out to be something more than a military promenade after all, and fresh detachments of troops are to go from India to hibernate in the dominions of Theebaw. The Republican cormorants of France have been gloating over the expulsion of the Princes, while M. Ferry, quite legitimately, has been moralising upon the political instability of Old England. The little town of Gastein has again been the trysting-place of the Emperors of Germany and Austria and their respective chancellors, and special correspondents have been racking their brains to invent some *vraisemblable* edition of a new compact for the partition of the Balkan Peninsula.

A. A. B.

* [While the pages of our Magazine were passing through the press the Bulgarian Revolution, with the attendant dethronement of Prince Alexander, occurred, but too late for notice in this month's "Footsteps."—Ed.]

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EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY H. K. S. Y. S.

To-day 'tis halcyon weather,
The winds are fast in tether,
One faintly-white cloud feather
Now streaks the blue of heaven;
In sunlit ripples mazy
The sea laughs, lulled and lazy,
Between me and the hazy
Empurpled coast of Devon.

Sheer down I look, and wonder,
So mute the waves, far under,
Forego to-day their thunder,
And flow in foamless flock:
Not fierce and homicidal,
But smooth to-day and idle,
The sea makes on her bridal
Caresses to the rock.

Yet some prevailing Presence
Joins issue with Quiescence,
Dethrones the calm, and lessens
The slumbrous spell, meseems,
Puts forth a tacit fiat
Against this over-quiet,
"Sing *here* of clash and riot,
On land of peace and dreams."

And on this giant's shoulder,
I breathe a song-note bolder,
Caught from my great Upholder,
Whom never shock made reel;
Who bids all gales defiance
In moveless self-reliance,
Or feels with mild compliance
Weak wavelets lick his heel.

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However storms may jostle,
He towers erect, colossal ;
He is the sea-apostle
Whose gospel is for ships;
Come windless nights or gusty,
His limbs are firm and lusty,
His fiery eye is trusty,
And suffers not eclipse.

Though up the west-wind urges
Its van of whelming surges,
Beyond the burst emerges
His tempest-baffling light;
A wide-eyed light far straining,
That knows not fear nor waning,
And dreams not of refraining
For all the threats of night.

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Critical Notices.

EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY—1800–1885.*

An extremely interesting and amusing account of Irish affairs of the period from the never-too-much-by-Ireland-to-be-execrated Treaty of Union. Thoroughly national in its impassioned rhetoric and irrational enthusiasm, in the slovenly arrangement, or rather derangement, of the facts among which constantly crop up much shrewdness and quaint humour, it will probably be welcomed by sympathisers with the national cause who are governed less by argument than by feeling, and will with equal certainty repel all who are open to conviction only by well-authenticated facts and sound logic.

The genuine merits of the book, and respect for its author as a consistent and patriotic adherent of the Home Rule party, render the necessary task of adverse criticism a matter of some regret, the more that we sympathise with its views in principle. We must remind Mr. Daunt that many perfectly justifiable requests may be made difficult or impossible of fulfilment by the manner in which they are urged, and it is on that account we are sorry to see that a great opportunity of advancing the interests of Home Rule by the publication of a thoroughly well-written and impartial work has been lost. A book like the present, which omits, or passes lightly over, all circumstances that tell against the author's personal bias, can have but little influence over public opinion at the present day. Even when Mr. Daunt has a strong case, he seems unable to present it in a telling form. To particularise—he charges Pitt with deliberately taking measures to drive the Irish people to revolt, in order thereby to facilitate the passage of an Act for uniting the two kingdoms; but in support of his proposition we find, *more Hibernico*, much assertion, but little satisfactory evidence. We do not believe the great Pitt to be capable of such a scheme; but had the charge been brought against the bigoted supporters of Protestant ascendency, *e.g.*, the Beresfords and Lord Castlereagh, he would, with much justice, have found them guilty, not merely in intention, but in act, of provoking rebellion and making Pitt their unconscious tool in effecting their nefarious purpose.

The story of the anti-tithe agitation is well described, although marred by faults of haste and carelessness, and the omission noted in the next paragraph is very much to the point.

"Let us suppose" (he says) "the case of a landlord whose original rental was £1000 per annum, and the tithe rent charge on whose estate was £100. . . . the Act enabled him to recover £1100 per annum from his tenants. . . . and required him to hand the tithe to the rector from the additional £100 per annum. Under the Land Act of 1881 the landlord is brought into court and a judicial rent is fixed. The court takes 20 or 25 per cent. from the rent, thus sweeping off more than the portion of the landlord's income which had been

* "Eighty-five Years of Irish History—1800-1885." By W. J. O'Neill Daunt. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

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previously appropriated to the payment of tithe rent charge. The tithe is extorted while the means of paying it is taken away by the law."

With respect to the narration of the events of O'Connell's repeal campaigns, our criticism is much to the same effect. We cannot understand Mr. Daunt's reason for placing a chapter on the military events of the year 1848 between chapters on the monster meetings of 1843 and the imprisonment of O'Connell and his friends in 1844. Nor do we think that the argument of the Liberator that the Act of Union did not require a formal Act of Parliament for its repeal can have been meant to be seriously put forward.

The more modern developments of the Nationalist movement under the leadership of Butt and Parnell is fresh in the recollection of our readers, and we do not propose, therefore, to do more than thus cursorily allude to them; but why such important events as the murder of Lord F. Cavendish, the agrarian murders, the maiming of cattle, moonlighting, boycotting, the history of the Land League, and the imprisonment of Parnell and his followers at Kilmainham meet with so little notice from the author, or why the Fenian movement is so meagrely described, we must leave him to explain.

In conclusion, we have only to recommend the present work as extremely pleasant reading, full of amusing anecdote, and (apart from such minor qualities as accuracy, etc.) likely to be extremely popular among our readers.

THE JEWS IN ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN TIMES.*

In all external qualities this volume is eminently attractive. Clear print, a lively style, copious illustrations, and moderate price, are recommendations which should have a certain weight in adjudging a book like Professor Hosmer's, which scarcely claims to be more than a compilation from the ordinary sources. But after all a book should be a book, a history ought to be a history, and Professor Hosmer's work is simply a collection of lively sketches, mostly biographical, and is without any unity of conception or treatment. In truth, the attempt to write a history of the Jews in the small space given to each nation and its story in the present series is a task foredoomed to failure. The history of the Jews since their dispersion is little else than a history of the world. They have been influenced by, they have often shared in, all the great events that have moved humanity during the Christian era. The only parallel to their history is that of the Church. Once this is grasped, the difficulty of writing their history is at once clear. Professor Hosmer has complicated the difficulty in his case by giving the history before the dispersion, which deserved either a separate volume or to be omitted. To have the history contained in the Old Testament despatched in a few dozen pages, is in no way satisfactory, nor is the lively tone of the writer particularly germane to the subject. When we come to the post-biblical history of the Jews, no attempt is made to preserve any continuity in the history so-called; we skip about from the seventh to the twelfth century, then back to the eighth, and so on. The conditions of Jewish life in the Middle Ages are illustrated by the lively, but by no means accurate, Heine's novel, "The Rabbi of Bacharach." In modern times again, we simply have a number of disconnected lives of eminent persons of Jewish blood, though often not of Jewish faith, as is the case with Heine, Beaconsfield, and the Mendelssohn family, who take up a sixth of the book. Sometimes Professor Hosmer even credits Jews with eminent per-

* "The Jews in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times." By J. K. Hosmer ("The Story of the Nations"). London: Fisher Unwin.

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sonalities who have not the slightest claim to the name of Jew. This is the case with Gambetta, whose name he introduces on the strength of a mistake of George Eliot's. Altogether, Professor Hosmer's history of the Jews cannot be regarded as anything more than a collection of lively sketches of eminent Jews, and if the reader is content to take these and not to look for anything answering to the name of history, the book is by no means unpleasant or uninstructive reading, and may be recommended as such to the many persons who take an interest in that enigmatic person—the modern Jew. Before parting from it we may note a considerable underestimate of the number of Jews at present living. Mr. Hosmer gives Reinach's authority for making them six millions; there is clear evidence that they number no less than eight millions at the present time.

HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE OF 1871.*

A REAL service has been performed to the English Socialist public and all English readers interested in Socialism in the publication of Lissagaray's great work. The existing French edition (now, we believe, out of print) was not the original of the present translation, but an amended version which M. Lissagaray has not as yet published in France. The present is the only reliable history of the Commune. Various accounts by participators, purporting to present the events of the Commune, have appeared from general, particular, and personal standpoints respectively (*e.g.*, Vésinier's "Histoire de la Commune," a scratch feuilletonistic production utterly unreliable; from the political side Paschal Groussett's series of articles in the early numbers of TIME; from the military side, Cluseret's articles in the *Fortnightly Review;* also Beslay's "La Vérité sur la Commune," etc., etc.). But these one and all suffer from the defects of their qualities. They are either careless and superficial productions, or they confine themselves to one aspect of the movement, or they are of the nature of personal "explanations," the combination of the two last characteristics being, indeed, the rule. Lissagaray's book is the only real *history* of the movement in all its aspects. It proceeds from the pen of one who, as he says, "was neither member, nor officer, nor functionary of the Commune," and who is, therefore, not concerned to defend any *rôle* of his own in the great drama.

Of the general impartiality of the present historian, and of the care he has taken to sift evidence, there is no doubt. A little exception might, perhaps, be made as regards his treatment of Cluseret, for whom, some will think, excuses might be made. At all events, the charge of treachery against him can hardly be regarded as proven. M. Lissagaray is quiet but effective in his descriptions; as, for instance, in his account of the flight of the Versaillese chiefs from Paris after the 18th of March, of M. Thiers slinking out of a back door of the Hotel de Ville, beside himself with terror, etc.; also in that of the execution of Lecomte, the cowardly martinet who, after occupying himself all the morning in endeavouring to procure a massacre of the Parisian workmen, in the evening, when his own turn came, piteously whined for mercy, and "spoke of his family."

The initial errors, from a tactical point of view, of the Central Committee, are clearly brought out. These were, firstly, allowing the members of the Government to slip through its fingers, when, by closing the gates, it might have had them in its power; and, secondly, of course, neglecting to seize Mont Valérien, which M. Thiers, in the confused state of mind induced by

* Translated from the French of Lissagaray by ELEANOR MARX AVELING. London: Reeves & Turner. 1886.

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abject panic for his own skin, had ordered to be evacuated, and which in consequence remained defenceless for thirty-six hours, before General Vinoy forced his chief to recognise his blunder and have the fortress re-occupied.

M. Lissagaray does not conceal the causes of weakness in the shape of internal dissension and personal squabbles which wasted valuable time and energy. But neither does he exaggerate them. "Disunion within the council was fatal," he says (pp. 244-45), "the mother of defeat. It ceased—let the people know this as well as their faults—when they thought of the people, when they rose above these miserable personal quarrels . . . all Socialist decrees passed unanimously; for though they differed, they were all Socialists." Rossel, the young military officer on the look-out for personal distinction, whose only interest in the movement consisted in making it the vehicle for his own ambition, is adequately exposed.

The story, of course, waxes in melancholy interest towards its close. On the fatal afternoon of Sunday, the 21st of May, the hordes of Versailles entered Paris, partly owing to disorganised defence at certain points, but assisted, no doubt, by treachery. The next day whole quarters of the city were occupied by them. What followed during the subsequent ten days may fitly be said (without any straining of that much-used phrase) to baffle description. Conceive the proscriptions of a Marius and a Scylla, the "Sicilian vespers," St. Bartholomew, and what other deeds of wholesale carnage history records, melted into one, and it will be no more than an idyllic dream beside the horrors of the *semaine sanglante*. Incarnate fiends is a mild word for the ruffians in the pay of the Thiers Government, who for days and nights in succession found their one occupation in butchering by machinery. In his exhaustive and careful chronicle of the bare facts of this "vastest massacre in history," as Mr. Frederic Harrison has termed it, the author follows the plan he has adopted throughout the book, of wherever possible basing his narrative on the official reports of the Versailles Government, only taking in evidence the accounts of partisans of the Commune, after having most carefully sifted them. As a matter of fact, the accuracy of M. Lissagaray's statements has never been seriously impugned. No reasonable man can, surely, much wonder that Socialists see in this massacre the first episode in the class war which, as they believe, is destined to issue in the final abolition of classes (*see translator's preface*). This, to them, is the only explanation of what, as they think, must otherwise be an altogether unintelligible outburst of human ferocity.

The Commune perished, drowned in blood. The newspapers of the "civilised" world celebrated the triumph of "order" and Versailles, and heaped every calumny upon the slain and vanquished. But Socialists find in the "bloody week" the Calvary of their faith, and in the memory of the Commune and its heroes their most precious heritage.

It only remains to say that Mrs. Eleanor Marx Aveling has put Lissagaray's French into excellent idiomatic and readable English, and has supplied an interesting preface of her own. Our last word is to advise all politicians and "social reformers" to buy this book.

OLD INIQUITY.*

THIS is a very pleasant little book, one which we can heartily commend to the intending holiday maker as "light literature" for train or beach. The characters are clearly, if not very subtly drawn; the in-

"Old Iniquity." By PHŒBE ALLEN. 1 vol. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

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cidents are interesting, without being improbable or over-sensational; and the dialogue is very bright and natural. Altogether it is an unpretending little work, and successful in its measure. There is not too much moralising, and what there is runs along as easily as the narrative, so that the reader feels amused, if also edified. "Do you suppose," says Miss Grey,

"that when the wise man told you to cast your bread upon the waters, and promised that after many days you should find it again, that he imagined that his hearers would go and stand beside the very waters on which the bread had been cast, waiting for that very same bit of bread to come back to them at the very same spot where they cast it in? You may be sure of one thing; if by a miracle the very same bit of bread did come back to them, they would be greatly astonished at its small size, because all the time they had been expecting its return, their fancy would have magnified its dimensions so enormously that their first exclamation, on seeing the original piece, would be that they were quite sure when they parted from it it was double the size. And that's at the root of so many cases of so-called ingratitude."

We fancy the wise man would have enjoyed this comment, and perhaps have embodied it in the next edition of his proverbs.

The "piece of bread" in this particular instance represents the dealings of a certain Mrs. Grey with a child whom she adopts, and whose life she makes a burden to her by exacting affection and selfish jealousy of any one to whom the girl becomes in the least attached, or even of any pursuit which interests her. She is immensely surprised and very angry when Elizabeth is at last driven to bay, turns round upon her tyrant, and quits her house. Mrs. Grey's motives in all her dealings with the girl were purely selfish; she deserved no gratitude, and she got none.

The *Old Iniquity* of the book, a very bad person indeed, in whom dyes and cosmetics prove a true index of character, is fitly made the instrument of the punishment which Mrs. Grey well deserved. Being utterly indifferent to the feelings of others, we feel it just that she should suffer through her own feelings.

The course of true love between Elizabeth and her Ivo is, as may be expected, impeded by Mrs. Grey. How all is made smooth at last we may safely leave the reader to find out in these very pleasant and fluent pages.

SALAMBO.*

It is certainly remarkable that, whereas the works of M. Zola and his disciples have been long famous, or at least notorious, in England, comparatively few Englishmen should ever have heard the name of Flaubert until within the last few months. For Gustave Flaubert was undoubtedly the founder of the realistic school of modern novelists, though his realism was of a far higher and purer type than that of his later followers; and those who cry out against works of this school should in common fairness study, and, if possible, condemn the master before attacking the too zealous pupils. Wherefore we think that the reading public owes no small debt of gratitude to Mr. Chartres for his excellent translation of a novel which, however painful and even revolting it may be, bears the unmistakable stamp of genius, and fascinates the reader even in spite of himself. The book positively reeks of slaughter, rapine, and every crime which can disgrace humanity. No detail is spared to us. The horrors of battle alternate with those of famine and disease. The author describes to us with a terrible minuteness the agonies of soldiers wounded in battle, of captives tortured to death, and of slaves subjected to unspeakable outrages at the hands of their ruthless masters. It is in descriptive power that the sombre genius of

* "Salambo." By Gustave Flaubert. Translated from the French by I. S. Chartres. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1886.

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Flaubert most strongly manifests itself: the barbaric splendour of Carthage, the brutal savagery which underlay a thin veneer of luxurious civilisation, the personality of the chief characters,—all stand out as if in relief from the lurid background of ambition, lust, and crime. Even episodes such as the entry of Matho and Spendius into Carthage, and the rape of the sacred veil, obviously improbable as they are, assume an appearance of reality in Flaubert's skilful hands. We have already said that there is little fault to be found with Mr. Chartres' translation. He might, perhaps, have vouchsafed, for the benefit of the uninitiated, some explanation of such terms as "discuses," "cantharuses," "ergastulum," "phalaricas," and so forth, which have no equivalent in the English language; his use of the word "theories" is somewhat incomprehensible, and we must enter a protest against "arborescence" and "horripilation." But these are comparatively trifling blemishes, and, as a whole, he has done his work well. The book is well worth reading, though more, perhaps, as a marvellously vivid picture of Carthaginian life, than as the "realistic romance" it professes to be.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.*

FEDOR DOSTOIEFFSKY, who died at the age of sixty a little more than five years ago, scarcely known outside his own country, has, during the last few years, become rapidly and widely known in France and Germany. The excellent translation (through the French) of his masterpiece, "Raskolnikov," better known as "Crime and Punishment," which was brought out a little while since by Vizetelly & Co., will afford English readers an opportunity of becoming acquainted with one of the most remarkable of modern novelists. "Crime and Punishment" is a great and most terrible novel. It is a study of crime and sordid suffering and vulgar tragedy as unflinching and as veracious as exists anywhere in fiction; and it is distinguished from the dull and painful pages of Zola and the realists of the gutter, alike by its high and healthy tone and by the bitter and burning intensity of its realism. There is nothing brutal or repulsive about the book; you shudder, but not with disgust. A clean instinct, but marvellously subtle and piercing, fastens upon a certain commonplace crime and criminal, and with all the patience of genius traces and follows, step by step and hour by hour, the course of the criminal idea. Nothing is exaggerated, nothing palliated, nothing overlooked. The study of Raskolnikoff, from the inception of his deed to the moment of his confession of the crime, is as profound and subtle in psychology as it is thrilling and absorbing in narrative. Every character in the book shows the same delicate and convincing power; every incident the same constructive and selecting skill. Two or three scenes—that where Sonia and Raskolnikoff read the Bible together, and again where the murderer confesses to the girl; the episode of Catherine Ivanovna's funeral feast, and the narrative of the last hours of Svidrigaïloff—stand out with a special distinctness, and impress us with a special poignancy of effect. But the power of the book lies in its unity and intensity as a whole—in the keen insight and calm handling of this record of delirium, this infinitely tragic comedy.

* "Crime and Punishment." By FEDOR DOSTOIEFFSKY. Second Edition. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1886.

FIFTY YEARS OF A GOOD QUEEN'S REIGN.*

THIS is a fairly accurate account, by a painstaking and appreciative

* "Fifty Years of a Good Queen's Reign. A Book for the Royal Jubilee of 1886-7." By A. H. WALL. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

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writer, of the fifty years which have passed since Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. Mr. Wall gives a great amount of varied information within the compass of his book, which, we doubt not, will be of interest to the great class of readers who derive their knowledge of events and eminent personages from summaries of this description. We could wish that he had a juster sense of proportion; but when he devotes so large a space to coronation details, while he dismisses a great poet with one or two sentences, possibly Mr. Wall acts up to his belief that this is what his public would desire, and, probably, in this respect he is right. Mr. Wall tells us that he is an old man: we congratulate him on the evidence afforded in his pages that he contemplates with satisfaction the many and great changes he has witnessed during the fifty years of our good Queen's reign, and looks forward with confidence to the future of the land that is preparing to celebrate its sovereign's jubilee. *O si sic omnes!*

EUCHARIST LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST.*

THIS work, rendered into English from the 5th Edition (Paris, 1676), of Biroat's Sermons preached during the Octave of the Holy Communion in the Church of St. André des Arcs, reflects great credit upon Mr. Varnish, both for the intelligence and accuracy of his translation and for the admirable manner with which the spirit of the writer has been grasped, the translator being manifestly *en rapport* with his author, with a result alike commendable to himself and satisfactory to the reader.

M. Jacques Biroat, Councillor, and Royal Preacher, was a doctor of Theology of the Order of St. Benedict. After entering the Society of Jesus, he became a member of the Cluniac order, and eventually Prior of Beussan. A preacher of considerable force and renown he left behind at his death (*circa* 1666), a large number of published sermons, some of which are included in the *Collection des Orateurs Sacrés*, by the Abbé Migne, besides discourses on the "Mysteries of our Lord," the "Mysteries of the Virgin," and on "Penitence." The sermons under review were preached in the year 1657, and received the *imprimatur* of the Theological Faculty of Paris, and the special privilege of the king for their republication. The works of Biroat are not so widely known as their merits deserve, and we are therefore indebted to Mr. Varnish for presenting them to our notice in their present convenient and accessible English form. The sermons, which treat of our Saviour's life His self-abasement, self-sacrifice, love, grace, and energy, with the final consecration of His life in His sacrifice, are deeply suggestive, and, instinct with true devotional feeling and reverential thought, reminding us frequently in their spirit and genius of the writings of Thomas à Kempis. And while on the doctrinal views expressed a perfect consensus of opinion cannot be expected to obtain, the most fervid Protestant cannot fail to discern in these discourses very much that will be both stimulating and interesting in the graceful yet passionate earnestness with which the subject-matter of these sermons is treated, and with the spirit of true catholicity there manifested. The Rev. Arthur Tooth writes an appropriate Introduction. A word of praise is also due to the publishers for the very tasteful form in which the book is produced.

* "Eucharist Life of Jesus Christ," by M. JACQUES BIROAT. Translated by EDWARD G. VARNISH, with an Introductory Preface by the Rev. A. TOOTH, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886.

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ANNA KARÉNINA.*

THE fame of Count Tolstoi's novel will have predisposed English readers to welcome a translation of this story of Russian life. Its appearance in English dress serves to show that in the high encomiums bestowed on the original by native and foreign critics the merits of the work have not been exaggerated. It is a powerful romance, the work of an accomplished literary artist, and deserving a place in the front rank of contemporary fiction. The title-character appeals strongly to the sympathy of the reader. Still young, possessed of grace and beauty, and endowed with great qualities of mind and heart, Anna Karénina, at the commencement of the story, has been married some ten years to Alekséi Aleksandrovitch Karénin, a very important political personage, old enough to be her father, absorbed in the duties of his department and the pursuit of his ambition,—in the words of his wife, "a ministerial machine," full of himself, and incapable of deep feeling towards others. Yet it is difficult to conceive that a woman of so high a type as this St. Petersburg *grande dame* would, in the circumstances, be moved to passionate infatuation and her own undoing by so ordinary a man as the young cavalry captain, Count Vronsky. At any rate, it is almost impossible to believe that such a woman would at once and unresistingly accept his advances. But, as George Eliot says:

"The great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it."

Anna Karénina, however, has less affinity with the characters of George Eliot, desirous to conform their passions, as Maggie Tulliver says:

"To all the motives that sanctify our lives,"

than with the instinct-led heroines of Thomas Hardy's novels.

Less tragic in their issue than the relations of Anna and Vronsky, the affairs of Levin and Ekaterina afford very delightful reading. The latter, familiarly called Kitty, had refused Levin in the belief that Vronsky, who had not yet met Anna Karénina, was seeking her hand; and in the chapters which relate their subsequent meeting, courtship, and early married life we have an idyll well-nigh perfect in charm and beauty. The character of Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky (Stiva), the warm-hearted but inconstant husband, popular *natchalnik*, or president of one of the Moscow courts, and genial, good-natured friend of everybody, is admirably drawn: so too are those of his half-brother, Sergéi Ivanovitch, and the Princess Darya Aleksandrovna, Stiva's wife. Not less striking than the variety and contrariety of character portrayed in these pages are the vivid sketches of society in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the pleasant pictures of Russian country life. It seems to us that, in Konstantin Levin's sympathy with nature and the simple manners of rural life, his fondness for the *muzhik*, and his interest in agronomic questions, Count Tolstoi must have afforded his readers glimpses of his own aspirations and predilections, and reproduced for them passages from his own life and experience. We close this notice with a description of the advent of spring by this faithful interpreter of the simpler aspects of nature:—

"It snowed on Easter Sunday. Then suddenly, on the following day, a south wind blew up, the clouds drifted over, and for three days and three nights a warm and heavy rain fell ceaselessly. On Thursday the wind went down, and then over the earth was spread a thick gray mist, as if to conceal the mysteries that were accomplishing in nature: the ice, in every direction, was melting and disappearing, the rivers overflowed their banks, the brooks came tumbling down, with foamy, muddy waters. Towards evening the Red Hill began to show through the fog, the clouds drifted away,

* "Anna Karénina," by COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOI. Translated by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1886.

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like white sheep, and spring, spring in reality was there in all her brilliancy. The next morning a bright sun melted away the thin scales of ice which still remained, and the warm atmosphere grew moist with the vapours rising from the earth; the dry grass immediately took a greenish tint, and the young blades began to peep from the sod, like millions of tiny needles; the buds on the birch-trees, the gooseberry bushes, and the snowball-trees, swelled with sap, and around their branches swarms of honey-bees buzzed in the sun. Invisible larks sent forth their songs of joy, to see the prairies freed from snow; the lapwings seemed to mourn for their marshes, submerged by the stormy waters; the wild swans and geese flew high in the air, with their calls of spring. The cows, with rough hair, and places worn bare by the stanchions, lowed as they left their stalls; around the heavy-fleeced sheep gambolled awkwardly the young lambs; children ran barefoot over the wet paths, where their footprints were left like fossils; the peasant-women gossiped gaily around the edge of the pond, where they were bleaching their linen; from all sides resounded the axes of the *muzhiks*, repairing their ploughs and their waggons. Spring had really come."

We regret that space does not permit us to quote, in contradistinction to the above, some passage illustrative of the intensely human sympathy of this powerful writer. The translation is eminently readable; and the publishers may anticipate a great demand for the book.

A SHORT HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT.*

THIS work amply fulfils the object of its author in imparting life to the dry bones strewn in the way of the constitutional student, and in combining instruction with a certain amount of amusement. Better still, it unites in a handy and popular form the latest, fullest, and most accurate information, written in a lively and perspicuous style, and to be otherwise acquired only by consulting May and other bulky works.

The great cardinal defect of the book (which once repaired would double its value in the eyes of a student), is that it omits to give the authorities in the footnotes. No doubt this occurred from the laudable wish of Mr. Skottowe to avoid encumbering his pages with too much matter. We trust, however, to see this omission supplied in a subsequent edition, and we have much pleasure in recommending the present work to the favourable notice of our readers.

* "A Short History of Parliament," by B. C. SKOTTOWE, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

THE ROMANCE OF A MUMMY.*

"LE ROMAN DE LA MOMIE" is by no means among the best of Gautier's books. It is a *tour de force*, cleverly executed; but its frail thread of subject and of interest is spun out to tenuity. The "unsaintly Chrysostom," at whose spell Cleopatra awoke for one exquisite night and Arria Marcella brightened again the fallen day of Pompeii, even he has failed—even he could not but fail—to breathe the breath of life into the immobile nostrils of Tahoser, the daughter of the high-priest Petamounoph, who died three thousand five hundred years ago! The book is absolutely lifeless, lifeless as the mummy its heroine, cold, and motionless, and beautiful as that. Nothing touched by the pen of Gautier could fail to find some quality of beauty—the beauty at least of chiselled words and mosaics of coloured sound. Some of this quality—certainly not the whole—has been preserved in the translation before us; a translation good in the main, if not brilliant, fairly accurate, if not specially sympathetic. Gautier's mind was strangely fascinated by the "marble dream" (as I think he has called it) of Egypt; not only here, but in the quaint and brilliant little tale of "Le Pied de

* "The Romance of a Mummy.' Translated from the French of THÉOPHILE GAUTIER by M. YOUNG. London: J. & R. Maxwell. 1886.

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Momie," and a thousand times in scattered sentences he recurs to the idea of Egypt, always linked with the idea of eternity, that word so frequent and so musically mournful upon his lips. In attempting to recall the essentially dead to life he went beyond his skill, and it is impossible to be really satisfied with the tale as a whole. It is as if one of the mummies of our museums stepped out of its sarcophagus and attempted to walk, making only a few constrained and absurd steps before it relapsed into its momentarily broken sleep. The Prologue —the first seventy pages of the English translation—is, however, purely delightful, and worthy of the author of "Arria Marcella."

A BOOK OF THE RUNNING BROOK: AND OF STILL WATERS.*

THIS delicate and tastefully bound little volume from the pen of Lady Colin Campbell, and composed in a pleasant chatty style, comprises a series of articles which appeared originally in the columns of the *Saturday Review* during the winter of 1885-86, and are now collected together and published in their present convenient and handy form. The aim which Lady Campbell has in view is primarily to interest the public in the important question of our fish supply, and to this end she has collected together some exceedingly interesting facts respecting our common fish of the brooks and still waters, such as the pike, carp, eels, etc., while she entertains us with pleasant sketches of their *habitat*, general modes of feeding, method of capture, with occasional anecdotes and curious lore. To those, and they are many, who take an interest in fish culture Lady Campbell's little book will be read both with pleasure and instruction, the *dulce* and *utile* being admirably combined.

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* "A Book of the Running Brook: and of Still Waters." By LADY COLIN CAMPBELL. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. *The book itself, which will be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the dates of the first and latest editions, the publisher's name, the size and the price of each entry.*

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIANITY.

A 2.—HISTORY.

Philo-Judæus, Fragments of, ed. J. R. Harris ; 12s. 6d., 4to, Camb. Press.

A 5.—DEVOTIONAL.

Biroat, M. J. Eucharistic Life of Christ, with Preface by Rev. Arthur Tooth ; 6s., 8vo, Sonnenschein.

CLASS B.—NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

B 1.—SYSTEMS.

Legge, J. Record of Buddhistic Kingdoms ; 10s. 6d., 4to, Clar. Press.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 2.—LAW.

Kent. Commentaries on American Law, abdgd. E. F. Thompson [Am.] ; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Low.

Turner, E. F. The Organisation of a Solicitor's Office ; 7s. 6d., 8vo, Waterlow.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 4.—MODERN.

Gneist, R. The English Parliament : its Transformations, etc. [tr.] ; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Grevel.

Lissagaray, History of the Commune [of 1871—tr.] ; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Reeves & Turner.

Skottowe, B. C. A Short History of the English Parliament ; 2s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein.

Stubbs, Bp. W. Lect. on Study of Mediæval and Modern History ; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Clar. Press.

CLASS G.—BIOGRAPHY.

G 1.—INDIVIDUAL (Under Name of Subject).

Steele, R. By Austin Dobson [English Worthies Series] ; 2s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Longman.

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CLASS H.—SCIENCE.

H 1.—GENERAL.

Hinton, C. H. Scientific Romances; 6s., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein.

H 8.—ZOOLOGY.

Wiedersheim, Dr. Elem. of Compar. Anat. of Vertebrates, ill. [tr.]; 12s. 6d., 8vo, Macmillan.

H 9.—BOTANY.

McAlpine, Prof. D. Life Histories of Plants, ill.; 6s., 16mo, Sonnenschein.

H 10.—MEDICINE.

Bastian, Dr. H. C. Paralysis: Cerebral, Bulbar, and Spinal; 12s. 6d., 8vo, Lewis.
Cameron, C. A. History of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin; 21s., 8vo, Ballière.
Purdy, C. W. Bright's Disease and Allied Affections of Kidney; 8s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Lewis.
Pye, Dr. Walter. Elementary Bandaging, etc.; 2s., 18mo, Trübner.

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Winckler, Dr. Techno-chemical Receipt Book [tr.]; 10s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Low.

I 9.—FINE ARTS.

Rowbottom, J. F. History of Music, Vol. II.; 18s., 8vo, Trübner.

12.—SPORTS.

Callwey, R. P. [ed]. Field and Covert Shooting; Moor and Marsh Shooting, ill. [Badminton Lib.]; ea. 10s. 6d., 8vo, Longman.

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Jevons, F. B. History of Greek Literature; 8s. 6d., cr. 8vo, C. Griffin.

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Norris, W. E. My Friend Jim; 2 v., 12s., cr. 8vo, Macmillan.
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K 11.—COLLECTED WORKS.

Addison, J. The Works of, ed. G. W. Greene; 6 v., 21s., cr. 8vo, Routledge.

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TIME.

OCTOBER, 1886.

THE TALE HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

BY ARTHUR A. BAUMANN, M.P.

"VILE pamphleteer!" exclaimed the advocate for the Crown; and straightway judge witnesses, jury, and public, and even his own counsel, regarded Paul Louis Courier (so he tells us in the "Pamphlet des Pamphlets"), as a most abandoned criminal.

Certainly Mr. Gladstone is, if not a vile, a most persistent pamphleteer: he himself reminds us of "A Chapter of Autobiography," published in 1868; and the unprompted memory suggests Bulgarian Horrors and Vatican Decrees. Indeed, the late Premier is the only statesman who still uses the pamphlet as a weapon of political warfare, though Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain condescend occasionally to borrow the pages of a magazine.

Casuistry has been said to be the homage which vice pays to virtue; and this elaborate apology for an act of political treachery, unexampled even in the spotted story of our two English parties, is a piece of complacent casuistry which reminds us of a saying of the late Chief Justice Cockburn, that there were three men who never could reason like Englishmen—Coleridge, Newman, and Gladstone.

To the student of psychology introspection is always interesting, and the "History of an Idea" is a very remarkable specimen of the mental condition of an Ostrich-Man. Mr. Gladstone buries his head with the greatest eagerness in the sand of his *ex-post-facto* explanations, which literally choke the understanding of the plain man, while he is ludicrously unconscious of the exposure of his tail to the pursuer. For instance, we are gravely assured, upon the fourth page, that the subject of a domestic Government for Ireland has never been regarded by the author "as necessarily replete with danger," or as a question which ought to be blocked out "by the assertion of some high constitutional

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doctrine with which it could not be reconciled." Now, when Mr. Gladstone first entered public life as "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," Repeal of the Union took the place of parliamentary reform as the question of the day. It is true that it was subsequently eclipsed by the question of the Corn Laws, with famine as its irresistible advocate. But it must be none the less true, from the startling confession above quoted, that this solemn young Pharisee, who published a grave treatise upon Church and State, posed as a stern and unbending Tory, and left the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel on a conscientious scruple which made the world smile, regarded the question of Repeal, or, if you please, "a domestic Government for Ireland," universally held by all politicians of all shades, except a disreputable handful of English Jacobins, to be as vital and fundamental as the monarchy, the Church, or the House of Lords, as a question "not necessarily replete with danger," and "not to be blocked out by the assertion of some high constitutional doctrine." Macaulay had just an inkling of his man; though even the trained critic failed to fathom that chaos of floating phrases, where every duty is a doubt, and where the cherished principle of to-day becomes the unspeakable criminality of to-morrow. But if Sir Robert Peel had known that his young lieutenant, who looked like a Catholic priest, and sang, "Campdown races all the go, du-da-du-da-dey," had a mind as open as a blow-hole on the Embankment, would he have given him a place in his Administration? Possibly he would, for Sir Robert's own mind was a perforated grating.

Six conditions are laid down, subject to which Home Rule "could warrantably be entertained."

1. "A final surrender of the hope that Parliament could so far serve as a legislative instrument for Ireland, as to be able to establish honourable and friendly relations between Great Britain and the people of the island." Since 1868 the Imperial Parliament, under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone, has done little else but legislate for Ireland: there has been the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Land Act of 1871, and the Land Act of 1881, besides numerous smaller Acts, such as Lord Ashbourne's Purchase Act of 1885, passed with the assent of both parties. The surrender, therefore, of the hope that the Imperial Parliament can serve as a legislative instrument for Ireland is the condemnation of Mr. Gladstone as a statesman. "Ireland is the touchstone of English statesmanship," Mr. Morley very truly said. Tried by this test, Mr. Gladstone is a failure,—a monumental, self-acknowledged failure. But what the public would like to know is, at what precise period of time did it flash upon Mr. Gladstone that the Imperial Parliament could no longer serve as a legislative instrument for Ireland? For five long years, from 1880 to 1885, he had gone boggling on, complacently enough, as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of

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Great Britain and Ireland, using an Imperial Parliament as a legislative instrument with apparent comfort and satisfaction to himself, passing Coercion Acts, sending messages of peace, making eloquent speeches about a just and final settlement of the land question, even imprisoning Mr. Parnell because he defied the decrees of the Imperial Parliament, and not a suspicion breathed all those years of the incompetence of Parliament for its task! When did the conviction of that incompetence first cross the mind of the late Prime Minister? Not before the election of 1885, or he would have said so, surely. The period during which a doubt became a duty, and Mr. Gladstone convinced himself of the incompetence of the Imperial Parliament as a legislative instrument for Ireland, can only have been after the last election in December 1885 and before the opening of Parliament in January 1886, when he discovered that his return to, and maintenance in, power were absolutely dependent on the Irish vote.

2. The second condition is that the demand for Home Rule should be made in obedience to "the unequivocal and rooted desire of Ireland, expressed through the constitutional medium of the Irish representatives." "Unequivocal and rooted" are question-begging epithets; and there are many who deny that the Parnellite members of Parliament represent the real desire of the Irish in Ireland. That they represent the desire of the Irish in America, nobody denies; the American Irish are the bitterest enemies of England, for they are those who have been forced to leave their country by what they are taught to look upon as Saxon tyranny. But the indifference of the Irish, not only in London, but in the large towns of England, to Home Rule is a very striking fact; and there are those who assert that the Parnellites owe their majority in Ireland to wholesale intimidation, and their ascendancy to the impunity accorded them by Imperial statesmen. It has often been observed that revolutions are the work, not of a nation, but of a faction; and it is at least open to argument whether this is not the case with the Parnellite movement in Ireland. However, let it be assumed that the Parnellite members do represent "the unequivocal and rooted desire" of a majority of Irishmen for an Irish Parliament. Is it really to be laid down as constitutional doctrine by an ex-Prime Minister, that, whenever, not *the* majority of Great Britain and Ireland, but *a* majority in one part or province of the kingdom makes a demand, through the constitutional medium of its representatives, which vitally affects the other parts or provinces of the kingdom, and "which goes down to the very roots and foundations of our whole civil and political constitution" (Midlothian Speech, November 9th, 1885), that demand is to be granted simply because it is made? Suppose a majority of Scotchmen, through the constitutional medium of their representatives, were to express "an unequivocal and rooted desire" for the establishment of a Scotch Republic, which is not

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at all an improbable supposition for a Calvinistic country. Either condition 2 means nothing; or it means that there would be no answer to such a demand.

3. Of course, there is a saving clause, in Gladstonese, that the demand must be "within the limits of safety and prudence," and such as "to obviate all danger to the unity and security of the Empire." As this is a mere *petitio principii*, it is not worth discussing.

4. No principle is to be applied to Ireland, "the benefit of which could not be allowed to Scotland." We have hitherto always understood from Mr. Gladstone that Ireland was in an exceptional economic and political condition, and the Imperial Parliament was always assured that the legislation it was asked to sanction for the sister isle would never be applied to England or Scotland. But let that pass, and let us humbly accept the fact that, not only Ireland, but Scotland is to be governed "according to Irish ideas." Mr. Gladstone may find Home Rule for Scotland as hard a nut to crack as Home Rule for Ireland. He may find that there is as much difference between the Celts of the Highlands and the Lowlanders, as there is between their kinsmen in the North of Ireland and the Celtic Catholics. The Highlanders have hitherto been in a state of sullen and passive poverty, for which, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, the remedy is emigration. But withdraw the calm and impartial control of the Imperial Parliament, make Dr. Clark Chancellor of the Scotch Exchequer, and Mr. Gladstone may succeed in creating a second Ireland, not even separated from us by St. George's Channel. Culloden Moor will then become as heating a topic as the Boyne Water, and Europe will behold with amusement the dissolution of an ancient kingdom in a war of aboriginals.

5. But above all things the question was to be kept out of the category of party measures: this was "an evident duty." It appears that Mr. Gladstone wrote to Lord Salisbury, and offered him, in vague and general terms, his support and co-operation in any comprehensive settlement of the Irish question. He also wrote to Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Salisbury's nephew, and hinted to him that, unless Mr. Parnell's terms were granted, they would all be stabbed or blown into the air. As these advances were civilly refused, Mr. Gladstone turned the Conservative Government out, not by an amendment to the Address condemning their Irish policy, or want of Irish policy, but by "a Mr. Jesse Collings's" amendment about the agricultural labourers.

6. Subject to the foregoing considerations, Home Rule "must be promptly and expeditiously dealt with." Changes of Ministry and dissolutions of Parliament "gravely disturb the action of our political system," impede the business, and derogate from the character of the House of Commons.

"Therefore, I will be sudden, and despatch."

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That is to say, when once Mr. Gladstone had made up his mind that the hour had struck, the work of eighty-six years was to be undone in six months, and he was very much surprised and offended that all his colleagues did not take the same view of it. He is particularly offended with Lord Northbrook, because, complaining of his reticence before, and his action after, the election of 1885, he stated confidently that nothing had happened "that could not have been foreseen by any man of ordinary political foresight." So say all of us. But Mr. Gladstone broadly contests the statement. "I assert that an incident of the most vital importance had happened, which I did not foresee; which was not foreseen, to my knowledge, by any one else, even if some might have hoped for it; and which I doubt whether Lord Northbrook himself foresaw; namely, that the Irish demand, put forth on the first night of the session by Mr. Parnell, with eighty-four Home Rulers at his back, would be confined within the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy; of an Irish legislature, only for affairs specifically Irish; of a statutory and subordinate parliament. But in this incident lay the fulfilment of one of those conditions which were in my view essential, and which had been theretofore unfulfilled." In this sentence it is stated that three things happened, which neither Mr. Gladstone nor anybody else foresaw, and which determined Mr. Gladstone to go in for Home Rule: (*a*) Mr. Parnell made his demand for Home Rule on the first night of the session; (*b*) he was backed in that demand by eighty-four Home Rulers; (*c*) the demand was confined within the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy, of an Irish legislature, only for affairs specifically Irish, of a statutory and subordinate Parliament. With regard to (*b*), if Mr. Gladstone did not foresee that the extension of the franchise in Ireland would return eighty-five Nationalists to Parliament, he was the only man in the Three Kingdoms, amongst those who take any interest in politics, who was so shortsighted. It is perfectly preposterous for an old parliamentary hand to assert that he did not foresee what Tom, Dick, and Harry took as a matter of course. With regard to (*a*), we are asked to believe that Mr. Gladstone did not foresee that Mr. Parnell would make a demand with eighty-four men at his back, which he had made for five years with forty men at his back. As for the nature of the demand (*c*), it would be extremely interesting to know what Mr. Gladstone expected Mr. Parnell to ask for, and in what Mr. Parnell's speech on the first night of the session differed from the speeches he had been making ever since he had led the party of Irish disaffection. Mr. Parnell is not a man of much variety or verbosity, and it is said in Ireland that he has only one speech which he delivers at different places. Yet his speech on the first night of the session of 1886 came upon Mr. Gladstone as a revelation; he was quite astonished at its moderation. An Irish

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legislature, only for affairs specifically Irish—what could be fairer? A statutory and subordinate Parliament—what could be more reasonable? But what in heaven's name did Mr. Gladstone think Mr. Parnell was going to demand? Did he think his demand would *not* be confined within the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy? And if not, what were its bounds to be? Did he expect that he would ask for an Irish legislature, *not* for affairs specifically Irish? And if not, for what affairs was the Irish legislature to be? Did he anticipate that Mr. Parnell would ask for *more* than a statutory and subordinate parliament? And if so, for how much more? Was he afraid that Mr. Parnell was going to ask for "an Irish legislature" to control affairs specifically English, Scotch, and Welsh as well as Irish? or was he so amazingly simple in the structure of his mind, and so ignorant of Mr. Parnell, as to imagine that the Irish leader would furbish up for the British House of Commons the ravings of American Fenians? Lastly, were the relations between the Liberal party and Mr. Parnell so distant and so difficult as to preclude Mr. Gladstone from the possibility of obtaining an inkling of his demands? It was not only that Mr. Parnell's speech on the first night of the session * was an almost exact repetition of his speeches in Ireland, in America, and in England for the last five years; it was not only that Mr. Gladstone himself admits, as we shall see presently, that the subject of a domestic Government for Ireland had been before the country for fifteen or sixteen years; but it was impossible, in the nature of things, that Mr. Parnell's demand should have been other than it was, either in substance or in shape; and I will undertake to say that there was not a man in the House of Commons, largely composed as it was of new members, who heard it with the faintest feeling of surprise. Yet this demand Mr. Gladstone did not, and could not possibly, have foreseen; and the making of it was the fulfilment of one of those conditions which were essential, and which had theretofore been unfulfilled. *Credo, quia impossibile.*

Winding into his subject like a serpent, Mr. Gladstone at last comes upon the gravamen of the charge that had been brought against him by his staunchest friends,—by Lord Hartington, by Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Bright, which, to do him justice, he states, in the form of a dilemma, with perfect clearness. "Either I had conceived the intention of Home Rule precipitately, or I had concealed it unduly. Either would undoubtedly have been a grave offence,—the second as a plot against my friends, the first as an attempt to escape from the sober judgment of the country, and carry it by surprise." It is only natural that Mr. Gladstone should feel the charge of undue concealment most acutely, and he makes the most desperate attempts to wriggle off the second horn of his dilemma. "I deny," he says, "that it is the duty of every

* See further on quotation from the speech in question.

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Minister to make known, even to his colleagues, every idea which has formed itself in his mind." This is very much the kind of plea that was put forward by the friends of Sir Robert Peel, in answer to the same kind of charge, when that Minister called his Cabinet together in November 1845, and suddenly announced his intention of repealing the Corn Law. It is curious that the extraordinary similarity of character between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone should have escaped attention. Both men sprang from that wealthy commercial class, which enjoyed a brief reign of power from 1830 to 1868, when it was swamped by household suffrage; both came from Lancashire; both went to Oxford; both had a pulpit manner; both had a pulpy conscience; both broke up a party; and both were accused of treachery, because neither had any fixed principles. The minds of both men were blank slates, upon which the first demagogue that presented himself with a loud voice and a long tail could scribble what he pleased. Sir Robert Peel was at one time completely fascinated by O'Connell, then he fell under the sway of Cobden; Mr. Gladstone has always been under the influence of Mr. Parnell. No wonder Mr. Gladstone is always panegyrising Sir Robert Peel; he is his apt pupil; no wonder he is always referring to Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws; they are his examplars of statesmanship. But in one respect Sir Robert Peel elicits sympathy where Mr. Gladstone only excites contempt. Sir Robert Peel was really, like Mr. Auberon Herbert, a politician in trouble about his soul; he was really tortured by his own inconsistencies, for he was a serious and sensitive man: whereas Mr. Gladstone is the most perfectly callous and light-hearted of mortals, quite happy so long as he is talking, and quite untroubled by any doubts about his political soul. But this parallel is by the way.

"It was no consequence," continues Mr. Gladstone in answer to Lord Hartington, "from my not having condemned Home Rule, that I had either not considered it, or had adopted it. What is true is, that I had not publicly and in principle condemned it, and also that I had mentally considered it. But I had neither adopted it nor rejected it; and for the very simple reason, that it was not ripe either for adoption or rejection." A whole book-case full of speeches, pamphlets, essays, biographies, and Annals of our Time, could not give the student a more accurate and vivid picture of Mr. Gladstone's inside than this autopsical analysis. This very characteristic passage will certainly become a *locus classicus*, for it is the explicit negation of principles in political action, and by principles I mean,—for the term is used with some laxity,—not, of course, a set of rule-of-thumb maxims, still less a cast-iron catena of precedents, from which no departure is permissible, but certain grounds or bases of action, certain general laws (in the scientific

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sense), under some one or other of which a man's every act, in public as in private life, should be capable of reduction. One of the stock questions at Oxford for the undergraduate who is toiling through his ethics is, or used to be: Which is the better man, he who sins and says he is wrong, or he who sins and says he is right? And the undergraduate,—unless he is a pretender to a paradox, in which case he is inevitably ploughed,—always answers, that the man who sins and says he is wrong, has his principle right, and, therefore, may at any moment be cured; but there is no hope for the sinner who says he is right, for his principle is wrong, or rather absent,—he is ἀκόλαστος, incurable. The passage quoted above affirms in the broadest, most unequivocal, and most unreserved manner; that expediency is the only guide to political conduct. The doctrine of ripeness, so complacently developed, is the most barefaced assertion of opportunism that we have ever been treated to in this country. Mr. Gladstone is a political acolast, who sins and says he is right; he is incurable, because he has no principle, and roundly declares that this want of principle is the truest, the justest, and the most sublime of all political principles.

There is really no answer to the charge of undue concealment. It was not Mr. Gladstone's duty to tell all his colleagues all that was passing in his mind. Of course not; but the Cabinet system is supposed to be government by a small body of men, and can only be conducted upon the honourable understanding that there shall be the fullest confidence between colleagues, at any rate in respect of questions of such vital and imperial magnitude as the maintenance of the Union.

Two or three pages are devoted to an historical retrospect, in which the various phrases of Repeal are examined, and the successive Irish leaders,—O'Connell, Mr. Butt, and Mr. Shaw,—passed in review. The object of this retrospect, and of the many excerpts from Mr. Gladstone's speeches, is to prove that the author had never publicly and in principle condemned Home Rule; and also that Home Rule had never, before 1886, "been so defined *by its promoters* as to prove a safe demand." To hunt Mr. Gladstone through the evasive sinuosities of his parliamentary style is neither a profitable nor a pleasant sport; it leaves us weary and prostrate. Two quotations shall suffice, one, to prove that Mr. Gladstone did condemn Home Rule, publicly and in principle; the other to prove that Home Rule was no nearer definition in 1886 than in 1871 or 1882, and was never defined by its promoters, or indeed by any one, until it was embodied in the Bill for the Better Government of Ireland.

It was, of course, quite impossible that a statesman should lead the Liberal party from 1869 to 1885 without having to speak often on the subject of Home Rule. There is the celebrated Aberdeen speech in 1871, from which Mr. Gladstone gives only a

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very short and discreet passage, but from which Lord Randolph Churchill produced a much longer passage in the House of Commons. This we take the liberty of reproducing, as it is quite conclusive. "I have seen nothing in favour of repeal, except that it is stated that there is a quantity of fish in the seas which surround Ireland, and that if they had Home Rule they would catch a great deal of these fish. There are fish in the seas which surround England and Scotland. England has no Home Rule: Scotland has no Home Rule: but they manage to catch the fish. You would expect, when it is said that the Imperial Parliament is to be broken up, that at least a case should be made out showing great subjects of policy and great demands necessary for the welfare of Ireland which the representatives of Ireland had united to ask, and which the representatives of England, Scotland, and Wales had united to refuse." Since 1871 what demands necessary for the welfare of Ireland have the representatives of Ireland united in asking, except Home Rule itself, which the representatives of England, Wales, and Scotland have united in refusing? But let us go on with Mr. Gladstone. "There is no such grievance. There is nothing that Ireland has asked and which this country and this Parliament have refused. This Parliament has done for Ireland what it would have scrupled to do for Scotland and England. What are the inequalities between England and Ireland? I declare that I know of none except that there are certain taxes still remaining which are levied upon Scotchmen and Englishmen, and not levied upon Ireland; and likewise that there are certain charges for which public money is freely and largely given in Ireland, and not given in England and Scotland. That seems to me a very feeble case indeed for the argument which has been made by means of which the fabric of the United Parliament" (mark, not United Kingdom nor United Empire, but United Parliament) "of this country is to be broken up. . . . Can any sensible man, can any rational man suppose that at this time of day, in this condition of the world, we are going to disintegrate the great capital institutions of the country for the purpose of making ourselves ridiculous in the sight of all mankind, of crippling any power we possess for bestowing what blessings we may through legislation on the country to which we belong?" That is a better speech against Home Rule than either Lord Hartington or Mr. Goschen have made; and yet the kernel of Mr. Gladstone's apology is that he has "never publicly and in principle condemned Home Rule;" that he had mentally considered it; and that he had neither rejected nor adopted it, because it was not ripe for adoption or rejection. What would have been thought of Mr. Hume if he had suddenly become a convert to the Church of Rome, and then explained to the world that he had never publicly and in principle condemned the principles of Romanism; that he had mentally considered them,

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and neither adopted nor rejected them? The world would have said that either the author of the essay on "Miracles" was a man of inconceivable levity, or that the new convert was a consummate hypocrite.

There is a very long quotation from a speech made in the House of Commons in 1882, referring to the party of Mr. Parnell. "Neither they, nor so far as I know Mr. Butt before them, nor so far as I know Mr. O'Connell before him, ever distinctly explained in an intelligible and practicable form the manner in which the real knot of this question was to be untied. The principle upon which the honourable members propose to proceed is this—that purely Irish matters should be dealt with by a purely Irish authority, and that purely Imperial matters should be dealt with by an Imperial chamber in which Ireland is to be represented." The reader will remember that on the first night of the session of 1886 "an incident of the most vital importance happened, which I did not foresee; which was not foreseen by any one;" namely, that the Irish demand, put forth by Mr. Parnell, was confined "within the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy; of an Irish legislature, only for affairs specifically Irish; of a statutory and subordinate Parliament" (p. 9). Yet here we have this speech made by Mr. Gladstone in 1882, referring to a demand put forward by Mr. Parnell in almost identical terms. Do we wake? Do we dream? The speech goes on: "But they have not told us by what authority it is to be determined, what matters, when taken one by one, are Irish, and what matters are Imperial. Until, sir, they lay before this house a plan in which they go to the very bottom of that subject, and give us to understand in what manner that division of jurisdiction is to be accomplished, the practical consideration of this subject cannot really be arrived at, and, for my own part, I know not how any effective judgment upon it can be pronounced. . . . Their first duty to us and their first duty to themselves, their first obligation in the prosecution of the purpose which they have in view—namely, the purpose of securing the management of purely Irish affairs by Irish hands—is to point out to us by what authority, and by what instrument, affairs purely Irish are to be divided and distinguished, so that they may be appropriately and separately dealt with from those Imperial affairs and interests which they have frankly admitted must remain in the hands of the Imperial Parliament." We see already that it is simply not true that Mr. Gladstone did not foresee that Mr. Parnell's demand, put forth on the first night of the session of 1886, would be confined within the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy; of an Irish legislature, only for affairs specifically Irish; of a statutory and subordinate Parliament; because we find him disposing of a precisely similar demand, in the House of Commons, four years previously, on the score of its vagueness. But there is one chance left for Mr.

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Gladstone. On page 8 he tells us that he had neither adopted nor rejected Home Rule before the first night of the session of 1886, because it was not ripe for adoption or rejection, because "it had not been so defined by its promoters as to prove that it was a safe demand." Is it true, then, that on the first night of the session of 1886 Home Rule was defined by its promoters so as to prove that it was a safe demand? Is it true that it was defined at all? Assuredly, if it is not true, if the demand for Home Rule was no more defined on the first night of the session of 1886 than it was on the 9th of February, 1882, then the tall tower of this apology topples down, and becomes a mere heap of meaningless words, put together "with intent to deceive." Alas! for the honour of our public men! *Heu prisca fides!* It is as untrue that the demand for Home Rule was defined on the first night of the session of 1886 as that it was not foreseen. This is what Mr. Parnell said on the 21st of January, 1886. "The right honourable gentleman" (*i.e.*, Mr. Gladstone) "had invited him at some future time to state the demands which were made by more than five-sixths of the representatives of Ireland in regard to the government of their country, and *he had no doubt that such an opportunity would be found at the proper moment.* For the present he could only say he had little doubt that if the House approached the question of the government of Ireland in the same spirit and with the same largeness of views as had characterised the speech of the right honourable gentleman, the member for Midlothian, such a solution would be found as would enable Ireland to be intrusted with the right of self-government, and secure those guarantees regarding the integrity of the Empire, the supremacy of the Crown, and the protection of what was called the loyal minority in Ireland, which had been required by the leaders of both political parties in the House." That is all about Home Rule; the rest of the speech is devoted to rents and the fall of prices. Not a word as to the manner in which "the division of jurisdiction" was to be accomplished. Not a syllable to point out "by what authority, and by what instrument, affairs purely Irish are to be divided and distinguished" from Imperial affairs! Yet this was the demand that came upon Mr. Gladstone as a revelation; this was the definition that finally convinced him that Home Rule was a safe demand. The only difference between 1882 and 1886 was the difference between forty and eighty-five votes. There is one sentence in the "History of an Idea" which defies denial. "All men do not perceive, all men do not appreciate, ripeness, with the same degree of readiness or aptitude."

It is not necessary to dwell at any length upon the "Lessons of the Election." It is no doubt an admirable moral quality not to know when you are beaten; but it is not an intellectual attitude, and has led quite as often to irretrievable disaster as to ultimate triumph. The philosopher who walked into a well was

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not a whit more ridiculous than is the politician who professes to see in the last election the dawn of Home Rule. It is enough for us, and we should think for most people, that the division list on the 7th of June showed 228 Gladstonians and 85 Parnellites, or 313 for the Home Rule Bill, and 251 Conservatives and 100 Liberal Unionists, or a majority against Mr. Gladstone of 38; while parties now stand: Gladstonians 194, Parnellites 85, together 279; Conservatives 318, and Liberal Unionists 73, together 391, being a majority of 112 against Mr. Gladstone instead of 38. It is true that the Liberal Unionists have fallen from 100 to 73, but that is because of the inability of the ordinary mind to understand a Liberal who is opposed to Mr. Gladstone. The Conservatives have won sixty-eight seats, and there can be no doubt that if it had not been for the compact with the Liberal Unionists, they would now be in a clear majority of the House of Commons. These figures are enough for us, and we regard elaborate calculations from the number of votes polled (which, by the way, altogether omit the uncontested seats) as *verba otiosorum senum.*

But there is one lesson drawn by Mr. Gladstone from the election which cannot be passed over. It is, "*La mort sans phrase*" for the landlords. The Gladstone-Parnell policy was defeated at the polls, not by the Home Rule Bill, but by the Land Purchase Bill. Therefore, overboard with the Land Purchase Bill—that is the lesson of the election. There were, however, one or two phrases that had been used in connection with the Land Purchase Bill by its author, which seem to have made some impression even on the short memory and threadbare conscience of Mr. Gladstone. The Home Rule and Land Purchase Bills had been described in Parliament by the then Prime Minister as "inseparably connected in the mind of the Government," and the buying out of the landlords had been emphatically spoken of as "an obligation of honour and of duty." These expressions are felt to be a little awkward; and, therefore, it is explained that the landlords have had their chance, and have thrown it away. Because the landlords were too highminded to accept sixteen years' purchase as the price of their loyalty to the Union, they are to have nothing. Because they, in common with all clear-headed and honourable men, objected to this particular scheme of land purchase as a fraud upon the British taxpayer, the sands in the glass are run out, and they may get their "prairie value," if they can, from a Parnellite Parliament. Either take My Land Purchase Bill and My Home Rule Bill, or go to the dogs in your own fashion. It is even made a charge of ingratitude against the landlords that they have refused to sell their loyalty to their Sovereign for a sum down in British consols. And let this further characteristic inconsistency be observed. The popular verdict of condemnation is accepted as against the Land Bill, but

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not as against the Home Rule Bill. Two Bills, "inseparably connected" in the minds of their author, the latter described as "an obligation of duty and of honour," are presented to Cæsar for adoption or rejection. Cæsar rejects them unequivocally, and then it is calmly asserted that Cæsar only rejected one of them. No evidence of any kind is produced in support of this interpretation of the popular verdict. It is a pure assumption, a blank assertion. But even if evidence were forthcoming to prove that the Home Rule Bill was weighted by the Land Purchase Bill, it is a curious doctrine that obligations of honour and duty are to be thrown overboard because they are inconvenient. It is contrary to the spirit of the constitution that the verdict of the constituencies should be interpreted in this arbitrary fashion, and accepted as final only so far as may suit the convenience of a particular statesman. There is a brazen audacity, and a cynical brutality about this repudiation of an obligation of honour and of duty that have shocked the most robust Radicals, and given the *coup de grâce* to the reputation of Mr. Gladstone.

"*Qui dit pamphlet, dit un écrit tout plein de poison,*" said one of the jurors to Paul Louis Courier after the trial was over. Full of poison Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet certainly is; the poison of perverted reasoning, daring misstatements, and crooked casuistry, the fruits, in their turn, of a wrong-headed but self-righteous egotism. Casuistry is catching, but pamphlets are proverbially unsaleable. It may be hoped that the poison will not spread very far, lest the British public become a nation of sophistical rhetoricians, and, like the celebrated Council of Constantinople, dispute upon a text while the enemy is thundering at the gates. Mr. Gladstone's best friends must wish that this pamphlet should share the fate of his speeches—first be forgotten, and then denied.

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MORE TRUTHS ABOUT THE CIVIL SERVICE.

BY "ANOTHER WHO KNOWS."

AN article in the August number of TIME, entitled "The Truth about the Civil Service," having attracted considerable public attention, a few remarks in further illustration of the subject may not be deemed to be inappropriate. The amount of knowledge upon a very complex matter displayed by the writer, and the fair and moderate tone in which many of the undoubted hardships peculiar to the Civil Service are discussed, render it probable that he will not object to a few words of friendly comment from a co-labourer of long standing in the Service.

The chief grievances are apparently as follow, viz. :—

1. The difference in the pay for precisely similar work in different departments, and the necessity for uniformity on this point.

2. The arbitrary division of the Service into a higher and lower division, and the inclusion, in the higher division, of all established clerks who had entered the Service before the promulgation of the Playfair scheme.

3. The allowance of increases in salary by triennial increments only.

4. The question of duty pay; whether it should be given to certain individuals at the discretion of the head of the department, or whether it should be attached to the performance of certain specified duties; in other words (if the technical expression may be pardoned), should duty-pay "follow the man or the seat"?

5. The injustice inflicted on the writer class by employing them without additional pay upon duties of a higher class than those of copyists.

"One Who Knows" has exhibited a prudent reticence in avoiding discussion on that portion of the Playfair scheme relating to the so-called "Staff" appointments.

From internal evidence it may be inferred that "One Who Knows" meant his article to apply to that portion of the Civil Service which is located in the Metropolis. He makes no mention of the Outdoor Service of the Customs and Inland

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Revenue Departments, nor of the staff employed by the Admiralty and War Office in the various dockyards, arsenals, and outports; nor of the numerous officials employed by the Post Office, Board of Trade, etc., in the provinces. In this, however, he has exercised a wise discretion, the subject being far too vast to be included within the limits of a single article.

It would, perhaps, have been well to have more precisely limited the scope of the article to the London offices. As it stands, it is certainly open to the charge that the subject has been treated from a point of view far too restricted and one-sided—viz., that of the Civil servant pure and simple. Little or no reference is made to the interests of the taxpayer, and if upon public grounds, for no other reason, that question should certainly have been dealt with. It will probably be considered premature to make suggestion as to the amount of salaries to be paid under any scheme of reform until some comparison has been made between the present pay allotted to Civil servants and the value at which their services would be appraised in the open market. "One Who Knows" has referred to the difference in the emoluments of persons employed on analogous duties in different branches of the public service as a grievance requiring redress, but curiously enough he has failed to carry the comparison further by placing the duties, salaries, prospects, and other contingent advantages enjoyed by the clerks, workmen, and other officials of the Post Office, Customs, Inland Revenue, Admiralty, etc., side by side with those of the great railway and telegraph companies, of the bankers and insurance offices, of the large steamship and shipbuilding firms, and of the great employers of labour generally.

Still more significant is the avoidance of all allusion to the employment in the Civil Service of the Crown of pensioned soldiers and sailors. They have, as is well known, been employed with great success in several public departments, and in foreign countries their employment is almost universal.

Last, but not least, "One Who Knows" has omitted to mention the fair sex, who are day by day pushing into Government employ in increasing numbers.

Before the Civil Service can be reorganised, its admitted grievances redressed, and its numerous faults corrected, it is quite clear that all questions as to the real market value of the services of the present *employés* must be directly met and fairly answered. It will probably be discovered on inquiry that a large portion of the routine duties which fall to the lot of at least three-fourths of the Service are remunerated by the Government more liberally than by the private employer of labour, even if the contingent advantages, viz., the shorter hours of attendance, the larger allowance of private and sick leave, and the right to a pension, etc., be eliminated from the argument; and it is very probable that the majority of the Civil servants of the future will have to content themselves

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with lower wages, and, by a necessary consequence, will be recruited from a lower class in the social scale.

The necessity of reform being pretty generally admitted, the question next arises as to the manner in which such reform or reorganisation shall be carried out. "One Who Knows" makes a very valuable suggestion that the reform should be made by the reorganising commissioners going among the stools and desks, and making a seat to seat inquiry into the work of each official. Although the remark is shrewd and much to the point, with all due respect to the writer, it will probably appear on examination that it does not go far enough; the reform should be both wholesale and retail, and the following propositions will probably be found to include the views of "One Who Knows" and something more.

Reorganisations have up to the present time been local rather than general, have been confined to single departments, and managed from within rather than from without, either directly by the heads of the offices in question, or from information supplied by them, and in many cases in conformity with schemes drawn up in the department in anticipation of the event, the final veto, possessed in nearly all cases by the Treasury, being usually exercised solely with regard to matters of finance, and (so long as a scheme shows an apparently substantial money saving on the face of it) little attention has been paid to details in the grading of the officials (on which the heads of departments are supposed to know best), and still less to the increase in the pension list.

It is natural enough that this should be the case. The success of any reorganisation must, to a great extent, depend upon a practical knowledge of the working of the department, a knowledge usually enjoyed only by the higher permanent officials who after all are but men,—men with human prejudices, sensible to flattery, encumbered with family ties, with engagements not expressed, but well understood to stand by old friends, old supporters, etc. These and many other similar considerations—to summarise which would be superfluous—are the direct cause of a good deal of wire-pulling, with the result that the best type of official does not always succeed in the struggle for existence. In ordinary times it is not always easy even for a powerful head of a department, rightly or wrongly, to accelerate or retard promotion at his pleasure, but his opportunity, if at no other time, will come when a reorganisation has been determined upon. Then merit (of all sorts) seeks its reward, then old grudges are paid off, and unpopular men (not by any means always the least efficient) are transferred, superannauted, or otherwise got rid of.

What is wanted in a person charged with the reorganisation of any particular public department is perfect impartiality, and consequent freedom from official ties, combined with an intimate

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practical knowledge of the *materiel* and *personnel* of the office. This question may, it is confidently hoped, be answered in the following paragraphs.

We will first suppose that such a Commission referred to by "One Who Knows" as likely to be moved for by Mr. Puleston has made inquiries into the present condition of the Service, collected the necessary information, and cleared the ground for a general reorganisation.

A Royal Commission should then issue, with ample powers to examine, and, if necessary, to rearrange every permanent administrative department in the public service. *Inter alia* its object should be to secure uniformity of pay, promotion, and privileges throughout the Service, regard being had, as a matter of course, to the nature and quality of the duties performed.

The Commission should be composed of lawyers, accountants, or bankers, large employers of labour, etc., all of eminence in their respective professions, and of well-known organising skill; their number should not exceed five or six, and should include not more than one civil servant of note, who should be quite unconnected with the office under review.

Should it be thought necessary that the inquiry should be made simultaneously throughout the Service, several Commissions would be necessary, but probably it would be more expedient to take one department at a time, those most in need of reform being first attended to, it being understood that only permanent and not political departments would to be dealt with.

Assuming that the civil branch of the Admiralty has been selected as the office most in need of rearrangement, on the ground that in time of war the task of recasting of the establishment would present additional difficulties, and would perhaps be found impossible of performance, the Commission would first relieve the chiefs of the establishment of their duties, and, according to circumstances, either send them on leave or retain them at their call for consultative purposes, substituting members of their own body to carry on the current business. The Commission would, with the aid of the permanent heads, actually administer the department, going through the various rooms from man to man and from seat to seat, and making or suspending current promotions if necessary, until they were satisfied that they had acquired an exact knowledge both of the business and of the staff by which it was worked. The various branches, secretarial, legal, practical, and of account, would be separately superintended by individual members of the Commission best qualified for the purpose. When thoroughly conversant with the business of the head office (and to men of their practical experience the task would probably not be a very severe one, aided, as they would be, by the advice of the officials thus temporarily suspended), the Commission would either proceed in person or

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depute certain of its members to examine and take charge of the dockyards, arsenals, and outlying stations, relieving the heads, and administering the dockyards, etc., as before. When the inquiry was complete,—and for the revision of so large a department a year or two would not be considered too long a period,—they would draw up and publish their scheme of reorganisation, and after the lapse of, say, three months, during which to receive and consider objections and petitions from the staff, they would proceed to carry it into final effect, on receiving the approval of the Ministry then in power. The report of the Commission should enter into minute details where necessary, and give the reasons upon which it acted in making changes, so that the first scheme might form a precedent when other departments came to be reformed in their turn. Special attention would be given to the reduction of the *personnel*, to the abolition of unnecessary forms, registers, the simplification of accounts, the employment of pensioners, women, boys, etc., wherever practicable, the substitution of mechanical appliances, copying machines, manifolders, telephones, etc., for manual labour wherever possible, and the rigid enforcement of regular attendance upon all from the chief down to the messenger. A fair scale of remuneration would be easily arrived at by comparing the average rate of salaries paid in the Service and out of it for analogous duties. It might be worth consideration whether all candidates appointed after the reorganisation should not receive a slightly enhanced rate of pay, and forego all claim to pension.

The Commission, having dealt exhaustively with the Admiralty, would proceed to arrange, one by one, the other great departments in the same manner, until all had passed under inspection.

It is not proposed in the present paper to dilate upon the advantages offered by the above proposal. All that space at present permits to be done has been to sketch out roughly the lines upon which rational reform should proceed. It must not be forgotten, however, that if a thoroughly practical reorganisation of the public departments is ever to be made satisfactory to the country, and (as far as is humanly possible) to the general body of the Service, it must be carried out by an impartial authority possessing the requisite local knowledge, and if such an authority does its duty fearlessly and honestly, and is not afraid to publish its reasons for making any change, however small, even members of the Service who have to suffer in prospects or otherwise by the action of the Commission will be ready to admit that justice has been done even at their own expense. For this reason it will be absolutely essential that the Commission should be of the greatest attainable strength, composed throughout of men of exceptional ability, who may be trusted to do their duty (often invidious, always laborious) without fear or favour. Even then their labours will be in vain unless the Government of the

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day make up their minds to support the Commission through thick and thin, through good and evil report. Only thus can vested interests be successfully met and overthrown in their chief stronghold—viz., the Civil Service.

The present writer ventures to hope that he may be able to secure the support of his comrades in the Service and the general public to the main principle of his scheme—viz., reorganisation by an independent body. That any reform to be successful must embody this idea is the opinion founded on a personal experience exceeding thirty years of

ANOTHER WHO KNOWS.

P.S.—Since the above was written the Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced that a Royal Commission for Inquiry into the Clerical Establishments of the Naval and Military, Revenue, and other Civil Service departments will be appointed. The Treasury Minute which communicates the intelligence is written with a vigour and directness horrifying to the steady old civil servant, but refreshing beyond measure to the much-harassed taxpayer. To use the language of Lord Randolph Churchill's minute:—

"The Commission will inquire into the numbers, salaries, hours of labour, superannuation, cost of staff, and the administration, regulation, and organisation of the said offices . . . whether the work . . . is efficiently and economically performed, whether it can be simplified, the method of procedure improved, and whether the system of control is deficient or unnecessarily elaborate."

This statement of the subject of inquiry is prefaced by a comparison of the cost of the Services in 1847-8 and 1886-7 respectively, and by a short *resumé* of the reasons which justify the proposed investigation.

If Lord Randolph is in earnest in desiring a thorough reform of the Services, and it would be ungrateful and ungenerous at this juncture to doubt him, no more fit man could be found to carry out such an undertaking, herculean as it may seem, to a successful issue, combining as he does undoubted talent, courage, and inexhaustible energy with immense personal and party influence, and supported, as he certainly would be, by all the strength of the Liberal party as well as his own. It is to be hoped that when the present Royal Commission has made its report that Lord Randolph may see fit to nominate a reorganising body, as above suggested, to carry out the recommendations of the Commission of Inquiry, and not to nominate merely but to support it with all his personal influence, and, in addition, to secure the adhesion of his party to the scheme.

It may seem hypercritical to allude to the personal qualifications of the members of the new Commission, but the first point that will strike the unprejudiced observer is that the official element is too predominant, and ought to be corrected by the

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addition of an experienced practical lawyer or two (at present conspicuous by absence), of employers of labour of the type of Sir Sydney Waterlow, Mr. Rendel, or Mr. Moon, and of practical men like Mr. Broadhurst.

The real struggle will come after the Commission just nominated has made its report, and if Lord Randolph Churchill will pursue the work of reform with spirit and energy, he will deserve the warmest thanks of his fellow-countrymen for successfully dealing with one of the most difficult of the many State problems now coming up for settlement.

He can do it if he likes, and there are not three other men who can.

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AN EPISODE OF WIESBADEN.

BY E. ARNOLD.

(Author of "Monk's Hollow," etc.)

I.

It was July in Wiesbaden; every day the weather grew hotter, and the crowd of fashionables who thronged the Kursaal and its lovely gardens lessened as cooler haunts and sea-breezes tempted them away. As to myself, Cecil Brooke, I also longed to take my departure, for I was sick to death of Wiesbaden, where I had been located for more than a month under the care of a celebrated oculist, who was treating me for inflammation in one of my eyes. I knew every ride, every walk, for miles around; had explored all the places of interest in the neighbourhood, and was familiar with every inch of the ground leading to the Rhine and the Plätte. I detested the Germans; the men were heavy and prosaic, the old women were hideous and commonplace, the young ones equally uninteresting; if I did come across a pretty blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, like the conventional Gretchen, ten to one I was quickly disillusioned at *table d'hôte* by discovering my divinity in the act of swallowing her knife, or in chasing the last remaining morsels of food round her plate with a piece of bread, or some such eccentricity in which our Teutonic cousins delight in indulging at meal-times. I was now quite restored to health; my doctor had told me that he would not require me to pay him more than a couple of visits, and I had determined that I would pack up my traps and be off the following week.

It was on a broiling hot afternoon that I came to this conclusion, seated in a comfortable lounging-chair, beneath the oleander trees in the courtyard of the "Rose." I remembered that dinner was at *five* o'clock. Horrible thought! fancy sitting down at that unearthly hour to thick soup and a huge joint! I closed my eyes and mentally recalled the waving green woods around the Duke of Baden's hunting-box, the fair panorama of hill and valley, the blue waters of the Rhine, crowned by many a fruitful vineyard and castellated pile, lying beneath; and I determined to eschew *table d'hôte* and wend my way up there, returning late in the evening to supper in the Kursaal, to the music of one of the finest bands on the Continent.

I must have been fast falling into the land of dreams, when I

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was suddenly aroused by the arrival of a couple of carriages with a pile of luggage.

Evidently some one of consequence, thought I, watching with much amusement the obsequious little proprietor, who rushed out all smiles and bows to receive the new-comers.

The luggage was accompanied by a maid and a valet, but the occupants of the other carriage were a lady and two gentlemen, one of them being an elderly man of somewhat coarse and common appearance, the other a tall, good-looking young fellow about thirty. But it was the lady who riveted my attention. I had seen many beautiful women, but none more lovely than the one who was now alighting. She was tall and graceful, her hair was of the finest, silkiest gold, and her eyes and brows were of Spanish darkness. As I half rose from my seat, those soft liquid orbs met mine for an instant in a glance that fascinated, yet repelled me, and which haunted me with a vague sense of uneasiness.

Before long I was in possession of the fact that she was a Miss Dalton, travelling with her brother and father, the latter being an Australian gentleman of considerable wealth.

I did not go to the Plätte that afternoon; no, I went meekly in to the five o'clock *table d'hôte*, submitted without a murmur to the thick soup and *anguilles à la Tartare*, with the thermometer at 87° Fahrenheit in the shade, and had the inexpressible felicity of sitting opposite to my new neighbours.

I was not impressed with the men. The elder was a trifle uncouth in manner, and savoured rather more of the squatter than I altogether approved of; his son was an amended edition of himself, more refined, more agreeable, and decidedly better-looking. His daughter resembled him not in the least—indeed, it was hard to believe that any relationship existed; and for this I was, strange to say, supremely thankful. She reminded me of some gorgeous tropical flower in a garden of weeds, her brilliant colouring and high-bred air completely extinguishing all the other women present. As to myself, I was quite subjugated. I was a passionate admirer of beauty, and this woman, with her alluring smile and wonderful eyes, intoxicated and bewildered me.

Her father entered into conversation, the son followed suit, but Miss Dalton only looked at me, and her glance completed her conquest. I left the dining-room as utterly in love at first sight as the veriest greenhorn, and wandered across into the shady gardens of the Kursaal to consider how I could further my acquaintance with this siren.

I was sauntering along the most unfrequented paths, enjoying my cigar, when I was conscious of hearing my name spoken. I stopped; a voice said softly, "Hush!" the next moment there emerged from a summer-house half hidden by the trees the very people who occupied my thoughts.

Miss Dalton started visibly at sight of me, and a blush which

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intensified her beauty stole into her cheek. I felt somewhat agitated, and passed quickly on. They had been talking of me; evidently I had been of some interest to them; and, fool that I was, I went home in a flutter of delight, and sat at my window far into the night, weaving dreams of future bliss, in which Miss Dalton was the principal figure.

I am not in the least susceptible, nor was I at that period, and though I had arrived at the mature age of twenty-five, not one of Eve's fair daughters had ever raised the ghost of a flutter in my breast; therefore it puzzled, and, I must confess, somewhat annoyed me to find Miss Dalton occupying a far larger portion of my thoughts than I particularly desired. Her face haunted me; her low *traînante* voice rang in my ears; and as the days wore on and I came to know her better, I got more and more hopelessly entangled in the net which her alluring beauty had woven.

I wondered, too, at her manner towards her relatives. She scarcely, if ever, addressed her father; if he spoke to her, she replied as coldly and curtly as politeness would permit; nor did she seem much more friendly with her brother, Jim Dalton. I could not help thinking there was a mystery about my divinity, a mystery that worried me perpetually, and was hardly rendered clearer by an incident which occurred when I had known them rather more than a week.

One evening we had all been dining in the Kursaal gardens; a very cheery little repast it was, and excellently served. It was a *fête* night, and the trees were lighted with Chinese lanterns, which flashed into brilliancy as the twilight faded and dark night flung abroad her sable cloak. As we sat smoking over our coffee and liqueurs, the elder Dalton said to me,—

"Are you making a long stay here, Mr. Brooke?"

"I can stay just as long as I please," I replied, laughing; "I am my own master, and have nothing to recall me to England."

"Do you know Downshire at all?" he continued, and I caught his keen glance fixed on me.

"Downshire?" I repeated eagerly; "my home is in that county. Do you know St. Mary's Cray?—that belongs to me."

"Indeed!" said Jim Dalton, though seemingly not surprised in the least; probably he had already acquainted himself with my history, past and present. "There is good shooting there, is there not?"

"Excellent."

"Do you know a place called the Priory at Leeford?"

"Yes; it is Sir James Woolton's; he wants to let it."

"He has let it, and we have taken it," said Dalton.

I was so completely astonished at this news that I could only stare at Miss Dalton, who returned my glance with interest.

The Priory was one of the finest places in the county, and a

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most expensive one to keep up, as Sir James had found. But the idea of having Ethel Dalton for a neighbour filled me with delight, and I expressed my satisfaction, and hoped we might be good friends.

"As we are to be neighbours," said Jim Dalton, "will you come in to-night, and have a pipe and a rubber with us?"

"I shall be very pleased," I replied with alacrity; "but I am not much of a hand at whist."

"Well, that doesn't matter; we'll play anything you like," said Jim, with a laugh.

I was in the act of lighting a cigar as he spoke, and as I blew out the match I looked up suddenly, and saw him turn towards his sister with an expression so stern, so menacing, that I fairly started. The next moment it had vanished.

"Miss Dalton," I said, "will you let me be your escort to-night? Suppose we go round the lake and look at the illuminations; there is an hour before the fireworks, and you must be tired of sitting here."

She assented readily, and we sauntered out of the light of the lamps into the dim obscurity of the side-paths. It was a hot sultry night, with scarcely a leaf stirring; the fire-flies flashed like living gems in and out of the trees, and the distant strains of the orchestra sounded dreamily in our ears. The darkness, the heavily-scented atmosphere, the close proximity of my companion, thrilled me with rapture. I took the little soft ungloved hand resting upon my arm, and pressed it to my lips, trembling at my boldness; but Ethel did not resent it. If anything, she drew a trifle closer to me, and together we leant over the iron railings surrounding the illuminated lake, whilst a torrent of hot impassioned words rushed madly to my lips. In another instant I should have told her that I loved her, but her voice checked me. Looking up, her graceful head on a level with my shoulder, she said softly,—

"Mr. Brooke, will you do me a favour?"

"I will do anything you ask me," I replied eagerly.

"You must not think my request strange either. I should not dare to ask it of any one but you—but you are so kind—so——"

She paused, as if unable to proceed.

"And what is this favour, fair lady?" I asked lightly, though feeling deeply flattered.

"I want you to promise me that you will not play high to-night. You must know that my brother has a propensity for gambling; in fact, it has on several occasions got him into dreadful trouble, and we are naturally very anxious to check it Of course, one cannot put a stop to it altogether, but you can easily leave off playing when you choose, or when you think the stakes are too high."

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She spoke sadly, and with a degree of hesitation and unwillingness that excited my sympathy.

"Leave it to me," I said; "I promise you not to let him get into trouble through me."

Miss Dalton thanked me gratefully, and for the remainder of the evening was so fascinating that I quite lost sight of the fact that if her brother's propensity for gambling was so excessive, his father should have been the last person to encourage it.

We saw the fireworks, which terminated in a wonderful representation of Blondin crossing the lake on a bicycle amidst a shower of rockets and many-coloured fires, and then walked back to the hotel, where I was ushered into the Daltons' apartments. Ethel mixed me a brandy-and-soda with her own fair hands, bid us good-night with a warning glance at me, and then we sat down to baccarat.

II.

We played on till the small hours—the elder Dalton seemingly as much interested as his son—and with fluctuating success. When we rose, I had lost a "fiver."

So far, so good; no harm was done at present.

But that night was but the beginning of many others spent at *ecarté* or baccarat in the Daltons' rooms.

The first week I won, certainly only small sums, but so persistently that I felt rather ashamed of myself than not. However, my luck did not last; one night I retired from the contest minus a hundred pounds. Now, situated as I was in those days, a hundred pounds, more or less, was of no especial consequence to me. I had plenty of money—in fact, a great deal more than I knew what to do with, and I was rather relieved than otherwise at being able to refund what I had already won; but my feelings on the subject underwent a change at the end of a month, when I made the discovery that I was a thousand pounds poorer than I had been at the commencement of my acquaintance with these worthy colonials. Then for the first time I bethought me of Ethel's warning, which I had clean forgotten; and I came to the rapid conclusion that both father and son were confirmed gamblers, and up to all the tricks of the trade. Had it not been for Ethel, and my love for her, I should have gone a bit farther and put them down as a couple of sharpers; but for her sake I could not allow myself to look upon them so unfavourably.

To allay my uncomfortable suspicions, I wrote to my bailiff in Downshire, asking him whether it was true that the Priory was let.

In the meantime, though it was pain and grief to me to be deprived of Ethel's society, I gave the Daltons a wide berth. In a few days I received the bailiff's reply to the effect that the Priory was let to some people of the name of Dalton, who were

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then on their way from Australia. I gave a sigh of relief as I folded up the letter, for I was supremely glad to find their story confirmed. The next day, as I was strolling aimlessly along the Wilhelmstrasse, Ethel Dalton came out of a shop, and, seeing me, stopped and held out her hand.

She looked pale and sad, I thought; and my heart smote me for my enforced coldness to her.

"Will you come into the Kursaal for a moment," she said hurriedly; "I must speak to you."

We crossed the road and entered the gardens, and, turning up a shady side-path, found a sheltered seat.

Miss Dalton gazed at me without speaking for quite a minute.

"We have seen nothing of you lately," she said at length, and there was a reproachful gleam in her liquid dark eyes, which made me feel I had behaved like a brute.

"I have been away for an excursion up the Rhine," I replied awkwardly.

She gave an impatient gesture.

"Why not speak the truth and say it is entirely the fault of those wretched cards? I knew how it would be—now you hate us, and I hoped we should be such friends." Her voice broke, and she turned her head that I might not see the tears that gathered in her eyes.

"I have been a fool," I replied humbly. "I ought to have heeded your warning; but, you see, I always won at first."

An almost imperceptible smile curled her red lips at this gratuitous piece of information. What a fool she must have thought me!

"Well, you will be removed from temptation after to-day," she remarked quietly, "for we leave for England to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" I repeated blankly.

"Yes, to-morrow. In a short time I suppose I shall settle as the *châtelaine* of the Priory. I wonder how I shall like it, and how the county people will receive me. We have no credentials to present," and she laughed rather bitterly.

"Make your mind easy on that score," said I; "everything colonial is the fashion. But I am very glad that we are likely to meet again so soon. If you leave, I shall no longer have any inducement to remain here."

She looked at me and her colour rose.

"You are complimentary, Mr. Brooke."

"I am speaking the truth." Then, urged by an irresistible impulse, I caught her hands and said hurriedly, "I was leaving the week you arrived; it was for you alone I stayed. Ethel, you must know how dear you are to me?"

"Hush!" she replied in an agitated whisper, and her face grew white as death, and an expression of fear came into the beautiful dark eyes upraised to mine.

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"Why am I not to tell you that I love you?" I demanded, holding her closely clasped; "surely there is no harm in asking you to be my wife?"

"Your wife!" she repeated; "is it possible?" and the hands I held trembled and grew cold, her eyes closed, and she leant against my shoulder with a heavy sigh.

"Yes, dearest, my wife," I said tenderly. "Tell me that I am not mistaken in thinking you care for me a little."

Ethel raised her head and looked at me earnestly. "I can never be your wife," she said slowly; "a gulf lies between you and me that must for ever divide us. Forget what you have said to me, and when we next meet, think of me only as an agreeable acquaintance, who served to while away a few idle hours at Wiesbaden."

But I would not listen to her. I overwhelmed her with protestations and reproaches; the more she refused to entertain my suit, so much the more ardent did I become, until at length, finding I could make no impression upon her, I let her go, and, flinging myself upon the bench, buried my face in my hands, feeling deeply wounded.

"Cecil, forgive me," she said, coming close to me, and putting her hands on my shoulders; "your sorrow cuts me to the heart; I do love you, yes, I own it, but an insuperable obstacle divides us. Cecil, if ever I want a friend, may I count on you?"

"Yes," I replied, looking up at her. "I will serve you until death."

She made no answer, but bent down, and for an instant her soft lips rested on my forehead; the next, she turned and walked rapidly away. I watched her out of sight, and then, dispirited and uneasy, I took my way back to the hotel.

As I entered I was hailed by a tall, handsome, young fellow lighting his cigar in the hall, who rushed forward and slapped me heartily on the back.

"Hullo, Jack!" I exclaimed, "what in the name of all that's wonderful brings you here?"

"Why, to look you up, my dear boy. I can't say I think you are any the better for the air of Wiesbaden, though; you have not lost your care-worn appearance."

"Not likely," I grumbled, "considering this sweltering weather, and the thermometer at something like a hundred. I am thinking of going to-morrow."

"Not a bit of it," returned Jack Manvers, my best friend and former college chum; "you will have to stay with me for a few days, and then I mean to carry you off with me to Vienna. Any nice people here?" and, linking his arm in mine, he led the way to his apartment, where his servant was unpacking.

"Funny thing!" he remarked casually, "as I came along from

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the station I could have sworn I saw a man I met once in Australia years ago."

"Indeed!" I said, with some interest, thinking of the Daltons.

"Yes; he was tried for forgery and got five years; my friend Dale prosecuted him, and I was in court at the trial. He was an awful scamp."

"What was his name?"

"I forget now. No, it wasn't Dalton. I don't suppose it was the man at all, but his face reminded me of him. He was fair, with light hair, I remember; and this chap was as dark as a gipsy and clean-shaven. But you know my old trick of finding out likenesses."

So the conversation ended, and I thought no more of it; it was hardly likely that a wealthy colonial like Jim Dalton could have any connection with the scoundrel in Australia, yet the coincidence of the likeness (for it was he whom Manvers had seen that morning) struck me at the time as singular. The Daltons left before I was up next morning, so I did not see Ethel again, for they did not appear at *table d'hôte* the previous evening. I was sorely disappointed and perplexed at her conduct towards myself, and would have given all I possessed to be able to forget her, but that was easier said than done.

III.

We found Vienna somewhat empty; most of the fashionables were away, but as neither of us had ever been there before, we found plenty to amuse us in the bright little capital.

Some of the *corps diplomatique* still at the Embassy were old acquaintances, so we managed to get through a fortnight pretty comfortably, and without finding time hang at all heavy on our hands.

One evening as Jack, myself, and two others were dining, my attention was attracted by a young man who entered the restaurant; he was tall and dark, with a singularly keen resolute face. I was about to call my friend's attention to him, when, catching sight of Manvers, he came hastily forward, and held out his hand.

"Why, Manvers, can it be you? I am indeed glad to see you!"

Jack returned his greeting with much warmth; a chair was put for him, a fresh bottle of wine ordered, and we were soon on friendly terms with the new-comer.

I was much taken with him; he was a brilliant conversationalist, and thoroughly up in all the topics of the day; and in his agreeable company the evening passed rapidly away.

Just before we separated, he said to me suddenly, "You live in Downshire, I think?"

I assented.

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"Do you know anything of the new people who have taken the Priory at Leeford?"

"Yes; strangely enough, I met them at Wiesbaden."

He seemed a little surprised, and muttered something to himself that sounded like, "Is it possible?"

"Do you live near the Priory?"

"No, not very near; about seven miles away."

"It is a charming old place, is it not?" he asked.

"Extremely, especially the modern part; the other is only a picturesque ruin, and said to be haunted. I have heard there are extensive subterranean vaults beneath the building."

He started.

"Do you think they know of this?"

"Really I can't say," I returned, laughing; "anyhow I suppose they would not be alarmed at the idea."

"Had they a lady with them at Wiesbaden?" he inquired.

I was on my guard instantly, and replied coldly,—

"Miss Dalton was at Wiesbaden."

"Ah! a tall handsome girl with dark eyes and hair?"

"No, Miss Dalton has golden hair," I said, rather nettled at his inquisitiveness.

He smiled, and, turning away, addressed himself to Manvers.

"That is a curious fellow," I remarked to the latter, as we walked home together later on; "who is he?"

"As you know, my dear Cis, his name is Derrick Chalmers, though doubtless he has several *aliases*. He was brought up to the diplomatic service; was sent out to St. Petersburg on a secret mission, somehow got mixed up with the Nihilists, and disappeared; was heard of later on in Australia; that was some four or five years ago; since that we all thought he was dead, but, you see, he has turned up again; what he is now, heaven only knows."

"He seems a very good sort; shall we ask him down to shoot, Jack?—he would keep us alive."

Jack acquiesced heartily. I sent my invitation the next morning, and Chalmers readily accepted it. He and Manvers were to return with me to St. Mary's Cray the following week. I little knew when I asked him of the events that were to result from his visit, and to overshadow all my future.

IV.

It was September when we reached England after five months' absence, and glad enough I was to be home again. I had gone away an invalid, I returned fully restored to health, anticipating with a keen relish many a day's tramp over my own turnip-fields after the wily partridge, in which Jack and Derrick Chalmers thoroughly sympathised with me.

My home seemed doubly welcome to me; the servants were

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glad to have me back again, and we sat down to dinner that night the cheeriest little party possible. After we had gone to our rooms, I remembered I had left an important letter on the mantelshelf in the billiard-room, so went down again for it. Entering, my foot struck against something on the floor; I stooped and picked it up—it was Chalmers' note-case. I knew it, as I had been admiring the silver monogram on it before dinner. I found my letter, and was leaving the room, when my collie, aroused by my entrance, jumped against me, upsetting my candle. In my anxiety to save it, I dropped the note-case, and some of the contents fell to the ground. As I hastily replaced them, cursing myself for my carelessness, a vignette portrait of a lady riveted my gaze.

Could I be mistaken?

Was it possible that my eyes deceived me? It was the photograph of Ethel Dalton!

How well I knew the turn of that graceful head, the languid droop of the deep, soul-compelling eyes, the curve of the haughty nostril, the decided sweep of the mouth and chin! I stared at it in silence, aghast at my discovery, puzzled and surprised, yet with a horrible foreboding. At length I replaced it in the note-case, and walked upstairs to Chalmers' room; entering, I gave it him, merely saying where and how I had found it.

He favoured me with one of his curiously keen scrutinising glances, but I was quite equal to it, and again wishing him good-night, I retired, but not to sleep, for I was haunted by terrible misgivings which I could not shake off, in which Derrick Chalmers and Ethel Dalton were closely interwoven.

The next morning nothing was thought of but shooting; we were up betimes, and out with our guns before the early freshness of the day had departed.

Before starting, I wrote a short note, informing Miss Dalton of my return, and was agreeably surprised to find, upon reaching home in the evening after a first-rate day's sport, an invitation for myself and friends to dine at the Priory the following night, which we gladly accepted.

I had purposely avoided mentioning Chalmers' name in my letter, as I was anxious to see the meeting between himself and Ethel, for I was quite convinced that some secret understanding must exist between them.

The Priory was a fine old building, the ruined part being in the rear of the house, and approached by a bridge and an ancient gateway thrown across what was originally a moat, but was now filled in and levelled, and formed a most perfect tennis ground. The hall was a large one, containing a billiard-table. It was decorated in the modern antique style; and with old brocades, embroidered screens, palms, and Oriental hangings, certainly looked a charming resort.

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Miss Dalton came forward to meet us as we entered the drawing-room, seemingly more lovely than ever. She returned my pressure of the hand warmly, and I then introduced my friends to her. To my utter surprise, she greeted Chalmers as a complete stranger, and judging by their quiet unembarrassed manner, they evidently had not met before. Her father made us very welcome; there were no other ladies present, but several of our sporting neighbours, and we sat down to a perfectly appointed table, brilliant with rare flowers and antique silver; the repast itself left nothing to be desired, and our hostess surpassed in beauty and grace every other woman I had ever seen. During the evening I managed to draw her out on to the terrace, where a lovely moon flooded the landscape with silvery light; taking her unresisting hand in mine, I said softly,—

"Are you glad to see me again?"

She hesitated for an instant; then, "Yes, as a friend. You must never speak to me again as you did at Wiesbaden, or our acquaintance must cease entirely."

"You are cruel; why will you not believe that if we love one another, nothing can separate us?"

"Say no more," she replied, drawing her hand away; "now let us return, or we may be missed."

"One moment," I replied; "have you ever met Chalmers before to-night?"

She raised her eyes to mine, as if surprised.

"Never!"

"But I think he must know you."

"Indeed! I have never seen him before, to my knowledge."

"Strange," I murmured, gazing at her intently. Could she be deceiving me?

"What do you mean?" she asked, as if troubled.

"Do you know that he carries a photograph of yourself in his note-case?"

I can scarcely describe the change that came over her beautiful face at these words. She turned ashy-pale, staggered back, and would have fallen, had I not put my arm round her.

"What is it?" I cried, terrified at her pallor. "Are you ill? Ethel, my darling, tell me what is there between this man and you that can so unnerve you?"

She recovered herself with an effort; then, with a sudden impulse, turned, and flung her arms round my neck. "Tell me again," she whispered, "that you love me. I am very wretched, very miserable. At times I think I shall kill myself—but then I remember you."

Her voice died away, and her head sank on my breast.

Impetuous, hot-headed young fool that I was! I forgot that she had given me no reason for her extraordinary agitation, but, intoxicated by her beauty, I clasped her in my arms, and assured

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her a hundred times of my undying love for her. After a pause, she continued, "Sometimes I fancy what our life might be if we were together far away from here—just you and I, together—alone."

"And why should not that dream be realised?" I asked eagerly.

"I dare not—I dare not," she replied, looking round fearfully.

"Ethel, I know there is a secret in your life, but I love you so much that I am content to wait until you choose to tell me what it is. You say you are unhappy here; then let me be the one to give you happiness. At any time you like, I will take you away, and make you my wife."

I spoke with impassioned eagerness, and, as I ended, her lips met mine. Yet, at that supreme moment, I knew I was sealing my own death-warrant, that I was pledging myself to an act of madness against which my inner consciousness, my common-sense, rebelled.

Before she could reply, a figure approached us from the end of the terrace. It was Jim Dalton.

"You will excuse my interrupting you," he remarked curtly, "but, Brooke, we want you for pool, and as my sister is rather delicate, I think it as well she should go in."

His eyes met mine with a glare of unmistakable defiance and hatred, which astonished as well as annoyed me.

However, I said nothing; he drew Ethel's hand through his arm, and led the way to the drawing-room. As they entered, I fancied a faint cry of pain escaped her; later on I knew it to be a grim reality.

We found Chalmers turning over a portfolio of engravings in a corner of the room; some of the men had adjourned for billiards, and, excusing myself from playing, I went over to Derrick, and stood beside him, Miss Dalton having thrown herself in a lounging-chair near us. I thought she looked worried and anxious, and her colour had quite faded. Chalmers was full of admiration at the engravings. I discovered that he was a bit of an artist, and decidedly enthusiastic on the subject. Presently we came to an etching; it was a cottage interior, so finely, so exquisitely finished as to be quite marvellous. Chalmers did not join in my praise of it; he was very silent, and I found that his attention was fixed upon the representation of a florin, most delicately etched in one corner of the paper.

"Who is the artist here, Miss Dalton?" he asked presently, holding it up.

Ethel glanced at it, and started; then, after a slight hesitation, "I did that."

"You?" I exclaimed; "why, you have hidden your light under a bushel. I had no idea that you were capable of such work. It is wonderful."

"You see, you don't know everything, Cis," laughed Chalmers;

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"I'll be bound Miss Dalton had some good reason for concealing such a gift, for young ladies are not so reticent generally."

I was somewhat surprised at his words, and, on looking at Ethel, saw her flush crimson. She rose, took the drawing from us, and thrust it away beneath a pile of music; then turning, bowed coldly to Chalmers, and wished him good-night. To me she held out her hand, and for the first time I perceived upon her lovely rounded arm a deep crimson mark, as if the heavy gold bangle she wore had been pressed roughly into it. My heart swelled with pity and indignation, for I knew that her brother's grasp had hurt her, and it was with difficulty that I restrained my rage and disgust sufficiently to allow me to part with her calmly. As to Chalmers, I could willingly have cursed him for being present, for I longed for a few last words with my darling.

V.

It was after this that Chalmers gave up shooting, and took to long rambles with his sketch-book. I placed a pony at his disposal, and for a week he disappeared every day until dinner-time. He seldom showed us any results of his outings, but gave us to understand that he had Miss Dalton's permission to sketch the Priory for a picture in a magazine in which he was interested. I greatly envied him. I was so desperately in love with Ethel that I was inclined to be jealous of any one who approached her.

But I saw a good deal of her at the time, for scarcely an evening passed that we did not meet either at the Priory or at my house; and I regret to say that a considerable deal of my spare cash found its way into the pockets of the Daltons, *père et fils.*

It was after a hot night at cards that we sat in my billiard-room, smoking.

I was lost in thought, for we had dined at the Priory, and later on Ethel and I had stolen out into the garden; and there, after a long argument and much persuasion, she had at last consented to fly with me. I myself could not see the necessity for so much secrecy, but she had overruled my objections.

I was aroused by a remark from Manvers, the reverse of complimentary to our late host.

"I can't get it out of my head," said he, "that Jim Dalton is the man I saw convicted of forgery in Australia."

"You mean Reuben Turner," quietly put in Chalmers from a cloud of tobacco; "there certainly is a resemblance."

"What nonsense!" I exclaimed shortly.

"Certainly there seems to be plenty of money now, but I believe they are nothing but a set of sharpers," said Jack.

He had dropped a considerable sum at cards, and was evidently not in the best of tempers.

"If that is your opinion," I began hastily, quite forgetting that

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after all he was but endorsing my own ideas about them when at Wiesbaden, "it is a pity you accept their hospitality."

"Now, you boys, don't quarrel," said Chalmers; "they're not worth it. I could tell you some curious things about them, if I chose; however, it will all come out very soon."

"What on earth do you mean?" I exclaimed, my temper getting the better of my discretion. "And now I am on the subject, Chalmers, may I ask you why you carry Miss Dalton's portrait about with you?"

Chalmers seemed somewhat surprised, then a slow smile crept over his keen face.

"So I was not mistaken. You discovered that fact the night you found my note-case in the billiard-room."

"I did," I cried hotly; "it fell out by accident. I insist upon knowing why you have it."

He made no reply, but went on quietly rolling up a cigarette, and his calmness seemed to inflame my temper to boiling pitch.

Presently he said,—

"May I ask by what right you insist upon knowing this?"

"Because very shortly Miss Dalton will be my wife."

"Good God!" broke from both men simultaneously. The cigarette fell from Chalmers' fingers, while Jack stared at me as if I had suddenly taken leave of my senses. A silence fell upon us. Then a horrible fear, a nameless, intangible sense of dread seemed to clutch me. I staggered forward, and, seizing Derrick's arm, gasped out,—

"For God's sake tell me, what is it? You know if there is anything wrong. Tell me the truth, or by the heaven above us I'll make you!"

"I can tell you nothing now; but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow night you shall know all."

I laughed to scorn the idea of waiting till to-morrow. I felt that long before that time I should be a raving lunatic; but in vain I pleaded, I stormed, I threatened. Chalmers was immovable.

Jack got me away at last, and I spent the few hours before daylight in pacing up and down my room, maddened by conflicting doubts and fears, tortured by vain conjectures as terrible as I found the reality.

VI.

THE next night was dark and stormy. How I had passed the day I cannot now remember. I only know that every moment seemed an eternity of suffering. Chalmers was away from breakfast until dinner, and Manvers accompanied him.

When they returned, Derrick briefly told us to prepare to brave the elements, as he wished us to go with him to the Priory.

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We put on thick pea-coats and dark cloth caps, and at twelve o'clock started off in the dog-cart, Chalmers driving.

The rain came down in torrents, and it was as dark as Erebus. We pulled up at the police station just outside the village of Leeford, and the inspector, who evidently expected us, came out and said something in an undertone to Chalmers.

We alighted; taking a bull's-eye lantern, the latter signed to us to follow him.

"Look here, Chalmers," I said hastily, "I don't know what you are going to do, but I'm not a party to any underhand——"

"Silence!" replied he sternly; "if you do not wish to accompany me, you can stay here; nothing you can say or do will avail now."

"Shut up, Cis," growled Jack, taking my arm, "you can't do any good by talking, so we may as well see this thing through, and I must confess I am devoured with curiosity. I know something, but not all."

So Chalmers and the inspector led the way, not to the inhabited part of the Priory, but to the ruins; we entered a part of the grounds I had never visited, and there we halted, our lantern making a spot of faint light in the blackness of the night.

The inspector gave a low whistle, which was returned at some little distance.

We then went on through what seemed a thicket of brushwood and other undergrowth till we arrived at a heavy iron door almost concealed by overhanging creepers. I instantly concluded it must be the entrance to the subterranean vaults I had heard were connected with the house. Chalmers inserted a key into the lock, and we entered. Inside we found four men stationed, and noiselessly and on tip-toe we crept along a mouldy dank stone passage dripping with water, until we came to another iron door clamped with heavy iron bars. Here Chalmers again stopped and listened intently, when I was startled into nearly dropping the formidable stick I carried by hearing Ethel Dalton's silvery voice say within a short distance of me,—

"Hark! did you hear anything?"

"It is only those cursed rats," replied a deeper voice, which I recognised as that of her father.

At this moment I felt myself firmly seized by the arm, and Chalmers drew me into a recess where was another door, but smaller and less heavily constructed, and overgrown with mosses and lichen.

"Now," he said in a low undertone, "you may see for yourself what manner of people these Daltons are."

As he spoke he withdrew with the utmost care and noiselessness a brick from the masonry at the side, leaving exposed a small iron grating. I looked through, but for an instant my heart throbbed so madly that I could distinguish nothing; but presently

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a curious scene met my eyes. I saw a small vaulted stone apartment lighted by several candles. In one corner was a gas stove over which the elder Dalton was bending in the act of stirring something in a metal pot.

At a rough deal table were Ethel and her brother, busily engaged with some complicated machinery; the ring of metal sounded in my ears, and, indeed, prevented them from being aware of our close proximity; whilst a pile of bright sovereigns and other coins lay scattered about in all directions."

"What does it mean?" I whispered, whilst a terrible fear seemed to paralyse me.

"It means," whispered back Chalmers, "that they belong to a notorious gang of forgers and coiners who have eluded the police for more than two years; but we've caught them red-handed at last."

He looked round, whistled, then threw himself with all his force against the door, which, previously loosened from the masonry, fell inwards with a crash; in another instant we were in the room.

My first thought was to rescue Ethel; upon seeing us, she uttered a piercing shriek—a shriek which even now at times rings in my ears,—and flew to the door opening into the building. I hastened to assist her, but it was already guarded; we were too late.

As I endeavoured to thrust the constable aside, Jim Dalton, who was struggling with Chalmers, rushed at me; drawing a revolver, he exclaimed, "Devil! it is you who have betrayed us," there was a report—Ethel, with a cry for mercy, flung herself before me—the next moment she fell into my arms, mortally wounded. I but dimly remember what followed; I was aware of a severe struggle going on around me, of holding Ethel closely clasped and entreating her to speak to me; that for one brief instant her glazing eyes met mine as if mutely entreating forgiveness; then I heard another report, I was conscious of a stinging pain in my side; the room, the lights, swam round me in one blurred indistinct mist, then came a blank, and I fell to the ground insensible.

* * * * * * *

I was laid up for months with a bullet wound in my side from Dalton's revolver, and fever attendant on the shock I had received, and during that time the famous trial of the Turners, father and son, forgers and coiners, made a tremendous sensation.

Derrick Chalmers had met them in St. Petersburg, where they had kept a gambling-hell with the wretched woman whom I should have married, and who, it afterwards transpired, was young Turner's mistress. Finding the police on their track, they escaped to Australia, where the younger was convicted of forgery; he escaped from prison, and then it was that Chalmers, who had

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turned private detective for his own amusement, determined to unearth them.

It is needless to say that they were sentenced to life-long penal servitude.

As for the woman who was nearly making shipwreck of my life, she sleeps in a corner of the old churchyard at Leeford, and is at rest, I trust, for ever.

* * * * * * *

As I write these concluding lines, a soft warm arm steals round my neck, and a bright laughing face peeps into mine, as the voice I love best in all the world says, "When will you have finished that horrid scribbling? The luncheon gong has sounded these ten minutes, and I am so hungry!"

So you see, kind reader, I am a lonely bachelor no longer.

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MOLIÈRE.

A SKETCH

BY MARIE CORBETT KILBURN.

II.

THE history of Molière's married life is that of one long struggle between reason and passion. Over and over again he voluntarily closed the eyes from which the bandage had been ruthlessly torn, and when he could no longer refuse to recognise Armande's worthlessness, yet he loved her, and with a forbearance which intensified his own sufferings, while ceasing to treat her as his wife, still permitted her the shelter of his roof. Whether strictly authentic or not, the confession uttered by Molière, in *La Fameuse Comédienne*, to his friend, Chapelle, the man who "*loved*, but reasonably, and no more than common sense could sanction," portrays with a touching appearance of truth the turmoil of love and jealousy which such a life involved. "I took my wife almost from the cradle," he says, "and brought her up tenderly. I imagined that thus I could inspire her with feelings which time could not destroy, and neglected nothing to compass my end. When we married she was so young that I suspected no wrong tendencies, and believed myself more fortunate than most of those who contract such engagements, nor did I let my assiduity relax with marriage; but I found in her nothing but indifference, and I saw that my theories were vain, and her feelings for me far from realising my hopes of happiness." He tells of his first determination to live with her, as an honest man may with a coquette, retaining his own good name untarnished, and of the agony thus endured by a sensitive heart, and of the forbearance which still sheltered her, though not as his wife, from many of the snares of a vicious court. "But if you knew what I suffer," he adds, "you would compassionate me. When she is absent, I watch for her coming. When she is with me, my eyes follow her every movement; my passion has risen to such a point that I interest myself in her intrigues, and reflecting how impossible I find it to conquer my feelings for her, I could rather pity than blame her."

This, then, was the frame of mind which produced, first,

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Tartuffe, with its underlying vein of tragedy and scathing denunciations of the hypocrisy which eats like a canker into society; and, secondly, *Le Misanthrope*, the lofty nature whose tenderness never reaches its ideal, whose trust finds no foothold in a reeling world.

Various rumours of the identity of the personages of *Le Misanthrope* circulated in Paris, but the audience does not seem to have discerned that they stood before them, thinly veiled by their fictitious names: Alceste, Molière; Celimène, Armande; Eliane, Catherine Debrie; and the drama was not played out when the curtain fell.

In *L'Avare* and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, Molière returned once more to pure comedy. His humorous exaggeration, rich comic fancy, and satires whose pungency merged into tolerant laughter, found their full scope again; and gay and venial Paris rejoiced that its follies were again to be ridiculed rather than scourged. At *Tartuffe* the Church—always sensitive to affront—had taken alarm, and the piece was for some time suppressed; and Molière was compelled to tack a farce to his programme to lure audiences to attend *Le Misanthrope*, bribed by the follies of *Sganarelle*.

In 1670 the company was permanently enriched by the accession of one of the most noteworthy actors who have ever trod the stage—*Baron*. He was born in 1653, the son of an Issoudun tradesman, his real name being Michel Boyron. His parents died while he was still young, and—his small capital once squandered—his guardians seemed to have found him an incubus. We next find him with a man and his wife named Raisin, who exhibited a marvellous spinet, whose powers even the king deigned to make trial of. Any tune played upon it was immediately repeated, the keys being apparently touched by some invisible agency. There were whispers of the black art, until one day the little Baron crept out of its recesses.

When Raisin died, the widow organised a juvenile troupe, and Molière lent his theatre for three days. The performance of little Baron attracted his attention, and from that day, despite the furious protestations of the widow Raisin, and much spiteful opposition from Armande, Molière treated the boy as a son, and trained him with the pains which his genius merited, but which he repaid with ingratitude.

Armande succeeded in driving the high-spirited boy from under Molière's roof for some years; but in 1670 he rejoined the company. Molière received him with open arms, and Armande did not disdain to spread for him the net of her fascinations, to which, alas, even loyalty to his benefactor could not render his vanity proof!

His fine features, free gestures, and superb presence on the stage, the dignity of his manner, the entire absence of conven-

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tionality in his acting, rank him with the highest masters of his art. Rousseau said of him :—

> "Du vrai, du pathétique, il a fixé le ton
> De son art enchanteur l'illusion divine,
> Prêtant un nouveau lustre aux beautés de Racine,
> Un voile aux défauts de Pradon."

And even Racine, when issuing instructions to other actors, said, "M. Baron, I leave you to yourself; your own heart will teach you more than my directions."

In society he was no less successful. Fine ladies conspired to caress and spoil him, the most exclusive doors swung wide to his touch, the social disability of the actor, about which the world babbled then as now, did not exist for him. In 1671, Molière, Corneille, Quinault, and Lulli, co-operated to produce the comedy ballet of *Psyche*, in which Baron played the part of "l'Amour," while Armande, reclining in a rosy shell—a very famous property in its day—represented "Psyche."

For some time previously Molière had been making strenuous efforts to reconcile himself to the circumstances of his life. He had purchased a small villa at Auteuil, to which he frequently retired to escape from home anxieties and theatrical responsibilities, which were beginning to undermine his health. There most of his later comedies were written, at first in the calm atmosphere of rural solitude, but latterly, not unfrequently, under the hardly less soothing influence of Catherine Debrie, who, to borrow a Wagnerian phrase, ever appeared in his life as the *leitmotif* of consolation. The spectacular ballet of *Psyche* (in which the wayward beauty appeared to the best advantage) seems to have been the means of renewing Armande's influence over him, and distress at the effect of his unhappiness upon his health induced Mademoiselle Debrie herself to represent to Armande his willingness to condone the past, and the probable result of her refusal. A reconciliation between the strangely-matched pair was once more arranged, and no further decided rupture seems to have occurred until Molière's death, two years later.

Les Femmes Savantes, which appeared the following year, seemed somewhat lacking in freshness, owing to the similarity of idea to that of *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, but nevertheless takes a high rank. The *rôle* of "Martine" was played, under her own name, by a servant of Molière's, of whose shrewd common sense and quick humour he had so high an opinion that he used to read to her scenes from his comedies, striking his pen through the passages where her laughter was unresponsive to his intention. Trissotin was quickly recognised as the Abbé Cotin, indeed Molière had somewhat cruelly inserted the poetasting Abbé's own verses; the laughter of the Palais Royal echoed through all Paris until the luckless ecclesiastic scarce dared show.

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In this same year appeared, for the first time, *Le Mercure Galant*, a lively periodical, whose list of contributors would catalogue the contemporary talent of Paris. "Never," it records, "in one year has the theatre produced such fine pieces. The famous M. Molière has not disappointed us of seeing a piece presented at the Palais Royal as only he can mount it. We have been much diverted there by these *Femmes Savantes;* by the raillery of a certain 'Henriette' (Mademoiselle Molière), and the silly fancies of a dreamer who imagines all the world to be in love with her, to say nothing of the master of the house, who is adamant when alone and wax when his wife appears, nor of M. Trissotin who, puffed up with knowledge and inflated with the honours which he considers his due, sees all the world lie beneath him. The ridiculous infatuation of a woman, spoilt by study, for M. Trissotin is not less amusing—an infatuation which might have endured but for the ingenious artifices of a lost law suit which brings the piece to a conclusion."

"This play," it adds, "draws all Paris; it is full of wit, of happy expressions, and audacious turns of phrase. Every one finds applications in the comedy. A quarrel of the author's eight years ago with a man of letters, whom they pretend to recognise in M. Trissotin, has given rise to reports. M. Molière has, however, justified himself in a harangue, and if the original be as wise as they say, he need not be troubled, it will make his merit show to greater advantage, and rouse a wish to read his books and hear his sermons."

The lively journal from which we cull this fragment of contemporary criticism records, in a later issue, the journeying of the Archbishop of Paris to Versailles in his character of Director of the French Academy, and tells how M. d'Anjean entertained the prelate and his brother Academicians "with the exception of M. Cotin, for fear we should think he was come to complain to the king of the comedy of M. Molière." "Surely," it adds, with a flash of irony, "this biting sarcasm could not be levelled at a man whose works have met with such general approbation as 'Paraphrases pour le Cantiques des Cantiques'! We do not allude to his 'Vers Galants,' of which there are many editions; they are trifles, which afford relaxation from the profession he has adorned with so much austerity."

But we approach the end.

In 1763 Molière produced *Le Malade Imaginaire* on the 10th of February. On the 17th of the same month, having with difficulty sustained the evening's fatigues, he begged Baron to give him an arm home. Before Armande could be summoned he was dead!

He died, as he had lived, an actor. No priest could be found to give him the last consolations of religion, and the Archbishop of Paris denied him interment in consecrated ground. The

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king, however,—persistently invoked by Lagrange and Armande—intervened, and burial was granted him in the cemetery of St. Joseph, provided the funeral be strictly free from rite or ceremonial. The restriction added to the solemnity of the pageant; the procession by night, the silent multitudes lining the quiet streets; the flickering torches, borne by hundreds of Molière's friends—a muster of illustrious names. Amidst an almost awestruck hush the great moralist of the stage was laid in that last resting place, so bitterly grudged him by the bigots of the Church.

After his death his widow and Lagrange reorganised the troupe, and—despite of being ousted from their theatre by Lulli's Opera Company, and many other adverse contingencies—gained a fair amount of success in a theatre in the Rue Guenegaud. In 1680 the king commanded the "Troupe du Marais" to coalesce with that of Mademoiselle Molière—recently remarried to M. Guérin—and granted a State subvention of £12,000, the united company assuming the now world-famed title of the "Comédie Française"—which thus may be said to have sprung from the ashes of Molière.

Some years before his death he had been offered a chair in the Academy on the condition of renouncing his profession, and the honour was, therefore, declined. One hundred years later the Academicians placed his bust in their hall with the inscription:—

"Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il a manqué à la notre."

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TO MARGUERITE.

BY L. W. LYDE.

I AM alone; and all is still.
Already love's good-night is pressed
On tired lips that soon will rest;
And I have watched the night, until
The darker mood has left my eyes;
And there is peace; and I would sing;
But I am loath to touch a string,
Which you might welcome—might despise.
    Hereafter, when the lights are low,
    I'll take my pen again, and write:
    It may be that the overflow
    Of sadder thoughts will suit the night.

For somewhere long ago I read
How shadows always fall behind;
And, as I turned the page, I said,
"But when the sun has all declined,
And yet the moon is dim, why then
No shadows will be seen at all;
For underneath the one dark pall
Are deeply hidden things and men."
    Thus darkness can interpret best
    My mental shadows, and can fling
    A restful shade on the unrest
    Of one who would, but cannot, sing.

For I am grieved at my mischance;
I did my best, but I was tired;
I thought to win a kindly glance
By having done as you desired;

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And I have failed. 'Tis nothing new.
I should have wearied of the load
Of failures; but my heart has glowed
With some successes; yet 'tis true :—
It will not matter in the years,
Whether our lives were sad or not.
We soon forget, and are forgot;
Time cannot stop to count up tears.

And yet at times a vague regret
Is with us—for the charm mislaid,—
The faded piece of mignonette,—
The hazel spray, which only played
Above a woman's heart, and thus
Is yet remembered; while the dell,
Where others bloomed, browned, and fell,
Is nameless,—like to most of us.
Chance singles out the one for fame;
And sunshine smiles an hour on him:
The others never have a claim
On memory. 'Tis fortune's whim.

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THE PLAIN FACT ABOUT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

BY MARIE A. BROWN.

"FACTS are facts!" is the frequent assertion of the materialistic mind of to-day, uttered with a vehemence and incisiveness meant to be unanswerable. This heavy sentence is hurled like a missile at sentiment, poetry, theory, ideas, or whatever else may be styled vague abstractions by the practical-minded, whenever they present themselves. Well and good; there is not the slightest fault to be found with this; it were well if one-half of society were tried and true soldiers at their post, to demand this pass-word "facts are facts" from the other half, individually, as they came in sight; this would do much toward setting the world right. But the trouble is facts are not facts, save in the most abstract and least applied of theories, but "notions," whether old-fashioned or new, compounded of sentiment, vagaries, poetry, tradition, half-read and half-digested history, for the most part rule the thought and conduct of the very persons who declare facts to be facts with the strongest emphasis. It is needless to say that facts upset the mental equilibrium of such persons, and are correspondingly hated and opposed.

Half in apology to this large class, a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, in the year 1838, at the time when that magazine and the *North American Review*, the *New York Review*, the *National Quarterly Review*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and others, together with the Royal Geographical Society, were setting forth the claims to probability of the unlooked-for statements in regard to the discovery of America, contained in the work just published by Professor Charles Christian Rafn, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, in Copenhagen, "Antiquitates Americanæ." The writer in question, after concurring with the others that the statements referred to were undeniable facts, says:

"We daresay that there are many who will learn with no less chagrin than surprise, that the discovery of America was made five centuries before Columbus. The fame of a hero is held so sacred by the bulk of mankind, that but little popularity can be expected to attend the historical justice which threatens in anywise to obscure it."

Here it is again a matter of sentiment: sentiment retaining its hold in weeping defiance of facts. But would it not be humilia-

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ting in the extreme to be forced to confess that Europe and the United States were entirely controlled by their sentiment in so grave a question as this? If indeed, as affirmed in the article on the subject in the *North American Review*, "no single event in the history of civilisation is of equal importance with the discovery of America," facts ought to be an object of desire so intense as to do away with sentiment and all romantic attachment to Columbus as a personal hero.

But, it is urged, there is strong historical evidence in support of the belief that Columbus discovered America. To this it may be replied that much has been written in the guise or form of history, and in that form accredited, which has to be confronted with information about the event it treats of, derived from the native source of the event and from minds absolutely constrained by their peculiar surroundings to observe closely and to relate accurately. The Icelandic historians, whether as *scalds*, *sagamen*, or transcribers, are especially noted for accuracy and reliability. Professor P. E. Müller, an undoubted authority, shows that the greater portion of the early *sagor* may be depended upon as faithful historical narratives, and in regard to the authenticity of the *sagor* bearing upon the event now under consideration, there is a mass of testimony which will be gleaned from after the assumed historical evidence has been duly weighed. The historical works treating of the discovery of America, and Columbus as a man, can be broadly classified as the productions of two nationalities, the northern and southern, and differ as widely from each other as these nationalities in themselves differ. The southern, as the heretofore accepted version, takes precedence in this connection. The local historians, the Italian or Spanish, were, whether I cite Buckle, Lecky, Llorente, Aaron Goodrich, or dozens of other authors, men under the strict control of the Church of Rome, or as Lord Klingsborough succinctly states: "The writing of history, as far as regards the New World, was by the law of Spain restricted to men in priestly orders." Aaron Goodrich, in his valuable work, "History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus," gives a list of the licenses that were required from the inquisitors, the Supreme Council of the Indies, etc., etc., for an historical work on either of these subjects, and adds:

"Such was the tyranny which weighed upon historical writers; and it is not difficult to perceive how all these censors would deal partially with Columbus. By representing himself as the chosen of God, the champion of the Christian religion, carrying the light of the Gospel to heathen nations, by performing the smallest acts with affectation of religious ceremony, by inserting scriptural and religious sentences in his most trivial letters, by recounting miracles and interviews with God, by giving, in fact, a religious colouring to all his acts, he became the *protegé* of the Church, which has continued through all after centuries to regard him as one of her most zealous votaries, and is now strenuously urged to place him among her saints."

J. J. Barry, a Roman Catholic author, who has written a "Life of Columbus," compiled from the French of Roselly de Lorgues,

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one of the principal biographers of the Genoese mariner, writes with characteristic ecstasy: "We declare before God, who knows it, and before men who do not know it, that Christopher Columbus was a saint;" and in dwelling on the circumstance of Pope Alexander VI. deeding the continent of America, the hemisphere, in fact, to the Crown of Spain, says that

"The question is not concerning an international interest, or of an affair to regulate for Castile, but about interests of vital importance to catholicity, to the salvation of souls, and to the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ . . . and here we see visibly the participation of the Church in the discovery,"

all of which goes to confirm Goodrich's words. D. Gio. Batista Spotorno, another of the principal biographers, who also edited the "Memorials of Columbus," a collection of authenic documents, bursts forth:

"Here we have at last the documents of that great man to whom we are indebted for the New World, . . . a treasure which contains the diplomatic history of the discovery of America, and of Christopher Columbus: that is, of the most memorable event which had occurred for ages, and of a hero who reflects the highest honour on Genoa, on Italy, and on Europe."

Still, with all this, Barry is not satisfied, and regrets extremely that certain four writers, Spotorno, Washington Irving, Navarrete, and Alex. von Humboldt, have, as he expresses it, "obtained the monopoly of the history of Columbus," and accuses them of having "deceived themselves and deceived us," and argues that "athwart the prejudices of sect, they could not judge soundly of the spirit and the acts of the man in whom the most ardent catholicity was personified." Coupled with this regret is the still keener one that "the rest of Europe," as he is frank enough to admit,

"And particularly France, attached no serious importance to the person of Columbus or to his superhuman work, and nobody thought of writing his history. . . . Among those encyclopædists, who, according to their title, knew all the sciences, not one of them appreciated Columbus or the grandeur of his work."

Padra Arbarca, another Romish writer, considers that

"The discovery of a new world, first offered to the kings of Portugal and England, was reserved by heaven for Spain, being *forced* in a manner on Ferdinand, in recompense for the subjugation of the Moors and the expulsion of the Jews;"

and these authors collectively show the view taken by the south in general of a discovery, the genuineness of which does not seem to be invalidated in the slightest degree in their eyes by the fact that the Church, whose behests they obey in extolling Columbus, *as first discoverer of the western continent*, had been in so far aware of a previous discovery of this land as to have appointed a succession of bishops to Greenland for two hundred and fifty years, several of whom also went to Vinland, one even as late as 1347; Bishop Erik Upsi went there in 1121. Seventeen of these bishops are named, and in the two settlements in Greenland there were collectively one cathedral, fifteen churches, and three or four monasteries.

To turn to the most eminent American biographer of Columbus,

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Washington Irving, we find a faith in the object of his biography and his achievement scarcely reconcilable with such an admission as the following:

"There is no great improbability, however, that such enterprising and roving voyagers as the Scandinavians may have wandered to the northern shores of America, etc.; and, if the Icelandic manuscripts, said to be of the thirteenth century, can be relied upon as genuine, free from modern interpolation, and correctly quoted, they would appear to prove the fact."

He also states directly that "he has not had the means of tracing this story to its original sources," and seems entirely unaware that he is tracing the act of discovery to its original sources by quoting Columbus' own words in reference to his visit to Iceland, the whole extract published by his son Fernando from one of his letters. This was in 1477, only eighty years after the narratives of the Norse voyages had been committed to writing; and only one hundred and thirty years after the last voyage to Vinland. The American historian, Prescott, seems greatly mystified over this trip to Iceland, and in a footnote to his "Ferdinand and Isabella" says:—

"It is singular that Columbus, in his visit to Iceland in 1477, should have learned nothing of the Scandinavian voyages to the northern shores of America in the tenth and following centuries; yet, if he was acquainted with them, it appears equally surprising that he should not have adduced the fact in support of his own hypothesis of the existence of land in the west; and that he should have taken a route so different from that of his predecessors in the path of discovery."

There is a declaration, however, in the prospectus of Professor Rafn's work, "Antiquitates Americanæ," to the effect that "it was the knowledge of the Scandinavian voyages, in all probability, which prompted the expedition of Columbus." Bancroft, the leading American historian, chooses to ignore the Norse discovery of America altogether, and is severely criticised for this opinion by Rev. Edmund F. Slafter, the president of the Prince Society in Boston. In his introduction to N. L. Beamish's translation of the voyages of the Northmen to America, published by that society, he says:

"Mr. Bancroft, in the earliest of his 'History of the United States,' treats the alleged Icelandic voyages to this continent as a myth, and in his last, has not in any degree modified his sweeping statements of distrust. We are not aware that any other distinguished historian has reached the same conclusion."

On the contrary; the list of the advocates of the Norse view of the question is astonishingly brilliant, and as a little preparation for the testimony of the most noted man among them, Alexander von Humboldt, nothing can be better than these words of Mr. Slafter's:—

"In treating of the discovery of America the author refers to the voyages of the Northmen to this continent as a matter of settled history. He does not even offer an apology or suggest a doubt. The vast learning, just discrimination, and sound sense of this distinguished scholar, give great weight to his opinions on any subject."

In the second volume of the "Cosmos" much space is devoted to this subject, but the introductory lines are all-sufficient:

"Although the acquaintance of the nations of Europe with the western part of the

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earth is the main subject of our consideration in this section, and that around which the numerous relations of a more correct and a grander view of the universe are grouped, we must yet draw a strong line of separation between the undoubted first discovery of America, in its northern portions, by the Northmen, and its subsequent rediscovery in its tropical regions. Whilst the Caliphate still flourished under the Abassides at Bagdad, and Persia was under the dominion of the Samanides, whose age was so favourable to poetry, America was discovered in the year 1000 by Leif, the son of Eric the Red, by the northern route, and as far as 418° 30′ north latitude."

After a *resumé* of some of the chief facts contained in Rafn's work, he continues:

"This tract, which was named by Leif the 'Good Vinland' ("Vinland it Goda"), comprised the coast line between Boston and New York, and consequently parts of the present States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, between the parallels of latitude of Civita-Vecchia and Terracina, which, however, correspond there only to mean annual temperatures of 47°·8 and 52°·1."

This in itself, not to speak of hundreds of pages of like testimony, would justify Toulmin Smith in the conclusions he arrives at, namely, that

"Columbus was *not* the discoverer of America; he was *not* the first visitant to her shores; his act was *not* so perilous, or complete, or adventurous a one as the oft-repeated acts of the Northmen; nor was his actual knowledge of the country in any degree so exact, while all his ideas concerning it were purely erroneous."

He writes with deep enthusiasm, and asks at the close:

"Shall the Northmen be deprived, then, of the well-deserved meed of honour and glory which is so justly due to them, for their bold and enterprising achievements, for their often-repeated explorations, and for their early but accurate knowledge of these distant regions?"

Goodrich goes even farther in his comparison of the value of the two achievements:

"If the discovery by Columbus in 1492 of the islands of San Salvador and San Domingo was the discovery of the continent of America, then the discovery and permanent colonisation of Iceland and Greenland, six hundred years before by the Scandinavians, was also the discovery of that continent; the portion of mainland coasted by Columbus was avowedly but small, and he professed to be in Asia. The Northmen, on the contrary, visited all of the eastern coast of America, from the extreme north to Florida, formed settlements, and for centuries carried on commerce with the products of what are now the most civilised, populous, and enlightened portions of America; and the American might well feel relief and pride at the knowledge that the first of his race to touch upon his native shores were the heroic Norsemen."

Benjamin Franklin, strange to say, obtained his knowledge of the Norse discovery from a pupil and follower of the great botanist Linnæus, Professor Per Kalm, who was on a scientific journey through the United States in 1748, and in his letter to Mr. Mather, dated London, July 7th, 1773, says this about it:

"About twenty-five years since, Professor Kalm, a learned Swede, was with us in Pennsylvania. He contended that America was discovered by their northern people long before the time of Columbus; which, I doubting, he drew up and gave me some time afterwards a note of those discoveries, which I send you enclosed. It is his own handwriting, and his own English; very intelligible for the time he had been among us. The circumstances give the account a great appearance of authenticity."

Thomas Carlyle does not say much on the subject, but it is to the point:

"Towards the end of this Hakon's reign it was that the discovery of America took place (985). Actual discovery, it appears, by Eric the Red, an Icelander; concerning which there has been abundant investigation and discussion in our time."

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Another eminent English author, Samuel Laing, to whom we are indebted for a translation of that great work of Snorre Sturleson's, the "Heimskringla," a chronicle of the kings of Norway (which also contains something about the Norse discovery), contributes very strong testimony:

"The discovery of America, or Vinland, in the eleventh century, by the same race of enduring, enterprising seamen, is not less satisfactorily established by documentary evidence than the discovery and colonisation of Greenland; but it rests entirely upon documentary evidence, which cannot, as in the case of Greenland, be substantiated by anything to be discovered in America. . . . All that can be proved, or that is required to be proved, for establishing the priority of the discovery of America by the Northmen, is that the saga or traditional account of these voyages in the eleventh century was committed to writing at a known date, viz., 1387 and 1395, in a manuscript of unquestionable authenticity, of which these particular sagas or accounts relative to Vinland form but a small portion; and that this known date was eighty years before Columbus visited Iceland to obtain nautical information, viz., in 1477, when he must have heard of this written account of Vinland, and it was not till 1492 that he discovered America. This simple fact established on documents altogether incontrovertible, is sufficient to prove all that is wanted to be proved, and is much more clearly and ably stated by Thormod Torfœus, the great antiquary of the last century, than it has been since, in his very rare little tract, 'Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ,' 1707."

As introductory to his translation of the voyages of the Norsemen to America, N. L. Beamish says:—

"Nor should it be forgotten that Columbus visited Iceland in 1477, when, having had access to the archives of the island, and ample opportunity of conversing with the learned there through the medium of the Latin language, he might easily have obtained a complete knowledge of the discoveries of the Northmen; sufficient, at least, to confirm his belief in the existence of a western continent. How much the discoveries of the distinguished Genoese navigator were exceeded by those of the Northmen will appear from the following narratives."

W. C. Bryant, in his "Popular History of the United States," "affirms that these sagas were reduced to writing by diligent and studious men; inestimable treasures laid up for the use of future historians." Prior even to this, in the year 1076, Adam of Bremen proclaimed the fact of the Norse discovery, and a Danish translation of his book was published a few centuries later. He heard the account from the Danish king, Sveyn Estrithson, a nephew of Canute the Great, and what he says will bear quoting again, familiar as it is to all who have studied this subject:

"The same king has besides told us of the discovery of still another land in the midst of the ocean, which is called Vinland, because the grapes grow there spontaneously and give the most glorious wine; also grain, without being sowed, grows there in abundance. This is no fabulous representation, but is founded on the reliable communications of the Danes."

A Danish translation of the "Heimskringla" was published in 1594, but the work was written in Icelandic in the thirteenth century; thus Snorre Sturleson was the next early writer after Adam of Bremen to confirm the fact of the Icelandic voyages to America; Ortelius did the same in 1570, claiming for the Norsemen the merit of being the first discoverers of the New World, and an English translation of that was published in London in 1606. Prior to that, however, in the years 1387-1395, the narratives of the voyages were written. These, together with

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a number of other *sagor*, are contained in the famous manuscript, "Codex Flatoiensis," said to be one of the most beautiful works of penmanship in Europe, and is still kept in a high state of preservation among the archives of Denmark. It was for a long time lost, but in about 1650 Bishop Swendson of Skalholt purchased it from the owner, Jonas Torfeson—whether he was the finder or not does not appear—in behalf of King Frederic III. The manuscript, as described by Laing, "is in large folio, beautifully written on parchment;" the two important *sagor* relating to the discovery of America are that of Eric the Red and Thorfinn Karlsefne, and on these two *sagor*, according to all the authorities, "rests all the essential evidence which we have relating to the voyages of the Northmen to America." That these documents are considered sufficient evidence has already been seen. Mr. Slafter says of them:

"Both of these documents are declared, by those qualified to judge of the character of ancient writings, to be authentic, and were clearly regarded by their writers as narratives of historical truth."

Torfœus derived his information from these original sources, which he obviously considered authentic, and it is these same documents which have been published, with a Danish and Latin translation, in Professor Rafn's work; Baron von Humboldt bases his statements on these, and so do all the authors on this subject. A well-deserved tribute has been paid by the Royal Geographical Society of London to the society that has laboured so indefatigably to proclaim this great truth to the world:

"The labours of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, at Copenhagen, have long since obtained for them an honourable station in the republic of letters, but the recent publication of the work named 'Antiquitates Americanæ,' entitles them to the gratitude of the whole civilised world."

The Danish Government has also been very active in this grand cause, and Torfœus himself was sent to Iceland in 1662 by Frederic III. to collect manuscripts, and in 1685, it is alleged, "Christian V. forbade the sale of them to any foreigner."

But to return to Columbus and his motives for visiting Iceland. It is not to be supposed for an instant, after consideration of all the circumstances, that Columbus went to Iceland—a voyage of no small difficulty even in these modern times—for some unknown purpose, or with no definite design whatsoever, and that he accidentally heard of the Norse voyages after he got there. While there was still less occasion in the eleventh century than in the fifteenth for the people of southern Europe to visit or explore the north, or even to inquire about it, the inhabitants of the French, Spanish, Italian, and even Grecian ports could not very well fail to hear of any maritime exploit of the Scandinavians, whose home was the sea, and who carried on commerce with the whole known world. Indeed, in the "Heimskringla" one reads of the journeys of the Vikings even to

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Constantinople and Jerusalem, while the most expert summer tourists in our day are clumsiness itself, in getting through Norway, compared to the ancient inhabitants of that intricate land. This indomitable race, who really seem "our superiors," as Henry Wheaton says, "in the arts both of war and of peace," once visited Spain, and the trip is thus described by the same author:

"From Gaul the Northmen crossed to Spain (A.D. 827), where they came in contact with the Arab conquerors, and penetrated as far as Seville, the fortifications of which they demolished. The votaries of Odin prevailed over those of Mohammed; and, proceeding southward, they passed the outlet of the Mediterranean."

After this experience with them, the inhabitants of Spain were not likely to soon forget the men from the North; and the narrow escape of Rome from falling into the hands of Hastings, who was bent on putting the crown of Rome on Björn Jernsida's head, that "all the kingdoms of the world, which lay open to them, might behold their glory," naturally served to keep the memory of them warm among the inhabitants of Italy. Both of these events occurred in the ninth century; at the close of the tenth America was discovered, and very early in the eleventh Gudrid, the wife of the distinguished man, Thorfinn Karlsefne, who, with a hundred or more followers, attempted the first regular settlement in Vinland, made a pilgrimage to Rome, where she related to the holy fathers the experiences she had had during her three years' stay in the new land. After this she became a nun, and disclosed no particulars, as a matter of course, concerning her stay in Rome; these must be inferred from the results. Then came Adam of Bremen's book, in 1076, and as he was a canon in high repute, and his book was in Latin, the contents of it, one can be sure, were noted, especially as both he and his wide circle of readers were vitally interested in the recent conversion of the North, in the year 1000, to Christianity. Leif had long since been empowered by the Norwegian king, Olof Tryggvason, to convert the two colonies at Greenland, and, as has already been stated, the Church provided bishops for these remote settlements and for Vinland, too, and intercourse was kept up between the Old World and the New until 1347.

How, then, could Columbus help knowing about the Norse discovery and where all the records were kept? The man with whom he is known to have conferred there, Bishop Magnus, of Skalholt, had previously been Abbot of the Monastery of Helgafell, the place where the oldest documents relating to the land Columbus was so eager to reach, had been kept, and which also happened, strangely enough, to have been the very district where the Norse voyagers sailed. Commended to this bishop, as Columbus undoubtedly must have been, and brought in contact with a frank, open-hearted, extremely hospitable people like the Icelanders, what could prevent the crafty Italian from

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possessing himself of the fullest particulars concerning the previous voyages of discovery? The Swedish historian, Holmberg, calls attention to the fact that Columbus must have met the descendants of those who first made said discovery, and so obtained fresh intelligence concerning the great land in the west. The Icelanders have always been celebrated for having the best memory of any people in the world; even now, as related by Samuel Kneeland, an American author, who, in company with Bayard Taylor, Cyrus Field, Eirikr Magnussen, and other distinguished gentlemen, visited Iceland at the time of her Millennial Celebration:

"The common people are well acquainted with their own and other national histories, ancient and modern; they know all about the early discovery of America by the Northmen, five centuries before Columbus, while very few of us, until recently, knew any more of Iceland than we did of the South Pole or the wilds of Africa."

Accordingly it is not to be supposed that the Icelanders, only one hundred and thirty years after the last voyage, had lost interest to such a degree that the Vinland voyages had ceased to be the subject of conversation. Besides, here was a foreigner from the South, entertained at their social hearth, and eager and curious, as no man had ever been before, to hear all that could possibly be said about these voyages! How could those upright folk comprehend his design, the extent of the advantage that his mercenary mind coveted?

He succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes; kept his visit to Iceland a most profound secret, never divulging it except in those few guarded words to his son, and as his part of the reward for *the discovery of the New World*, claimed to be made admiral of the seas and countries that he was about to discover, this dignity to be held for life, and to descend to his heirs; to be made viceroy of all the continents and islands; to have a tenth part of the profits of all merchandise whether pearls, jewels, or any other things that might be found, gained, bought, or exported from the countries that he was about to discover, etc., etc. As for his adopted country, "the Spanish sovereigns," in Irving's graphic words, "in the midst of their rejoicings, lost no time in taking every measure necessary to secure their new acquisitions;" in short, they applied to the Pope. A fraction of a clause in the pontiff's voluminous official reply will show how Spain profited by the Norse discovery of America:—

"We of our own motion, and not at your solicitation, nor upon petition presented to Us upon this subject by other persons in your name, but of our pure free will and certain knowledge, and with the plenitude of apostolic power, by the authority of God omnipotent granted to Us through blessed Peter, and of the vicarship of Jesus Christ, which we exercise upon earth, by the tenor of the presents give, concede, and assign for ever to you, and to the kings of Castile and Leon, your successors, all the islands and mainlands discovered and which may hereafter be discovered, towards the west and south, with all their dominions, cities, castles, places, and towns, and with all their rights, jurisdictions, and appurtenances, whether the lands and islands found, or that shall be found, be situated towards India or towards any other part whatsoever

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and we make, constitute, and depute you, and your aforesaid heirs and successors, lords of them, with full, free, and absolute power and authority and jurisdiction." . . .

Goodrich can truly say: "The Norsemen were actuated by motives far different from those of Columbus, for they did not come in search of gold or slaves."

Partial as Irving is to the much-extolled man, he is obliged to say that

"In his eagerness to produce immediate profit, and to indemnify the sovereigns for those expenses which bore hard upon the royal treasury, he sent likewise about five hundred Indian prisoners, who, he suggested, might be sold as slaves at Seville."

"It is painful" (he remarks) "to find the brilliant renown of Columbus sullied by so foul a stain, and the glory of his enterprises degraded by such flagrant violations of humanity."

Happily for Americans, their land is now proven to have been discovered by men of a very different stamp, men to whom many high-minded authors, with one accord, attribute the spirit and freedom of our institutions, our religious and political rights. To proclaim the truth of this great *Norse* achievement, and to celebrate it as it deserves, becomes the highest duty not only of the people of the American Republic, but of every nation of Scandinavian descent.

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GUNNER BILLIAM.

BY WALTER M. WATKINS-PITCHFORD.

I.

THE midday sun was blazing down upon the parade, making the whitewash a dazzling blank, and the broken bits of glass among the gravel flashing jewels. The eye could not endure the steady glare or the innumerable splashes of radiance, and dwelt gratefully upon the expanse of rusty grass which stretched away in front to the belt of olive-green foliage at the far side of the Common. Against this background stood out like fire the scarlet coats of some signallers, spasmodically flickering their little white dots far out in the sun. Two men, shading their eyes with their right hands, were standing erect at the corner of the grass closely watching the signals, which another was noting in the book which he held, while two others, with flags caught up loosely over the staves hanging by their sides, were awaiting their turn to exert themselves. A sixth, holding his blue-barred flag across horizontally in front of him, was now and again swooping it back and across with a vigorous flap, or dipping it with sudden jerks at the word of the sergeant in charge of the group. Further away a line of twelve or thirteen recruits in patrol jackets, with black blots of shadow at their feet, were going through the carbine exercise in obedience to the orders of a corporal, who was sitting upon an old howitzer in the shade, chewing a straw, and keeping a languid look out for any passing officer.

On the right, in front of the gun sheds, was a row of six guns, their burnished felloes glittering in bright relief against the leaden-coloured wheels. Two men in unbuttoned kharki jackets were creeping over and under the nearest of these guns, wiping and polishing it, punctuating their task with leisurely straightenings of their backs and deliberate wipes across their glistening foreheads with the gun-cloths they wielded.

On the dusty Common some grasshoppers were whirring and chirking, and every now and then a vehicle would rumble along the distant road beneath a little cloudy pillar, or a horse would utter, from his cool stall within the white stables at the extreme left of the parade, a call not easily distinguished from the

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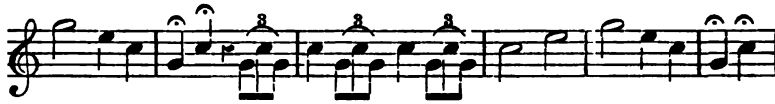
wheezing blare of a practising bugle, which was wandering beerily over the common chord of C in the effort to master the "Alarm."



The performer, however, did not play it so. The top note was uncertain in pitch and duration, and generally put in an appearance some seconds after it was due; but there was no appreciable hiatus in the melody, owing to the forethought of the horse afore-mentioned, who regularly filled in the pause with a precision which did the beast great credit.

Presently, one of the men who were cleaning the gun reared himself up, looked wistfully over in the direction of the canteen, pushed his forage cap over one ear, and scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Say, Chummy, jes' take thissere bottle, an' run dahn to ole Goggles, an' arsk 'im for arf a bottle o' oil, will yer? We've bin arf the mornin' on thissere bloomin' gun, an' it ain't done yet."

Chummy emerged from beneath the wheels of the carriage, red with exertion and stooping, a young fellow of twenty or thereabouts, with a good-humoured freckled face, and hands which looked unused to such work.

"All right," he said, "I'll go. He's down at that place by the chapel, I suppose, isn't he?"

"Yas. Same place's you went to yessday," replied the other, who was a big round man with a ham-coloured, clean-shaven face, from which a stiff yellow moustache stuck out like a brush, "an' jess button up that there patrol afore ye stawt."

The man, known among his comrades by the alliterative cognomen of Billiam Billiams (*alias* Billy the Bruiser), watched the retreating figure of his comrade until it disappeared through a gateway. Then, thrusting his cleaning wad into the bore of the gun, he betook himself towards the canteen at a smart walk.

The absence of these two men removed the only elements of activity in the scene. The file of recruits had ceased its evolutions, and the men, in various positions of ease, were listening to the voice of the corporal which came drowsily out from the shadow of the gun.

"Well, as oi was tellin' ye, the noight was dorruk as pitch. Ye coddn't see yer hand hild up to yer nose, an' the air was as hot as the dhivil himself. Oi kipt gropin' an' grabbin' wid me jungleshtick to say hwere oi was; but sorra bit cod oi till at all, though oi knew be the fale o' the gravel ondther me fut oi was on the parade. Allinaminnit oi hurrud the clock shtrikin' the half-hour, an' before oi cod turrun the tong in me hid to shwear, out jumped a flash close to me face, an' bang wint the first post gun.

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Whin I got up on my ligs agin I went to fale my way wid me shtick, but I found it was all blown to smitheranes, an' the buttons ripped aff me jacket. Yas."

"Don't ye think ye cod shtick us a wet, owld hymn-buk puncher? It's dhry worruk shtandin' up thryin to tache a lot o' SQUAD! 'SHON!" said the speaker, suddenly springing to his feet with a remarkable exhibition of energy. "Shteady there, ye talla-faced lollypop!" This in a husky undertone to the hymn-book puncher, who was nervously buttoning his jacket. "Showder! Om! Ouder! Om! To athur arrums from the showlder, saize yer carrabin wid yer lift hand, little finger in loine wid——Shtand stiddy a moment till Captain Hackle passes ye." The cause of this sudden accession of animation walked sharply past the squad. He was a spare, sandy-haired young artillery captain, with small restless eyes, and an aggressive briskness in his bearing. He acknowledged the salute of Corporal Milligan with a sharp wave of his cane, and held on his way towards the row of guns. Arrived there, he looked around for the limber gunners, and then, turning his attention to the guns which had been washed, and stood each in its little oasis of damp gravel among the dust, he examined the limbers and limber boxes with their spanners, clippers, and bright brass tools, inspecting the sights and the burnished felloes of the wheels, with no great degree of satisfaction manifested in his countenance.

Then, picking his way gingerly between the muddy pools to the unfinished gun, he surveyed the buckets and sponges with an air of irritation, which was by no means allayed by the sight of the dusty oil on the elevating screw.

"I shall report the filthy state of this gun," he said to himself, and as he stooped to look under the trail for the mud of last field-day, the officer of him became merged in the man.

Just at this ignoble juncture there shot out from behind the gun-shed, close at hand, the figure of the returning Billiam, trotting along with moist hilarity. He had evidently made good use of his time, or had been paying previous visits to the canteen, for his goings were none of the steadiest, and his face wore a rapt smile as if an angel spake with him. At the sight of the bending figure before him his countenance became irradiate, and in a luckless moment, inspired by the Father of Mischiefs, the Bruiser silently grasped the stout ashen sponge stave, and with a gleeful prefatory flourish around his head, and a slight final jump to increase the momentum of the staff, he smote therewith upon the man before him a stroke which would have made the heart of every true Englishman leap in him for very joy to behold.

The blow sounded loud, and was followed by "a pause of slow time." Then, in a dead silence, just as Billiam, well pleased with himself for an humorous fellow, was making ready to consummate his jest with a smart kick, the captain, slowly and painfully

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extricating himself from the recesses whither he had been impelled, manifested himself to his smiling assailant, and stood confronting him in an ominous silence.

Then, softly, from his very great amazement, his two little eyes shining with very great wrath,

"*What—the —— do—you—mean—sir?*" said Captain Hackle.

Billiam Billiams stood dumbly looking upon his officer without any particular emotion exhibited upon his facial expanse, still blankly holding on to the sponge stave with one hand, and with the other steadying himself against a wheel.

"Corporal," said Captain Hackle, raising his voice a little, but in the same suppressed tone, "confine this man."

"Fall out, tow foiles on the roight. Quick! Marrch!" Two men, laying down their carbines, marched up to the group, the corporal following on the right of the rear guard.

The unhappy Billiam, loosing his hold of the stave, executed an unsteady movement to the right about, and taking his place behind the first man, was marched away over the parade and up the steps into the cool guard-room. The sergeant in charge came forward, and, opening his entry book, took down the name, regimental number, and crime of the prisoner. Then, after locking up in the guard-room strong box a paper of tobacco, three buttons, a greasy sheet of songs, and four halfpence which the hapless Billiam with some difficulty extricated from his trousers' pocket, the sergeant marched him into an inner room and locked the door.

A man was despatched for the blankets and rations of the prisoner, and within an hour it was known all over the battery that Billiam Billiams was under arrest for assaulting Captain Hackle.

II.

Next morning the unfortunate Bruiser (whose mental thermometer had by that time fallen to an abnormally low point) was taken before the colonel, and formally remanded for a regimental court-martial. The colonel was a grizzled old fighter and a strict disciplinarian, but kind-hearted, and on that account popular with his men. Poor Billiam plucked up heart enough to lift his head and take one look at the leathery old face of his judge before marching away, and, catching him unawares, was in time to witness the departure of a grim smile from that usually impassive countenance. He knew his colonel too well to put an unfavourable construction upon the phenomenon, so that during the four succeeding days of his remand, which he passed in the retirement of the guard-room, he was not left without some ray of hope. His time was spent in chewing tobacco, which sympathising comrades smuggled in to him, concealed in the

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interior of his daily pound of bread, and in polishing his boots and buttons till they shone with præternatural lustre.

On the third day he was warned that his trial would take place upon the morrow, and was furnished with materials for making a written defence. The document he produced, after much rolling of his tongue and eyes, and many smudgings out with his broad thumb of doubtful letters, ran as follows:—

"gentelmen of the Court i am sorey i it the capting but i ad a wet or 2 and thort He was my chum wich i was a strikeing off so i fling my self on the mercey of the Court and remane yr verey humbl

"WILLM. WILLIAMS."

The next morning the full dress of the prisoner was brought to him, and he was marched away to the hospital, guarded before and behind by two comrades with drawn swords at the slope. There the doctor, a thin pimply Scotchman, after making a cursory examination of the prisoner, pronounced him to be in a good state of health, and fit to undergo any amount of imprisonment with or without hard labour. Billiam, being possessed of this encouraging information, was forthwith conducted to the court-martial room, where the court assembled under the presidency of the major. While the names of his judges were read over, the prisoner stood bareheaded at attention, and, in answer to the question of the president, declared himself ready to be tried by the seven members there present. He pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness and of assaulting his superior officer, and the court found him guilty accordingly. He called no witnesses as to his character, but in mitigation of punishment he handed in his literary effort, which was read, marked, and inwardly digested by the president.

The court was then closed to consider its sentence. Billiam acknowledged the termination of its proceedings by rolling an imaginary quid around his cheek, and replacing his helmet, and the little procession retired to the cells.

After a couple more days' meditation the prisoner was again brought out into the sunshine, this time into the centre of the barrack square, in the presence of his assembled comrades. As the senior lieutenant of his battery stepped forward with a handful of papers, the escort fell back, leaving the prisoner standing alone. Then followed a recital of the place and date of the court-martial, and the names of the officers composing it, after which came the sentence:—

"And the Court sentenced the prisoner, number seventeen nine forty-eight, Gunner William Williams —— battery, —— brigade, to be imprisoned with hard labour for forty-two days, fourteen days of which are remitted. By order, ——, major-general, commanding the district."

At the mention of his number, the sergeant-major of his battery stepped forward to bare the prisoner's head, but Billiam, nimbly preventing him, threw his forage cap upon the ground, and after relieving his emotion by a couple of jumps upon it,

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kicked it out of the way, and marched contentedly to the cells, whence he was removed to the county goal. There, clad in dull grey flannel, and cropped well-nigh to baldness, he whiled away the sunny hours in that absorbing process of disintegrating cordage, commonly known as picking oakum.

* * * * * * *

One of the very first persons upon whom the eyes of the enlarged Bruiser rested, as he entered the barrack-square after his release, was Captain Hackle, stepping along, briskly as ever, from the officers' mess.

Billiam, rejoicing in his liberty and being of a forgiving disposition, promptly saluted his officer, beaming on him genially. Captain Hackle favoured him with a sour glance of recognition out of the corners of his eyes, but, being by habit petty and resentful, and still sore, literally and physically, from the affront put upon him, he acknowledged the salute in no other way.

The old soldier paused, looked after his retiring foe, expectorated neatly, and betook himself to the sergeant-major.

"Ah," said that great man, infusing as much recognition as his dignity would allow of into the monosyllable.

"Yassir," said Billiam with equal brevity. "Want to report Capting Ackle fer not returnin' o' my s'lute, sir. Sammy Ivins see im, sir. An the bloke as they calls the im-book puncher."

The sergeant-major regarded Bill with a glare of astonishment, and when he found words, tersely but vigorously expressed his opinion that he, William Williams, was foreappointed to perpetual foolishness in this life and reprobation in that which is to come. Finding the Bruiser insensible to argument, even when adduced by a sergeant-major, he was constrained to report the matter to the subaltern officer of his battery, and he in turn to the major, who nothing loth (for Captain Hackle was no favourite) made a minute to the colonel. He also being a man set under authority, propelled the report to some unknown altitudes, with the result that Captain Hackle had an interview with his chief ruler, from which he emerged, looking, as Sammy Evans afterwards described it, "biled sassige colour."

Billiam happened to cross his path as he hied him away, and gravely bestowed upon him a magnificently developed salute, which the captain returned, to the inexpressible delight of a chosen group of Billiam's friends, including Mr. Evans and the hymn-book puncher, who chanced to be accidentally passing at the time.

III.

VERHEAD hung the deep luminous blue of an African night, set thick with great golden stars. Against the near horizon rose up indefinitely outlined mounds and clumps of shade, and close at hand were the figures of men lying behind a roughly-constructed

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redoubt of mess-tins arranged about a gun. Now and again a sudden spike of light would glance from one of the distant mounds, and the thin desert air would reverberate to a sudden shot echoing away over the sandhills, and dying into a silence broken only by the hoarse murmurs of the men.

"I seed 'im," said the voice of Billiam Billiams sorrowfully, "I seed 'im drop. He jess turned 'is 'ead round an' let go o' the stave an' went dahn on 'is face like a log, he did, pore ole pal. Pore ole——"

There was an interval of silence. Then Billiam resumed huskily, "Wen I got 'is toonic open there was a little blue lump 's if somebody 'd jobbed a scissors-pint into 'im, but wen I come to turn 'im over there was, . . . there was a great ragged hole 's big 's a penny.

"I remember the day as I seed 'im fust. He was in civvy's togs and a top 'at, and was a-carryin' the colonel's coals on 'is shoulder. He arst me the way to the coalyawd, an' I went along of 'im an' showed 'im, an' 'e give me a bob 'e did, pore ole pal. . . .

"'E said as 'ow 'is par 'ad lorst all 'is money through some rawskly larwyer as 'ad done 'im out of it. The ole gennleman, 'e come dahn to see 'im, 'e did, an' 'e seemed to take it a bit rough, a-seein' of 'im among all us fellers. 'Oh, Erness, my boy, wot 'ave you done?' 'e says. 'Well, dear par, you know there wasn't enough fer all on us,' 'e says, 'an' it's a honable puffession,' 'e says, 'an' I can rise the same as others as rose,' 'e says, 'an' I mean to, dear par, so cheer up,' 'e says. We allays corled 'im 'dear par' arter that. Pore ole pal. . . .

"An' there was a young lady as come dahn to see 'im afore we 'mbarked, an' the pore ole chap, 'e tole 'er as I wos one o' 'is bess friends, 'e did. Yas, 'e did, an' she 'eld aht 'er little bit of a 'and, an' give me such a look, she did, a-smilin' like a cherrybum, an' the tears a-runnin' dahn her veil all the time. Pore gal, pore gal. The last thing she——." Bill's elegy was abruptly broken off by the splintering of the gun-wheel within three inches of his head. The white wood exposed shone out in the darkness, and showed the danger in which he had been. Billiam rolled over a little farther behind the mess-tin, and reflected in silence.

"You came near following 'im, that time, Chummy," said a voice.

"Yas," said Billiam slowly; "I was, I was. I might a-knowad a sight more'n the pawson by this time."

Silence fell upon the group, and every man in his own way felt out into that shadowy land which so closely encompasses this visible frame of things (even the lusty life of the soldier); and every man returned again empty, as his forefathers returned before him.

"Spurt!" went another bullet, sending the sand in a little shower over the recumbent group. The enemy were evidently getting

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sight of their position as the night began to yield. There were a few nervous movements among the men who were awake, for though they would have faced without a quiver a rush of savages outnumbering them by hundreds, yet it was trying to lie in defenceless inactivity and hear the bullets singing close overhead. Presently a man came up to the group sheltered behind the little barricade.

"Can you find room for me there?" inquired the voice of Captain Hackle.

"Ain't no room 'ere without our leavin our posts," replied one of the men.

"Who's that?" inquired the captain, in a tone which showed he knew pretty well.

"William Williams, sir," replied the Bruiser stoutly.

"Well then, sir, stand up," commanded the captain.

"I might 'appen to be struck, sir," returned Billiam with all calmness.

The captain gave a gulp of rage.

"Stand up!" he roared, and his hand went up to his revolver.

"Hallo, hallo there!" growled a gruff voice, as a cloaked figure advanced. "What's all that noise about; what are you about, eh?"

"Sir," said Captain Hackle, in an unsteady voice, "I have twice ordered this man to stand up, and he refuses."

"What d'ye mean by refusing to stand up?" said the colonel sternly.

"Wants my cover, sir, that's wot *'e* wants," scornfully replied the Bruiser; and, as if to emphasise his answer, "click" went a shot into the sand-tin which shielded him.

"Is that so?" asked the old fellow sternly.

"I told the man to get up, and ——"

"Quite right, my man," interrupted the colonel firmly. "You, sir, get off to your post, and remember you're not on parade. One life is as valuable as another now!" and with that the old warrior strode off again, and Captain Hackle departed speechless.

As the day broke behind them, the sand-hills stood out sharp cut in purple against the luminous gold of the dawn, which showed a considerable body of infantry encamped in the rear. The figures of horsemen and camels moved along the sky-line and among the waggons, and the sound of the bugle sounded small and shrill in the keen morning air.

The men round the four guns in front rose up, and adjusting their belts and brushing the sand from their uniforms, stood waiting for orders.

As their white helmets became defined in the growing light, the enemy's fire grew brisker, and black masses became visible creeping around the distant bushes.

Presently an officer came riding up with orders.

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"Get number one gun into action with shrapnel."

"Right, sir," said number one at the gun, saluting thankfully. "Action. At two thousand yards. Shrapnel shell. Time fuse. Load!" Up ran a man from the limber, bearing the cartridge and shell in his arms.

The gun was swiftly loaded.

"Trail right. Halt. Trail left, trai . . . l ri . . . ght. Halt."

"Fire one round."

"Number one ready. Number one."

"Fire!"

Out shot the flash with a roar, and the solid-looking column of white smoke following it, curled round about the gun in a sulphurous cloud. The crash rolled away over the sand-hills, and seemed to sound the note of awaking activity and the farewell to sleep and silence.

The men watching the face of their colonel as he peered through the thinning smoke with his field-glass could detect no change there to show the result of their shot.

"Number three gun, fire one round."

"Here, let me sight it," said Captain Hackle, and he bent down and sighted the gun according to scientific principles.

The instant the report sounded, down went the glass in the colonel's hand.

"Who sighted that gun?"

"I did, sir," replied the captain, with obtrusive modesty.

"At what range?"

"One thousand, sir."

"Well, it struck considerably short. Try two thousand five hundred. The first shot fell close among 'em."

The captain was preparing to obey, when suddenly, from behind every bush and hillock started the enemy, blackening the sandy expanse.

"Keep steady, my lads, keep steady," said the colonel. "Load with case at five hundred and stand fast."

Swiftly the savages advanced, in a long irregular line, quickening to a run as they drew nearer, and the scattered shouts grew into one wild yell.

"Numbers one, two, three, four. Ready!"

"Fire!"

A pause, a roar which smote the ear like a blow, a rush of blinding vapour, a vision of wild shapes and flashing weapons, and every man found himself fighting for his life. If the foe could be kept at bay for a few short minutes, assistance would be at hand, for the main body was hurrying forwards. Ah! how long those moments seemed, crowded as they were with devilish faces, menacing weapons on every side, and behind all the mass of savages surging around the handful of men clinging desperately to their four guns.

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In that wild turmoil Billiam Billiams was clearly conscious of nothing save the fact that number one gun must be held, in which conviction he possessed himself of the hammer and laid about him like a very Thor. Brawny satin-skinned Arabs went down like rushes, and spear and scimitar flew hurtling from the dint. At last, in aiming a blow at a black form crawling underneath the wheels, the haft snapt short. In another instant Billiam had grasped the handspike, and was whisking it smartly about, when he caught sight of the white face of Captain Hackle, who, borne back against the gun and surrounded by savages, was dealing wild blows in every direction, while one arm hung limply at his side.

Out leapt Billiam Billiams like a mastiff, and in a second the handspike was rattling briskly upon the black heads, and the Arabs were falling beneath it like grass before the scythe. There was a rush of savages from behind; the handspike spun round for an instant above the tossing arms and gleaming weapons like a straw upon a whirlpool, till it was suddenly sucked down, and the human wave rolled on.

* * * * * *

The seconds seemed hours in their suspense, but at last the British hurrah, sweetest of all sounds, told that aid was at hand. Up came the gleaming line of bayonets, the rifles crashed, and in a few minutes the enemy were flying over the sand-hills like frightened rabbits, leaving behind them their dying and dead.

Round the guns stood the blood-stained, smoke-blackened men who had so gallantly defended them, and in their shadow lay stretched upon the sand those whose fighting days were done. Among them lay Gunner Billiam, his sunburnt features fixed in an unwonted awe, and at his side knelt his old enemy, clasping the hand of the dead in his own, and wetting it with tears.

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PATRIOTISM.

(ESPECIALLY IN REFERENCE TO THE ANTI-UNION, HOME RULE, SEPARATION MOVEMENT.)

BY W. GLENNY-CRORY.

FOLLOWING up the subject of industrial development in Ireland, and treating this article from an Irish standpoint, it is intended to present some considerations in favour of that class of patriotism which, viewing the condition of the United Kingdom as it is, suggests a few practical and practicable remedies for crying evils. It may be well to say at the outset that industrial development is a duty and a privilege, the essaying of which is a *sine quâ non* of patriotism; and inasmuch as resources in Ireland are as much imperial property as those in any other portion of the United Kingdom, the only case attempted in behalf of their development is that, while those of no other part should be neglected in their favour, they ought not to be placed as second-rate *cæteris paribus* to those of any other place, whether in Scotland or England. It may also be well to say, preliminarily, that if patriotism guide the process of industrial development, it is certain at first to be tentative, at all times to be cautious, never without consideration, and always in ways which will bear the test of politico-economic laws, as well as on strictly mercantile principles. It is to be expected that seaport towns in Great Britain would, most fairly, object to the raising into ports and harbours of Galway, Limerick, and other places in Ireland enjoying natural advantages. Neither is it to be supposed that the growers of cotton in America should view with equanimity the bringing of the manufacture of cotton goods so near to the Atlantic sea-board that all the advantages possible to be acquired in the United Kingdom should be brought to bear on the competition existing between American spinners who are growers, and those who import the fibre. Yet the competition should, none the less, be entered upon, persisted in, and pressed on by every legitimate means. That the results of the extension of such a cause to Ireland should become eventually the means of creating property, and indirectly giving to the people such a stake in the country—the whole United Kingdom, of which Ireland is an integral portion—as would prove a reason for eschewing agitation,

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and following honest callings industriously, is altogether to be expected. But that even these considerations should rule the direction of capital, or indicate the pathway in which labour is to go, is not to be thought of. The making of commercial profits out of safe investments must ever be the primary consideration in such cases; and to reverse this, the natural and proper order of things, would be most *un*patriotic. One almost fears to venture a word in favour of the several obviously inviting enterprises which stand associated with industrial development in Ireland in view of such projects as the Manchester Ship Canal, which aims at bringing the cotton-fields of America and the spindles and looms of England closer together, lest it might be supposed that while such a grand scheme is on the tapis, nothing else of the kind ought to be mentioned. There is not, however, an argument which could be brought to bear in favour of the principle on which this enterprise has been so persistently fought out, that does not apply to the bringing of the same cotton-fields even nearer still to mills to be erected in Ireland, and especially is it clear that if this principle proves a sound basis for a ship canal between the Mersey and Manchester, it is strong enough and broad enough to bear the making of ports and harbours on the Atlantic seaboard. Still more this principle will bear the project of raising from Irish soils such supplies of flax as will bring the linen trade into the south and west, and so render the necessity for new ports and harbours increasingly greater.

The effects of agitation which in its wake left discontent, squalor, and smouldering rebellion have hitherto baffled all attempts in this direction. Let it be hoped, however, that patriotic feeling will call one here, and another there, to the front, who will initiate the cure of existing evils. Agitation was to some few men of ability and their families as great an evil as it proved to the country; whilst to the bulk of those who took it up as a calling, it was at once the means of getting what in no other way such people could have made themselves entitled to, and of flattering a vanity all the more intense because it had not even appearances in its favour. The "oppressed" holder of a certain creed was usually the *protégé* of the agitator, even when there was no real cause of grievance. Making of "grievances" was a sort of trade in Ireland. Since 1829 even, the semblance of this specious, yet unreal grievance was removed, but only to open the door for the bringing up of new "grievances," and the renewal of agitation on other lines. The conquest has been clamoured over. Its facts are easily told. It was nearly a hundred years after the conquest of England by William I. that Ireland came under England in the reign of Henry II. The circumstances of England and Ireland were very different. In England between the reign of the Confessor (1041 to 1046) and the compilation of Doomsday Book (1080 to 1086) this country was in a rapid state of decay,

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as if getting ready to be conquered. Such towns as Chester declined in the number of inhabited houses from 487 to 282; those in Derby, being 243, suffered a diminution of 103, leaving only 140. In Dorchester 100 were destroyed out of 172. In York, with all its importance, the houses were reduced from 1607 to 967, and in Oxford from 727 to 243. The unsettled state of England made it like a field ripe for the sickle. But, bad as this was, it presented no such distressful feature as Ireland did. England had lost vigour, grown weak, and actually invited the strong hand of William to make it feel sensible of existence. England certainly was aroused by the very sore and oppressive means he used to write upon her very heart, "First comes sin, then comes sorrow." "The nobles and bishops built castles and filled them with devilish and wicked men, and oppressed the people cruelly, torturing them for their money."

In Ireland from the death of Malachy (*circa* 1000) the state of matters grew gradually worse. Danes and Ostmen traded or cheated when they were not fighting. The people generally, when not in the battlefield, were given over to debauchery to an extent even more deplorable than that which was prevalent amongst the English. When the Conquest is spoken of, it is with a sigh for the pious and peaceable, who were crushed and oppressed, and with a lamentation over the introduction into the "Island of Saints" of English invaders. There were some good and learned men and pious women, but saintship was scarce—if it meant piety and morality. The state of the country was so bad as scarcely to be possible of becoming worse about the time of the Conquest. If ever Ireland deserved the epithet, "Island of Saints," she did so best before the term "saint" was known in its present acceptation. If history is to be relied on, the reign of Gedhe Ollghothach, *anno mundi* 3960, was as pleasant as paganism could be expected to admit of. "Observers of antiquity affirm of him that the conversation of his subjects in general, in his time, *was as sweet a harmony to one another as any musick*, because they lived together in such concord, amity, and atonement among themselves, that there was no discord or strife heard to grow between them, for any cause whatever." But not to enlarge as to the state of things from which the change usually called "the Conquest" released the Irish, if one tries to realise fully everything stated and understood in the happy reign of Gedhe Ollghothach, and opposes in the mind thereto everything the very reverse, then may one have some idea of how things—totally incapable of description—stood in 1170 to 1172. So far, then, from regarding the Conquest as a calamity, and its consequences a grievance, it may safely be regarded as a great deliverance vouchsafed in Providence, as well as the natural Nemesis, of a state of things the only remedy of which must be a terrible visitation. Its worst feature may be gathered from the Pope's bull.

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But, by bringing in the English, it supplied both bane and antidote together. If the conquest of England affords no excuse for discontent, idleness, chronic rebellion, and a disregard of the bounties of Providence in respect to resources of industry amongst the English people, much less does that of Ireland justify a solitary sigh over the introduction of the English, or excuse for a moment the grossly unfounded assertion that Ireland has been an oppressed people for seven centuries, except that being always expected, and sometimes forced, to observe law and order, be oppression. Had the seven centuries' oppression been inflicted, it would be no excuse for hanging down the hands now, when they ought to be busy; and if even the country suffered by the Conquest, whining over it can never recall the state of matters which pre-dated it. To agitate this matter is as *un*-patriotic in its very nature as it has proved pernicious in its effects. One may find persons in Ireland, living half-time on charity, who attribute their condition to the Saxon; whilst no one who has ever travelled in the south and west can fail to see that it is the necessary result of indolence, nursed by hatred of the English and Scotch, and, instead of being reproved, is encouraged by all professional agitators. Indeed, the conquest of Ireland never was quite complete, as was that of England. It was not sufficiently and decidedly a conquest, and in this may be the colourable excuse for agitating about it. If it had been complete, it would have been better for the Irish before the Union, as well as for the people of the United Kingdom—including the Irish—since. It was never clear whether the Irish Church was taken possession of by Adrian, or that he handed Church and people to Henry II. The time has come, however, when, instead of talking about such matters, the drawing of the bonds of "Union" closer should be the theme of those who meet to discuss the political and social questions of the day. It is said by Camden of William I., that, "standing on the high cliffs of Wales, which command the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland, and saying, with something of the profane boasting of Artaxerxes, 'I will have the ships of my kingdom brought hither, wherewith I will make a bridge to invade this land,' when Murchardt, King of Leinster, heard this boast, he asked, 'Hath the king in his great threatening inserted the words, *if it please God?*' 'No,' was the reply. Then said Murchardt, 'Seeing this king putteth his trust only in man, and not in God, I fear not his coming.' When this was told to William, he frowned and bit his thumb." Besides, however it came about, the preponderance of good as between England and Ireland through the connection of the two countries prior to the Union was, on the whole, favourable to Ireland. Space at disposal does not admit of more than a mere assertion of this opinion; the support of which, by sufficient evidence, would be by no means difficult. Then as to the Union. After reviewing

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the evils associated therewith in their worst light, the measure must be pronounced by every patriot as, on the whole, good. Some say it was merely the lesser of two evils, one of which must then be faced. If so, it certainly is not to be deplored. It is said by others to be the better alternative policy in the state of things existing in 1800—1801. Even so it is not a matter to be lightly tampered with. But higher ground may be taken safely. If Henry II. received the country from the Irish princes through the hands of Pope Adrian, or if it be believed that Ireland was handed to Henry II. by Pope Adrian directly, as set forth in the bull granted at the request of "one John Salisbury, with others," delivering the king's suit on the subject,—in either case might Ireland, coming thus into the hands of England, have taken "scot and lot" with her all the time till the Union, had not a want of contentment and the absence of patriotism—always the bane of the Irish—hindered. Such a course would have been best, even if we believe that the Irish princes gave the sovereignty of the island to Pope Urban II. in 1092; and, so conferred, the right (or might) of the Church to hand over Ireland to Henry II. will still stand. Doubtless most people will admit it to have been a questionable proceeding either way. But it is not with the principles of the Conquest, but with the results, we have to deal at present. Therefore, just as in regard to the Union the people were in such a state that some change or other must come, there is doubtless much reason to be thankful—in both cases—that worse did not happen. On the contrary, each has turned out better than either the parties to the compact of 1172, or those who settled the Union of 1800, deserved; and the people of both countries have gained—the Irish gaining most of all. The Union of Great Britain and Ireland is a fact, however brought about. To confess its importance, against which prejudice and party feeling array themselves, has become patriotic; while to try to carry it out more fully is a *desideratum* of patriotism. The injury which would be done to England and Scotland by the breaking-up of the Union would be serious and irreparable, whilst that which such a course would inflict on Ireland would be the first step to the utter annihilation of her nationality. From 1172 till 1800 Ireland's nationality was in abeyance. She was neither a colony nor a kingdom, but a sort of undefined vassal. In the act of raising her to the position of a contracting party in the Union compact, she gained, as an inevitable consequence of that act, her individuality. If she now got her autonomy by separation, she would lose her high rank as an integral portion of the greatest empire in the world, and so forfeit that true and real dignity by which she is placed politically as the equal of Scotland and England respectively. As she is, she has ships, colonies, and commerce. She has a fair and full share of legislative representation in reference to the affairs of

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empire at home and abroad. Putting her real position now in contrast with what she might, if separated, become, it seems as if only an enemy could represent her autonomy as a boon. Happily there is sufficient patriotism in Ireland to save her from such a calamity, though the full measure of Irish loyalty—to the shame of her gentry, be it said—is unconfessed. There is that strong common-sense patriotism of Great Britain, which, apart from her own interests, will not allow either that portion of her own self-willed people who parade themselves on all occasions, or those who, being blindfolded by party, are equally unreasoning, to make her a wreck, a spectacle, and a bye-word amongst the nations of the earth. The resources of wealth within her borders must take—owing to the effects of agitation after Home Rule, etc.—a considerable time to be brought into profitable use. Under a repeal of the Union, however, they could never be developed. At the best so much has happened as will operate against the interests of the United Kingdom seriously, and those of Ireland, separately considered, most dreadfully. But so long as the Union exists, there is hope of better days. Certain persons say that there is no hope for Ireland except through letting her drift and reconquering her, and making her a sort of tributary of Great Britain, denuded of the legislative power and the rights she now enjoys as a portion of the empire. Such a process would entail unheard-of evils. Probably foreign fillibusterers would come, not with the resources of civilisation, but with machinations well named infernal; whilst internecine war, aggravated by sectarian bigotry, would rage all around. The very idea of repeal of the Union is so full of suggestions of waste of property, danger to life, introduction of civil war, the checking of all progress, with the violation of things sacred, as well as the destruction of things secular, that no apology is needed for saying that at this moment the right to be styled a patriot rests largely on the will to maintain the Union, and a willingness at all hazards and sacrifices to promote that end. Those whose selfishness allows them not to be patriots, and who are trying to sacrifice imperial interests to their personal ends, under pretence of justice to Ireland, are just that type of Irish character full-grown, which in embryo hates the law, despises order, cultivates enmity against the Saxon, and regards the Scotch as even worse than the English. There never was any reason why a policeman should be hated in Ireland, except because his presence suggested "law and order," the outcome of which hatred is now called Home Rule. Law is hated in Ireland, because it enjoins something to be done or avoided, no matter what, and because it reminds evil-doers of their misconduct. Soldiers are often disliked for the same reason, and so are magistrates. Yet if an Irishman, boy or man, enlists, he proves a good soldier as a rule; and no greater

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ambition fires the breast of tradespeople in Ireland than that the head of "the firm" should get "on the bench." Nevertheless, the hatred of law and order rankles in many breasts, and malice towards those who administer the law is sadly common amongst the masses. This feeling accounts for much that seems at times to be, and is often called, love of country. This hatred and malice has got into print, both in prose and verse, and no one can tell how much evil Nationalistic literature, and especially songs, ballads, and poems, have done. They have embittered the heart of many an ignorant person who, without their baneful influence, would have been a good citizen; and when times of reckoning come, sad must be the sentence of justice falling upon the writers of these things, and heavy shall be their share who, by the printing and publishing of such, have brought the misery, discontent, and disloyalty which, in turn, have led to crimes the most heinous possible for man to commit against his fellow-man. These sort of things may be greedily read, their vendors may make large fortunes by their sale, but if ever it was true of anything, it is so in a high degree of rebel literature—

"The trail of the serpent is over it all."

One could not pass over, in touching however lightly on the subject of patriotism, and confining it however much to Home Rule, the danger of impure literature generally, as well as rebel literature specially, which aims, not at the separation of the kingdom, but panders to depravity, inflames vicious habits, and enslaves the reader—boy, girl, man, or woman—to the thraldom of self in even a worse form than Home Rule. The writers and the vendors of literature whose tendency is to feed appetites with pollution, which ought to be fed with wholesome lessons and good morals, and which fill minds already too much occupied with things inciting to vice, let them, no matter what else they may be, not lay claim to the term of patriot. These things and many kindred appliances for demoralisation, aggravated in their influence by the increasing numbers of those who can read,—in fact, all sensationalism in legislation, in Church work, in the theatre, at the "gaff," as well as in good or bad prose, or in poetry or doggerel,—are writing their effects, however much apart they may seem to operate, in the ends of that which is hatred of country; whether it be love of gold as an idol, self as a master, or sin as a line of action.

Returning to Ireland, one of the ways of *un*patriotic conduct has been to do or leave undone little things, to so get in the thin end of the wedge of disorder. For example, "God save Ireland" used to be a rare, yet fair sort of sentiment for a banquet. For many years it did not displace the usual loyal toasts. Gradually, however, it was put in place of "the Queen," and while Her Majesty was neither the better nor worse, the United Kingdom suffered

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seriously. There is a little thing which in its results has a great influence. People say English Parliament, which has become a misnomer ever since the Union with Scotland; and British Parliament, which is equally so ever since the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The poorest conformity to patriotism requires more accurate speaking, because such modes of expression are indulged in by the enemies of the Union as a means of division. It is no less a divisive course for the English and the Scotch to speak reproachfully of the Irish, simply because they are Irish. But the most divisive course of all is the demand of both English and Scotch that everything about Ireland to be said or written should be according to pre-conceived ideas of Ireland and the Irish. In keeping with this, the changes are rung upon "Celtic Irish." Even Froude uses this epithet, which has no foundation in ethnology, is contrary to obvious facts, out of keeping with ordinary information on the subject, and of no practical value except to justify the British in standing aloof from Ireland, and the Irish in hating the British, and both because "Celtic Irish" conveys the idea of separation, which exists not, except in imagination, and has no basis besides that which ignorance on the matter may seem to supply. There are other words, not unfrequently quoted, equally calculated to lead to misconception. For example, "Aliens in blood, language, and religion." As to blood, the mixture of the Irish and British may be different, but the blood of each is mixed. There may be more or less of the Saxon, the Celt, the Roman, and the Dane, in one or the other. Nevertheless, so far as concerns the Irish, it is "a fusion and confusion" of Phœnician, Milesian, Celtic, Scandinavian, Norman, Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, French, Scotch, and English, unmatched amongst the mixed races. As to blood then, except for the ends of agitation, the subject would most likely never have been mentioned. As respects the history of the Irish, but little that can be relied on is known, and a great deal at the same time has been written for party purposes.

The fact is, a history of Ireland, strictly ruled by facts, might not succeed, as it might offend the party of disorder on one side, and would perchance disappoint those who regard the Irish merely as a people to make sport with on the other, whilst it would be of little use to the political adventurer. But why, on patriotic grounds, the truth in simplicity and fulness has not appeared, seems a problem difficult to solve, and yet one of intense interest and much importance. The Irish pride themselves on their origin. But even if they are right as to what it is, it makes nothing for the "alien" idea. It is supposed that settlers landed on the coast of Kerry from Syria three hundred years after the Flood—Syria meaning, not Upper Syria, but the land peopled by the descendants of Shem, extending from the

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Mediterranean and the river Cyndus to the Euphrates, and from Taurus in the north to Arabia and the border of Egypt. Then these are said to have been conquered by the sons of Milesius—one of whom, Ith, was drowned; another, Heber, driven to Scotland, the Hebrides; and Heremon, who founded a dynasty which remained during the reigns of one hundred and sixty-nine kings, and, notwithstanding twenty-one invasions, down to the "Conquest." As to language, the facts are easily told, and make nothing for the "alien" notion.

There is a lessening number of probably over one hundred thousand who speak Irish only, and half that number in addition who speak both English and Irish, the rest of the people speaking English, and except, as a part of a liberal education, not knowing the native tongue. Comparing this state of things with what one finds in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, to talk of the Irish being aliens in language is not worthy of being spoken of. The cultivation of the language for the sake of the little literature there is in it, and especially for the interest it gives to religious ministrations in Irish-speaking districts, is certainly a patriotic and praiseworthy proceeding.

Then as to the divisive notion of "aliens" in religion, there are really no grounds for it. There is a sense in which the Irish people saw they had cause of complaint as to the bull by which Ireland got at once *under* the Popedom, and *into* the hands of England; for however far short her internal broils kept her of the goal, she seemed to aim at maintaining the Church in spiritual independence of Rome. Be this as it may, however, it was not until the advent of Cardinal Cullen, about 1850, that the Irish Romish Church stood in that relation to Rome which has come to be expressed by the term "Ultramontane." Ireland contains Romanists in numerical excess of Protestants. In England and Scotland Protestants exceed Romanists. But the matter is not one of numbers, but of fact, and however much Romanism may tend to separation in the ends of its own supremacy, there is not a shadow of excuse for saying that the Irish are aliens in religion. It may be mentioned parenthetically, that Protestants of the *dis*-Established Church, and Presbyterians, with some Methodists, a few Independents, and a very few Baptists make up the religious bodies outside Romanism. There are probably three to four hundred Jews; the Jews were never persecuted in Ireland, and so, numerically, Romanism takes the lead. But on subscription lists to charities, in trading, in social influence, and in things generally, the Protestants have decidedly the preponderance. All things considered, then, the difference in religious beliefs in the several parts of the United Kingdom is one of figures only. These do not supply any grounds for the many excuses for special legislation which have been based on mere numbers.

Nothing can be more *un*patriotic than to allow the fact of

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then on their way from Australia. I gave a sigh of relief as I folded up the letter, for I was supremely glad to find their story confirmed. The next day, as I was strolling aimlessly along the Wilhelmstrasse, Ethel Dalton came out of a shop, and, seeing me, stopped and held out her hand.

She looked pale and sad, I thought; and my heart smote me for my enforced coldness to her.

"Will you come into the Kursaal for a moment," she said hurriedly; "I must speak to you."

We crossed the road and entered the gardens, and, turning up a shady side-path, found a sheltered seat.

Miss Dalton gazed at me without speaking for quite a minute.

"We have seen nothing of you lately," she said at length, and there was a reproachful gleam in her liquid dark eyes, which made me feel I had behaved like a brute.

"I have been away for an excursion up the Rhine," I replied awkwardly.

She gave an impatient gesture.

"Why not speak the truth and say it is entirely the fault of those wretched cards? I knew how it would be—now you hate us, and I hoped we should be such friends." Her voice broke, and she turned her head that I might not see the tears that gathered in her eyes.

"I have been a fool," I replied humbly. "I ought to have heeded your warning; but, you see, I always won at first."

An almost imperceptible smile curled her red lips at this gratuitous piece of information. What a fool she must have thought me!

"Well, you will be removed from temptation after to-day," she remarked quietly, "for we leave for England to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" I repeated blankly.

"Yes, to-morrow. In a short time I suppose I shall settle as the *châtelaine* of the Priory. I wonder how I shall like it, and how the county people will receive me. We have no credentials to present," and she laughed rather bitterly.

"Make your mind easy on that score," said I; "everything colonial is the fashion. But I am very glad that we are likely to meet again so soon. If you leave, I shall no longer have any inducement to remain here."

She looked at me and her colour rose.

"You are complimentary, Mr. Brooke."

"I am speaking the truth." Then, urged by an irresistible impulse, I caught her hands and said hurriedly, "I was leaving the week you arrived; it was for you alone I stayed. Ethel, you must know how dear you are to me?"

"Hush!" she replied in an agitated whisper, and her face grew white as death, and an expression of fear came into the beautiful dark eyes upraised to mine.

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"Why am I not to tell you that I love you?" I demanded, holding her closely clasped; "surely there is no harm in asking you to be my wife?"

"Your wife!" she repeated; "is it possible?" and the hands I held trembled and grew cold, her eyes closed, and she leant against my shoulder with a heavy sigh.

"Yes, dearest, my wife," I said tenderly. "Tell me that I am not mistaken in thinking you care for me a little."

Ethel raised her head and looked at me earnestly. "I can never be your wife," she said slowly; "a gulf lies between you and me that must for ever divide us. Forget what you have said to me, and when we next meet, think of me only as an agreeable acquaintance, who served to while away a few idle hours at Wiesbaden."

But I would not listen to her. I overwhelmed her with protestations and reproaches; the more she refused to entertain my suit, so much the more ardent did I become, until at length, finding I could make no impression upon her, I let her go, and, flinging myself upon the bench, buried my face in my hands, feeling deeply wounded.

"Cecil, forgive me," she said, coming close to me, and putting her hands on my shoulders; "your sorrow cuts me to the heart; I do love you, yes, I own it, but an insuperable obstacle divides us. Cecil, if ever I want a friend, may I count on you?"

"Yes," I replied, looking up at her. "I will serve you until death."

She made no answer, but bent down, and for an instant her soft lips rested on my forehead; the next, she turned and walked rapidly away. I watched her out of sight, and then, dispirited and uneasy, I took my way back to the hotel.

As I entered I was hailed by a tall, handsome, young fellow lighting his cigar in the hall, who rushed forward and slapped me heartily on the back.

"Hullo, Jack!" I exclaimed, "what in the name of all that's wonderful brings you here?"

"Why, to look you up, my dear boy. I can't say I think you are any the better for the air of Wiesbaden, though; you have not lost your care-worn appearance."

"Not likely," I grumbled, "considering this sweltering weather, and the thermometer at something like a hundred. I am thinking of going to-morrow."

"Not a bit of it," returned Jack Manvers, my best friend and former college chum; "you will have to stay with me for a few days, and then I mean to carry you off with me to Vienna. Any nice people here?" and, linking his arm in mine, he led the way to his apartment, where his servant was unpacking.

"Funny thing!" he remarked casually, "as I came along from

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the station I could have sworn I saw a man I met once in Australia years ago."

"Indeed!" I said, with some interest, thinking of the Daltons.

"Yes; he was tried for forgery and got five years; my friend Dale prosecuted him, and I was in court at the trial. He was an awful scamp."

"What was his name?"

"I forget now. No, it wasn't Dalton. I don't suppose it was the man at all, but his face reminded me of him. He was fair, with light hair, I remember; and this chap was as dark as a gipsy and clean-shaven. But you know my old trick of finding out likenesses."

So the conversation ended, and I thought no more of it; it was hardly likely that a wealthy colonial like Jim Dalton could have any connection with the scoundrel in Australia, yet the coincidence of the likeness (for it was he whom Manvers had seen that morning) struck me at the time as singular. The Daltons left before I was up next morning, so I did not see Ethel again, for they did not appear at *table d'hôte* the previous evening. I was sorely disappointed and perplexed at her conduct towards myself, and would have given all I possessed to be able to forget her, but that was easier said than done.

III.

We found Vienna somewhat empty; most of the fashionables were away, but as neither of us had ever been there before, we found plenty to amuse us in the bright little capital.

Some of the *corps diplomatique* still at the Embassy were old acquaintances, so we managed to get through a fortnight pretty comfortably, and without finding time hang at all heavy on our hands.

One evening as Jack, myself, and two others were dining, my attention was attracted by a young man who entered the restaurant; he was tall and dark, with a singularly keen resolute face. I was about to call my friend's attention to him, when, catching sight of Manvers, he came hastily forward, and held out his hand.

"Why, Manvers, can it be you? I am indeed glad to see you!"

Jack returned his greeting with much warmth; a chair was put for him, a fresh bottle of wine ordered, and we were soon on friendly terms with the new-comer.

I was much taken with him; he was a brilliant conversationalist, and thoroughly up in all the topics of the day; and in his agreeable company the evening passed rapidly away.

Just before we separated, he said to me suddenly, "You live in Downshire, I think?"

I assented.

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"Do you know anything of the new people who have taken the Priory at Leeford?"

"Yes; strangely enough, I met them at Wiesbaden."

He seemed a little surprised, and muttered something to himself that sounded like, "Is it possible?"

"Do you live near the Priory?"

"No, not very near; about seven miles away."

"It is a charming old place, is it not?" he asked.

"Extremely, especially the modern part; the other is only a picturesque ruin, and said to be haunted. I have heard there are extensive subterranean vaults beneath the building."

He started.

"Do you think they know of this?"

"Really I can't say," I returned, laughing; "anyhow I suppose they would not be alarmed at the idea."

"Had they a lady with them at Wiesbaden?" he inquired.

I was on my guard instantly, and replied coldly,—

"Miss Dalton was at Wiesbaden."

"Ah! a tall handsome girl with dark eyes and hair?"

"No, Miss Dalton has golden hair," I said, rather nettled at his inquisitiveness.

He smiled, and, turning away, addressed himself to Manvers.

"That is a curious fellow," I remarked to the latter, as we walked home together later on; "who is he?"

"As you know, my dear Cis, his name is Derrick Chalmers, though doubtless he has several *aliases*. He was brought up to the diplomatic service; was sent out to St. Petersburg on a secret mission, somehow got mixed up with the Nihilists, and disappeared; was heard of later on in Australia; that was some four or five years ago; since that we all thought he was dead, but, you see, he has turned up again; what he is now, heaven only knows."

"He seems a very good sort; shall we ask him down to shoot, Jack?—he would keep us alive."

Jack acquiesced heartily. I sent my invitation the next morning, and Chalmers readily accepted it. He and Manvers were to return with me to St. Mary's Cray the following week. I little knew when I asked him of the events that were to result from his visit, and to overshadow all my future.

IV.

It was September when we reached England after five months' absence, and glad enough I was to be home again. I had gone away an invalid, I returned fully restored to health, anticipating with a keen relish many a day's tramp over my own turnip-fields after the wily partridge, in which Jack and Derrick Chalmers thoroughly sympathised with me.

My home seemed doubly welcome to me; the servants were

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glad to have me back again, and we sat down to dinner that night the cheeriest little party possible. After we had gone to our rooms, I remembered I had left an important letter on the mantelshelf in the billiard-room, so went down again for it. Entering, my foot struck against something on the floor; I stooped and picked it up—it was Chalmers' note-case. I knew it, as I had been admiring the silver monogram on it before dinner. I found my letter, and was leaving the room, when my collie, aroused by my entrance, jumped against me, upsetting my candle. In my anxiety to save it, I dropped the note-case, and some of the contents fell to the ground. As I hastily replaced them, cursing myself for my carelessness, a vignette portrait of a lady riveted my gaze.

Could I be mistaken?

Was it possible that my eyes deceived me? It was the photograph of Ethel Dalton!

How well I knew the turn of that graceful head, the languid droop of the deep, soul-compelling eyes, the curve of the haughty nostril, the decided sweep of the mouth and chin! I stared at it in silence, aghast at my discovery, puzzled and surprised, yet with a horrible foreboding. At length I replaced it in the note-case, and walked upstairs to Chalmers' room; entering, I gave it him, merely saying where and how I had found it.

He favoured me with one of his curiously keen scrutinising glances, but I was quite equal to it, and again wishing him good-night, I retired, but not to sleep, for I was haunted by terrible misgivings which I could not shake off, in which Derrick Chalmers and Ethel Dalton were closely interwoven.

The next morning nothing was thought of but shooting; we were up betimes, and out with our guns before the early freshness of the day had departed.

Before starting, I wrote a short note, informing Miss Dalton of my return, and was agreeably surprised to find, upon reaching home in the evening after a first-rate day's sport, an invitation for myself and friends to dine at the Priory the following night, which we gladly accepted.

I had purposely avoided mentioning Chalmers' name in my letter, as I was anxious to see the meeting between himself and Ethel, for I was quite convinced that some secret understanding must exist between them.

The Priory was a fine old building, the ruined part being in the rear of the house, and approached by a bridge and an ancient gateway thrown across what was originally a moat, but was now filled in and levelled, and formed a most perfect tennis ground. The hall was a large one, containing a billiard-table. It was decorated in the modern antique style; and with old brocades, embroidered screens, palms, and Oriental hangings, certainly looked a charming resort.

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Miss Dalton came forward to meet us as we entered the drawing-room, seemingly more lovely than ever. She returned my pressure of the hand warmly, and I then introduced my friends to her. To my utter surprise, she greeted Chalmers as a complete stranger, and judging by their quiet unembarrassed manner, they evidently had not met before. Her father made us very welcome; there were no other ladies present, but several of our sporting neighbours, and we sat down to a perfectly appointed table, brilliant with rare flowers and antique silver; the repast itself left nothing to be desired, and our hostess surpassed in beauty and grace every other woman I had ever seen. During the evening I managed to draw her out on to the terrace, where a lovely moon flooded the landscape with silvery light; taking her unresisting hand in mine, I said softly,—

"Are you glad to see me again?"

She hesitated for an instant; then, "Yes, as a friend. You must never speak to me again as you did at Wiesbaden, or our acquaintance must cease entirely."

"You are cruel; why will you not believe that if we love one another, nothing can separate us?"

"Say no more," she replied, drawing her hand away; "now let us return, or we may be missed."

"One moment," I replied; "have you ever met Chalmers before to-night?"

She raised her eyes to mine, as if surprised.

"Never!"

"But I think he must know you."

"Indeed! I have never seen him before, to my knowledge."

"Strange," I murmured, gazing at her intently. Could she be deceiving me?

"What do you mean?" she asked, as if troubled.

"Do you know that he carries a photograph of yourself in his note-case?"

I can scarcely describe the change that came over her beautiful face at these words. She turned ashy-pale, staggered back, and would have fallen, had I not put my arm round her.

"What is it?" I cried, terrified at her pallor. "Are you ill? Ethel, my darling, tell me what is there between this man and you that can so unnerve you?"

She recovered herself with an effort; then, with a sudden impulse, turned, and flung her arms round my neck. "Tell me again," she whispered, "that you love me. I am very wretched, very miserable. At times I think I shall kill myself—but then I remember you."

Her voice died away, and her head sank on my breast.

Impetuous, hot-headed young fool that I was! I forgot that she had given me no reason for her extraordinary agitation, but, intoxicated by her beauty, I clasped her in my arms, and assured

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her a hundred times of my undying love for her. After a pause, she continued, "Sometimes I fancy what our life might be if we were together far away from here—just you and I, together—alone."

"And why should not that dream be realised?" I asked eagerly.

"I dare not—I dare not," she replied, looking round fearfully.

"Ethel, I know there is a secret in your life, but I love you so much that I am content to wait until you choose to tell me what it is. You say you are unhappy here; then let me be the one to give you happiness. At any time you like, I will take you away, and make you my wife."

I spoke with impassioned eagerness, and, as I ended, her lips met mine. Yet, at that supreme moment, I knew I was sealing my own death-warrant, that I was pledging myself to an act of madness against which my inner consciousness, my common-sense, rebelled.

Before she could reply, a figure approached us from the end of the terrace. It was Jim Dalton.

"You will excuse my interrupting you," he remarked curtly, "but, Brooke, we want you for pool, and as my sister is rather delicate, I think it as well she should go in."

His eyes met mine with a glare of unmistakable defiance and hatred, which astonished as well as annoyed me.

However, I said nothing; he drew Ethel's hand through his arm, and led the way to the drawing-room. As they entered, I fancied a faint cry of pain escaped her; later on I knew it to be a grim reality.

We found Chalmers turning over a portfolio of engravings in a corner of the room; some of the men had adjourned for billiards, and, excusing myself from playing, I went over to Derrick, and stood beside him, Miss Dalton having thrown herself in a lounging-chair near us. I thought she looked worried and anxious, and her colour had quite faded. Chalmers was full of admiration at the engravings. I discovered that he was a bit of an artist, and decidedly enthusiastic on the subject. Presently we came to an etching; it was a cottage interior, so finely, so exquisitely finished as to be quite marvellous. Chalmers did not join in my praise of it; he was very silent, and I found that his attention was fixed upon the representation of a florin, most delicately etched in one corner of the paper.

"Who is the artist here, Miss Dalton?" he asked presently, holding it up.

Ethel glanced at it, and started; then, after a slight hesitation, "I did that."

"You?" I exclaimed; "why, you have hidden your light under a bushel. I had no idea that you were capable of such work. It is wonderful."

"You see, you don't know everything, Cis," laughed Chalmers;

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"I'll be bound Miss Dalton had some good reason for concealing such a gift, for young ladies are not so reticent generally."

I was somewhat surprised at his words, and, on looking at Ethel, saw her flush crimson. She rose, took the drawing from us, and thrust it away beneath a pile of music; then turning, bowed coldly to Chalmers, and wished him good-night. To me she held out her hand, and for the first time I perceived upon her lovely rounded arm a deep crimson mark, as if the heavy gold bangle she wore had been pressed roughly into it. My heart swelled with pity and indignation, for I knew that her brother's grasp had hurt her, and it was with difficulty that I restrained my rage and disgust sufficiently to allow me to part with her calmly. As to Chalmers, I could willingly have cursed him for being present, for I longed for a few last words with my darling.

V.

It was after this that Chalmers gave up shooting, and took to long rambles with his sketch-book. I placed a pony at his disposal, and for a week he disappeared every day until dinner-time. He seldom showed us any results of his outings, but gave us to understand that he had Miss Dalton's permission to sketch the Priory for a picture in a magazine in which he was interested. I greatly envied him. I was so desperately in love with Ethel that I was inclined to be jealous of any one who approached her.

But I saw a good deal of her at the time, for scarcely an evening passed that we did not meet either at the Priory or at my house; and I regret to say that a considerable deal of my spare cash found its way into the pockets of the Daltons, *père et fils*.

It was after a hot night at cards that we sat in my billiard-room, smoking.

I was lost in thought, for we had dined at the Priory, and later on Ethel and I had stolen out into the garden; and there, after a long argument and much persuasion, she had at last consented to fly with me. I myself could not see the necessity for so much secrecy, but she had overruled my objections.

I was aroused by a remark from Manvers, the reverse of complimentary to our late host.

"I can't get it out of my head," said he, "that Jim Dalton is the man I saw convicted of forgery in Australia."

"You mean Reuben Turner," quietly put in Chalmers from a cloud of tobacco; "there certainly is a resemblance."

"What nonsense!" I exclaimed shortly.

"Certainly there seems to be plenty of money now, but I believe they are nothing but a set of sharpers," said Jack.

He had dropped a considerable sum at cards, and was evidently not in the best of tempers.

"If that is your opinion," I began hastily, quite forgetting that

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after all he was but endorsing my own ideas about them when at Wiesbaden, "it is a pity you accept their hospitality."

"Now, you boys, don't quarrel," said Chalmers; "they're not worth it. I could tell you some curious things about them, if I chose; however, it will all come out very soon."

"What on earth do you mean?" I exclaimed, my temper getting the better of my discretion. "And now I am on the subject, Chalmers, may I ask you why you carry Miss Dalton's portrait about with you?"

Chalmers seemed somewhat surprised, then a slow smile crept over his keen face.

"So I was not mistaken. You discovered that fact the night you found my note-case in the billiard-room."

"I did," I cried hotly; "it fell out by accident. I insist upon knowing why you have it."

He made no reply, but went on quietly rolling up a cigarette, and his calmness seemed to inflame my temper to boiling pitch.

Presently he said,—

"May I ask by what right you insist upon knowing this?"

"Because very shortly Miss Dalton will be my wife."

"Good God!" broke from both men simultaneously. The cigarette fell from Chalmers' fingers, while Jack stared at me as if I had suddenly taken leave of my senses. A silence fell upon us. Then a horrible fear, a nameless, intangible sense of dread seemed to clutch me. I staggered forward, and, seizing Derrick's arm, gasped out,—

"For God's sake tell me, what is it? You know if there is anything wrong. Tell me the truth, or by the heaven above us I'll make you!"

"I can tell you nothing now; but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow night you shall know all."

I laughed to scorn the idea of waiting till to-morrow. I felt that long before that time I should be a raving lunatic; but in vain I pleaded, I stormed, I threatened. Chalmers was immovable.

Jack got me away at last, and I spent the few hours before daylight in pacing up and down my room, maddened by conflicting doubts and fears, tortured by vain conjectures as terrible as I found the reality.

VI.

THE next night was dark and stormy. How I had passed the day I cannot now remember. I only know that every moment seemed an eternity of suffering. Chalmers was away from breakfast until dinner, and Manvers accompanied him.

When they returned, Derrick briefly told us to prepare to brave the elements, as he wished us to go with him to the Priory.

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We put on thick pea-coats and dark cloth caps, and at twelve o'clock started off in the dog-cart, Chalmers driving.

The rain came down in torrents, and it was as dark as Erebus. We pulled up at the police station just outside the village of Leeford, and the inspector, who evidently expected us, came out and said something in an undertone to Chalmers.

We alighted; taking a bull's-eye lantern, the latter signed to us to follow him.

"Look here, Chalmers," I said hastily, "I don't know what you are going to do, but I'm not a party to any underhand——"

"Silence!" replied he sternly; "if you do not wish to accompany me, you can stay here; nothing you can say or do will avail now."

"Shut up, Cis," growled Jack, taking my arm, "you can't do any good by talking, so we may as well see this thing through, and I must confess I am devoured with curiosity. I know something, but not all."

So Chalmers and the inspector led the way, not to the inhabited part of the Priory, but to the ruins; we entered a part of the grounds I had never visited, and there we halted, our lantern making a spot of faint light in the blackness of the night.

The inspector gave a low whistle, which was returned at some little distance.

We then went on through what seemed a thicket of brushwood and other undergrowth till we arrived at a heavy iron door almost concealed by overhanging creepers. I instantly concluded it must be the entrance to the subterranean vaults I had heard were connected with the house. Chalmers inserted a key into the lock, and we entered. Inside we found four men stationed, and noiselessly and on tip-toe we crept along a mouldy dank stone passage dripping with water, until we came to another iron door clamped with heavy iron bars. Here Chalmers again stopped and listened intently, when I was startled into nearly dropping the formidable stick I carried by hearing Ethel Dalton's silvery voice say within a short distance of me,—

"Hark! did you hear anything?"

"It is only those cursed rats," replied a deeper voice, which I recognised as that of her father.

At this moment I felt myself firmly seized by the arm, and Chalmers drew me into a recess where was another door, but smaller and less heavily constructed, and overgrown with mosses and lichen.

"Now," he said in a low undertone, "you may see for yourself what manner of people these Daltons are."

As he spoke he withdrew with the utmost care and noiselessness a brick from the masonry at the side, leaving exposed a small iron grating. I looked through, but for an instant my heart throbbed so madly that I could distinguish nothing; but presently

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a curious scene met my eyes. I saw a small vaulted stone apartment lighted by several candles. In one corner was a gas stove over which the elder Dalton was bending in the act of stirring something in a metal pot.

At a rough deal table were Ethel and her brother, busily engaged with some complicated machinery; the ring of metal sounded in my ears, and, indeed, prevented them from being aware of our close proximity; whilst a pile of bright sovereigns and other coins lay scattered about in all directions."

"What does it mean?" I whispered, whilst a terrible fear seemed to paralyse me.

"It means," whispered back Chalmers, "that they belong to a notorious gang of forgers and coiners who have eluded the police for more than two years; but we've caught them red-handed at last."

He looked round, whistled, then threw himself with all his force against the door, which, previously loosened from the masonry, fell inwards with a crash; in another instant we were in the room.

My first thought was to rescue Ethel; upon seeing us, she uttered a piercing shriek—a shriek which even now at times rings in my ears,—and flew to the door opening into the building. I hastened to assist her, but it was already guarded; we were too late.

As I endeavoured to thrust the constable aside, Jim Dalton, who was struggling with Chalmers, rushed at me; drawing a revolver, he exclaimed, "Devil! it is you who have betrayed us," there was a report—Ethel, with a cry for mercy, flung herself before me—the next moment she fell into my arms, mortally wounded. I but dimly remember what followed; I was aware of a severe struggle going on around me, of holding Ethel closely clasped and entreating her to speak to me; that for one brief instant her glazing eyes met mine as if mutely entreating forgiveness; then I heard another report, I was conscious of a stinging pain in my side; the room, the lights, swam round me in one blurred indistinct mist, then came a blank, and I fell to the ground insensible.

* * * * * * *

I was laid up for months with a bullet wound in my side from Dalton's revolver, and fever attendant on the shock I had received, and during that time the famous trial of the Turners, father and son, forgers and coiners, made a tremendous sensation.

Derrick Chalmers had met them in St. Petersburg, where they had kept a gambling-hell with the wretched woman whom I should have married, and who, it afterwards transpired, was young Turner's mistress. Finding the police on their track, they escaped to Australia, where the younger was convicted of forgery; he escaped from prison, and then it was that Chalmers, who had

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turned private detective for his own amusement, determined to unearth them.

It is needless to say that they were sentenced to life-long penal servitude.

As for the woman who was nearly making shipwreck of my life, she sleeps in a corner of the old churchyard at Leeford, and is at rest, I trust, for ever.

* * * * * * *

As I write these concluding lines, a soft warm arm steals round my neck, and a bright laughing face peeps into mine, as the voice I love best in all the world says, "When will you have finished that horrid scribbling? The luncheon gong has sounded these ten minutes, and I am so hungry!"

So you see, kind reader, I am a lonely bachelor no longer.

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MOLIÈRE.

A SKETCH

BY MARIE CORBETT KILBURN.

II.

THE history of Molière's married life is that of one long struggle between reason and passion. Over and over again he voluntarily closed the eyes from which the bandage had been ruthlessly torn, and when he could no longer refuse to recognise Armande's worthlessness, yet he loved her, and with a forbearance which intensified his own sufferings, while ceasing to treat her as his wife, still permitted her the shelter of his roof. Whether strictly authentic or not, the confession uttered by Molière, in *La Fameuse Comédienne*, to his friend, Chapelle, the man who "*loved*, but reasonably, and no more than common sense could sanction," portrays with a touching appearance of truth the turmoil of love and jealousy which such a life involved. "I took my wife almost from the cradle," he says, "and brought her up tenderly. I imagined that thus I could inspire her with feelings which time could not destroy, and neglected nothing to compass my end. When we married she was so young that I suspected no wrong tendencies, and believed myself more fortunate than most of those who contract such engagements, nor did I let my assiduity relax with marriage; but I found in her nothing but indifference, and I saw that my theories were vain, and her feelings for me far from realising my hopes of happiness." He tells of his first determination to live with her, as an honest man may with a coquette, retaining his own good name untarnished, and of the agony thus endured by a sensitive heart, and of the forbearance which still sheltered her, though not as his wife, from many of the snares of a vicious court. "But if you knew what I suffer," he adds, "you would compassionate me. When she is absent, I watch for her coming. When she is with me, my eyes follow her every movement; my passion has risen to such a point that I interest myself in her intrigues, and reflecting how impossible I find it to conquer my feelings for her, I could rather pity than blame her."

This, then, was the frame of mind which produced, first,

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Tartuffe, with its underlying vein of tragedy and scathing denunciations of the hypocrisy which eats like a canker into society; and, secondly, *Le Misanthrope*, the lofty nature whose tenderness never reaches its ideal, whose trust finds no foothold in a reeling world.

Various rumours of the identity of the personages of *Le Misanthrope* circulated in Paris, but the audience does not seem to have discerned that they stood before them, thinly veiled by their fictitious names: Alceste, Molière; Celimène, Armande; Eliane, Catherine Debrie; and the drama was not played out when the curtain fell.

In *L'Avare* and the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, Molière returned once more to pure comedy. His humorous exaggeration, rich comic fancy, and satires whose pungency merged into tolerant laughter, found their full scope again; and gay and venial Paris rejoiced that its follies were again to be ridiculed rather than scourged. At *Tartuffe* the Church—always sensitive to affront—had taken alarm, and the piece was for some time suppressed; and Molière was compelled to tack a farce to his programme to lure audiences to attend *Le Misanthrope*, bribed by the follies of *Sganarelle*.

In 1670 the company was permanently enriched by the accession of one of the most noteworthy actors who have ever trod the stage—*Baron*. He was born in 1653, the son of an Issoudun tradesman, his real name being Michel Boyron. His parents died while he was still young, and—his small capital once squandered—his guardians seemed to have found him an incubus. We next find him with a man and his wife named Raisin, who exhibited a marvellous spinet, whose powers even the king deigned to make trial of. Any tune played upon it was immediately repeated, the keys being apparently touched by some invisible agency. There were whispers of the black art, until one day the little Baron crept out of its recesses.

When Raisin died, the widow organised a juvenile troupe, and Molière lent his theatre for three days. The performance of little Baron attracted his attention, and from that day, despite the furious protestations of the widow Raisin, and much spiteful opposition from Armande, Molière treated the boy as a son, and trained him with the pains which his genius merited, but which he repaid with ingratitude.

Armande succeeded in driving the high-spirited boy from under Molière's roof for some years; but in 1670 he rejoined the company. Molière received him with open arms, and Armande did not disdain to spread for him the net of her fascinations, to which, alas, even loyalty to his benefactor could not render his vanity proof!

His fine features, free gestures, and superb presence on the stage, the dignity of his manner, the entire absence of conven-

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tionality in his acting, rank him with the highest masters of his art. Rousseau said of him :—

> "Du vrai, du pathétique, il a fixé le ton
> De son art enchanteur l'illusion divine,
> Prêtant un nouveau lustre aux beautés de Racine,
> Un voile aux défauts de Pradon."

And even Racine, when issuing instructions to other actors, said, "M. Baron, I leave you to yourself; your own heart will teach you more than my directions."

In society he was no less successful. Fine ladies conspired to caress and spoil him, the most exclusive doors swung wide to his touch, the social disability of the actor, about which the world babbled then as now, did not exist for him. In 1671, Molière, Corneille, Quinault, and Lulli, co-operated to produce the comedy ballet of *Psyche*, in which Baron played the part of "l'Amour," while Armande, reclining in a rosy shell—a very famous property in its day—represented "Psyche."

For some time previously Molière had been making strenuous efforts to reconcile himself to the circumstances of his life. He had purchased a small villa at Auteuil, to which he frequently retired to escape from home anxieties and theatrical responsibilities, which were beginning to undermine his health. There most of his later comedies were written, at first in the calm atmosphere of rural solitude, but latterly, not unfrequently, under the hardly less soothing influence of Catherine Debrie, who, to borrow a Wagnerian phrase, ever appeared in his life as the *leitmotif* of consolation. The spectacular ballet of *Psyche* (in which the wayward beauty appeared to the best advantage) seems to have been the means of renewing Armande's influence over him, and distress at the effect of his unhappiness upon his health induced Mademoiselle Debrie herself to represent to Armande his willingness to condone the past, and the probable result of her refusal. A reconciliation between the strangely-matched pair was once more arranged, and no further decided rupture seems to have occurred until Molière's death, two years later.

Les Femmes Savantes, which appeared the following year, seemed somewhat lacking in freshness, owing to the similarity of idea to that of *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, but nevertheless takes a high rank. The *rôle* of "Martine" was played, under her own name, by a servant of Molière's, of whose shrewd common sense and quick humour he had so high an opinion that he used to read to her scenes from his comedies, striking his pen through the passages where her laughter was unresponsive to his intention. Trissotin was quickly recognised as the Abbé Cotin, indeed Molière had somewhat cruelly inserted the poetasting Abbé's own verses; the laughter of the Palais Royal echoed through all Paris until the luckless ecclesiastic scarce dared show.

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In this same year appeared, for the first time, *Le Mercure Galant*, a lively periodical, whose list of contributors would catalogue the contemporary talent of Paris. "Never," it records, "in one year has the theatre produced such fine pieces. The famous M. Molière has not disappointed us of seeing a piece presented at the Palais Royal as only he can mount it. We have been much diverted there by these *Femmes Savantes;* by the raillery of a certain 'Henriette' (Mademoiselle Molière), and the silly fancies of a dreamer who imagines all the world to be in love with her, to say nothing of the master of the house, who is adamant when alone and wax when his wife appears, nor of M. Trissotin who, puffed up with knowledge and inflated with the honours which he considers his due, sees all the world lie beneath him. The ridiculous infatuation of a woman, spoilt by study, for M. Trissotin is not less amusing—an infatuation which might have endured but for the ingenious artifices of a lost law suit which brings the piece to a conclusion."

"This play," it adds, "draws all Paris; it is full of wit, of happy expressions, and audacious turns of phrase. Every one finds applications in the comedy. A quarrel of the author's eight years ago with a man of letters, whom they pretend to recognise in M. Trissotin, has given rise to reports. M. Molière has, however, justified himself in a harangue, and if the original be as wise as they say, he need not be troubled, it will make his merit show to greater advantage, and rouse a wish to read his books and hear his sermons."

The lively journal from which we cull this fragment of contemporary criticism records, in a later issue, the journeying of the Archbishop of Paris to Versailles in his character of Director of the French Academy, and tells how M. d'Anjean entertained the prelate and his brother Academicians "with the exception of M. Cotin, for fear we should think he was come to complain to the king of the comedy of M. Molière." "Surely," it adds, with a flash of irony, "this biting sarcasm could not be levelled at a man whose works have met with such general approbation as 'Paraphrases pour le Cantiques des Cantiques'! We do not allude to his 'Vers Galants,' of which there are many editions; they are trifles, which afford relaxation from the profession he has adorned with so much austerity."

But we approach the end.

In 1763 Molière produced *Le Malade Imaginaire* on the 10th of February. On the 17th of the same month, having with difficulty sustained the evening's fatigues, he begged Baron to give him an arm home. Before Armande could be summoned he was dead!

He died, as he had lived, an actor. No priest could be found to give him the last consolations of religion, and the Archbishop of Paris denied him interment in consecrated ground. The

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king, however,—persistently invoked by Lagrange and Armande—intervened, and burial was granted him in the cemetery of St. Joseph, provided the funeral be strictly free from rite or ceremonial. The restriction added to the solemnity of the pageant; the procession by night, the silent multitudes lining the quiet streets; the flickering torches, borne by hundreds of Molière's friends—a muster of illustrious names. Amidst an almost awestruck hush the great moralist of the stage was laid in that last resting place, so bitterly grudged him by the bigots of the Church.

After his death his widow and Lagrange reorganised the troupe, and—despite of being ousted from their theatre by Lulli's Opera Company, and many other adverse contingencies—gained a fair amount of success in a theatre in the Rue Guenegaud. In 1680 the king commanded the "Troupe du Marais" to coalesce with that of Mademoiselle Molière—recently remarried to M. Guérin—and granted a State subvention of £12,000, the united company assuming the now world-famed title of the "Comédie Française"—which thus may be said to have sprung from the ashes of Molière.

Some years before his death he had been offered a chair in the Academy on the condition of renouncing his profession, and the honour was, therefore, declined. One hundred years later the Academicians placed his bust in their hall with the inscription:—

"Rien ne manque à sa gloire ; il a manqué à la notre."

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TO MARGUERITE.

BY L. W. LYDE.

I AM alone; and all is still.
Already love's good-night is pressed
On tired lips that soon will rest;
And I have watched the night, until
The darker mood has left my eyes;
And there is peace; and I would sing;
But I am loath to touch a string,
Which you might welcome—might despise.
    Hereafter, when the lights are low,
    I'll take my pen again, and write:
    It may be that the overflow
    Of sadder thoughts will suit the night.

For somewhere long ago I read
How shadows always fall behind;
And, as I turned the page, I said,
"But when the sun has all declined,
And yet the moon is dim, why then
No shadows will be seen at all;
For underneath the one dark pall
Are deeply hidden things and men."
    Thus darkness can interpret best
    My mental shadows, and can fling
    A restful shade on the unrest
    Of one who would, but cannot, sing.

For I am grieved at my mischance;
I did my best, but I was tired;
I thought to win a kindly glance
By having done as you desired;

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And I have failed. 'Tis nothing new.
I should have wearied of the load
Of failures; but my heart has glowed
With some successes; yet 'tis true:—
It will not matter in the years,
Whether our lives were sad or not.
We soon forget, and are forgot;
Time cannot stop to count up tears.

And yet at times a vague regret
Is with us—for the charm mislaid,—
The faded piece of mignonette,—
The hazel spray, which only played
Above a woman's heart, and thus
Is yet remembered; while the dell,
Where others bloomed, browned, and fell,
Is nameless,—like to most of us.
Chance singles out the one for fame;
And sunshine smiles an hour on him:
The others never have a claim
On memory. 'Tis fortune's whim.

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THE PLAIN FACT ABOUT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

BY MARIE A. BROWN.

"FACTS are facts!" is the frequent assertion of the materialistic mind of to-day, uttered with a vehemence and incisiveness meant to be unanswerable. This heavy sentence is hurled like a missile at sentiment, poetry, theory, ideas, or whatever else may be styled vague abstractions by the practical-minded, whenever they present themselves. Well and good; there is not the slightest fault to be found with this; it were well if one-half of society were tried and true soldiers at their post, to demand this pass-word "facts are facts" from the other half, individually, as they came in sight; this would do much toward setting the world right. But the trouble is facts are not facts, save in the most abstract and least applied of theories, but "notions," whether old-fashioned or new, compounded of sentiment, vagaries, poetry, tradition, half-read and half-digested history, for the most part rule the thought and conduct of the very persons who declare facts to be facts with the strongest emphasis. It is needless to say that facts upset the mental equilibrium of such persons, and are correspondingly hated and opposed.

Half in apology to this large class, a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, in the year 1838, at the time when that magazine and the *North American Review*, the *New York Review*, the *National Quarterly Review*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and others, together with the Royal Geographical Society, were setting forth the claims to probability of the unlooked-for statements in regard to the discovery of America, contained in the work just published by Professor Charles Christian Rafn, under the auspices of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, in Copenhagen, "Antiquitates Americanæ." The writer in question, after concurring with the others that the statements referred to were undeniable facts, says:

"We daresay that there are many who will learn with no less chagrin than surprise, that the discovery of America was made five centuries before Columbus. The fame of a hero is held so sacred by the bulk of mankind, that but little popularity can be expected to attend the historical justice which threatens in anywise to obscure it."

Here it is again a matter of sentiment: sentiment retaining its hold in weeping defiance of facts. But would it not be humili-

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ting in the extreme to be forced to confess that Europe and the United States were entirely controlled by their sentiment in so grave a question as this? If indeed, as affirmed in the article on the subject in the *North American Review*, "no single event in the history of civilisation is of equal importance with the discovery of America," facts ought to be an object of desire so intense as to do away with sentiment and all romantic attachment to Columbus as a personal hero.

But, it is urged, there is strong historical evidence in support of the belief that Columbus discovered America. To this it may be replied that much has been written in the guise or form of history, and in that form accredited, which has to be confronted with information about the event it treats of, derived from the native source of the event and from minds absolutely constrained by their peculiar surroundings to observe closely and to relate accurately. The Icelandic historians, whether as *scalds*, *sagamen*, or transcribers, are especially noted for accuracy and reliability. Professor P. E. Müller, an undoubted authority, shows that the greater portion of the early *sagor* may be depended upon as faithful historical narratives, and in regard to the authenticity of the *sagor* bearing upon the event now under consideration, there is a mass of testimony which will be gleaned from after the assumed historical evidence has been duly weighed. The historical works treating of the discovery of America, and Columbus as a man, can be broadly classified as the productions of two nationalities, the northern and southern, and differ as widely from each other as these nationalities in themselves differ. The southern, as the heretofore accepted version, takes precedence in this connection. The local historians, the Italian or Spanish, were, whether I cite Buckle, Lecky, Llorente, Aaron Goodrich, or dozens of other authors, men under the strict control of the Church of Rome, or as Lord Klingsborough succinctly states: "The writing of history, as far as regards the New World, was by the law of Spain restricted to men in priestly orders." Aaron Goodrich, in his valuable work, "History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus," gives a list of the licenses that were required from the inquisitors, the Supreme Council of the Indies, etc., etc., for an historical work on either of these subjects, and adds:

"Such was the tyranny which weighed upon historical writers; and it is not difficult to perceive how all these censors would deal partially with Columbus. By representing himself as the chosen of God, the champion of the Christian religion, carrying the light of the Gospel to heathen nations, by performing the smallest acts with affectation of religious ceremony, by inserting scriptural and religious sentences in his most trivial letters, by recounting miracles and interviews with God, by giving, in fact, a religious colouring to all his acts, he became the *protegé* of the Church, which has continued through all after centuries to regard him as one of her most zealous votaries, and is now strenuously urged to place him among her saints."

J. J. Barry, a Roman Catholic author, who has written a "Life of Columbus," compiled from the French of Roselly de Lorgues,

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one of the principal biographers of the Genoese mariner, writes with characteristic ecstasy: "We declare before God, who knows it, and before men who do not know it, that Christopher Columbus was a saint;" and in dwelling on the circumstance of Pope Alexander VI. deeding the continent of America, the hemisphere, in fact, to the Crown of Spain, says that

"The question is not concerning an international interest, or of an affair to regulate for Castile, but about interests of vital importance to catholicity, to the salvation of souls, and to the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ . . . and here we see visibly the participation of the Church in the discovery,"

all of which goes to confirm Goodrich's words. D. Gio. Batista Spotorno, another of the principal biographers, who also edited the "Memorials of Columbus," a collection of authenic documents, bursts forth:

"Here we have at last the documents of that great man to whom we are indebted for the New World, . . . a treasure which contains the diplomatic history of the discovery of America, and of Christopher Columbus: that is, of the most memorable event which had occurred for ages, and of a hero who reflects the highest honour on Genoa, on Italy, and on Europe."

Still, with all this, Barry is not satisfied, and regrets extremely that certain four writers, Spotorno, Washington Irving, Navarrete, and Alex. von Humboldt, have, as he expresses it, "obtained the monopoly of the history of Columbus," and accuses them of having "deceived themselves and deceived us," and argues that "athwart the prejudices of sect, they could not judge soundly of the spirit and the acts of the man in whom the most ardent catholicity was personified." Coupled with this regret is the still keener one that "the rest of Europe," as he is frank enough to admit,

"And particularly France, attached no serious importance to the person of Columbus or to his superhuman work, and nobody thought of writing his history. . . . Among those encyclopædists, who, according to their title, knew all the sciences, not one of them appreciated Columbus or the grandeur of his work."

Padra Arbarca, another Romish writer, considers that

"The discovery of a new world, first offered to the kings of Portugal and England, was reserved by heaven for Spain, being *forced* in a manner on Ferdinand, in recompense for the subjugation of the Moors and the expulsion of the Jews;"

and these authors collectively show the view taken by the south in general of a discovery, the genuineness of which does not seem to be invalidated in the slightest degree in their eyes by the fact that the Church, whose behests they obey in extolling Columbus, *as first discoverer of the western continent*, had been in so far aware of a previous discovery of this land as to have appointed a succession of bishops to Greenland for two hundred and fifty years, several of whom also went to Vinland, one even as late as 1347; Bishop Erik Upsi went there in 1121. Seventeen of these bishops are named, and in the two settlements in Greenland there were collectively one cathedral, fifteen churches, and three or four monasteries.

To turn to the most eminent American biographer of Columbus,

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Washington Irving, we find a faith in the object of his biography and his achievement scarcely reconcilable with such an admission as the following:

"There is no great improbability, however, that such enterprising and roving voyagers as the Scandinavians may have wandered to the northern shores of America, etc.; and, if the Icelandic manuscripts, said to be of the thirteenth century, can be relied upon as genuine, free from modern interpolation, and correctly quoted, they would appear to prove the fact."

He also states directly that "he has not had the means of tracing this story to its original sources," and seems entirely unaware that he is tracing the act of discovery to its original sources by quoting Columbus' own words in reference to his visit to Iceland, the whole extract published by his son Fernando from one of his letters. This was in 1477, only eighty years after the narratives of the Norse voyages had been committed to writing; and only one hundred and thirty years after the last voyage to Vinland. The American historian, Prescott, seems greatly mystified over this trip to Iceland, and in a footnote to his "Ferdinand and Isabella" says:—

"It is singular that Columbus, in his visit to Iceland in 1477, should have learned nothing of the Scandinavian voyages to the northern shores of America in the tenth and following centuries; yet, if he was acquainted with them, it appears equally surprising that he should not have adduced the fact in support of his own hypothesis of the existence of land in the west; and that he should have taken a route so different from that of his predecessors in the path of discovery."

There is a declaration, however, in the prospectus of Professor Rafn's work, "Antiquitates Americanæ," to the effect that "it was the knowledge of the Scandinavian voyages, in all probability, which prompted the expedition of Columbus." Bancroft, the leading American historian, chooses to ignore the Norse discovery of America altogether, and is severely criticised for this opinion by Rev. Edmund F. Slafter, the president of the Prince Society in Boston. In his introduction to N. L. Beamish's translation of the voyages of the Northmen to America, published by that society, he says:

"Mr. Bancroft, in the earliest of his 'History of the United States,' treats the alleged Icelandic voyages to this continent as a myth, and in his last, has not in any degree modified his sweeping statements of distrust. We are not aware that any other distinguished historian has reached the same conclusion."

On the contrary; the list of the advocates of the Norse view of the question is astonishingly brilliant, and as a little preparation for the testimony of the most noted man among them, Alexander von Humboldt, nothing can be better than these words of Mr. Slafter's:—

"In treating of the discovery of America the author refers to the voyages of the Northmen to this continent as a matter of settled history. He does not even offer an apology or suggest a doubt. The vast learning, just discrimination, and sound sense of this distinguished scholar, give great weight to his opinions on any subject."

In the second volume of the "Cosmos" much space is devoted to this subject, but the introductory lines are all-sufficient:

"Although the acquaintance of the nations of Europe with the western part of the

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earth is the main subject of our consideration in this section, and that around which the numerous relations of a more correct and a grander view of the universe are grouped, we must yet draw a strong line of separation between the undoubted first discovery of America, in its northern portions, by the Northmen, and its subsequent rediscovery in its tropical regions. Whilst the Caliphate still flourished under the Abassides at Bagdad, and Persia was under the dominion of the Samanides, whose age was so favourable to poetry, America was discovered in the year 1000 by Leif, the son of Eric the Red, by the northern route, and as far as 418° 30′ north latitude."

After a *resumé* of some of the chief facts contained in Rafn's work, he continues:

"This tract, which was named by Leif the 'Good Vinland' ("Vinland it Goda"), comprised the coast line between Boston and New York, and consequently parts of the present States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, between the parallels of latitude of Civita-Vecchia and Terracina, which, however, correspond there only to mean annual temperatures of 47°·8 and 52°·1."

This in itself, not to speak of hundreds of pages of like testimony, would justify Toulmin Smith in the conclusions he arrives at, namely, that

"Columbus was *not* the discoverer of America; he was *not* the first visitant to her shores; his act was *not* so perilous, or complete, or adventurous a one as the oft-repeated acts of the Northmen; nor was his actual knowledge of the country in any degree so exact, while all his ideas concerning it were purely erroneous."

He writes with deep enthusiasm, and asks at the close:

"Shall the Northmen be deprived, then, of the well-deserved meed of honour and glory which is so justly due to them, for their bold and enterprising achievements, for their often-repeated explorations, and for their early but accurate knowledge of these distant regions?"

Goodrich goes even farther in his comparison of the value of the two achievements:

"If the discovery by Columbus in 1492 of the islands of San Salvador and San Domingo was the discovery of the continent of America, then the discovery and permanent colonisation of Iceland and Greenland, six hundred years before by the Scandinavians, was also the discovery of that continent; the portion of mainland coasted by Columbus was avowedly but small, and he professed to be in Asia. The Northmen, on the contrary, visited all of the eastern coast of America, from the extreme north to Florida, formed settlements, and for centuries carried on commerce with the products of what are now the most civilised, populous, and enlightened portions of America; and the American might well feel relief and pride at the knowledge that the first of his race to touch upon his native shores were the heroic Norsemen."

Benjamin Franklin, strange to say, obtained his knowledge of the Norse discovery from a pupil and follower of the great botanist Linnæus, Professor Per Kalm, who was on a scientific journey through the United States in 1748, and in his letter to Mr. Mather, dated London, July 7th, 1773, says this about it:

"About twenty-five years since, Professor Kalm, a learned Swede, was with us in Pennsylvania. He contended that America was discovered by their northern people long before the time of Columbus; which, I doubting, he drew up and gave me some time afterwards a note of those discoveries, which I send you enclosed. It is his own handwriting, and his own English; very intelligible for the time he had been among us. The circumstances give the account a great appearance of authenticity."

Thomas Carlyle does not say much on the subject, but it is to the point:

"Towards the end of this Hakon's reign it was that the discovery of America took place (985). Actual discovery, it appears, by Eric the Red, an Icelander; concerning which there has been abundant investigation and discussion in our time."

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Another eminent English author, Samuel Laing, to whom we are indebted for a translation of that great work of Snorre Sturleson's, the "Heimskringla," a chronicle of the kings of Norway (which also contains something about the Norse discovery), contributes very strong testimony:

"The discovery of America, or Vinland, in the eleventh century, by the same race of enduring, enterprising seamen, is not less satisfactorily established by documentary evidence than the discovery and colonisation of Greenland; but it rests entirely upon documentary evidence, which cannot, as in the case of Greenland, be substantiated by anything to be discovered in America. . . . All that can be proved, or that is required to be proved, for establishing the priority of the discovery of America by the Northmen, is that the saga or traditional account of these voyages in the eleventh century was committed to writing at a known date, viz., 1387 and 1395, in a manuscript of unquestionable authenticity, of which these particular sagas or accounts relative to Vinland form but a small portion; and that this known date was eighty years before Columbus visited Iceland to obtain nautical information, viz., in 1477, when he must have heard of this written account of Vinland, and it was not till 1492 that he discovered America. This simple fact established on documents altogether incontrovertible, is sufficient to prove all that is wanted to be proved, and is much more clearly and ably stated by Thormod Torfœus, the great antiquary of the last century, than it has been since, in his very rare little tract, 'Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ,' 1707."

As introductory to his translation of the voyages of the Norsemen to America, N. L. Beamish says:—

"Nor should it be forgotten that Columbus visited Iceland in 1477, when, having had access to the archives of the island, and ample opportunity of conversing with the learned there through the medium of the Latin language, he might easily have obtained a complete knowledge of the discoveries of the Northmen; sufficient, at least, to confirm his belief in the existence of a western continent. How much the discoveries of the distinguished Genoese navigator were exceeded by those of the Northmen will appear from the following narratives."

W. C. Bryant, in his "Popular History of the United States," "affirms that these sagas were reduced to writing by diligent and studious men; inestimable treasures laid up for the use of future historians." Prior even to this, in the year 1076, Adam of Bremen proclaimed the fact of the Norse discovery, and a Danish translation of his book was published a few centuries later. He heard the account from the Danish king, Sveyn Estrithson, a nephew of Canute the Great, and what he says will bear quoting again, familiar as it is to all who have studied this subject:

"The same king has besides told us of the discovery of still another land in the midst of the ocean, which is called Vinland, because the grapes grow there spontaneously and give the most glorious wine; also grain, without being sowed, grows there in abundance. This is no fabulous representation, but is founded on the reliable communications of the Danes."

A Danish translation of the "Heimskringla" was published in 1594, but the work was written in Icelandic in the thirteenth century; thus Snorre Sturleson was the next early writer after Adam of Bremen to confirm the fact of the Icelandic voyages to America; Ortelius did the same in 1570, claiming for the Norsemen the merit of being the first discoverers of the New World, and an English translation of that was published in London in 1606. Prior to that, however, in the years 1387-1395, the narratives of the voyages were written. These, together with

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a number of other *sagor*, are contained in the famous manuscript, "Codex Flatoiensis," said to be one of the most beautiful works of penmanship in Europe, and is still kept in a high state of preservation among the archives of Denmark. It was for a long time lost, but in about 1650 Bishop Swendson of Skalholt purchased it from the owner, Jonas Torfeson—whether he was the finder or not does not appear—in behalf of King Frederic III. The manuscript, as described by Laing, "is in large folio, beautifully written on parchment;" the two important *sagor* relating to the discovery of America are that of Eric the Red and Thorfinn Karlsefne, and on these two *sagor*, according to all the authorities, "rests all the essential evidence which we have relating to the voyages of the Northmen to America." That these documents are considered sufficient evidence has already been seen. Mr. Slafter says of them:

"Both of these documents are declared, by those qualified to judge of the character of ancient writings, to be authentic, and were clearly regarded by their writers as narratives of historical truth."

Torfœus derived his information from these original sources, which he obviously considered authentic, and it is these same documents which have been published, with a Danish and Latin translation, in Professor Rafn's work; Baron von Humboldt bases his statements on these, and so do all the authors on this subject. A well-deserved tribute has been paid by the Royal Geographical Society of London to the society that has laboured so indefatigably to proclaim this great truth to the world:

"The labours of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, at Copenhagen, have long since obtained for them an honourable station in the republic of letters, but the recent publication of the work named 'Antiquitates Americanæ,' entitles them to the gratitude of the whole civilised world."

The Danish Government has also been very active in this grand cause, and Torfœus himself was sent to Iceland in 1662 by Frederic III. to collect manuscripts, and in 1685, it is alleged, "Christian V. forbade the sale of them to any foreigner."

But to return to Columbus and his motives for visiting Iceland. It is not to be supposed for an instant, after consideration of all the circumstances, that Columbus went to Iceland—a voyage of no small difficulty even in these modern times—for some unknown purpose, or with no definite design whatsoever, and that he accidentally heard of the Norse voyages after he got there. While there was still less occasion in the eleventh century than in the fifteenth for the people of southern Europe to visit or explore the north, or even to inquire about it, the inhabitants of the French, Spanish, Italian, and even Grecian ports could not very well fail to hear of any maritime exploit of the Scandinavians, whose home was the sea, and who carried on commerce with the whole known world. Indeed, in the "Heimskringla" one reads of the journeys of the Vikings even to

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Constantinople and Jerusalem, while the most expert summer tourists in our day are clumsiness itself, in getting through Norway, compared to the ancient inhabitants of that intricate land. This indomitable race, who really seem "our superiors," as Henry Wheaton says, "in the arts both of war and of peace," once visited Spain, and the trip is thus described by the same author:

"From Gaul the Northmen crossed to Spain (A.D. 827), where they came in contact with the Arab conquerors, and penetrated as far as Seville, the fortifications of which they demolished. The votaries of Odin prevailed over those of Mohammed; and, proceeding southward, they passed the outlet of the Mediterranean."

After this experience with them, the inhabitants of Spain were not likely to soon forget the men from the North; and the narrow escape of Rome from falling into the hands of Hastings, who was bent on putting the crown of Rome on Björn Jernsida's head, that "all the kingdoms of the world, which lay open to them, might behold their glory," naturally served to keep the memory of them warm among the inhabitants of Italy. Both of these events occurred in the ninth century; at the close of the tenth America was discovered, and very early in the eleventh Gudrid, the wife of the distinguished man, Thorfinn Karlsefne, who, with a hundred or more followers, attempted the first regular settlement in Vinland, made a pilgrimage to Rome, where she related to the holy fathers the experiences she had had during her three years' stay in the new land. After this she became a nun, and disclosed no particulars, as a matter of course, concerning her stay in Rome; these must be inferred from the results. Then came Adam of Bremen's book, in 1076, and as he was a canon in high repute, and his book was in Latin, the contents of it, one can be sure, were noted, especially as both he and his wide circle of readers were vitally interested in the recent conversion of the North, in the year 1000, to Christianity. Leif had long since been empowered by the Norwegian king, Olof Tryggvason, to convert the two colonies at Greenland, and, as has already been stated, the Church provided bishops for these remote settlements and for Vinland, too, and intercourse was kept up between the Old World and the New until 1347.

How, then, could Columbus help knowing about the Norse discovery and where all the records were kept? The man with whom he is known to have conferred there, Bishop Magnus, of Skalholt, had previously been Abbot of the Monastery of Helgofell, the place where the oldest documents, relating to the land Columbus was so eager to reach, had been kept, and which also happened, strangely enough, to have been the very district whence the Norse voyagers sailed. Commended to this bishop, as Columbus undoubtedly must have been, and brought in contact with a frank, open-hearted, extremely hospitable people like the Icelanders, what could prevent the crafty Italian from

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possessing himself of the fullest particulars concerning the previous voyages of discovery? The Swedish historian, Holmberg, calls attention to the fact that Columbus must have met the descendants of those who first made said discovery, and so obtained fresh intelligence concerning the great land in the west. The Icelanders have always been celebrated for having the best memory of any people in the world; even now, as related by Samuel Kneeland, an American author, who, in company with Bayard Taylor, Cyrus Field, Eirikr Magnussen, and other distinguished gentlemen, visited Iceland at the time of her Millennial Celebration:

"The common people are well acquainted with their own and other national histories, ancient and modern; they know all about the early discovery of America by the Northmen, five centuries before Columbus, while very few of us, until recently, knew any more of Iceland than we did of the South Pole or the wilds of Africa."

Accordingly it is not to be supposed that the Icelanders, only one hundred and thirty years after the last voyage, had lost interest to such a degree that the Vinland voyages had ceased to be the subject of conversation. Besides, here was a foreigner from the South, entertained at their social hearth, and eager and curious, as no man had ever been before, to hear all that could possibly be said about these voyages! How could those upright folk comprehend his design, the extent of the advantage that his mercenary mind coveted?

He succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes; kept his visit to Iceland a most profound secret, never divulging it except in those few guarded words to his son, and as his part of the reward for *the discovery of the New World*, claimed to be made admiral of the seas and countries that he was about to discover, this dignity to be held for life, and to descend to his heirs; to be made viceroy of all the continents and islands; to have a tenth part of the profits of all merchandise whether pearls, jewels, or any other things that might be found, gained, bought, or exported from the countries that he was about to discover, etc., etc. As for his adopted country, "the Spanish sovereigns," in Irving's graphic words, "in the midst of their rejoicings, lost no time in taking every measure necessary to secure their new acquisitions;" in short, they applied to the Pope. A fraction of a clause in the pontiff's voluminous official reply will show how Spain profited by the Norse discovery of America:—

"We of our own motion, and not at your solicitation, nor upon petition presented to Us upon this subject by other persons in your name, but of our pure free will and certain knowledge, and with the plenitude of apostolic power, by the authority of God omnipotent granted to Us through blessed Peter, and of the vicarship of Jesus Christ, which we exercise upon earth, by the tenor of the presents give, concede, and assign for ever to you, and to the kings of Castile and Leon, your successors, all the islands and mainlands discovered and which may hereafter be discovered, towards the west and south, with all their dominions, cities, castles, places, and towns, and with all their rights, jurisdictions, and appurtenances, whether the lands and islands found, or that shall be found, be situated towards India or towards any other part whatsoever

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and we make, constitute, and depute you, and your aforesaid heirs and successors, lords of them, with full, free, and absolute power and authority and jurisdiction." . . .

Goodrich can truly say: "The Norsemen were actuated by motives far different from those of Columbus, for they did not come in search of gold or slaves."

Partial as Irving is to the much-extolled man, he is obliged to say that

"In his eagerness to produce immediate profit, and to indemnify the sovereigns for those expenses which bore hard upon the royal treasury, he sent likewise about five hundred Indian prisoners, who, he suggested, might be sold as slaves at Seville."

"It is painful" (he remarks) "to find the brilliant renown of Columbus sullied by so foul a stain, and the glory of his enterprises degraded by such flagrant violations of humanity."

Happily for Americans, their land is now proven to have been discovered by men of a very different stamp, men to whom many high-minded authors, with one accord, attribute the spirit and freedom of our institutions, our religious and political rights. To proclaim the truth of this great *Norse* achievement, and to celebrate it as it deserves, becomes the highest duty not only of the people of the American Republic, but of every nation of Scandinavian descent.

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GUNNER BILLIAM.

BY WALTER M. WATKINS-PITCHFORD.

I.

THE midday sun was blazing down upon the parade, making the whitewash a dazzling blank, and the broken bits of glass among the gravel flashing jewels. The eye could not endure the steady glare or the innumerable splashes of radiance, and dwelt gratefully upon the expanse of rusty grass which stretched away in front to the belt of olive-green foliage at the far side of the Common. Against this background stood out like fire the scarlet coats of some signallers, spasmodically flickering their little white dots far out in the sun. Two men, shading their eyes with their right hands, were standing erect at the corner of the grass closely watching the signals, which another was noting in the book which he held, while two others, with flags caught up loosely over the staves hanging by their sides, were awaiting their turn to exert themselves. A sixth, holding his blue-barred flag across horizontally in front of him, was now and again swooping it back and across with a vigorous flap, or dipping it with sudden jerks at the word of the sergeant in charge of the group. Further away a line of twelve or thirteen recruits in patrol jackets, with black blots of shadow at their feet, were going through the carbine exercise in obedience to the orders of a corporal, who was sitting upon an old howitzer in the shade, chewing a straw, and keeping a languid look out for any passing officer.

On the right, in front of the gun sheds, was a row of six guns, their burnished felloes glittering in bright relief against the leaden-coloured wheels. Two men in unbuttoned kharki jackets were creeping over and under the nearest of these guns, wiping and polishing it, punctuating their task with leisurely straightenings of their backs and deliberate wipes across their glistening foreheads with the gun-cloths they wielded.

On the dusty Common some grasshoppers were whirring and chirking, and every now and then a vehicle would rumble along the distant road beneath a little cloudy pillar, or a horse would utter, from his cool stall within the white stables at the extreme left of the parade, a call not easily distinguished from the

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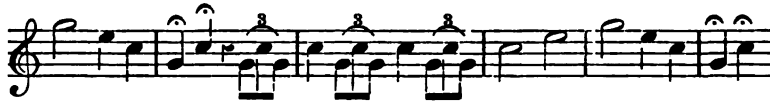
wheezing blare of a practising bugle, which was wandering beerily over the common chord of C in the effort to master the "Alarm."



The performer, however, did not play it so. The top note was uncertain in pitch and duration, and generally put in an appearance some seconds after it was due; but there was no appreciable hiatus in the melody, owing to the forethought of the horse afore-mentioned, who regularly filled in the pause with a precision which did the beast great credit.

Presently, one of the men who were cleaning the gun reared himself up, looked wistfully over in the direction of the canteen, pushed his forage cap over one ear, and scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Say, Chummy, jes' take thissere bottle, an' run dahn to ole Goggles, an' arsk 'im for arf a bottle o' oil, will yer? We've bin arf the mornin' on thissere bloomin' gun, an' it ain't done yet."

Chummy emerged from beneath the wheels of the carriage, red with exertion and stooping, a young fellow of twenty or thereabouts, with a good-humoured freckled face, and hands which looked unused to such work.

"All right," he said, "I'll go. He's down at that place by the chapel, I suppose, isn't he?"

"Yas. Same place's you went to yessday," replied the other, who was a big round man with a ham-coloured, clean-shaven face, from which a stiff yellow moustache stuck out like a brush, "an' jess button up that there patrol afore ye stawt."

The man, known among his comrades by the alliterative cognomen of Billiam Billiams (*alias* Billy the Bruiser), watched the retreating figure of his comrade until it disappeared through a gateway. Then, thrusting his cleaning wad into the bore of the gun, he betook himself towards the canteen at a smart walk.

The absence of these two men removed the only elements of activity in the scene. The file of recruits had ceased its evolutions, and the men, in various positions of ease, were listening to the voice of the corporal which came drowsily out from the shadow of the gun.

"Well, as oi was tellin' ye, the noight was dorruk as pitch. Ye coddn't see yer hand hild up to yer nose, an' the air was as hot as the dhivil himself. Oi kipt gropin' an' grabbin' wid me jungleshtick to say hwere oi was; but sorra bit cod oi till at all, though oi knew be the fale o' the gravel ondther me fut oi was on the parade. Allinaminnit oi hurrud the clock shtrikin' the half-hour, an' before oi cod turrun the tong in me hid to shwear, out jumped a flash close to me face, an' bang wint the first post gun.

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Whin I got up on my ligs agin I went to fale my way wid me shtick, but I found it was all blown to smitheranes, an' the buttons ripped aff me jacket. Yas."

"Don't ye think ye cod shtick us a wet, owld hymn-buk puncher? It's dhry worruk shtandin' up thryin to tache a lot o' SQUAD! 'SHON!" said the speaker, suddenly springing to his feet with a remarkable exhibition of energy. "Shteady there, ye talla-faced lollypop!" This in a husky undertone to the hymn-book puncher, who was nervously buttoning his jacket. "Showder! Om! Ouder! Om! To athur arrums from the showlder, saize yer carrabin wid yer lift hand, little finger in loine wid——Shtand stiddy a moment till Captain Hackle passes ye." The cause of this sudden accession of animation walked sharply past the squad. He was a spare, sandy-haired young artillery captain, with small restless eyes, and an aggressive briskness in his bearing. He acknowledged the salute of Corporal Milligan with a sharp wave of his cane, and held on his way towards the row of guns. Arrived there, he looked around for the limber gunners, and then, turning his attention to the guns which had been washed, and stood each in its little oasis of damp gravel among the dust, he examined the limbers and limber boxes with their spanners, clippers, and bright brass tools, inspecting the sights and the burnished felloes of the wheels, with no great degree of satisfaction manifested in his countenance.

Then, picking his way gingerly between the muddy pools to the unfinished gun, he surveyed the buckets and sponges with an air of irritation, which was by no means allayed by the sight of the dusty oil on the elevating screw.

"I shall report the filthy state of this gun," he said to himself, and as he stooped to look under the trail for the mud of last field-day, the officer of him became merged in the man.

Just at this ignoble juncture there shot out from behind the gun-shed, close at hand, the figure of the returning Billiam, trotting along with moist hilarity. He had evidently made good use of his time, or had been paying previous visits to the canteen, for his goings were none of the steadiest, and his face wore a rapt smile as if an angel spake with him. At the sight of the bending figure before him his countenance became irradiate, and in a luckless moment, inspired by the Father of Mischiefs, the Bruiser silently grasped the stout ashen sponge stave, and with a gleeful prefatory flourish around his head, and a slight final jump to increase the momentum of the staff, he smote therewith upon the man before him a stroke which would have made the heart of every true Englishman leap in him for very joy to behold.

The blow sounded loud, and was followed by "a pause of slow time." Then, in a dead silence, just as Billiam, well pleased with himself for an humorous fellow, was making ready to consummate his jest with a smart kick, the captain, slowly and painfully

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extricating himself from the recesses whither he had been impelled, manifested himself to his smiling assailant, and stood confronting him in an ominous silence.

Then, softly, from his very great amazement, his two little eyes shining with very great wrath,

"*What—the —— do—you—mean—sir?*" said Captain Hackle.

Billiam Billiams stood dumbly looking upon his officer without any particular emotion exhibited upon his facial expanse, still blankly holding on to the sponge stave with one hand, and with the other steadying himself against a wheel.

"Corporal," said Captain Hackle, raising his voice a little, but in the same suppressed tone, "confine this man."

"Fall out, tow foiles on the roight. Quick! Marrch!" Two men, laying down their carbines, marched up to the group, the corporal following on the right of the rear guard.

The unhappy Billiam, loosing his hold of the stave, executed an unsteady movement to the right about, and taking his place behind the first man, was marched away over the parade and up the steps into the cool guard-room. The sergeant in charge came forward, and, opening his entry book, took down the name, regimental number, and crime of the prisoner. Then, after locking up in the guard-room strong box a paper of tobacco, three buttons, a greasy sheet of songs, and four halfpence which the hapless Billiam with some difficulty extricated from his trousers' pocket, the sergeant marched him into an inner room and locked the door.

A man was despatched for the blankets and rations of the prisoner, and within an hour it was known all over the battery that Billiam Billiams was under arrest for assaulting Captain Hackle.

II.

Next morning the unfortunate Bruiser (whose mental thermometer had by that time fallen to an abnormally low point) was taken before the colonel, and formally remanded for a regimental court-martial. The colonel was a grizzled old fighter and a strict disciplinarian, but kind-hearted, and on that account popular with his men. Poor Billiam plucked up heart enough to lift his head and take one look at the leathery old face of his judge before marching away, and, catching him unawares, was in time to witness the departure of a grim smile from that usually impassive countenance. He knew his colonel too well to put an unfavourable construction upon the phenomenon, so that during the four succeeding days of his remand, which he passed in the retirement of the guard-room, he was not left without some ray of hope. His time was spent in chewing tobacco, which sympathising comrades smuggled in to him, concealed in the

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interior of his daily pound of bread, and in polishing his boots and buttons till they shone with præternatural lustre.

On the third day he was warned that his trial would take place upon the morrow, and was furnished with materials for making a written defence. The document he produced, after much rolling of his tongue and eyes, and many smudgings out with his broad thumb of doubtful letters, ran as follows:—

"gentelmen of the Court i am sorey i it the capting but i ad a wet or 2 and thort He was my chum wich i was a strikeing off so i fling my self on the mercey of the Court and remane yr verey humbl

"WILLM. WILLIAMS."

The next morning the full dress of the prisoner was brought to him, and he was marched away to the hospital, guarded before and behind by two comrades with drawn swords at the slope. There the doctor, a thin pimply Scotchman, after making a cursory examination of the prisoner, pronounced him to be in a good state of health, and fit to undergo any amount of imprisonment with or without hard labour. Billiam, being possessed of this encouraging information, was forthwith conducted to the court-martial room, where the court assembled under the presidency of the major. While the names of his judges were read over, the prisoner stood bareheaded at attention, and, in answer to the question of the president, declared himself ready to be tried by the seven members there present. He pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness and of assaulting his superior officer, and the court found him guilty accordingly. He called no witnesses as to his character, but in mitigation of punishment he handed in his literary effort, which was read, marked, and inwardly digested by the president.

The court was then closed to consider its sentence. Billiam acknowledged the termination of its proceedings by rolling an imaginary quid around his cheek, and replacing his helmet, and the little procession retired to the cells.

After a couple more days' meditation the prisoner was again brought out into the sunshine, this time into the centre of the barrack square, in the presence of his assembled comrades. As the senior lieutenant of his battery stepped forward with a handful of papers, the escort fell back, leaving the prisoner standing alone. Then followed a recital of the place and date of the court-martial, and the names of the officers composing it, after which came the sentence:—

"And the Court sentenced the prisoner, number seventeen nine forty-eight, Gunner William Williams —— battery, —— brigade, to be imprisoned with hard labour for forty-two days, fourteen days of which are remitted. By order, ——, major-general, commanding the district."

At the mention of his number, the sergeant-major of his battery stepped forward to bare the prisoner's head, but Billiam, nimbly preventing him, threw his forage cap upon the ground, and after relieving his emotion by a couple of jumps upon it,

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kicked it out of the way, and marched contentedly to the cells, whence he was removed to the county goal. There, clad in dull grey flannel, and cropped well-nigh to baldness, he whiled away the sunny hours in that absorbing process of disintegrating cordage, commonly known as picking oakum.

* * * * * * *

One of the very first persons upon whom the eyes of the enlarged Bruiser rested, as he entered the barrack-square after his release, was Captain Hackle, stepping along, briskly as ever, from the officers' mess.

Billiam, rejoicing in his liberty and being of a forgiving disposition, promptly saluted his officer, beaming on him genially. Captain Hackle favoured him with a sour glance of recognition out of the corners of his eyes, but, being by habit petty and resentful, and still sore, literally and physically, from the affront put upon him, he acknowledged the salute in no other way.

The old soldier paused, looked after his retiring foe, expectorated neatly, and betook himself to the sergeant-major.

"Ah," said that great man, infusing as much recognition as his dignity would allow of into the monosyllable.

"Yassir," said Billiam with equal brevity. "Want to report Capting Ackle fer not returnin' o' my s'lute, sir. Sammy Ivins see im, sir. An the bloke as they calls the im-book puncher."

The sergeant-major regarded Bill with a glare of astonishment, and when he found words, tersely but vigorously expressed his opinion that he, William Williams, was foreappointed to perpetual foolishness in this life and reprobation in that which is to come. Finding the Bruiser insensible to argument, even when adduced by a sergeant-major, he was constrained to report the matter to the subaltern officer of his battery, and he in turn to the major, who nothing loth (for Captain Hackle was no favourite) made a minute to the colonel. He also being a man set under authority, propelled the report to some unknown altitudes, with the result that Captain Hackle had an interview with his chief ruler, from which he emerged, looking, as Sammy Evans afterwards described it, "biled sassige colour."

Billiam happened to cross his path as he hied him away, and gravely bestowed upon him a magnificently developed salute, which the captain returned, to the inexpressible delight of a chosen group of Billiam's friends, including Mr. Evans and the hymn-book puncher, who chanced to be accidentally passing at the time.

III.

VERHEAD hung the deep luminous blue of an African night, set thick with great golden stars. Against the near horizon rose up indefinitely outlined mounds and clumps of shade, and close at hand were the figures of men lying behind a roughly-constructed

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redoubt of mess-tins arranged about a gun. Now and again a sudden spike of light would glance from one of the distant mounds, and the thin desert air would reverberate to a sudden shot echoing away over the sandhills, and dying into a silence broken only by the hoarse murmurs of the men.

"I seed 'im," said the voice of Billiam Billiams sorrowfully, "I seed 'im drop. He jess turned 'is 'ead round an' let go o' the stave an' went dahn on 'is face like a log, he did, pore ole pal. Pore ole——"

There was an interval of silence. Then Billiam resumed huskily, "Wen I got 'is toonic open there was a little blue lump 's if somebody 'd jobbed a scissors-pint into 'im, but wen I come to turn 'im over there was, . . . there was a great ragged hole 's big 's a penny.

"I remember the day as I seed 'im fust. He was in civvy's togs and a top 'at, and was a-carryin' the colonel's coals on 'is shoulder. He arst me the way to the coalyawd, an' I went along of 'im an' showed 'im, an' 'e give me a bob 'e did, pore ole pal. . . .

"'E said as 'ow 'is par 'ad lorst all 'is money through some rawskly larwyer as 'ad done 'im out of it. The ole gennleman, 'e come dahn to see 'im, 'e did, an' 'e seemed to take it a bit rough, a-seein' of 'im among all us fellers. 'Oh, Erness, my boy, wot 'ave you done?' 'e says. 'Well, dear par, you know there wasn't enough fer all on us,' 'e says, 'an' it's a honable puffession,' 'e says, 'an' I can rise the same as others as rose,' 'e says, 'an' I mean to, dear par, so cheer up,' 'e says. We allays corled 'im 'dear par' arter that. Pore ole pal. . . .

"An' there was a young lady as come dahn to see 'im afore we 'mbarked, an' the pore ole chap, 'e tole 'er as I wos one o' 'is bess friends, 'e did. Yas, 'e did, an' she 'eld aht 'er little bit of a 'and, an' give me such a look, she did, a-smilin' like a cherrybum, an' the tears a-runnin' dahn her veil all the time. Pore gal, pore gal. The last thing she——." Bill's elegy was abruptly broken off by the splintering of the gun-wheel within three inches of his head. The white wood exposed shone out in the darkness, and showed the danger in which he had been. Billiam rolled over a little farther behind the mess-tin, and reflected in silence.

"You came near following 'im, that time, Chummy," said a voice.

"Yas," said Billiam slowly; "I was, I was. I might a-knowad a sight more'n the pawson by this time."

Silence fell upon the group, and every man in his own way felt out into that shadowy land which so closely encompasses this visible frame of things (even the lusty life of the soldier); and every man returned again empty, as his forefathers returned before him.

"Spurt!" went another bullet, sending the sand in a little shower over the recumbent group. The enemy were evidently getting

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sight of their position as the night began to yield. There were a few nervous movements among the men who were awake, for though they would have faced without a quiver a rush of savages outnumbering them by hundreds, yet it was trying to lie in defenceless inactivity and hear the bullets singing close overhead. Presently a man came up to the group sheltered behind the little barricade.

"Can you find room for me there?" inquired the voice of Captain Hackle.

"Ain't no room 'ere without our leavin our posts," replied one of the men.

"Who's that?" inquired the captain, in a tone which showed he knew pretty well.

"William Williams, sir," replied the Bruiser stoutly.

"Well then, sir, stand up," commanded the captain.

"I might 'appen to be struck, sir," returned Billiam with all calmness.

The captain gave a gulp of rage.

"Stand up!" he roared, and his hand went up to his revolver.

"Hallo, hallo there!" growled a gruff voice, as a cloaked figure advanced. "What's all that noise about; what are you about, eh?"

"Sir," said Captain Hackle, in an unsteady voice, "I have twice ordered this man to stand up, and he refuses."

"What d'ye mean by refusing to stand up?" said the colonel sternly.

"Wants my cover, sir, that's wot *'e* wants," scornfully replied the Bruiser; and, as if to emphasise his answer, "click" went a shot into the sand-tin which shielded him.

"Is that so?" asked the old fellow sternly.

"I told the man to get up, and ——"

"Quite right, my man," interrupted the colonel firmly. "You, sir, get off to your post, and remember you're not on parade. One life is as valuable as another now!" and with that the old warrior strode off again, and Captain Hackle departed speechless.

As the day broke behind them, the sand-hills stood out sharp cut in purple against the luminous gold of the dawn, which showed a considerable body of infantry encamped in the rear. The figures of horsemen and camels moved along the sky-line and among the waggons, and the sound of the bugle sounded small and shrill in the keen morning air.

The men round the four guns in front rose up, and adjusting their belts and brushing the sand from their uniforms, stood waiting for orders.

As their white helmets became defined in the growing light, the enemy's fire grew brisker, and black masses became visible creeping around the distant bushes.

Presently an officer came riding up with orders.

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"Get number one gun into action with shrapnel."

"Right, sir," said number one at the gun, saluting thankfully. "Action. At two thousand yards. Shrapnel shell. Time fuse. Load!" Up ran a man from the limber, bearing the cartridge and shell in his arms.

The gun was swiftly loaded.

"Trail right. Halt. Trail left, trai . . . l ri . . . ght. Halt."

"Fire one round."

"Number one ready. Number one."

"Fire!"

Out shot the flash with a roar, and the solid-looking column of white smoke following it, curled round about the gun in a sulphurous cloud. The crash rolled away over the sand-hills, and seemed to sound the note of awaking activity and the farewell to sleep and silence.

The men watching the face of their colonel as he peered through the thinning smoke with his field-glass could detect no change there to show the result of their shot.

"Number three gun, fire one round."

"Here, let me sight it," said Captain Hackle, and he bent down and sighted the gun according to scientific principles.

The instant the report sounded, down went the glass in the colonel's hand.

"Who sighted that gun?"

"I did, sir," replied the captain, with obtrusive modesty.

"At what range?"

"One thousand, sir."

"Well, it struck considerably short. Try two thousand five hundred. The first shot fell close among 'em."

The captain was preparing to obey, when suddenly, from behind every bush and hillock started the enemy, blackening the sandy expanse.

"Keep steady, my lads, keep steady," said the colonel. "Load with case at five hundred and stand fast."

Swiftly the savages advanced, in a long irregular line, quickening to a run as they drew nearer, and the scattered shouts grew into one wild yell.

"Numbers one, two, three, four. Ready!"

"Fire!"

A pause, a roar which smote the ear like a blow, a rush of blinding vapour, a vision of wild shapes and flashing weapons, and every man found himself fighting for his life. If the foe could be kept at bay for a few short minutes, assistance would be at hand, for the main body was hurrying forwards. Ah! how long those moments seemed, crowded as they were with devilish faces, menacing weapons on every side, and behind all the mass of savages surging around the handful of men clinging desperately to their four guns.

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In that wild turmoil Billiam Billiams was clearly conscious of nothing save the fact that number one gun must be held, in which conviction he possessed himself of the hammer and laid about him like a very Thor. Brawny satin-skinned Arabs went down like rushes, and spear and scimitar flew hurtling from the dint. At last, in aiming a blow at a black form crawling underneath the wheels, the haft snapt short. In another instant Billiam had grasped the handspike, and was whisking it smartly about, when he caught sight of the white face of Captain Hackle, who, borne back against the gun and surrounded by savages, was dealing wild blows in every direction, while one arm hung limply at his side.

Out leapt Billiam Billiams like a mastiff, and in a second the handspike was rattling briskly upon the black heads, and the Arabs were falling beneath it like grass before the scythe. There was a rush of savages from behind; the handspike spun round for an instant above the tossing arms and gleaming weapons like a straw upon a whirlpool, till it was suddenly sucked down, and the human wave rolled on.

* * * * * *

The seconds seemed hours in their suspense, but at last the British hurrah, sweetest of all sounds, told that aid was at hand. Up came the gleaming line of bayonets, the rifles crashed, and in a few minutes the enemy were flying over the sand-hills like frightened rabbits, leaving behind them their dying and dead.

Round the guns stood the blood-stained, smoke-blackened men who had so gallantly defended them, and in their shadow lay stretched upon the sand those whose fighting days were done. Among them lay Gunner Billiam, his sunburnt features fixed in an unwonted awe, and at his side knelt his old enemy, clasping the hand of the dead in his own, and wetting it with tears.

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PATRIOTISM.

(ESPECIALLY IN REFERENCE TO THE ANTI-UNION, HOME RULE, SEPARATION MOVEMENT.)

BY W. GLENNY-CRORY.

FOLLOWING up the subject of industrial development in Ireland, and treating this article from an Irish standpoint, it is intended to present some considerations in favour of that class of patriotism which, viewing the condition of the United Kingdom as it is, suggests a few practical and practicable remedies for crying evils. It may be well to say at the outset that industrial development is a duty and a privilege, the essaying of which is a *sine quâ non* of patriotism; and inasmuch as resources in Ireland are as much imperial property as those in any other portion of the United Kingdom, the only case attempted in behalf of their development is that, while those of no other part should be neglected in their favour, they ought not to be placed as second-rate *cæteris paribus* to those of any other place, whether in Scotland or England. It may also be well to say, preliminarily, that if patriotism guide the process of industrial development, it is certain at first to be tentative, at all times to be cautious, never without consideration, and always in ways which will bear the test of politico-economic laws, as well as on strictly mercantile principles. It is to be expected that seaport towns in Great Britain would, most fairly, object to the raising into ports and harbours of Galway, Limerick, and other places in Ireland enjoying natural advantages. Neither is it to be supposed that the growers of cotton in America should view with equanimity the bringing of the manufacture of cotton goods so near to the Atlantic sea-board that all the advantages possible to be acquired in the United Kingdom should be brought to bear on the competition existing between American spinners who are growers, and those who import the fibre. Yet the competition should, none the less, be entered upon, persisted in, and pressed on by every legitimate means. That the results of the extension of such a cause to Ireland should become eventually the means of creating property, and indirectly giving to the people such a stake in the country—the whole United Kingdom, of which Ireland is an integral portion—as would prove a reason for eschewing agitation,

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and following honest callings industriously, is altogether to be expected. But that even these considerations should rule the direction of capital, or indicate the pathway in which labour is to go, is not to be thought of. The making of commercial profits out of safe investments must ever be the primary consideration in such cases; and to reverse this, the natural and proper order of things, would be most *un*patriotic. One almost fears to venture a word in favour of the several obviously inviting enterprises which stand associated with industrial development in Ireland in view of such projects as the Manchester Ship Canal, which aims at bringing the cotton-fields of America and the spindles and looms of England closer together, lest it might be supposed that while such a grand scheme is on the tapis, nothing else of the kind ought to be mentioned. There is not, however, an argument which could be brought to bear in favour of the principle on which this enterprise has been so persistently fought out, that does not apply to the bringing of the same cotton-fields even nearer still to mills to be erected in Ireland, and especially is it clear that if this principle proves a sound basis for a ship canal between the Mersey and Manchester, it is strong enough and broad enough to bear the making of ports and harbours on the Atlantic seaboard. Still more this principle will bear the project of raising from Irish soils such supplies of flax as will bring the linen trade into the south and west, and so render the necessity for new ports and harbours increasingly greater.

The effects of agitation which in its wake left discontent, squalor, and smouldering rebellion have hitherto baffled all attempts in this direction. Let it be hoped, however, that patriotic feeling will call one here, and another there, to the front, who will initiate the cure of existing evils. Agitation was to some few men of ability and their families as great an evil as it proved to the country; whilst to the bulk of those who took it up as a calling, it was at once the means of getting what in no other way such people could have made themselves entitled to, and of flattering a vanity all the more intense because it had not even appearances in its favour. The "oppressed" holder of a certain creed was usually the *protégé* of the agitator, even when there was no real cause of grievance. Making of "grievances" was a sort of trade in Ireland. Since 1829 even, the semblance of this specious, yet unreal grievance was removed, but only to open the door for the bringing up of new "grievances," and the renewal of agitation on other lines. The conquest has been clamoured over. Its facts are easily told. It was nearly a hundred years after the conquest of England by William I. that Ireland came under England in the reign of Henry II. The circumstances of England and Ireland were very different. In England between the reign of the Confessor (1041 to 1046) and the compilation of Doomsday Book (1080 to 1086) this country was in a rapid state of decay,

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as if getting ready to be conquered. Such towns as Chester declined in the number of inhabited houses from 487 to 282; those in Derby, being 243, suffered a diminution of 103, leaving only 140. In Dorchester 100 were destroyed out of 172. In York, with all its importance, the houses were reduced from 1607 to 967, and in Oxford from 727 to 243. The unsettled state of England made it like a field ripe for the sickle. But, bad as this was, it presented no such distressful feature as Ireland did. England had lost vigour, grown weak, and actually invited the strong hand of William to make it feel sensible of existence. England certainly was aroused by the very sore and oppressive means he used to write upon her very heart, "First comes sin, then comes sorrow." "The nobles and bishops built castles and filled them with devilish and wicked men, and oppressed the people cruelly, torturing them for their money."

In Ireland from the death of Malachy (*circa* 1000) the state of matters grew gradually worse. Danes and Ostmen traded or cheated when they were not fighting. The people generally, when not in the battlefield, were given over to debauchery to an extent even more deplorable than that which was prevalent amongst the English. When the Conquest is spoken of, it is with a sigh for the pious and peaceable, who were crushed and oppressed, and with a lamentation over the introduction into the "Island of Saints" of English invaders. There were some good and learned men and pious women, but saintship was scarce—if it meant piety and morality. The state of the country was so bad as scarcely to be possible of becoming worse about the time of the Conquest. If ever Ireland deserved the epithet, "Island of Saints," she did so best before the term "saint" was known in its present acceptation. If history is to be relied on, the reign of Gedhe Ollghothach, *anno mundi* 3960, was as pleasant as paganism could be expected to admit of. "Observers of antiquity affirm of him that the conversation of his subjects in general, in his time, *was as sweet a harmony to one another as any musick*, because they lived together in such concord, amity, and atonement among themselves, that there was no discord or strife heard to grow between them, for any cause whatever." But not to enlarge as to the state of things from which the change usually called "the Conquest" released the Irish, if one tries to realise fully everything stated and understood in the happy reign of Gedhe Ollghothach, and opposes in the mind thereto everything the very reverse, then may one have some idea of how things—totally incapable of description—stood in 1170 to 1172. So far, then, from regarding the Conquest as a calamity, and its consequences a grievance, it may safely be regarded as a great deliverance vouchsafed in Providence, as well as the natural Nemesis, of a state of things the only remedy of which must be a terrible visitation. Its worst feature may be gathered from the Pope's bull.

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But, by bringing in the English, it supplied both bane and antidote together. If the conquest of England affords no excuse for discontent, idleness, chronic rebellion, and a disregard of the bounties of Providence in respect to resources of industry amongst the English people, much less does that of Ireland justify a solitary sigh over the introduction of the English, or excuse for a moment the grossly unfounded assertion that Ireland has been an oppressed people for seven centuries, except that being always expected, and sometimes forced, to observe law and order, be oppression. Had the seven centuries' oppression been inflicted, it would be no excuse for hanging down the hands now, when they ought to be busy; and if even the country suffered by the Conquest, whining over it can never recall the state of matters which pre-dated it. To agitate this matter is as *un*-patriotic in its very nature as it has proved pernicious in its effects. One may find persons in Ireland, living half-time on charity, who attribute their condition to the Saxon; whilst no one who has ever travelled in the south and west can fail to see that it is the necessary result of indolence, nursed by hatred of the English and Scotch, and, instead of being reproved, is encouraged by all professional agitators. Indeed, the conquest of Ireland never was quite complete, as was that of England. It was not sufficiently and decidedly a conquest, and in this may be the colourable excuse for agitating about it. If it had been complete, it would have been better for the Irish before the Union, as well as for the people of the United Kingdom—including the Irish—since. It was never clear whether the Irish Church was taken possession of by Adrian, or that he handed Church and people to Henry II. The time has come, however, when, instead of talking about such matters, the drawing of the bonds of "Union" closer should be the theme of those who meet to discuss the political and social questions of the day. It is said by Camden of William I., that, "standing on the high cliffs of Wales, which command the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland, and saying, with something of the profane boasting of Artaxerxes, 'I will have the ships of my kingdom brought hither, wherewith I will make a bridge to invade this land,' when Murchardt, King of Leinster, heard this boast, he asked, 'Hath the king in his great threatening inserted the words, *if it please God?*' 'No,' was the reply. Then said Murchardt, 'Seeing this king putteth his trust only in man, and not in God, I fear not his coming.' When this was told to William, he frowned and bit his thumb." Besides, however it came about, the preponderance of good as between England and Ireland through the connection of the two countries prior to the Union was, on the whole, favourable to Ireland. Space at disposal does not admit of more than a mere assertion of this opinion; the support of which, by sufficient evidence, would be by no means difficult. Then as to the Union. After reviewing

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the evils associated therewith in their worst light, the measure must be pronounced by every patriot as, on the whole, good. Some say it was merely the lesser of two evils, one of which must then be faced. If so, it certainly is not to be deplored. It is said by others to be the better alternative policy in the state of things existing in 1800—1801. Even so it is not a matter to be lightly tampered with. But higher ground may be taken safely. If Henry II. received the country from the Irish princes through the hands of Pope Adrian, or if it be believed that Ireland was handed to Henry II. by Pope Adrian directly, as set forth in the bull granted at the request of "one John Salisbury, with others," delivering the king's suit on the subject,—in either case might Ireland, coming thus into the hands of England, have taken "scot and lot" with her all the time till the Union, had not a want of contentment and the absence of patriotism—always the bane of the Irish—hindered. Such a course would have been best, even if we believe that the Irish princes gave the sovereignty of the island to Pope Urban II. in 1092; and, so conferred, the right (or might) of the Church to hand over Ireland to Henry II. will still stand. Doubtless most people will admit it to have been a questionable proceeding either way. But it is not with the principles of the Conquest, but with the results, we have to deal at present. Therefore, just as in regard to the Union the people were in such a state that some change or other must come, there is doubtless much reason to be thankful—in both cases—that worse did not happen. On the contrary, each has turned out better than either the parties to the compact of 1172, or those who settled the Union of 1800, deserved; and the people of both countries have gained—the Irish gaining most of all. The Union of Great Britain and Ireland is a fact, however brought about. To confess its importance, against which prejudice and party feeling array themselves, has become patriotic; while to try to carry it out more fully is a *desideratum* of patriotism. The injury which would be done to England and Scotland by the breaking-up of the Union would be serious and irreparable, whilst that which such a course would inflict on Ireland would be the first step to the utter annihilation of her nationality. From 1172 till 1800 Ireland's nationality was in abeyance. She was neither a colony nor a kingdom, but a sort of undefined vassal. In the act of raising her to the position of a contracting party in the Union compact, she gained, as an inevitable consequence of that act, her individuality. If she now got her autonomy by separation, she would lose her high rank as an integral portion of the greatest empire in the world, and so forfeit that true and real dignity by which she is placed politically as the equal of Scotland and England respectively. As she is, she has ships, colonies, and commerce. She has a fair and full share of legislative representation in reference to the affairs of the

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empire at home and abroad. Putting her real position now in contrast with what she might, if separated, become, it seems as if only an enemy could represent her autonomy as a boon. Happily there is sufficient patriotism in Ireland to save her from such a calamity, though the full measure of Irish loyalty—to the shame of her gentry, be it said—is unconfessed. There is that strong common-sense patriotism of Great Britain, which, apart from her own interests, will not allow either that portion of her own self-willed people who parade themselves on all occasions, or those who, being blindfolded by party, are equally unreasoning, to make her a wreck, a spectacle, and a bye-word amongst the nations of the earth. The resources of wealth within her borders must take—owing to the effects of agitation after Home Rule, etc.—a considerable time to be brought into profitable use. Under a repeal of the Union, however, they could never be developed. At the best so much has happened as will operate against the interests of the United Kingdom seriously, and those of Ireland, separately considered, most dreadfully. But so long as the Union exists, there is hope of better days. Certain persons say that there is no hope for Ireland except through letting her drift and reconquering her, and making her a sort of tributary of Great Britain, denuded of the legislative power and the rights she now enjoys as a portion of the empire. Such a process would entail unheard-of evils. Probably foreign fillibusterers would come, not with the resources of civilisation, but with machinations well named infernal; whilst internecine war, aggravated by sectarian bigotry, would rage all around. The very idea of repeal of the Union is so full of suggestions of waste of property, danger to life, introduction of civil war, the checking of all progress, with the violation of things sacred, as well as the destruction of things secular, that no apology is needed for saying that at this moment the right to be styled a patriot rests largely on the will to maintain the Union, and a willingness at all hazards and sacrifices to promote that end. Those whose selfishness allows them not to be patriots, and who are trying to sacrifice imperial interests to their personal ends, under pretence of justice to Ireland, are just that type of Irish character full-grown, which in embryo hates the law, despises order, cultivates enmity against the Saxon, and regards the Scotch as even worse than the English. There never was any reason why a policeman should be hated in Ireland, except because his presence suggested "law and order," the outcome of which hatred is now called Home Rule. Law is hated in Ireland, because it enjoins something to be done or avoided, no matter what, and because it reminds evil-doers of their misconduct. Soldiers are often disliked for the same reason, and so are magistrates. Yet if an Irishman, boy or man, enlists, he proves a good soldier as a rule; and no greater

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ambition fires the breast of tradespeople in Ireland than that the head of "the firm" should get "on the bench." Nevertheless, the hatred of law and order rankles in many breasts, and malice towards those who administer the law is sadly common amongst the masses. This feeling accounts for much that seems at times to be, and is often called, love of country. This hatred and malice has got into print, both in prose and verse, and no one can tell how much evil Nationalistic literature, and especially songs, ballads, and poems, have done. They have embittered the heart of many an ignorant person who, without their baneful influence, would have been a good citizen; and when times of reckoning come, sad must be the sentence of justice falling upon the writers of these things, and heavy shall be their share who, by the printing and publishing of such, have brought the misery, discontent, and disloyalty which, in turn, have led to crimes the most heinous possible for man to commit against his fellow-man. These sort of things may be greedily read, their vendors may make large fortunes by their sale, but if ever it was true of anything, it is so in a high degree of rebel literature—

"The trail of the serpent is over it all."

One could not pass over, in touching however lightly on the subject of patriotism, and confining it however much to Home Rule, the danger of impure literature generally, as well as rebel literature specially, which aims, not at the separation of the kingdom, but panders to depravity, inflames vicious habits, and enslaves the reader—boy, girl, man, or woman—to the thraldom of self in even a worse form than Home Rule. The writers and the vendors of literature whose tendency is to feed appetites with pollution, which ought to be fed with wholesome lessons and good morals, and which fill minds already too much occupied with things inciting to vice, let them, no matter what else they may be, not lay claim to the term of patriot. These things and many kindred appliances for demoralisation, aggravated in their influence by the increasing numbers of those who can read,—in fact, all sensationalism in legislation, in Church work, in the theatre, at the "gaff," as well as in good or bad prose, or in poetry or doggerel,—are writing their effects, however much apart they may seem to operate, in the ends of that which is hatred of country; whether it be love of gold as an idol, self as a master, or sin as a line of action.

Returning to Ireland, one of the ways of *un*patriotic conduct has been to do or leave undone little things, to so get in the thin end of the wedge of disorder. For example, "God save Ireland" used to be a rare, yet fair sort of sentiment for a banquet. For many years it did not displace the usual loyal toasts. Gradually, however, it was put in place of "the Queen," and while Her Majesty was neither the better nor worse, the United Kingdom suffered

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seriously. There is a little thing which in its results has a great influence. People say English Parliament, which has become a misnomer ever since the Union with Scotland; and British Parliament, which is equally so ever since the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The poorest conformity to patriotism requires more accurate speaking, because such modes of expression are indulged in by the enemies of the Union as a means of division. It is no less a divisive course for the English and the Scotch to speak reproachfully of the Irish, simply because they are Irish. But the most divisive course of all is the demand of both English and Scotch that everything about Ireland to be said or written should be according to pre-conceived ideas of Ireland and the Irish. In keeping with this, the changes are rung upon "Celtic Irish." Even Froude uses this epithet, which has no foundation in ethnology, is contrary to obvious facts, out of keeping with ordinary information on the subject, and of no practical value except to justify the British in standing aloof from Ireland, and the Irish in hating the British, and both because "Celtic Irish" conveys the idea of separation, which exists not, except in imagination, and has no basis besides that which ignorance on the matter may seem to supply. There are other words, not unfrequently quoted, equally calculated to lead to misconception. For example, "Aliens in blood, language, and religion." As to blood, the mixture of the Irish and British may be different, but the blood of each is mixed. There may be more or less of the Saxon, the Celt, the Roman, and the Dane, in one or the other. Nevertheless, so far as concerns the Irish, it is "a fusion and confusion" of Phœnician, Milesian, Celtic, Scandinavian, Norman, Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, French, Scotch, and English, unmatched amongst the mixed races. As to blood then, except for the ends of agitation, the subject would most likely never have been mentioned. As respects the history of the Irish, but little that can be relied on is known, and a great deal at the same time has been written for party purposes.

The fact is, a history of Ireland, strictly ruled by facts, might not succeed, as it might offend the party of disorder on one side, and would perchance disappoint those who regard the Irish merely as a people to make sport with on the other, whilst it would be of little use to the political adventurer. But why, on patriotic grounds, the truth in simplicity and fulness has not appeared, seems a problem difficult to solve, and yet one of intense interest and much importance. The Irish pride themselves on their origin. But even if they are right as to what it is, it makes nothing for the "alien" idea. It is supposed that settlers landed on the coast of Kerry from Syria three hundred years after the Flood—Syria meaning, not Upper Syria, but the land peopled by the descendants of Shem, extending from the

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Mediterranean and the river Cyndus to the Euphrates, and from Taurus in the north to Arabia and the border of Egypt. Then these are said to have been conquered by the sons of Milesius—one of whom, Ith, was drowned; another, Heber, driven to Scotland, the Hebrides; and Heremon, who founded a dynasty which remained during the reigns of one hundred and sixty-nine kings, and, notwithstanding twenty-one invasions, down to the "Conquest." As to language, the facts are easily told, and make nothing for the "alien" notion.

There is a lessening number of probably over one hundred thousand who speak Irish only, and half that number in addition who speak both English and Irish, the rest of the people speaking English, and except, as a part of a liberal education, not knowing the native tongue. Comparing this state of things with what one finds in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, to talk of the Irish being aliens in language is not worthy of being spoken of. The cultivation of the language for the sake of the little literature there is in it, and especially for the interest it gives to religious ministrations in Irish-speaking districts, is certainly a patriotic and praiseworthy proceeding.

Then as to the divisive notion of "aliens" in religion, there are really no grounds for it. There is a sense in which the Irish people saw they had cause of complaint as to the bull by which Ireland got at once *under* the Popedom, and *into* the hands of England; for however far short her internal broils kept her of the goal, she seemed to aim at maintaining the Church in spiritual independence of Rome. Be this as it may, however, it was not until the advent of Cardinal Cullen, about 1850, that the Irish Romish Church stood in that relation to Rome which has come to be expressed by the term "Ultramontane." Ireland contains Romanists in numerical excess of Protestants. In England and Scotland Protestants exceed Romanists. But the matter is not one of numbers, but of fact, and however much Romanism may tend to separation in the ends of its own supremacy, there is not a shadow of excuse for saying that the Irish are aliens in religion. It may be mentioned parenthetically, that Protestants of the *dis*-Established Church, and Presbyterians, with some Methodists, a few Independents, and a very few Baptists make up the religious bodies outside Romanism. There are probably three to four hundred Jews; the Jews were never persecuted in Ireland, and so, numerically, Romanism takes the lead. But on subscription lists to charities, in trading, in social influence, and in things generally, the Protestants have decidedly the preponderance. All things considered, then, the difference in religious beliefs in the several parts of the United Kingdom is one of figures only. These do not supply any grounds for the many excuses for special legislation which have been based on mere numbers.

Nothing can be more *un*patriotic than to allow the fact of

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numbers in such cases the smallest influence in guiding political warfare, or providing salutary and suitable measures for the general good. One cannot help remembering, however, that the only excuse for the "Upas-tree" and "Irish ideas" legislation was that there were fewer Protestants in Ireland than Roman Catholics, and that in several parishes enjoying a rector and a full Church organisation, there were but a few Protestants amongst the many Romanists. This statistical fact was acted upon, and the reason why the *few* Protestant families had a stronger claim than if they were more numerous, was ignored. To these few Protestants the many Romanists always looked, and rarely in vain, for employment, never without receiving sympathy in times of sickness and poverty. Therefore a blow was struck at patriotism by the divisive character of legislation which, to say the least of it, was ill-judged, badly timed, and most dangerous, from whatever standpoint it be viewed. But, passing from details, let the meaning of "Patriotism with Special Reference to Home Rule," etc., be considered on the broader principles on which it rests. To say that patriotism is love of country, the highest style of citizenship, and the outcome of unselfishness may suffice so far as definition goes. But, like love in every other form, it is no mere sentiment, apart from a practical development. The practical development of this sentiment has taken a multitude of forms, each of its expressions being moulded by circumstances. Were a country under the power of a despot whose crushing tyranny rendered the exercise of individual liberty impracticable without the risk of pains and penalties, then he would be a patriot who would assert his own personal rights as an example to others, and maintain them, despite of consequences, until despotism gave way and liberty prevailed. Cases of this sort are by no means rare. There is no such class of patriotism within the reach of the citizen of the United Kingdom, and yet there is at present a tendency to absorb the individual in the party, which in its consequences is no less an evil, though in its form it be totally different from that with which the patriot of the times gone by and of other lands had to contend. Patriotism is the outcome of that class of sentimental liberty which asserts itself in favour of the right of each man to be allowed to obey laws in themselves conceived according to principle, and ordered for the general good. Patriotism is no more an expression of one's own will than it is a submission to that of an autocrat, whether plebeian or patrician, or to tyranny, whether despotic or democratic. It is not the seeking of one's self-aggrandisement, by falling in with the majority, any more than it is a captious opposition to the general sentiment. The patriot is at once the servant of law and order, and the freeman of real liberty, which can never be the same as licence. A patriot cannot be the slave of

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tyranny, whether it be despotic, democratic, personal, or oligarchical. Therefore patriotism is obedience to laws in themselves right, and which in their results are for the benefit of the commonwealth. In applying these principles to the present state of matters, a patriot must be described as one governed by self-abnegation in seeking to serve his country, just as a philanthropist is one who, sacrificing every personal consideration, serves his kind. The plausible self-seeker in either case is merely an actor in a mask. The disadvantages under which we suffer politically and socially, the derangements of commerce, the faults of Christian communities, and the evils of all kinds around us, whether many or few, occupy the heart of the patriot. But if these be approached with a desire for their reform in a patriotic spirit, that which is good will be upheld, and only excrescences, abuses, and incurable diseases eradicated or destroyed. The tendency of the age is, however, to destroy good and bad, uproot wheat and tares, and *un*patriotic as are those who refuse to alter or amend, much more so are many of the reformers of these times. A would-be reformer of evils just now may be known by having a panacea ready for every ill, whilst first principles may have no place in his policy. To profess to cure such evils as exist may be the outcome of the best intentions; but, lacking discretion and a strict adherence to principle, the greatest zeal may merely defeat its own object. Everything purporting to be patriotic is capable of being tested, and ought to be, before being tried. Success is pleaded as a justification of many things done without regard to any rule, save a well-meant zeal, in which there is no discretion. Apparent and real success are as different as are success and failure, however very like each other they may appear. The patriot labours, not for signs of success, but for the accomplishment of that which is right. He must be painstaking, if his labours are to prove useful; and he must be patient, if his work is to be crowned with completion. Reckless, random action is not the sign of patriotism, and, whether it be borne with a longer or a shorter period, it always ends in collapse. But to apply these remarks to the subject in hand. For example, there have been, and are, several anomalies in the owning and occupying of lands in Ireland. Instead, however, of finding out what these were, investigations have been converted into political capital and guided towards foregone conclusions. The result was that, instead of eradicating the evils which ought to have been reformed out of existence, the whole affair has become a means of selfish gratification or of party warfare. It seems as if legislation in this direction is to end in one exaction after another, until no rent, no taxes, free land, and a general licence to dispose of life and property as caprice may suggest, will be the finale. Patriotism demands that these evils, like those of autocratic, oligarchical, and despotic tyranny, should be at once and for ever put a stop

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to. Again, a general feeling has been cropping up in certain strata of society against the present distribution of legislative and executive power. This has been pandered to most *un*patriotically, it seems; as it is supposed that to get power and to keep it, is to talk pompously about the rights of the masses against the classes; whereas patriotism requires that the real state of the case be faced, and, wherever rights of either the classes or the masses be infringed, the wrongs shall be righted, and neither party allowed to suffer. Such are the lines on which patriotism, which is best for all, moves; whilst those resorted to by partisans, who seek to please some, lead in an opposite direction. Patriotism enjoins that where grievances exist, they must be redressed; but where unreal grievances are flaunted before the eye of the world, their manufacturers ought to be exposed, and they should be suppressed. To come even closer, a large degree of self-government may be the right of the people of the United Kingdom as a whole, and it may be wise and well to grant as much of this boon as the case needs. It does not, however, follow that Ireland should have an undue share of self-government. On the contrary, the state of the country and the temper of the people suggest that the granting of this untried privilege should be restricted within certain wholesome limits, whether such restrictions be needed in England and Scotland or not, and to go further is *un*patriotic. In one word, if the history of party warfare at home, all over Europe, and in America, for the past century were searched, no such *un*patriotic measure as that of the Home Rule, Anti-Union, and Separation Movement has, even in the greatest extremities, been resorted to, either to please a too exacting person, or to prop up a tottering party.

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CENTENARIANS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

It has been doubted whether any human being ever lived a hundred years, and certainly when people (men, at least) get old they are as liable to exaggerate their ages as younger people are to conceal them. But although this tendency ought to make us suspect accounts of remarkable longevity, there is sufficient evidence to prove to our minds at least that many people have lived considerably more than a hundred years, and that there are centenarians living now.

For most of the following references we are indebted to a book called "Famous Centenarians" (Diprose & Bateman). Here we are told that the returns for 1881 recorded the deaths of no fewer than ninety-one persons who were registered as being a hundred years old and upwards when they died. Mr. C. Walford, in his "Insurance Guide," gives a list of two hundred and twenty persons whose lives he thinks can be shown to the age of one hundred and twenty years and upwards. A Mr. Joseph Perkins, an American (note his nationality), has published a work, in which he records over ten thousand cases of centenarianism.

In his "History and Antiquities of Richmond" (Yorkshire), Clarkson tells the following story in reference to the cause "Howe *v.* Wastell," in which a man called Jenkins gave evidence as to his age.

"When the agent of Mrs. Wastell went to him, to find out what account he could give about the matter in dispute, he saw an old man sitting at the door, to whom he told his business. The old man said, 'Ah can remember nought aboot; but thee can find feather i' t' house, an' ah do nought doot he'll tell ye arl aboot it.'

"When he went into the house he saw another old man sitting over the fire, bowed down with years, to whom he put again his question. Only with difficulty could he make this old man understand what he wanted. But after a little time he got the following answer: 'Ah noo nought aboot it, boot maybe if ye'll go in t' yard ye'll meet wi' feather, who maybe can tell you.'

"The agent upon this thought he had met with a race of antediluvians. However, into the yard he went, and to his no small astonishment found a venerable old man, with a long beard, and a broad leathern belt about him, chopping sticks. To this man he again told his business, and received such information as in the end recovered the royalty in dispute."

This tale, it must be confessed, is suspiciously like that other one told in Yorkshire, wherein an inquirer, seeing a very old man weeping, sympathetically asked what ailed him, when he got this startling answer:—

"Ah be owlin' 'case feather's been whackin' I for throwin' stones at grandfeather."

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In 1743 an obelisk was erected to the memory of Jenkins, on which it is said that he was "enriched with the goods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration, if not variety, of his enjoyments . . . to teach mistaken man that these blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of 169, and was interred here 1670."

In a short account of a rival of Jenkins, Old Parr, we have the following:—

"Thomas Parr died the 5th of November, 1635. The summer before, the Earl of Arundel was at Wem, in Shropshire, and sent for the said Parr (when I saw him and spoke with him), who had then been blind nineteen years, and after two days the said Earle sent him in a litter to the King. And the King said to Old Parr, 'You have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?' He answered, 'I did penance when I was an hundred years' old.' The same he told me before he went to the King."

This act of penance was done in a white sheet in Alberbury Church, for being the father of an illegitimate child, whose mother was one Catherine Milton! We suspect that this is not much truer than many other scandals.

Parr's ordinary diet consisted of cheese and milk in every form, coarse and hard bread, and for drink generally sour whey. The after-death examination of his remains was performed by the great Harvey and the royal physicians at the king's command.

Mr. W. J. Thoms applied to the late Dean Stanley to know if there was an entry of Parr's burial in Westminster Abbey. There was nothing of the kind to be found, but Mr. Thom's letter to the dean caused that careful curator to make inquiries, with the result that one of the last services rendered to his beloved Abbey by the dean, was to cause the almost effaced inscription over Old Parr's grave to be re-cut. It may be seen as follows:—

"Tho: Parr of ye County of Salop. Borne in AD. 1483. He lived in ye reigns of Ten Princes viz.: K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. Ma. Q. Eliz., K. Ja. & K. Charles. Aged 152 yeares, and was Buried Here Novemb. 15, 1635."

"The old Countess of Desmond," who is said to have died at the age of one hundred and forty, is mentioned by Lord Bacon, Archbishop Usher, and Sir William Temple. The first assures us that "she did dentize (renew her teeth) twice or thrice, casting her old teeth, and others coming in their place." We agree with one of her latest critics, who says that it is more likely that the years of this old lady were a hundred and four rather than a hundred and forty.

A noble Venetian, called Luigi Cornaro, though he lived to the age of a hundred, was forty years old before he discovered that high living and debauchery were too much for him. He says:—

"As soon as I thought that it was not a disgrace to have courage enough to be wise, I accustomed myself so much to live soberly that I contracted a habit of so doing without any trouble or violence offered to myself."

When he was almost eighty he nearly lost his life, in con-

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sequence of increasing his allowance of food at the suggestion of friends :—

"In vain I urged upon them the proverb, 'He that eats little, eats much ;' that is to say, that if a man is willing to live long in the enjoyment of his food, let him live sparingly. I also told them that what one leaves at a meal does more good than what one has already eaten. But all this could not prevail upon them, and being wearied with their importunities I was forced to submit."

The result was, that feeling sad and out of humour he fell back on the sparing regimen he had previously observed, allowing himself only twelve ounces of food daily. "By this plan of diet," says Dr. Abernethy, "he lived to more than one hundred years; and it is delightful to observe the tranquil cheerfulness and energetic state of mind accompanying his bodily health."

In April 1862 Lord Lyttelton made public a letter by an ancestor of his. It was written in the last century by George, Lord Lyttelton. "Letter to Mr. Bower, with an account of a Tour in Wales."

"Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood (Festiniog) an honest Welsh farmer who was 105 years of age. By his first wife he had thirty children, ten by his second, four by his third, and seven by two other women. His youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest; and eight hundred persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral."

The Rev. George Braithwaite, curate of St. Mary's, Carlisle, furnishes an illustration of the fact that clergymen are long livers. He died in 1753, aged one hundred and ten. He became quite blind before he died, but this affliction in no way interfered with his sacred office, for he could repeat all the Services and Psalms by heart, except the Lessons. It is doubtful whether he himself cared to live as long as he did, for it was observed that tears were always in his eyes when the psalm was read containing the words, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest."

Personally, we have no objection to cleanliness, and believe that it is conducive to health, but we cannot doubt the possibility of living long without it after reading about "Mrs.," or, as she was commonly called, "Lady" Lewson, an eccentric widow, who died in London in 1806, at the age of one hundred and six. Left a widow at the age of twenty-six, for the remainder of her days her chief companions were an old man-servant, two dogs, and a cat. In dress she was particular; but she was a decided foe to cleanliness. "People who washed themselves," she said, "were always catching cold." The house in which she lived was large and elegantly furnished, but her apartment was only occasionally swept out, and never washed; and the windows were so encrusted with dirt that they hardly admitted a ray of light. She used to tell her acquaintances that if the rooms were washed it might be the occasion of her catching cold: and as to cleaning the windows, many accidents happened through that ridiculous practice—the

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glass might be broken, the person who cleaned them might be injured, and the expense would fall upon her. The health of this prudent lady was good to the last, probably because she had a great aversion to medicines.

In October 1883 there appeared in the *Daily News* a letter in which the writer describes the state of health and habits of a gentleman who had just completed his hundredth year. This centenarian said, with pride, that there were three things he had never been guilty of: he had never smoked, he had never been drunk, and he had never sworn, in all his long life.

The last example of longevity we shall mention is that of Sir Moses Montefiore, to whom, on his last birthday, the Queen sent the following telegram :—"I congratulate you sincerely on your entering into the hundredth year of a useful and honourable life."

It would seem that, as a rule, five women reach one hundred years to every three men; a result which appears to point out that the greater general temperance of women enables them, despite their inferior physical strength, to withstand the effects of time more thoroughly than do men.

If any of our readers are disposed to ask what are the means of reaching a great age, we answer: avoid excess in everything; breathe pure air; adapt your food to your temperament; shun medicines and doctors; keep a quiet conscience, a gay heart, a contented mind. All strong emotion is very wearing. Fontenelle attributed his length of life (ninety-four years) to the fact that "he never laughed and never cried." Will to be well, and do not allow a thought of sickness to enter your mind.

> "The surest guide to health, say what they will,
> Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
> Most of those evils, we poor mortals know,
> From doctors and imagination flow."

But if over-anxiety about health defeats its own end and destroys it, so does the too general ignorance that exists in reference to the ordinary rules upon which physical well-being depends. Were these rules learned and practised, were people to observe moderation in all things, were our working classes as well fed, clothed, and housed as they might be, and were the rich to abstain from the use of dangerous luxuries, thousands of lives would be saved, thousands of accidents and diseases averted, and the threescore years and ten would probably prove not the ordinary limit, but the ordinary average of human life—as many living beyond that period as dying before it.

Cui bono? What is the use of living to be a hundred years of age? To this it may be answered that we have no more right to shorten our own than another's life, and that self-preservation is a duty. It is quite true that merely to breathe is not life, and that if our lives are not worthy their prolongation is a curse rather than a blessing. We are sentries placed at our post, and it

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is not for us either to love our lives or to hate them, but what we live to live well.

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Is not this what the prophet Isaiah means when he says that in the new Jerusalem "there shall be no more an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old, and the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed?"

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GOLF.

BY "SCOTIA."

THE philosopy of games has yet to be written. Whilst almost every other characteristic of mankind has been analysed and dilated on, the universal faculty of sport has escaped dissection. Perhaps it is too commonplace, or too universal for the critics. Or perhaps the right man has not yet come. It would require a philosopher as catholic in his taste for details as Mr. Herbert Spencer, and withal full of graceful sentiment like Mr. Andrew Lang, to do justice to the subject. And that is too admirable a combination to be produced in an age when all philosophy has become utilitarian in the narrower sense. Yet of the universality of the trait or passion there can be no doubt. It may be said especially that mankind has always displayed a universal craving for the pastime of hitting a ball with a stick. With savage races an enemy's head has taken the place of the ball, but the principle is the same. It is needless to search for examples. The *Sphairistike* of Nausicaa and her maidens recurs to our minds, at once, although the game by which Odysseus was so delightfully awakened under the bushes of Scheria seems to have resembled nothing better than the modern battledore and shuttlecock. Amongst the sport of the Campus Martius too was that of *paganica*—the field-sport *par excellence*, of the Romans, which, curiously enough, was played, as golf once was, with a ball of feathers.

Now of the aforesaid craving there has been no better manifestation than this same game of golf, a game it would seem indigenous to Scottish soil, though no longer confined to it, which the people of that country have played for centuries with a vigour and tenacity worthy of their character. The game itself, it will be our object to show, is well deserving of the attention it has received and the devotion of its followers. But no description, however animated, can give to the outsider any idea of the absorbing character of the pastime or of the zeal with which it is prosecuted. That requires experience, an experience which begins generally with indifference if not repulsion, and an utter inability to understand the attraction of a pursuit which seems so engrossing to its votaries and so stupid to the novice. In time interest awakens, and, if the game is persevered with, becomes

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enthusiasm, and finally absorption. There are certain men who live entirely for golf, passing all the year round from one green to another, playing madly in all weathers, warm and wintry alike, and only regretting the intervention of Sunday, which prevents play, but is devoted to conversation about the ruling passion.

The history of golf has been fairly well traced, although its origin is more or less uncertain. The name seems undoubtedly to be derived from the Dutch *kolb* or *kolbe*. But the games are quite different. *Kolb* was played in an enclosure resembling a racquet court, and is like croquet with the hoops left out, that is to say with the sticks only. This at least is its later form. But it is quite possible that earlier it may have borne a closer relation to the Scottish game, for in the year 1618 we find that James VI. prohibited the importation of golf-balls from Holland into Scotland, as interfering with the home production of that article, and as drawing money out of the country. From this fact it would seem that the game was played, or at least known in Holland at that time. But there is no trace of it now. The French game called *le jin de malles*, as played at Montpellier, bears a somewhat closer resemblance. That is played with clubs and balls of boxwood, not unlike golf-clubs and balls, but, instead of being played on a grass course, it takes place on country roads, and the goal is a target raised off the ground, at which the players take shots with what is described as wonderful accuracy. But for the origin of golf we need not go so far afield. In its essential characteristics golf belongs to the same family, and may well have sprung from the old Scottish game of shinty (*anglice*, hockey), which represents in its most elementary form the craving for hitting a ball with a stick, which we have referred to. Shinty, however, is played by two sides of indefinite number, with only one ball, whereas the sides at golf never consist of more than two, each with a ball. Shinty again is a wild rush, golf a gentle exercise. And as to their aims, whilst the shinty goal is the same as in football, that of golf is far different. Perhaps a more probable origin is the "roaring game," as Burns called it, of curling. That, as most people are nowadays aware, is played on a sheet of ice with huge and heavy granite circles, which are propelled along the ice by hand to a certain "tee" or point within a circle, the object being to lie nearest to this point. Similarly in golf, the aim of the player is to land his ball in a hole about the size of a teacup in fewer strokes than his opponent. Golf, then, might seem more or less a combination of the method of shinty, with the object of curling. But, unfortunately, for this theory, we are unable to trace curling further back than three centuries ago, whereas quite a century before that time the game of golf is known to have flourished. Chronology being against us, we can fall back on abstract principles. It may be said that, whilst

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shinty represents the wild savagery of the original Kelt from whom he sprang, both golf and curling represent the canny Scot of historical times. The Scotch are above all things marksmen —they achieve their aims. Their characteristic is what Mr. Matthew Arnold, if he could ever be brought to treat the Scotch fairly, might describe as exactitude. So then we may not be very far out if we assign both golf and curling to a common origin in the Scotch national character. Accuracy and perseverance, combined with good fellowship and humour, afford a fairly intelligible union of elements, out of which most of the best things in Scottish life have grown.

By the middle of the fifteenth century we find the game in full swing, in fact, become too prosperous. The fourteenth Parliament of James II., on the 6th of March, 1457, after reciting that certain games had grown in popularity to the detriment of archery, in which the Scotch still remained inferior to the English, ordained and decreed that "wapenschawes" (archery competitions) should be held four times in the year, "and that the fute-ball and golfe be utterly cryed downe and not to be used" under dire penalties. Similarly, under James III., in 1471 it was decreed that "fute-ball and golfe be abused in time cumming" and "schuting" practised instead. And in 1491 golf was absolutely prohibited. These facts suffice to show the extraordinary popularity which the game had thus early acquired. During the succeeding century, however, the special cause which had militated against its progress disappeared, for by the invention of gunpowder, the necessity for the constant practice of archery was removed. The later municipal prohibitions, though highly interesting in themselves, are based on different grounds. Thus in 1604 we find that certain boys were fined and made repentance in church for playing golf on Sunday at Perth. We thus see how great a power the game must have over the Scottish people when it could lead them to break that dearest of their institutions—the Sabbath. The town council of Edinburgh, too, in 1592, proclaimed that "no inhabitant be seen at any pastime, within or without the town, upon the Sabbath day, sic as golfe, etc." In the following year the proclamation was reannounced, but with this alteration, that the prohibition only extended to the "tyme of sermons."* It is perhaps worth noticing that the popular version of the above ordinances is to the effect that it was a law of the Scottish Parliament, that those citizens who attended church in the forenoon might play golf in the afternoon. A curious parallel to this may be found in what takes places at this very day. Of course, all play is rigidly prohibited at every green on Sunday. But some

* In 1617 James I. had fully adopted the High Church view in England. By the "Book of Sporte," published in that year, certain games were recommended as lawful and suitable for Sunday to those who "had done their dutie to God." But this never conquered the sterner Puritanism of Scotland.

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time ago an ingenious club-maker invented a new walking-stick in the shape of a small golf-club, and a very dainty walking-stick it makes. It is said, with what truth we know not, that at St. Andrews on Sunday the good folk who have been to church in the forenoon walk out over the links in the afternoon with their walking-sticks in their hands, and when they have reached a remote corner of the links they pull surreptitious golf-balls out of their pockets, and indulge in a quiet game, out of sight and mind of the authorities. However that may be, the Sabbath prohibition is the only one that has survived in Scotland. Since the date last-mentioned the game has been free and unfettered, and so has grown up to be one of the most characteristic of things Scottish. Throughout its history golf has never lacked royal patronage, having justified indeed the long-used title of the "royal and ancient" game. The Stuart dynasty were invariably its partisans. We learn that James IV., James V., and James VI. were all "keen" golfers, indeed the last-named has the credit of having introduced the game into England, by playing with his suite at Blackheath after his accession to the English throne. Of the hapless Mary Stuart it is recorded as an evidence of her hartlessness, that a very few days after Darnley's murder she was seen playing golf and pall-mall in the fields beside Seton. Perhaps that is not a very heavy indictment against her, for it is certain that if she had played golf with the keenness of a modern devotee she would never have taken the trouble even to murder her husband at all. There is a traditional picture too, which represents Charles I. as receiving the news of the outbreak of the Irish rebellion when engaged in playing golf upon the links of Leith, which seems to have the best title to being the cradle of the game, although all its best associations centre round St. Andrews. At a later period in the career of the martyr-king, it seems that amidst his thickening political troubles he had not lost his old love of the game, but still found solace in its exercise. When made prisoner with the Scotch army before Newcastle before being given up to the Parliamentarians, he regarded it as a great favour to be permitted to play golf with his suite on the meadows outside the town. That least manly of our kings, James II., seems also to have been very fond of golf, both as Duke of York and in his kingly period. But perhaps this was owing to the fact that, even in those days, and indeed all through the seventeenth century, the game was a favourite medium for heavy betting, sums changing hands upon a single game which are far in excess of those that now hang in the balance. One of James' exploits, in which we may be sure that his share was only nominal, is commemorated to this day—the house called the "Golfer's Land," which stands in the Canongate of Edinburgh. It is related that two braggart English nobles of the Duke of York's train, challenged any two Scotchmen to play them a form

once over Leith links, and that James accepted the challenge, choosing as his partner one Patersone, a shoemaker of great local repute as a golfer, and triumphantly pulling off the game with his aid. With half the sum won over this game James built the house in question and made it over to his partner—a most seasonable and sensible act on his part. If James had more of the sportsman in him than we think it is quite possible that he may have carried the game into exile with him. It has travelled even further than he went. Within the last few years an adventurous baron has carried the whole impedimenta of the game from Westward Ho! into the heart of Austria. Since the Revolution we have had a lack of royal patrons until modern time. William IV. resuscitated the kingly interest by becoming patron of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, the premier club, an example which has been followed by the Prince of Wales. But the late Duke of Albany was the only prince of modern times who has himself played the game with relish.

The last century seems in some ways to have witnessed a slight falling off in the interest of the game. On the whole it seems to have become rather more aristocratic than formerly. Smollet, indeed, writing in 1766, speaks of it thus:—"Of this diversion the Scotch are so fond that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice (*anglice*, judge) to the lowest tradesman, mingled together in their shirts and following the ball with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise co-operating with the keen air from the sea must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper." Such an account, though true of many particular localities, hardly represents the actual popularity of golf during last century. It seems more or less to have dwindled with the decadence of the Stuarts, and to have revived again with more than pristine vigour in the reign of Victoria. Since then it has spread without ceasing, *viresque accrescit eundo!* And the reason is not far to seek. The revival of athletic sports which this generation has witnessed has brought into prominence every game which could possibly be utilised in a modern form. Now golf undoubtedly affords the greatest facilities for this development. It is of absolutely universal application. Mr. Du Maurier never made a happier use of his pencil than when he recently portrayed in *Punch* the "Golf Stream" of young men and maidens, old men

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and matrons and toddling children, all with club in hand, eagerly "addressing themselves" to the ball. It is hardly a libel to say with the witty laureate of golf, Mr. Andrew Lang, that Scottish babies are "teethed" upon a golf-club handle. The fair sex play the game with an avidity to which even lawn tennis is a stranger; and as to the men, they know no goddess more absolute. Hunting men, sporting men, cricketers, all the athletic favourites of our society are each in their way devotees of their several sports. But for absolute enthralment, for one ideaedness, for absorbed selfishness in its pursuit, for jargon, for talking "shop," a "keen" golfer probably takes away the palm. Instances of the cult are many. One maniac, long well known in Edinburgh, devoted to golf every hour both of night and day that he could spare from sleep and his Sunday duty of "holding the plate." He breathed golf, he dreamed golf, he played it by lamplight! Many of us have seen of late years—alas! already becoming distant, the familiar form of one, well entitled to be called the patriarch of the game, who, until his eighty-seventh year, regularly went twice round St. Andrews links (a distance of nearly eight miles), on three days of every week, until death cut short his golfing and holed his last "putt." Not a few devote their small plot of suburban garden to a links *in petto* with tiny holes, and never a cabbage nor rose-bush dares dispute its supremacy. Nor is the passion of one well-known votary by any means singular, who daily played in his dressing-room, "teeing" his ball on a soap-dish, and "swiping" it with might and main into a heap of blankets piled against the wall. There are many, as we have said, who, with an interest which exceeds even that of the fox-hunter, because it is perennial, live day by day for golf, only ceasing, to travel from one green to another. Snow does not stop them, for then they merely play with red balls and the glitter of bulls'-eye lanterns. Even when the snow is too deep for play, a mode of evasion is found. *Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurrit.* It is related of the famous Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session, that, when driven from the links of snow, he would be found playing on the sands of the sea-shore. One man—the case is not apocryphal—who was doing good work as rector of an English country parish, saw golf, tasted, and was conquered. He threw up his living then and there, and went and followed—golf.

Nor is such passion unaccountable to those who have known it. Some of England's most athletic sons are beginning to feel it. There comes a time when cricket and football begin to pall somewhat. The least possible feeling of stiffness, the slightest imaginable vision of a paunch, the fear of risking the precious life of a paterfamilias, teach caution and restraint from these rude sports. What, then, is to be done? Without exercise—eager, energising, if gentler than of old,—a vista displays itself of

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stiffness becoming inveterate, and a pleasing fulness of frame becoming corpulence. Obesity, shortness of breath, decrepitude, crowd upon the vision. The outlook was hopeless until lawn tennis was invented and golf rediscovered. I do not mean to assert that the latter as yet enjoys by any means the popularity of the former game. But lawn tennis can never possess for active spirits the charm of such a game as golf. It is either a science or a "duffing" game. Tennis proper and racquets are no doubt kingly games, but circumstances render them the sports of but a few. The glories of croquet have proved evanescent. But golf is a universal game in its interest and a democratic. "All men are equal on the turf and under it" applies to this too, and consequently it is now growing apace. All over England and English haunts, in places the most unexpected and the most unpromising, it is springing up, and men of all classes, eager for a new sensation, are tasting its delights. Jersey and the Isle of Wight, the downs of Norfolk and Suffolk, know it. It is even become the subject of competition between the rival blues of Oxford and Cambridge. Calcutta and Toronto ring with the Scottish game. It shares with hunting the attractions of Pau. A game fit for the young Elizabethans, and in which the brisk, cheery Charles Kingsley would have gloried, it is an institution at Westward Ho! It is perpetual on Blackheath and Wimbledon Common. Yarmouth, Felixstowe, Alnmouth, Malvern, Bath dispute the supremacy of the purely Scottish greens. Soon it seems as though there would not be a popular watering-place in England without its golf-ground. Every year new greens are opened and more disciples gained. In time it may yet overrun the whole of English athletic society, and then the proud Caledonian may cry that "*Scotia capta ferum victorem cepit.*"

And "what wonder!" cries whoever has felt its charm. It is a clear September day, the air brisk, nimble, and sustaining with the least touch of chill in it. You walk over the fresh turf with an elastic spring of the feet almost as if without touching the solid ground. Then you buckle to the game, and the white ball—most glorious sight!—propelled by the strong arm rises majestically in its flight and stands out clear in the blue sky or bounds along the turf like a thing of life. There is no finer feeling for young muscles or old—not even in a "gallery" hit at Lords' than the first "swipe" of full two hundred yards on the verdant links. Nor is this alone or undisputed by the chief of pleasures. What pen can adequately tell the pride of dexterous quarter—shot with subtle spoon, or the strong satisfaction of him who cries, "The cleek shot; the billie for me;" or hymn the hero of the rescuing niblick, or the exquisite short game with beautiful iron-shot or canny putter? Every section, every stroke of the game has its own interest as its own weapon. Some ten in number are the

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clubs borne by the attendant "cadie" * of every player of any eminence. Strange, comical little characters are these cadies. They have formed a philosophy of their own as day after day they trudge along at their seemingly uninteresting post. To them golf is the chief energy of life, and the τέλος of every man beyond the stage of beginner is to rank as a scratch player. Quite respectfully and yet most candidly they pelt the unbending player with their aphorisms. "You're over strong the day, sir. Ye'll hae to gang into pheesic," they tell you as some hopeless "schlaff" breaks short in the middle a long-prized club, or "Ye're aye a wee thing short wi' your putts," as an excess of caution spoils a canny shot, "Tam Morris' motto is '*Be up!*'" or when adjuring you to play "between the Toon-Ha' and the U.P. Steeple," the delight of playing is increased by the humours of the little philosopher who trots along by your side, gravely bearing his burden of clubs. Yet one has always a little doubt of these rogues. Although so polite and so interested in the game before your face, perhaps this respect is not maintained in private. Of that we have many a dubious surmise. One have I seen attending on a hapless player who passed us going in the opposite direction, when he thought his master safely out of hearing, turn gravely to our "cadie," and putting his hand slyly up to his mouth, say never a word but "*Saxteen!*" But the master unluckily heard him, and sad was the fate of that boy. There is no knowing to what extent they may not "give you away." The story is told of a once well-known divinity professor at St. Andrews, who was in the habit of becoming perhaps too much interested in his game, and of how one day a passer-by asked his cadie, "How's the doctor playing the day?" "Oh tappin' every ba', and dammin' just awfu'" was the reply, an exaggerated one, let us hope. Yet there is no saying; some men do become so much interested in their game. But the humours of golf are infinite. Much, as was to be expected, centres round the element of luck. There are some doomed to unending hardships. Of such worthies, from whom some of the bruskers or sandholes take their names, "The Principal's Nose," "Walkinshaw," "Auld Tom's Grave," are instances. Dread fate seems to lure the balls of these luckless knights into their accustomed sand. Or in some mankind in general shares the common fate, as in the far-famed brusker which bears the name of "Hell." As to that, by the way, there is a good story told of a timid lady who once got into a railway carriage with a couple of golfers gossiping about their game, but soon fled their horrid company. "Man," said the one, "I got richt into Hell, but I took my heavy iron and laid him dead on the spot." What manner of man must these fire-breathing warriors be? Not so bad as they seem, but still philo-

* It may be noted that this is the authorised spelling of the name. It is said to be derived from "cadet," but we doubt the derivation.

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sophical with their pastime to a degree that respects no hostile or interfering customs, or conduct. Allan Robertson, the unbeaten, doughtiest of golf champions, expressed the prevalent feeling when he said, "It's enough to arouse the best feelings of human nature to see your adversary in a brusker!" Golf indeed has scant respect of persons. We have seen grey-haired men toiling hopelessly in bruskers, and only asked with cruel sarcasm whether they "would like their beds sent out to them." Of one man distinguished enough in this way we have heard a stalwart professional aver that he "oucht tae get sixty days for yon doing o' his." "It's for a' the warld as if, when he's addressin' himself tae his ba', ye were to come ahint him and gie a jag wi' a preen." Needless to say the philosophy mainly clusters round the individual's experiences. It becomes a matter of torture to hear the dreary recitals of the keen player's own prowess, and with even greater gusto that of his sons, when one is dreaming away a Sunday afternoon in the club-house at St. Andrews. The golf talk is interminable, and one gradually passes away into slumber with a buzz about "wonderful iron shots," and "mammoth putts" in one's ears. One characteristic of the golfer seems peculiar to him. In no other sport we are aware of is there the same "sensitiveness to external influences," as it has been well-named. With the average golfer the slightest circumstance is sufficient to disconcert his play, to divert his luck, or perhaps to hang an excuse upon for want of skill or attention. Many a good long shot has ended in a hopeless "top," and a deep nest in the brusker by someone incautiously standing behind the player; many a good "putt" is missed by some slightest movement of a bystander. If the eye is caught the shot is spoilt. The facility for excuse thus afforded is obvious, and, truth to tell, very largely taken advantage of. The climax is reached as in the recorded cases, where the player, finding nothing in the conduct of his party or the bystanders which he could by any means blame for his misfortune, abused, in one case, a seagull in the air, and in another a ship sailing on the sea as the cause of his failure. Very characteristic too is the keen anxiety developed over the "garble gamble," for which the game gives so great facilities. That charm which, we have suggested, endeared it to James II. and must have brought nigh to ruin many a needy Scottish noble in the sixteenth century, still survives. An easy filip to excitement is afforded in the risking of the perpetual half-crown upon the issue of a round. Even the parsons, and golf has no better or more eager devotees than they, unbend occasionally to this extent. The outsider may be sure that the risk adds even a keen interest to the sport. The imminent loss of even so little sometimes betrays or ruffles temper. But generally it only suffices to increase the satisfaction felt in a hard fought match. In fact philosophy surrounds the game. From the cadie to the captain of the club it reconciles one to life

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of which it resembles the chances. And like all healthy exercises it breeds good humour and so steels a hearty man against the mishaps and troubles of life. It is the best thing that fair Scotia offers to us next to her moors. Hitherto we have not touched upon the professional side of golf. For in this too a class has grown up which besides ministering to amateurs, as is the function of all professional players of sport, endeavours to attain the highest possible perfection in its own play. Most of them have sprung from the class of "cadies," and are a strange mixture of the habits and philosophy inbred in them, together with many of those superstitions which come so naturally to the Scotch. I know no finer sight than the contest of these stalwart, raw-boned Scottish lads for the yearly championship, as seen, say on such a green as St. Andrews. For absolute science and dexterity no game affords such a spectacle for the onlooker as the best of these show at such a time. Perhaps it is spoilt a little by the superstitions aforesaid, for one of them at least, which they are said to share with the billiard professional, still survives. They imagine, poor fellows, that their play on the great day is improved by getting drunk the night before. And sorry indeed is the spectacle of distress and nervousness which some of the finest of them thus display. But the exhibition is a wonderful one as you pace slowly over the green links interspersed with yellow sands, watching some of the best of them. What a medley of thoughts it is! Here is the flower of Scotia's youth contending in a struggle which has enlivened so long their country's life. Here in St. Andrews, which Arthur Stanley so fondly called "mine own," emblematic of so much that is beautiful, and yet so tinged with sorrow in Scotland's history. Few sights in the modern world outrival this, hardly, even, the Roman Bay Forum, with its countless reminiscences, or the view of Salamis (as seen) from the Acropolis. Here whilst the children of a day are busy and enwrapt in the struggle of a moment, you recall the mission of St. Regulus, and the wanderings of the monks of Iona, you recall the murder of Machiavelli, discuss the callousness of Beaton, and the martyrdom of those heroes whom yon quaint column commemorates. Yes, you play on, almost under the very shadow of that ruined cathedral, about whose lovely arches and fallen columns the spirits of saintly monks and nuns seem to hover over those gray ruins, under which so many hopes and so sad memories lie buried in the grave of Tommy Morris.

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LOVE'S PALACE.

LONG time ago
I set apart a chamber in my soul,
Spacious and large, saying, "This is for Love
To dwell in, when his feet shall pass this way;"
And fair and rich I made it, as for one
Whom all men reverence, an honoured guest.
But yet although my room was beautiful
With all that thought or fancy could bestow,
It was illumined by no ray of light;
A settled gloom hung over and concealed
The costly treasures I had lavished there;
At last I thought, "When my dear guest is come,
The sunshine of His Presence may prevail,
And all stand forth revealed in golden light."

So years passed by, and never feet had crossed
The sacred threshold to the dim beyond;
Though oftentimes I thought I heard afar
His gentle footsteps wending slow their way
To my abode, and then my heart would beat
With listening eagerness, till fainter grew
The sounds, and died upon th' expectant air.
So then I knew, 'twas not to me He came,
And my heart sank, and gloomier still became
My soul's wide chamber, closed and empty still.

But on a day, a sweet still autumn day,
When all the birds were hushed, and scarce a sound
Was heard except the rustling of the leaves
Sighing themselves to sere, a murmur soft,
Like faintest music in a dreamer's ear,
Came to my soul, and whispered low; "Awake,
Arise, and open wide thy chamber door
For Love's approach, who comes to enter there."

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So tremblingly I set the portal wide,
And with fresh, fragrant flowers the threshold strewed,
And stood with outstretched hands and beating heart,
To welcome Him, my Light, my Life, my Love.

Then as He entered to my dim abode,
The glory of His Presence shone around,
Dispelling all the darkness and the gloom.
And lo! the chamber gleamed with purest gold,
And from the walls rich gems and jewels rare—
Which filled me with amaze, for hand of mine
Had never placed them there,—glittered and shone.

And day by day new treasures lie revealed,
Nor know I whence they are; but this I know—
That since my Love has come to dwell with me,
My chamber is the palace of a King!

C. H.

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THE WORLD BELOW.

A Novel.

BY E. M. ABDY-WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Who is against us? Who is on our side?
Whose heart of all men's heart is one with man's?"

SWINBURNE.

THINGS were going worse and worse with Loveday. Jessie got no better, she lay on her bed all day, seldom moving or speaking, for speech or movement was liable at any moment to bring on the cough with its attendant blood-spitting and exhaustion, and incapable of noticing what was taking place around her. Unless they could get her away to Bournemouth or Ventnor, the doctor said, she would lie thus, growing daily a little weaker, until she died. Twenty years of hard work, insufficient food, and bad air, —these constituted her disease, so common an one that it was quite undeserving of remark. He was not an unkindly man, this doctor, but he was hard-worked and ill-off himself, and he had no time to spare for sympathy with his patients.

"She would do much better in the hospital," he said, one day for the third or fourth time, "they would look after her properly there. If you can't take her south, take her to the London."

Jessie heard this, though she said nothing at the time. When he was gone she signed to Loveday to come near to her bed, and whispered in the faint tone which was all she had strength for.

"Let me go, dear, you're getting most wore out, and I might be better there."

This happened on the very day that Love had sold the last of her possessions to buy a loaf for breakfast. The loaf was there, and would with due economy suffice her for at least two days; the cupboard also contained a small pot of Liebig's extract of meat and two penny sponge-cakes, bought for Jessie by Tom Westmore, and handed over to Loveday's keeping with an entreaty that they should be made the most of, since he could bring nothing more until next pay-day. So they were in no

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immediate danger of starvation. But as to money, Loveday literally had not a farthing. For the cambric handkerchief which she had disposed of that morning she had obtained only fourpence, and with this she had bought her loaf, calculating that bread would last longer and go further than any other kind of food.

And now Jessie wanted to be taken to the hospital. To tell her that she could not go, that there was no money to pay the cabfare, and nothing to sell in order to raise the money, would have been at once to confess the struggles and hardships which she, Loveday, had been enduring for Jessie's sake, and would inevitably bring on one of those paroxysms which were to be avoided at all costs. On the other hand, to say "Yes, you shall go," when it was impossible to take her, would stave off the truth but for a few hours and would be a cruel kindness at the best.

Loveday felt inclined to sit down and cry, the situation seemed so hopeless. Of course, Jessie ought to have gone to the hospital three weeks ago, when her illness began; Love knew that well enough. But at that time Jessie, with the fretfulness of extreme weakness, had flatly refused to leave her home, and neither Love nor Westmore had had the heart to press her when they saw how averse she was from the idea.

"I don't want to go," she said, "let me 'ave the doctor at 'ome. I've saved enough to pay 'im."

That eight-and-twenty shillings seemed a mine of wealth to her. So long as she could continue to work she would not touch a penny of it, it was all to be kept religiously against her marriage. But no sooner did she break down than she became utterly hopeless of ever recovering, and neither Love nor Tom could persuade her into the slightest cheerfulness.

"You can use up all my savin's," she said. "I shan't never want none of 'em now."

They had been obliged to take her at her word, not because they agreed with her own estimate of her chances of recovery, but because the money was so sorely needed. And now, when it was all gone and there was no more to be obtained by any means, she turned round and said,

"Let me go to the hospital."

Was there nothing more to sell? Was it absolutely impossible to raise a couple of shillings wherewith to pay the cabfare.

Nothing. Everything that Loveday had was gone, and as to Jessie herself, save for the bed she lay on, her poor little possessions were not worth selling, since her Sunday clothes, by Tom's instructions, had already been "put away."

Loveday looked round the two bare rooms once again, despair growing upon her, as she mentally catalogued the furniture. In the living-room only one table and one broken chair remained. She had wished to give up this room, to save the rent, as Jessie

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could no longer use it, but Westmore had begged her not to do so yet, for he hoped every day that Jessie might be able to get up and come in. He had given Love the rent this week, she having been obliged to tell him that it was impossible for her to pay it. Owing to the long hours on the Great Western he could not get over to Whitechapel more than once or twice a week, so he had not discovered that she was out of work until the question of retaining the second room arose.

It was quite clear that there was nothing more that could go from that room, for to get the table transported to the pawnbroker's would cost more than he would give for it, and the chair was worthless save for firewood. Loveday returned to the bedroom, trying to make up her mind to tell Jessie that she must stay where she was at least till the end of the week, when Westmore would bring some more money.

But as she opened the door her eyes fell on her violin, which had lain neglected in its case these two days past. Up to this moment the idea of disposing of her instrument had not occurred to Love. It was so integral a part of her being, so indispensable to her, that the possibility of selling it had simply never entered her mind, and probably if she had only had her own needs to consider it never would have entered her mind. But affection simplifies sacrifice which is beyond the conception of mere self-interest. Jessie was very dear to Loveday, and when once the means of gratifying her wishes became apparent, Love did not hesitate for a moment on the score of her own feeling in the matter. To part with her precious violin, the friend and companion of so many years, her solace in grief, her confidante in joy, her *alter ego*, her higher self—this would indeed be a cruel wrench, but it weighed as nothing in the scale against Jessie's well-being.

She went to the sick girl, and bent down to kiss her.

"It is too late for you to go to the hospital to-day," she said. "See how dark it is getting now. But you shall go to-morrow."

"You'll get along better without me," answered Jessie drowsily.

A few minutes later Loveday took her violin and went out.

"Well, and what do you want for it?" asked the pawnbroker. He was an old Jew, with a stubbly grey beard and a hanging under lip; a most repulsive-looking specimen of humanity. Loveday had interviewed him pretty frequently now, but still she could scarcely repress a shudder of disgust whenever she spoke to him. The shop was as horrible as its owner: full of old clothes and dilapidated furniture, in various stages of decay. Here and there in the general medley lay dresses, books, and household ornaments of a class so superior to the rest as to tell their own tale of reduced circumstances and better days, but for the most part there was no such tale to tell. It is the thriftless and improvident women who are always "just a week behind,"

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who take out their property when the Saturday's wage comes, only to take it back to "the shop" again on the Monday,—these are the pawnbroker's best customers; he holds a perpetual mortgage on their earnings, which they never attempt or hope to pay off. It is not their fault, they have no one to teach them better things; nor will their children be much wiser, until the principles of domestic economy come to be regarded as of at least equal importance in the Board-school curriculum with calculations of discounts and stocks.

This winter thrifty and thriftless alike were to be found at the pawnshop, and very few of the articles "put away" were ever reclaimed. A woman from Margaret Buildings was haggling with the dealer when Love went in, and stayed, after completing her own bargain, to watch the progress of the next transaction.

Loveday had not paused to consider what she should ask for her treasure, having been entirely absorbed in the vain endeavour to choke down the rebellious grief which threatened to overmaster her at the thought of what she was doing.

When she heard the Jew's question a sudden conviction seized her that she had come to the wrong place. From force of habit she had instinctively taken the usual road, but now it flashed upon her that she ought to have gone to a violin-dealer. The instrument was a Guarnerius, and she knew that her father had paid £120 for it. At the thought of its purchase a wave of recollection swept over her—the happy time in Paris when it was given to her, a child scarcely yet able to handle the beautiful instrument; her father's pride and her mother's pleasure in her performances; the long, quiet years in Brittany, when for weeks together nothing but her music could rouse her father from his fits of despondency and gloom; Old Place and the Barony, all sunshine and happiness; that enchanted time in London with Miss Rhys, when she revelled in quartettes and concertos; then the last days at home—the last day of all, when she had played to her father till he fell into that long sleep from which he never woke! Ah! how could she sell her violin, the only link with her past which now remained—the thing dearer to her than her own life? But, then, on the other hand, what would not that money do for Jessie? A hundred pounds! why, it would take her to the south of England—even to the south of France—it would keep her in comfort for months and months to come; it would perhaps mean health and strength to her for the rest of her days; it would render possible her marriage with Tom. What were her own selfish regrets in comparison with the happiness of these two, who had been so good to her in her adversity? It was ungrateful of her to have thought for a moment of drawing back.

All this passed through her mind in far less time than it takes to tell it, and there was hardly a perceptible pause before she replied to the pawnbroker's question.

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"I am afraid you will not like to give me as much as I wish. My violin is worth more than a hundred pounds."

The Jew looked at her curiously.

"Oh, I dessay," he said; "that's a likely shtory. Where should you get a fiddle worth more'n a 'underd pound, I wonder? Did ye shteal it?"

Loveday turned to leave, but he called her back.

"You may as well give us a look, any'ow," he said.

"I will not trouble you," said Loveday. And she walked out, meaning to go to a dealer in musical instruments, whose shop she had seen in Houndsditch.

A few yards from the door she was overtaken by the woman who had been bargaining with the Jew when she entered.

"Look 'ere, my dear," she said, touching Loveday on the shoulder; "do you want pertikler to sell that there fiddle, or is it on'y a little money as you wants?"

Loveday looked at her; she was a young woman, not more than two or three-and-twenty at most, with a mass of curly dark hair, and handsome black eyes. She seemed good-tempered and cheerful, but she was draggletailed and dirty, and her face was unpleasantly bold. Loveday knew her by sight, though she had never spoken to her before. She was one Jane Dennison, a flower-girl by trade. Loveday had never liked her looks, but now she spoke in a not unkindly tone, and Love never could bring herself to be uncivil to anyone. So she answered, concisely,

"My friend, Jessie Moss, is very ill, and I want some money to take her to the hospital."

"Well now, it do seem a pity to sell the fiddle for no more'n that, 'specially as I could put you in the way of gettin' plenty for what you wants, without sellin' it at all."

"I don't quite understand," said Loveday doubtfully, yet with a glimmer of hope dawning in her heart at the possibility of finding another way out of her difficulty.

"Why, play on it, 'stead of sellin' of it, of course," the woman went on. "I've 'eard you playin' in the Buildin's, and I've often thought what a fortin' you was throwin' away."

"Ah!" exclaimed Loveday. "But no one would engage me for concerts. I have no introductions; I could not offer myself."

"Lor now, do listen to that! You don't need no interduckshuns for *my* concerts, you don't. 'Tis playin' in the streets, I means."

Loveday walked on a few yards in silence. The proposal took her breath away for the moment: and yet at first sight it seemed a simple thing to do. She thought of the people she had heard playing and singing in the streets, and she knew that she was artistically far superior to the best of them. Then she remembered the crowds that came round these performers, and the idea of forming the centre of such a gathering was inexpressibly

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repugnant to her. No! it would be easier never to touch the violin again, than to endure the pain and shame of such publicity. Then once more she thought of her father: what would he have said to such a degradation?

"*When all trades fail, you could make a living by your fiddle.*"

The words came back to her, almost as if repeated by a voice in her ear. She forgot the circumstances in which they were spoken, the laugh that accompanied them, and the jest with which she had replied. In her perplexity they seemed like a sanction given in anticipation to the course which now presented itself to her. Her resolution was taken.

"Tell me more," she said, "I will do it."

At eight o'clock that evening Loveday went down to the ground-floor of the Buildings, and tapped at the door of number 14, Jane Dennison's room. She carried her violin under her arm, and wore a thick woollen veil of Jessie's, which, though old and torn, would, she hoped, to a certain extent conceal her face when she should begin to play.

"Whatever did yer go for to muffle yerself up in that there thing for?" inquired the flower-girl disapprovingly; "'tis the face as brings in the coppers. Just look at me now."

Loveday was looking at her. She thought she had never seen anything more tawdry or detestable in her life than the curled hair, guiltless of contact with brush or comb, the dirty hat with its brilliant scarlet feather, the draggled dress with trimmings of creased and faded velveteen, and worst of all, the coating of paint on cheek and lip.

Jane Dennison thought her glance was one of admiration, and began to explain and encourage her.

"Folks 'ereabouts don't know nothin' o' my singin' out o' nights. They're a spiteful lot they are, and wouldn't make no bones of tellin' the rent gentleman tales, which it don't matter to 'im anyway, so long as I pays my rent reg'lar. I keeps myself to myself, and let other folks do the same, I says, and then no one ain't no call to complain. They don't know as I've got all these nice clothes, they don't, there's some 'ere as would be mad if they did. But times is cruel 'ard jes' now, and some of my gentlemen ain't took no notice o' me this long time. And it's orful cold, too, standin' about o' nights this kind o' weather.

"I will not stand about," said Loveday. "I will come home directly I have earned two shillings. That is all I want to-night."

The appearance of her companion made her uneasy: in her ignorance she did not read the riddle of the paint and the shabby finery, but she felt that there was something wrong, that this street music was not altogether the genuine trade Dennison had represented it to be. So strong did this impression become, as she saw the airs and graces which the woman seemed to have

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put on with her new attire, that she would even now have drawn back and refused to go, save for her promise to Jessie.

"You shall go to the hospital the first thing to-morrow morning," she had said; and it seemed to her of the last importance that the sick girl should not be disappointed.

"Well, its 'igh time we was startin'," said Dennison. Perhaps she detected signs of wavering on the part of Loveday: certainly she had no intention of letting her escape. "We'll begin with *'Ome, sweet 'ome.* I s'pose yer knows the toon?"

"Yes, I know it," answered Loveday, "but can we not do something else?" She had tolerable confidence in her own powers of self-command, but she was not sure that they would carry her through a performance of that air under such conditions.

"Nothin' else never draws like *'Ome, sweet 'ome,*" said the woman; "but if you've got more fancy for *Wot an arfternoon,* or *Tommy make room for yer uncle,* we might tip 'em a stave o' them fust."

"I do not know those," said Loveday.

"Wot, ain't yer never bin to no music-'alls? Well, never mind, I'll just sing yer the toon, and yer'll be able to 'company me right enough."

And she proceeded to sing in a voice once rich, but now hoarse and cracked by drink and rough usage—

> "'E buckled 'is eyebrows under 'is chin
> Wot an arfternoon."

Vulgar though they were, there was nothing otherwise offensive in the words, although the tune grated horribly on Loveday's ear. She did not like to make further objections, and she improvised an accompaniment which delighted the songstress.

"That'll do," she said, "couldn't be better. Once'll be quite enough. With yer pretty face and that there fiddle o' yer'n to make people look at 'un, we shan't want for custom to-night, any'ow."

An hour or so later they reached the Strand, down which they walked at a leisurely pace. Loveday had not the least idea where she was. She had never been there before, except on her way to the Lyceum with Miss Rhys, and Dennison had conducted her through such a maze of back streets and byeways that she was completely bewildered, and did not even know whether she was going east or west. There had been no singing so far.

"It ain't no good in these little places," said Dennison; "we'd get nothin' but a few browns. Wait till we gets into the big streets."

Now they were in a big street, full of glaring gas light, noisy with the rattle of omnibuses and the roll of carriages, and crowded with foot passengers, the women loud in dress and manner, the

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men, many of them, looking curiously at this ill-assorted pair, the quietly-dressed, closely-veiled girl and her vulgar and obtrusive companion.

Presently they turned up a street to the right, and there came to a standstill.

"What is that place?" said Loveday, pointing to a large and brilliantly-lighted building opposite, the appearance of which seemed familiar to her.

"That? Why, its the Lyceum Theayter, o' course. You air a green 'un, my dear."

"The Lyceum?" exclaimed Loveday. "But we are a long way from home, then. Let me play now and go back. Jessie will be frightened."

There were very few people on this side of the street, and she thought it would be easier to play there than in the crowd they had just left.

"All right," said Dennison. "Strike up; but it ain't no manner of use to sing music-'all songs 'ere. The toffs wouldn't take no notice. We must 'ave '*'Ome, sweet 'ome.*'"

Loveday's one wish now was to have done with it and go home. The woman's manner and conversation were growing momentarily more repulsive to her. She felt unspeakably miserable, and would have turned back long before if she had had the remotest idea which way to go. So she made no further objection.

"Begin, then," said Dennison; "strike up the sinfunny."

All her shame and humiliation and unhappiness found voice directly she touched the violin. Her prelude sounded like a wail of pain; and when she began the time-honoured pathetic air, which somehow finds its way to our heart-strings wherever we hear it, she infused into it such a depth of expression as touched even the stolid policeman whose business was to "move on" loiterers, and he made no attempt to do his duty. A crowd gathered round very quickly, and pence and halfpence were showered upon Dennison, whose hands were held out to receive them. She did not attempt to sing. She saw at once that her object would be obtained without that exertion on her part, for the theatre-goers opposite paused to glance across, and in a few minutes several well-dressed men had joined the outskirts of the crowd of listeners.

Two of these forced their way through until they were close to Dennison, who was a yard or so away from Loveday, trying to curry favour with a second policeman, an older man and less malleable than the first.

"She plays remarkably well," said one of the gentlemen, in a voice slightly husky with wine, "I'll invite her to supper."

The other made no reply. He was engaged in repulsing the advances of a too persistent match-seller.

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But Jane Dennison caught sight of the first comer, and made a step towards him.

"Good evening, my dear," she said.

Then she stopped short, and a sickly flush came over her painted cheeks.

"O my God!" she exclaimed, "it is him!"

She had not always been on the streets, this poor wretch; she had been an innocent girl not so very long ago, as innocent and ignorant as the girl she had led here to-night in order to lure her to her destruction. But a country girl, employed in a London restaurant, has small chances of honesty, especially if she be, as Jane Dennison was, handsome, piquante, and full of life and spirit. There are plenty of men whose sport it is to ruin such girls, and so this one found to her cost. She was beguiled into a *liaison* with a "gentleman" by a promise of marriage, kept for a month in luxury, and then turned adrift, lost and despairing. For a year or two she maintained herself in tolerable comfort by her terrible trade, but her good looks decreased with illness and exposure, and with them her luck went until she got so low as to be thankful for any pence she could get by singing and flower-selling. Almost all her old night-customers were deserting her one by one, and it was in the hope of recalling them that she had brought Loveday to the Strand. Such beautiful playing would, without doubt, attract attention, and if she (Jane) could not prevail on any of these men to buy herself, she might obtain money from some of them for betraying Loveday. Of course, the whole success of the diabolical plot hinged upon the victim's remaining in ignorance of what was in store for her; therefore, until the right time came, she was careful to say nothing to rouse her suspicions. Loveday was as far as ever from comprehending the situation when they took up their stand in front of the Lyceum; she was only conscious of the shame and pain of her position as the centre of a crowd which assailed her with rough jests and coarse compliments. Even when the half-drunken gentleman in evening dress made his way to her side and invited her to come home with him she did not understand, she had no idea what he meant.

Then his companion stepped forward and took him by the arm.

"Come away," he said, "and leave the poor girl alone."

"Not I," answered the first; "she plays too well for the streets. If her face is as fine as her fiddle, I'll make her fortune for her. Let me have a look, my girl," he went on, addressing Loveday, "you would like to be made a lady of, would you not?"

He stretched out his hand to pull off her veil, but he was prevented.

"You villain!" shrieked a voice behind him, "*You* shall not touch her. You ruined me, you shall not ruin her!"

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And Jane Dennison flung herself upon him, clinging to him, and shouting to the crowd that he was her man, her old sweetheart, though they might not think it, to see her now.

Swearing and cursing, the gentleman endeavoured to free himself from her embraces, calling to his friend and to the police alternately to come and assist him. But he was left to manage the affair alone, for the crowd was, by this time, too thick for the police to get through in a moment, and his friend was gone.

So was Loveday. For an instant she had remained still, paralysed with horror, when the meaning of the words addressed to her forced itself into her mind, for with that revelation came another. This man, this scoundrel, who was speaking to her, was none other than her old acquaintance, her some-time lover, De Limousin. And the one behind him was Prior. De Limousin did not recognise her, that was clear, though she stared him straight in the face in her first amazement. But when he tried to take off her veil, she felt that her only chance of safety lay in flight, she must get away, where she went or what became of her mattered not at all, if only she could leave that dreadful place.

How she got through the crowd and across the Strand she never knew; she was conscious of nothing save the burning desire to put the greatest possible distance between herself and De Limousin, until she dropped, panting and exhausted, into a dark recess on the Thames Embankment, having fled down the steps on the east side of Waterloo Bridge. Surely here she would be safe, she thought; it was so dark, they could not see her.

No, even here they were following her; there were steps approaching, nearer and nearer, faster and faster; a man's steps, running to the spot.

She shrank further into the shadow, her heart beating so violently that she could hardly breathe. Even now all hope was not quite gone; he might not have seen her—he might pass the place.

Ah, no! he had seen her—he was there; he stopped beside her.

She put up her hands to ward him off—

"Leave me alone!" she tried to cry.

Her voice failed her suddenly, and a black mist came over her eyes.

"Oh!—I cannot see!" she moaned.

And she fell, fainting, on the stone step below.

Chapter XXXII.

"I offer only
That which I seek—some human sympathy."—Shelley.

Of course Jane Dennison got the worst of the encounter with De Limousin. When the guardians of the peace reached the scene of action they promptly marched her off to the police-

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station, assuming, with their usual nice sense of justice, that the woman, because she was a woman, must be the one to blame. De Limousin took advantage of this diversion of public attention from himself to slip away, and a few minutes later he reappeared at the Lyceum, completely sobered, smiling, and imperturbable as usual. He did not often exceed in the matter of drink, but on this occasion he had come tired from hunting to dine with Prior's father, and the old brewer's '34 port had been a little too much for him.

Prior was standing at the door of the theatre when De Limousin got there. He looked deeply agitated and distressed.

"Ah, you are here, then," said De Limousin; "I feared you had deserted me."

"Did you see the violinist?" asked Prior.

"No, her mad companion engaged my attention. Really, lunatics should not be allowed to go loose about the streets; the episode was quite disagreeable."

Prior breathed more freely. He had expected De Limousin to speak of Loveday in a way which he would not be able to tolerate, and he was intensely relieved to find that he had not recognised her. How he had failed to do so Prior could not conceive, unless it were owing to his slightly muddled condition at the time. Devoutly did the young man give thanks for the excellence of his father's cellar, and skilfully did he parry De Limousin's comments on his abstraction and silence as the play proceeded and the evening wore on.

He had recognised Love at a glance, and he was doing his best to reach her when she took flight. But the pavement and some ten or twelve people were between him and her, when De Limousin's action caused her to dash through the crowd and break away. He followed as quickly as possible, but by the time he reached the Strand there was a block of vehicles at the crossing, and Loveday was nowhere to be seen. He looked to the right and to the left, then got across as soon as he could, but by that time she was away down the steps at Waterloo Bridge. Having absolutely no clue to guide him, he felt that it was folly to attempt to pursue her, though at the moment he would gladly have given all he possessed to have seen where she went. So he reluctantly made his way back to the theatre; and at the earliest possible opportunity he excused himself to his companion, and went home to his rooms in St. James's, there to reflect at his leisure on what had taken place.

He knew the circumstances of Loveday's disappearance from Old Place, for he and Miss Rhys corresponded with a certain regularity; she was aware of his hopeless attachment for the girl who loved his friend, she liked him and sympathised with him, and he valued her letters too much to let them cease through any negligence in replying to them, for did they not contain

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frequent mention of Miss Owen? Thus he had learnt when and why she had left her home, and he it was who had, at Miss Rhys's request, advertised day after day in the *Times*, and visited Scotland Yard until the sight of him became a weariness to the authorities, in the vain hope of finding her out. Now he had actually seen her, and yet was as far as ever from finding her. It was, indeed, disheartening, nor were the conditions under which he had seen her at all conducive to cheerfulness in a man who loved her. She must have been reduced to terrible straits before trying to earn her bread as she appeared to be doing now. It was awful to think of a young girl having to run such frightful risks; out in all weathers, no doubt; compelled to play whether it rained or snowed, or froze. How cold it was to-night, he thought, as he threw a log of wood on the fire; how her fingers must have ached as she played in the street, how she must have shivered in the biting wind!

He sat and pondered until his warm, richly-furnished bachelor rooms seemed unendurable. How could he sit or stay there, surrounded by luxury, when that delicate girl was out in the cold, homeless, even starving, for all he knew? It was intolerable; and yet what could he do? how could he help her?

Then some of his talks with Tom Pwllmeyric came back to him, Tom's zeal to alter the state of things social, his own cool calculation, "It suits me, and I don't see my way to bettering it, therefore I let it alone." Had he ever realised before what he was letting alone? Had it ever come home to him before what it was that "suited him?" Never. It needed some such shock as he had received to-night to awake his slumbering conscience, to force him to the conclusion that whether he could better things or not he must not leave them alone; that neither he nor any other rich man had the right to sit with his eyes blinded and his arms folded in the face of his neighbour's misery, because the present state of society suited him, and because the way to alter it did not lie so clear before him as the advantages he derived from it.

Through the night he sat there, lost in thought. And in the very early morning he wrote a letter to Miss Rhys, telling her that he had seen Loveday, and how he had seen her. And the letter ended on this wise:—

"This glimpse into the life of the world below seems to have taught me many things. I used to laugh at Tom's enthusiasm, though I always respected it. Now I understand it, and I swear that, as soon as we have found Loveday, I will go, and, to the best of my power, do likewise."

Day was breaking when he went out to post his letter, and from a church a little way off there came a peal of bells. It was Christmas Day. The bells at Old Place, too, were ringing when the letter arrived, for an heir to the Barony had been born during the night, and all the people were rejoicing for the sake of their loved lady.

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"It's a good omen," said Christopher.

And even Miss Rhys smiled, for she took courage now that she knew the girl was alive.

Loveday was right in thinking the footsteps she heard were following her. A tall young fellow with a pale face and an expression of much serious reflection in his eyes, had seen her swiftly descend the steps and fly along the Embankment; and taking it for granted that she meant to go over, he hurried after to save her if possible from destroying herself. He thought she was gone when he saw her disappear in the shadow, and he drew a deep breath of relief at finding her prostrate form on the steps when he came to them.

He picked her up and propped her against the wall, then endeavoured to restore her by chafing her hands and blowing upon her forehead. Then, in default of *eau de cologne* or smelling salts, he lit his pipe and gently puffed it in her face. This homely remedy soon took effect, she opened her eyes and looked up into his face with a stare of bewilderment.

"Who are you?" she said, faintly, "and where am I?"

"You're on the Embankment," he replied, "and glad I am you're not down the other side of it. I expect you dropped just in the nick of time."

"What do you mean?"

"Weren't you going over?"

"To drown myself, do you mean? Ah, no, I could not do that."

"Then what were you running like that for?"

"Running? I do not know—oh, yes, ah, heaven, yes,—I remember now. Who are you? Are you another of the same sort? Go away, you have no right to speak to me—I am not what you take me for—have pity—for God's sake leave me."

The young man took her hand in his with a gentle, almost reverential touch.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I can see you are in trouble, and I didn't mistake you. Were you running away from that?"

"Yes,—do not speak of it—it is too horrible. I did not know; she said I could get the money by playing, she never told me I should be spoken to like that."

She was still so frightened and bewildered that she hardly knew what she was saying.

"Do you mind telling me why you wanted the money?"

"It is for Jessie, to take her to the hospital—oh, what shall I do? I have not got it after all, how shall I tell her?"

And Loveday fairly broke down and cried.

The young man was much distressed; the sight of any woman's tears was painful to him, and this woman interested him strangely.

"Do you want much?" he asked. "Perhaps I can help you."

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"Thank you, but I will not take a gift. I shall sell my violin to-morrow."

"It needn't be a gift, you can earn it if you will."

"How? Not by playing in the street again. I would rather die."

"Heaven forbid! I meant by playing in a concert."

"That would be useless, Jessie must go to-morrow. And I will go to no more places that I do not know."

The young fellow drew himself up and gazed at her.

"Look me straight in the face," he said, "and see if I am not to be trusted."

Loveday obeyed.

"Yes, I can trust you," she said.

"Then do what I advise you. Come and play in our concert next Wednesday, New Year's Eve. It'll be a first-rate one, I can tell you, for the gentleman that started our club will be there and our fellows are all doing their very best to make it a success. I know you can play fine, for I heard you just now up in the Strand, only I couldn't stop to listen. I say, I'd quite forgotten the time, I must be getting on. Will you come on the 31st?"

"I shall be thankful," began Love, and then she stopped, remembering that if she sold her instrument to-morrow she would certainly not be able to play in a concert on New Year's Eve.

"All right then. We'll give you ten shillings for two solos, and here's five of it in advance."

This was a perversion of the truth; the five shillings came out of his own pocket as would the other five also. "The fellows in our club" were by no means in a position to pay ten shillings an evening to any violinist. But this seemed to our knight the simplest way of inducing his distressed lady to accept help, so he did not think twice whether he could spare the money, though he was, as a rule, not an extravagant young man.

"You're are very kind," said Loveday. "How shall I thank you?"

"Oh, never mind, it's only business."

He knew he ought to be getting on, but it was very hard to go, the whole affair was so novel in his experience, the girl was so lovely in her alarm and so sweet in her confidence, and, as he could not fail to perceive, so thorough a lady through it all, that he longed to learn more of her history and to do something greater for her than merely to give her money.

The opportunity presently offered itself.

"Please will you tell me which way I ought to go to get home? it is very late and poor Jessie will be frightened, and I know it is a long way."

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Margaret Buildings, near the Minories," she told him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I'm going close by there myself, that

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is to say, I live not so very much further, any how, it's all on my way, so I can see you safe home, if you'll let me, and then I shall know you're all right for the concert. You'd never find your way home this time of night by yourself."

Loveday gratefully accepted his escort. It did not occur to her to doubt him again. There are some men whose uprightness makes itself manifest to all good women at first sight, men of whom no one stays to ask, "Are they trustworthy?" because the possibility of their being otherwise does not suggest itself;—there never can be any question in the matter. They are rare, perhaps, these men, non-existent, some cynics would say. They may not always have been what they are now; in youth they may have gone astray like the rest of the world, may even have had to expiate in dust and ashes their own sin and another's shame. Possibly this very expiation has made them what they are. Possibly, on the other hand, they have never fallen at all. Be the cause what it may, the result is always the same;—women trust them without asking themselves why. Loveday's present companion was one of these men, his accent and certain lapses of grammar told her he was not a gentleman by education, but from the moment that he bade her look at him she knew he was a gentleman at heart, and now she walked on beside him fearlessly, with a sensation of rest and protectedness to which she had long been a stranger.

The blood began to circulate again in her chilled limbs, and her spirits revived under the influence of the brisk pace set by her companion, no less than in consequence of his kindness. By the time they reached Blackfriars Bridge she was able fully to appreciate the beauty of the panorama which they turned to behold.

Never had the Embankment looked more lovely than it did that night. The river rolled so smoothly that every light on either side was reflected unbroken on its surface; ship's lights, red and green, gas light, electric light—all gleaming across the dark water, their long lines only interrupted here and there by vessels lying low against the banks, by the strange, uneven shapes of heavily-laden barges, or by the quietly moving boats of the river police. The great sweeping curve of the Embankment itself stood out more boldly than usual under the frosty, star-lit sky, its shining crescent barred by transverse flashes of light from trains running over the bridges, twinkling in and out and between the rails of the parapets as they passed.

"I did not know London could look so like fairyland," she said, under her breath.

"I always come here," said the young man, "when things seem worse than usual. It's so big, it makes everything worrying look small and silly. One can't fret over one's own little life here by the river."

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"Yes," answered Loveday, "I see what you mean. The river and the circle of light look so large, one seems an atom in the midst of it."

"And the river goes on all the same whatever you think of it, you can't alter it, though you wished all you knew. It's just like life, I don't mean one's own life, but the whole thing. It goes steadily on for ever and ever, as black as that water for most of us working people, and as bright as the streaks of light for some of the others."

"I don't think you are right in saying you can't alter it. You can make ripples in it, if nothing more, and ripples widen as they go."

Loveday was trying to grasp the thread of a puzzling reminiscence. She had never been on the Embankment before, she was quite sure; and yet somehow the scene seemed familiar to her, and the young man's philosophy chimed in with her impression of familiarity in a curious way.

"It's true enough," he answered to her remark, "and sometimes one can take great satisfaction in ripples, if you can flatter yourself you are the stone. But other times one feels that downhearted, really it seems as if the bottom of the river would be the best place."

Loveday did not answer. She had suddenly remembered when and where the Embankment at night had been described to her. Tom Pwllmeyric had talked of it one August evening in the park at Rhys Barony.

"It would be worth while to live in the East End," he had said, "just for that to be one's road home at night. People rave about the loveliness of the country, and of course it is lovely in its way, but I think the beauty of that bit of London cuts out all the trees and flowers that ever grew, because of its intense human interest. Its an epitome of life in its brightness and its blackness."

Strange that this man should use almost the same words. The thought of Tom made her cheek flush and her pulses tingle. She did not know where he was now, but it struck her that the same chance which had brought De Limousin into her neighbourhood might equally have brought Tom, and she shuddered at the idea of his seeing her in such circumstances.

"You're cold standing here," said her companion. "Let's go on."

They went on, past Blackfriars Bridge, along Cannon Street and Eastcheap, past Trinity Square, the Tower, and the Mint, towards Katherine Docks, finally branching off by a side street to Margaret Buildings.

"This is where I live," said Loveday. "Thank you so much for coming with me."

He lingered, loth to say good-night.

"Can't I see you safe to your own door?" he asked.

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"Oh no, don't; I have given you too much trouble already."

"I may as well take the number, anyhow, in case I have to write to you about the concert."

He carefully made a note of it.

"I'll come round and fetch you on Wednesday evening," he said; "mind you are ready by 7.30."

Then, having no further excuse to stay, he at length took his leave, turning round more than once as he went up the street to see if she were still visible.

Meanwhile Loveday ran upstairs, carrying the violin and the five shillings.

"Where 'ave you been all the evenin'?" asked Jessie. "I thought you wasn't never comin' back."

"I have got some work, dear," answered Love; "that is to say, I have an engagement to play my violin. I went out to-night because I wanted a little extra money. I did not know I should be kept so late."

Jessie was very weak this evening. She could not rouse herself to ask particulars, and Loveday was thankful to be spared questions.

"You must try to sleep now," she said. "Remember that you are going to the hospital to-morrow."

"Yes, I want to go," murmured Jessie, closing her eyes.

Loveday sat down by the expiring fire to think over the events of the day. It had been a dreadful day, take it all together, a day to be forgotten, if it ever could be forgotten. And yet there was something very pleasant in its close, though whether it was the stranger's kindness or his conversation she scarcely knew. She was too tired to inquire very closely into her impressions, but perhaps if she had examined them more strictly she might have discovered that the real charm lay in the strange resemblance to Tom Pwllmeyric's modes of thought and expression, which had struck her first when he began to moralise on the Embankment, and had grown upon her during the rest of the walk home through the silent city streets.

She went to bed and dreamt of Tom and the Barony, and woke at day-dawn with tears in her eyes. And then she remembered that the young man had neither told her his name, nor asked for hers.

"I never thought about it, and I suppose he forgot it, too," she said to herself.

They had said a great deal, but it had been all impersonal, arising from that stone and ripple simile. Loveday had a strong turn for the quasi-philosophical, and the interchange of ideas had been like a refreshing draught of water to her after her long fast from aught save stern facts. So they talked on freely, saying nothing very deep or at all new, but enjoying their conversation none the less for that; so perhaps it was not surprising that each

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had forgotten to ask the other's name, or that they felt ere they parted as if they had known each other for years.

"I wonder who he was," thought Loveday.

If she had known she would have given her rent-collector notice, and left the Buildings without an hour's delay, when she returned after taking Jessie to the hospital. For Tom had onc mentioned to her his friend, Philip Pell. And, happy though it made her to be reminded of her lover, nothing would have induced her to remain within reach of his friends; the affair with De Limousin having made her, if possible, more morbidly sensitive than before as to the disgrace of her position.

But she did not know who he was; so she lived as best she could on what remained of Pell's five shillings, after Jessie's cab fare was paid, and waited patiently for New Year's Eve, when she would receive the other half of her hire. She felt very lonely, very dreary, yet not altogether hopeless, though day after day she received the same cold negative at the shops where she asked for work. The concert was something to look forward to. She was confident her friend would not fail her, though she did not know that he came every evening to make sure that she was there safe and well, accompanied by another young man, a singularly handsome young gentleman, who peeped cautiously in through a hole in her window-blind, and seemed to have some difficulty in restraining himself from knocking at her door.

(To be continued.)

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TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

WHAT Lord Carnarvon, speaking at Burton on the 15th of September, called "a discreditable stroke of policy in the Eastern part of Europe," has divided, with Irish obstruction in the House of Commons, the attention of the public during the past month. "It had been an interesting, but painful drama," continued Lord Carnarvon, "accompanied by an act of brutality, and it might almost be described as a tragedy. We did not yet know all the facts. In politics there were always open histories, and secret histories, and he did not think it was very difficult to guess at the secret history in this case. He was afraid they must accept what had been done as a blow struck against English influence, he might almost say against English policy, and one more step towards reopening the terrible Eastern question, of which we had heard so much, and which was the dread and dismay of diplomatists." The facts of the painful drama and the accompanying act of brutality, though contradictory accounts have appeared in different newspapers, are substantially these. In the early morning of the 22nd of August there was consummated at Sofia one of those palace revolutions which are so common in the East. The guards were murdered, and the palace surrounded, and filled by the conspirators, who were led by Major Grueff, and consisted of a small body of officers, some cadets from the Sofia School of Cadets, and a detachment of soldiers. Prince Alexander was forced to sign a scrawl, purporting to be an act of abdication, and was then hurried off with his brother, Prince Francis Joseph, in open carriages under military escort through the still sleeping capital, to a convent in the neighbourhood, whence he was conveyed on board his own yacht in the Danube, and taken to Reni Russi in Bessarabria. There are conflicting stories of the Prince's treatment at the hands of his captors. According to one account he was subjected to the most brutal insults and even cruelty. Forced to array himself in civilian clothes which did not fit him, he was thrust into the cabin of his yacht, and despite of the stifling heat the door and windows locked. When the unhappy prisoner put his head through the window of the cabin to get a breath of fresh air, he was rudely forced to withdraw it by the bayonet of a

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sentry. When he was landed in Russian territory, according to one version, he was put into a goods train; according to another, the Russian officials demanded six hundred roubles for a special train; according to a third, he was treated with the most scrupulous courtesy by the agents of the Czar. Revolutions are not made with rose-water, and we may conjecture that on the whole the Prince's journey from Sofia to Reni was not a pleasure trip. But, in the meantime, the military revolution failed completely. The regiments in the provinces threatened to march on the capital in favour of the Prince; the provisional government formed under the auspices of Grueff, Zankoff, and the Metropolitan Clement resigned in a fright; and M. Stambouloff, the President of the Sobranjé, or National Assembly of Bulgaria, issued a proclamation, in the name of Alexander I., Prince of Bulgaria, and of the National Assembly, "that those persons who have brought about this illegal change of Government at Sofia under the leadership of M. Clement, and all who shall obey the said Government, shall be subject to martial law . . . I also call upon the Bulgarians to defend the crown and country against the traitors who have sought to overthrow our heroic and well-beloved Prince. May the Almighty give the people the strength necessary to defend the honour and glory of our fatherland, and of the Prince who was elected by the entire population. Long live Bulgaria! Long live Prince Alexander I., the Prince of Bulgaria!" This appeal was responded to by the Bulgarian nation with an enthusiasm which only those who have visited "the gorgeous East" can picture. The military leaders of the revolt made submission to M. Kareveloff, who had resumed office as chief of the Government; loyal troops entered Sofia, the guard at the palace was replaced, and the military conspirators were placed under arrest. Prince Alexander was invited to return to his beloved subjects, and his progress from Lemberg to his capital was a triumphal procession and a scene of the wildest joy. Now comes the most dramatic part of the business. This Prince, strong in the devotion of his subjects, possessed of the best title a sovereign can show to a throne—namely, that of popular election, in the apparent hour of his triumph, his enemies foiled, the sympathy of Berlin served up to him every morning on a broad sheet, the "hochs" of the Viennese still ringing in his ears, sends a submissive telegram to the great white Tsar, and receives a curt reply, which, like the touch of an enchanter's wand, changes the whole situation. The Prince goes in state to the cathedral in Sofia to attend the thanksgiving mass, and on his return it is observed that his appearance has altered. His reception at the church had in fact been frigid; the officiating pope had hurried through the service; he had congratulated the Prince on being in good health, and His Highness had nodded an absent reply. Mass over, he mounts his horse, and rides to

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the great gate of the palace, a fortnight ago the scene of his deposition, to-day the scene of a grand march past of his loyal troops. There are assembled all the consuls, and all the high officials to do him reverence; but amongst the bright uniforms and waving plumes the Prince's eyes wander eagerly, but in vain, in search of two personages. The Russian and German consuls are not there, and the poor Prince takes but little interest in the march-past of his gallant Bulgars. At last the review is over, and the reception begins. As he crosses the palace-yard, Alexander glances with something of a shudder at the corner where the rude Grueff had thrust the paper into his hand, saying, "Sign, sign." The pomp and circumstance of royalty are in some measure preserved; the Prince mounts the grand staircase between two obeisant lines of flunkeys in gorgeous Montenegrin liveries; the civil functionaries are ushered into a splendid ante-chamber hung with silk tapestry, and decorated with marble and gold, while the reception of the officers begins in the ball-room. "I cannot remain here. The Powers will not allow me." These are the words which Prince Alexander, after thanking them for their loyalty, addresses to his astonished officers, in a voice broken by sobs. One of these officers, with more presence of mind than the rest, declares that the Bulgarian people and army wish him to remain. "Come what may, without her Prince, Bulgaria is lost." The scene was too agitating to continue, and the reception of the Diplomatic Body began. Surrounded by his officers, and in the presence of the Diplomatic Corps, formed into a semi-circle, Prince Alexander said, "You have heard of the Czar's reply to my telegram. The situation is most complicated, and as I am an obstacle to Bulgaria's freedom and welfare, I am prepared to make the necessary sacrifice;" at which Colonel Popoff exclaimed, "Your Highness is the sole guarantee for Bulgaria's independence and welfare. If you go, there is an end of Bulgaria's happiness." According to another account, the words which the Prince used to the officers at the reception were these: "I cannot remain in Bulgaria, for the Czar will not permit it, because my presence is inimical to the interests of the country. I am forced to quit the throne. . . . The independence of Bulgaria requires that I leave the country, for if I did not, there would be a Russian occupation." The Prince is reported to have said afterwards that it was neither the Czar's message nor the threats of assassination which determined him to abdicate, but Prince Bismarck's interference through the German consul, in favour of the military conspirators, for whose safety he was sharply told by the Chancellor that he would be held responsible. "This," said Alexander, "convinced me that the Great European Powers had determined to make my rule impossible." Three days afterwards, on the 7th of September, the following manifesto was issued:—"We, Alexander, by the grace of God and the national will,

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Prince of Bulgaria! Being convinced of the sad truth that our departure from Bulgaria will contribute to her liberation, and having received the assurances of his Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia that the independence, rights, and liberty of our country will remain intact, and that nobody will interfere in its internal affairs, we inform our beloved people that we renounce the Bulgarian throne, wishing to prove in the sight of all how precious, how dear to us are the interests of our country, and how for its good and independence we are ready to sacrifice all, even that which is more precions to us than life. . . . We have appointed as Regents MM. Stephan Stambouloff, Petro Kareveloff, and Colonel Sava Mutkuroff, and we invite all Bulgarian subjects to submit to and carry out all their orders and regulations." At noon of the same day the Prince took leave at the palace of the representatives of the foreign Powers, amongst whom the Russian consul found it convenient to be present. In the course of a farewell speech, Alexander said that he had returned in order that he might leave Bulgaria as a friend rather than as an enemy, and that he might take leave honourably, and not by night driven out like a malefactor. Certainly he did not leave Bulgaria like a malefactor, for when he started from the palace at four o'clock that afternoon, he rode through streets kept by the troops of the garrison, with only their side arms on, and lined with an orderly multitude, demonstrating their grief by sobs and cries. The Prince stood up in his carriage to bid his people a last farewell, and then, while the Bulgarian national hymn was played, he drove off through the dense crowd, accompanied by M. Stambuloff, one of the Regents, and quite a procession of carriages, containing friends, who were determined to escort him to Lom Palanka, where he embarked for Turn Severin, on his way to his father's home at Darmstadt. Such is an outline of the course of one of the most rapid and mysterious revolutions of modern times, which was consummated in sixteen days, and which, it may be said, really took the oldest diplomatists by surprise. This is a mere sketch of the facts,—what Lord Carnarvon would call the open history of the event. Its secret history, how the connivance of Prince Bismarck was obtained to a transaction little creditable to the European Powers in general, and unspeakably disgraceful for Russia in particular; and its sequel, who will succeed Alexander? and what will happen if the Constituent Assembly re-elect their hero?—these are questions which belong to *la haute politique*, and are without the scope of "Time's Footsteps," though what England has actually said by the mouth of her ministers may be recorded here. On the 7th of September, the actual day of the Proclamation of Abdication and the departure from Sofia, Sir James Fergusson, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was interrogated in the House of Commons, and said: "As far as Her Majesty's Government are informed, no

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act of abdication has been performed by Prince Alexander. With regard to the future, any arrangement can only, according to public law and international engagements, be made upon the basis of the Treaty of Berlin, which gives no separate or exclusive right to any one Power, and must, according to that instrument, depend on the joint and consentient act of the signatories. Her Majesty's Government have no separate engagements, duties, or interests in Bulgaria. Their engagements and duties are held in common with the Great Powers, whose assent to the election of a prince must be unanimous. Her Majesty's Government had hoped much from the ability and great qualities of Prince Alexander. They deplore the treachery and violence by which his reign was interrupted, and they would hear with great regret that he had finally abandoned the task which he had undertaken" (cheers). Poor Prince! That is all you will ever get from England—a few civil phrases from her Ministers, and cheers from the House of Commons, neither of which cost anything, but a little breath. Two days afterwards, on the 9th of September, when the news had reached even our Foreign Office, Sir James Fergusson said: "The position of Prince Alexander is that he has abdicated his throne, and the proceedings prescribed by the Treaty of Berlin with reference to the election of a Prince of Bulgaria will naturally follow. They are—a free election by the Assembly, the confirmation by the Sublime Porte, and the assent of the Treaty Powers." The ordinary Sobranjé, or National Assembly, has met, and when the Regents entered the hall, it was discovered that the portrait of Prince Alexander, which hung on one side of the throne, was veiled, and that the portrait of the Czar Alexander, which hung on the other side, was removed! M. Zankoff leads an avowed Russian party in the Chamber, and General Kaulbars, Russian Military Attaché at Vienna, has been appointed diplomatic agent in Bulgaria. It has to be explained that there is the ordinary Sobranjé and the Great Sobranjé, which may be called a constituent assembly, and which, by the Treaty of Berlin, has to be specially convoked, whenever the throne is vacant, for the election of a prince. In their address to the Sobranjé, read by M. Stambouloff, the Regents say, "In order that the Bulgarian throne may not long remain vacant, the Government will take immediate measures according to the Constitution to summon the Great National Assembly for the election of a prince." In replying to this address, the deputies "declare that the infamous *coup de main* of August 21st, organised by a handful of unworthy men, caused feelings of disgust among the Bulgarians," who "can find no words to express their admiration for the abnegation and unprecedented patriotism of Alexander I., who, to guarantee the independence, liberty, and rights of our State, and in order to re-establish friendly relations between Russia and Bulgaria, nobly abdicated the throne;" and, in conclusion, the deputies record

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"their gratitude to Messieurs les Regents for the measures taken in order to secure peace in the country, as well as for the convocation shortly according to the Constitution of the Grand Assembly, who will elect a prince to fill the vacant throne." There is a very strong feeling amongst the deputies against the Czar, and it was only after a stormy secret meeting, and the strongest representations from the Government, that it was agreed to send a telegram to the Czar, expressing confidence that, after what had happened in Bulgaria, "the relations between the country and the Imperial Government, which were interrupted, will be resumed, and that your Majesty will now, as before, defend the Bulgarians and their national aspirations towards the union of their self-existence and independence." The candidates for the vacant throne whom rumour has pitched upon, rightly or wrongly, are Prince Valdemar of Denmark, and Prince Nicholas of Montenegro. If Prince Alexander is hated by the Czar of Russia, he is liked by the Queen of England, and a newspaper report that Her Majesty had sent Prince Henry of Battenberg over post haste to Darmstadt to bring his banished brother over to Balmoral caused quite a sensation.

A representative man has passed away in Mr. Samuel Morley; we say representative, because, although it is the fashion to accuse the rich of selfishness and luxury, and though this may be partially true of the sporting stockbroker or the "society" contractor, it has never been true of the class which Mr. Samuel Morley represented. Mr. Morley made and sold what the Americans call "underwear," and it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that Morley's socks and jerseys are and have been for long the very best in the world. Samuel Morley did not create this business; he succeeded to it from his father, but he had the good sense, from the £ *s. d.* point of view, to continue to manage it himself, instead of spending his health and patrimony in trying to become a statesman or "to get into society." There was indeed little chance of his turning politician or man of pleasure, for he had been brought up in the straitest sect of Dissenters, and he was wont to declare that the House of Commons was the most godless assembly he had ever been in. He was a very rich and a very religious man; it has been said that he gave away £40,000 a year; but such calculations are always mere impertinencies. It was inevitable that, though a charitable, he should be a narrow and somewhat bitter man, "limited every way;" perhaps Heine would have called him a religious Philistine. Cultured he was not, but it was his very want of cosmopolitanism that made him so thoroughly typical of that great middle class, which Mr. Matthew Arnold wishes to see transformed, but of which Lord Beaconsfield said, far more respectfully, that it was "so religious and so accumulative." To correct a somewhat widely spread confusion of names, it may be as well to say that Mr. John

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Morley, late Chief Secretary for Ireland, is no relation of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, but that Mr. Arnold Morley, Mr. Gladstone's whip, is his son. He is apparently not popular as a whip, for he has inherited the paternal primness of manner, though perhaps, in the present condition of the Liberal party no whip could be popular.

There have been the most terrible earthquakes, or, to use the fashionable term, "seismic movements," in South Carolina and Georgia. The town of Summerville, twenty-two miles from Charleston, was almost entirely destroyed by a shock, and Sullivan's Island, a watering-place near Summerville, has been submerged by a tidal wave. In Charleston itself, the capital of South Carolina, ninety-six people have been killed, and the structural damage done to the city has been enormous. Judging from the stories of eye-witnesses, the most terrible things about an earthquake is, not so much the tremor, as the roar. The fissures in the earth are also among the most appalling of nature's phenomena. These fissures are not caused by the subsidence of the surface, but by the sudden tearing apart of the earth's crust. Sometimes they are twenty yards long, and from them geysers of sand or brackish tepid water keep spouting up to a height of from fifteen to twenty feet, while sulphurous fumes, and it is reported even flames, have been seen issuing from the earth. A seismic movement is accompanied by such atmospheric stillness and oppression, that for hours lamps burn out of doors without flickering. One of the awful experiences which people who inhabit earthquake districts learn is, that the most dangerous thing to do is to run out of your house into the streets, where you are pretty nearly certain to be killed by falling material, and that the safest thing to do is to get under a bed, or the lintel of a door. The telegraphists, for instance, take refuge during a shock in a large iron safe, and return to their work when it is passed. At one time not a hundred houses in Charleston were inhabited, the people being afraid to re-enter their homes, and consequently being huddled together in the parks and streets under tents, sheets, and awnings. The negroes are conspicuous for their abject, helpless terror, praying loudly and singing hymns. Some idea of the amount of loss sustained may be formed from the fact that, in addition to the number of buildings absolutely destroyed, either pulverised, or rent from top to bottom, with roof or side torn away, there are no less than five hundred houses that have to be shored up or bound together by cables, and that are condemned as unsafe by the authorities of Charleston, which, however, has not been the only scene of shocks. The earthquake district extends from New York State to Georgia, and there have been three movements at Savannah, in the latter State, and shocks in North Carolina, at Richmond and Washington, in New Jersey, and in Pennsylvania, at Cleveland in Ohio,

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in Indiana, and in the State of New York. The Lord Mayor of London has opened a Mansion House Fund for the relief of the Charleston sufferers, to which our leading merchants have contributed with their accustomed liberality.

Meanwhile the parliamentary machine has been creaking and groaning through the Estimates, the friction increasing every day. We imagine that most of the "honourable members" must feel heartily ashamed of the House of Commons; certainly the press and the public are beginning to awake to a sense of the fact that their old and beloved institution of a Free Parliament is first being made a laughing stock, and then a scandal, for the whole world to point the finger at. And it is being made to suffer this fate at the hands of a small and contemptible minority of eighty-five, who are the hired agents of a foreign conspiracy. The Clan-na-Gael in the United States is as much a foreign conspiracy as any combination that ever was formed on the continent of Europe against England; and yet we are convinced, if the funds that feed the Nationalist members nf Parliament came from Germany or from France, such a storm of indignation would instantly be aroused in the public breast as would sweep Mr. Parnell and his janissaries into the dust-bin of revolutionary failures. But just because these Irish-American Fenians have most of them been English citizens (and it is that which gives an edge to their hatred), and just because the Americans speak their language, and are of course their kinsmen, the English will not look upon this movement in the United States to break up their empire as an act of foreign war. Very well, so be it. Let us treat it, then, as an act of civil war; only, let us recognise that it is war. Twice during the third week in last month did the House sit till four o'clock in the morning, not in order to scrutinise closely and scrupulously, like men of business, the items of the public estimates, to see how a saving of the national expenditure might be effected about;—nothing of the kind, for the particular vote before the Committee is never touched, except in the case of those Civil Service Estimates which Mr. Labouchere very fairly and humorously attacked. But Mr. Labouchere occupies ten or at the most twenty minutes with his amusing little assaults upon the salaries of persons in high places. It is an old constitutional usage, derived from the days of the Stuarts, that before supplies are granted, grievances shall be stated;—a most excellent practice, in the days of absolute monarchy, when the granting of supplies was the sole business for which Parliament sat. If the Commons did not state their grievances before they gave the king money, they would never have a chance of stating them. But in these days the opportunities of stating grievances are simply innumerable. There is, in the first place, the debate on the address to the throne, which lasts nowadays for a fortnight or three weeks; and

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then there are all the legislative stages of particular measures, whether introduced by Government or individuals. To make the discussion of the estimates of the public service not an examination of the public expenditure, but a vehicle for the discussion, under all its aspects and in all its varying phases, of the whole Irish question *ab ovo;* to make the passing of the public accounts an excuse for the raking up of every stale, exploded, or fictitious grievance that has ever occurred in the administration of Ireland, and an opportunity for the pouring forth of the wild ravings of the Jacobin Club, is simply an insult to the British people, and a public offence of the gravest order. Only two remedies appear feasible: the expulsion of the Irish members, or the recasting of the rules of procedure in such a drastic fashion as would impose very inconvenient, it might be very dangerous, restrictions upon the liberty of English and Scotch members.

A. A. B.

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Critical Notices.

BIMETALLISM.*

THERE can be no doubt that the publication of this work is very opportune. Just when it has been decided to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the Currency Question, a clear, temperate, and able presentment of the bimetallic side of the argument can hardly fail to be welcome to all who take an interest, whether theoretical or practical, in economic matters. And Mr. Barbour's presentment of his case certainly combines all these qualifications. The work is admirably got up, it contains many and valuable statistical tables and diagrams, it has marginal notes to indicate the thread of the argument, and it is as readable in style as is consistent with its subject-matter. In fact, in this latter quality the present work stands, so far as we are aware, almost alone on its side of the dispute; and goes far to redeem the literature of bimetallism from the censure of Professor Jevons, of being "dreary in the extreme."

But it would be by no means fair to imply that the merits of Mr. Barbour's book are confined within the limits of its style. In many respects this work is well up to the times, and shows familiarity and ease in dealing with the latest developments of economic research. Particularly is this the case in the skilful use made of the reflex action of value *in* the market on cost of production *for* the market, with a view to show how the legal fixture of a ratio of exchange between gold and silver does tend, whatever may be said to the contrary, to perpetuate itself as an actual market rate. Of course we are far from saying that this tendency may not be overruled, but we would insist that the bimetallists fairly make out that it exists. As long as mines of gold or of silver on what may be called the margin of enterprise are capable of being worked or abandoned at will, so long the state of relative values, and therefore of relative demand, in bimetallic countries will be one great element of the consideration whether to so work or abandon. This much we must freely concede, but we think Mr. Barbour has relied far too implicitly on this theoretical position. Mines in which capital is locked up are not so readily abandoned in practice as in theory they are assumed to be, and a few mines working on under less than paying conditions in the hopes of better times, would, we are inclined to think, sadly vitiate the practical side of Mr. Barbour's conclusions.

Again, we have nothing but admiration for Mr. Barbour's argument in Chapter XII., designed to show from the Law of Indifference how the State ratio tends to become also that of the market. Our author says—

> "The position is exactly the same as if a merchant came into open market and offered to all comers either to give two bushels of wheat for three bushels of barley, or to give three bushels of barley for two bushels of wheat. In this case no other ratio than that of two to three could prevail between wheat and barley."

This is clearly sound so far as it goes, but here again we seem to

* "The Theory of Bimetallism, and the effects of the Partial Demonetization of Silver on England and India." By D. BARBOUR, Financial Secretary to the Government of India. Cassell & Co. 1886.

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find theoretical conclusions pushed too absolutely, not enough allowance being made for the qualifications necessary to put them into practice. In this case the qualifications are stated quite clearly by Mr. Barbour himself, for he points out that the merchant of his example could only rule the market so long as he had both wheat and barley in his possession. But having pointed this out, surely the burden lies with the author to show that just this final failure of stock in one of the two metals will not take place. It would seem to us, judging from the past history of bimetallic experiments, that such exhaustion of one metal or the other is certain to take place, unless there is attained amongst many nations an amount of agreement on currency questions far from likely to be ever realised in this world's diplomacy.

But when we turn from considering the detailed arguments of the book to the examination of its motive and aim, we find ourselves, we must confess, as unconvinced as ever. When we ask of Mr. Barbour "What do you want us to do, and why do you want us to do it?" we remain dissatisfied with the answer. England has a thoroughly good currency. We are not prepared to deny that a few more sixpences are badly wanted, and that a one-pound note would be a great improvement if properly introduced; but we still maintain that, taking it as a whole, English currency has every essential of a good money. Why then cannot the bimetallists let it alone? And here it is that it has always appeared to us that Mill's censure was deserved when he declared that with most of its adherents the chief merit of bimetallism is its tendency towards a sort of depreciation. Again and again we find "low prices" lamented by Mr. Barbour as if they were in themselves an evil, and bimetallism recommended on account of its keeping prices, not only steady, but "at a higher level." Now this appears to us to be not only heresy but pernicious heresy. We all admit that a good currency ought to be as steady in value as human ingenuity can make it. We are fully prepared to discuss the question whether or not bimetallism would add to that stability of value. But if it is proposed to cure the ills of trade by a currency juggle to secure high prices, then we take leave to say that this is a mere endeavour to play the game with the counters instead of the cards. Better trade can only be obtained by better trading; and the British workman's position will not be amended by the simple process of allowing his shilling to buy only ten pennyworth of bread for his children.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS—GERMANY.*

We much regret to see the well-known name of Mr. Baring-Gould upon the title-page of any work not calculated to add to his reputation by its intrinsic merits. Short popular histories are deservedly public favourites, but if not written with great care and accuracy they are worse than useless for any educational purpose. The joint authors of the present work have certainly produced a very readable work, rendered additionally attractive by numerous well-executed woodcuts, but next to useless to the student in consequence of the manifest haste with which it has been written, and of the neglect to verify the facts. We cite a few of the inaccuracies taken from the later chapters; not that errors do not occur in the earlier portions, but because there they are the more inexcusable. As, for instance, the Grand Army of 1812 is described as arriving at Moscow without opposition, and the fact of the awful carnage at Barodino is entirely ignored. Again, the reader is led to infer that the Peace of 1814 left France with the boundary of the Rhine, whereas she was, in fact,

* "The Story of the Nations—Germany." By S. Baring-Gould and A. Gilman. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

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by that treaty, reduced to the limits which existed until 1870, the second Peace of Paris, in 1815, making scarcely any change in this respect. In 1866 the Hanoverians are said, in the text, to have been defeated by the Prussians at Langensalza; we have always understood, however, that the latter were worsted on that occasion, although no doubt the issue of the campaign was in their favour. In 1870, again, Napoleon III. is made to declare war under pressure of strong popular agitation, and to have returned to Paris after the first defeats incurred by his army; in each case the statement is directly contrary to what actually did occur. Such errors as "Havre" for "Wavre," "Eustazza" for "Custozza," "Bezançon" for "Besançon," and many others of like sort, should not have been passed over, with ordinary diligence in correcting the proofs. Finally great assistance would have been given to the reader if the leading works on the subject had been referred to in footnotes. Subject to these defects, which we hope to see cured in a future edition, this volume possesses considerable interest.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.*

In the autumn of 1884 Florence Marryat paid a visit to America with her musical and dramatic monologue, *Love Letters*, and spent eight months there. "The United States," as she remarks in the opening to "Tom Tiddler's Ground," "are a close-reaped field," and for several years past everybody of note who has crossed the Atlantic has felt himself bound to write about them. In spite of the author's apology, however, for presuming to add one more book to the number, there will be few who will read "Tom Tiddler's Ground" without thorough enjoyment, and a clear conviction that she has told them many things omitted by other writers. Very judiciously Florence Marryat has confined her descriptions to what she actually experienced. There are no accounts of places and scenes described a hundred times before; no tiresome statistics, no padding in the shape of word-painting; she restricts herself to a simple picture of American life as it appeared to herself, and we venture to say that the majority of general readers will declare her book to be one of the most interesting they have read for a long time on the country. The admirers of Florence Marryat's novels are legion, and they may be expected to turn to the book without any encouragement, but there are others besides, who would like to know how America appears to a refined and talented English lady, possessing a wide experience of life, and the engaging frankness and hatred of cant which was a characteristic of her father. In a couple of hundred pages she gives not only a variety of entertaining particulars about her eight months' tour through Canada and the States, but her own unbiased opinion of American ladies, the life they lead, the men they marry, and the precocious children they rear in the artificial atmosphere of hotels and boarding-houses. One of these American young ladies, "of about five years of age, walked into the public breakfast-room of the hotel by herself one morning, and, taking a seat, began to study the bill of fare. A waiter went up to her and said, 'Little girl, ought you to be here all by yourself?' The free-born child coolly replied, 'I guess I pay my way!' and went calmly on with the bill of fare." Florence Marryat was disappointed with the Broadway, which reminded her of the worst end of Oxford Street; she did not see a good garden anywhere; and the falls of Niagara did not seem to her worth a visit. On the other hand, she admired the hotels and railways, and everything in the men except their habit of spitting. Throughout her tour she appears to have drawn crowded

* "Tom Tiddler's Ground." By FLORENCE MARRYAT. London: Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

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houses, and to have been thoroughly appreciated; and the most exacting American will confess, we imagine, that she has returned the compliment in publishing what, on the whole, is a very laudatory picture of the country.

MADAME BOVARY: PROVINCIAL MANNERS.*

THE works of Gustave Flaubert are still, some years after his death, but little known in England. The prosecution by the Imperial Government of the novelist for the publication of a mutilated version of "Madame Bovary" in the *Revue de Paris* thirty years since, directed public opinion to this, his greatest story, and its author. But the interest was shortlived; and to-day the name of Flaubert or of "Madame Bovary" conveys no manner of idea to nineteen out of every twenty of the readers to whom the characters of Zola are, perhaps, more familiar than the creations of the foremost of our own living writers of fiction. Yet, as the translator asserts in the preface, while "in Zola we see the photographer, who occasionally indeed produces a likeness, but who more frequently distorts and caricatures his models," Flaubert "is a great painter, whose men and women live." The character of Madame Bovary is a very powerful study, trimmed with audacious, pitiless fidelity; and the other personages of the story impress the reader with a strange sense of reality. Strong individuality, vividness of representation, close observation, delicate insight, admirable literary skill, are the characteristics of Flaubert's work. On its morality we prefer not to dwell. According to the author of the "City of Dreadful Night," to call "'Madame Bovary' immoral, is a monstrous absurdity. . . . Lasciviousness certainly cannot co-exist with profound thought, with intense imagination, with unswerving temperance, with austerest self-repression; and all these dominate throughout 'Madame Bovary.'" To our mind, a greater reticence might well have marked M. Flaubert's delineation of "the intimacies of passion." For the translator's work we have nothing but praise.

* "Madame Bovary: Provincial Manners." By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Translated from the French *édition définitive* by ELEANOR MARX-AVELING. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1886.

GERMAN EVENINGS.*

WE are glad to note the issue of a second edition of "German Evenings," in which Mr. Lowdell has embodied some admirable translations of tales by Auerbach, Heeringen, Helwig, and Kruse. Just now short tales are "all the go," and the eight in this volume form a representative set by several of the best-known German writers. They include "Human Love," "What is Happiness?" "The Wood Ranger's Son," "The Tyrant of Padua," "The Wolf's Spring," "Destiny," "Quentin Messis," and the "History of the Valiant Kasper and the Beauteous Annerl." Of the latter, by Clemens Brentano, Auerbach himself declares it can "never be sufficiently praised," and in general most readers will share our opinion that a more interesting series of tales from the German could hardly have been selected. In a preface the translator draws attention to the inferior renderings of German masterpieces too commonly met with in this country. A charge of this description cannot be brought against his own book, which in diction and grammar is a model of what translations should be.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.*

THE great characteristic of "Beauchamp's Career" is its intense

* "German Evenings." Translated from the original by J. L. LOWDELL. Second edition. London: Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., 1886.

* "Beauchamp's Career." By GEORGE MEREDITH. A new edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

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reality and actuality. Not one of Mr. Meredith's works impresses one with so keen a sense of absolute faithfulness to fact, to life, to human nature and worldly circumstance. It cannot be called a political novel, in the sense of the term as applied to "Coningsby," for instance; but the political element is naturally very strong in a novel whose hero is a Radical candidate. Nevil Beauchamp, whose career, political and domestic, the story treats of, is one of the most admirably drawn of Mr. Meredith's heroes, and I think intrinsically the noblest in nature of them all. His strange, attractive character, with its fiery sincerity, its dashing and determined impulsiveness, its tenacity of will and temerity of purpose, is represented with strict, but always sympathetic impartiality. The story of his career is saddening, in the contrast of so splendid a nature and so small an appreciable result; such gifts for happiness and so troubled a life, so tragic a death. Yet the book is by no means a cheerless one; it has the comedy with the tragedy, the pleasantness with the sadness, of real life. The idyll of love in Venice, which forms the first salient episode in Beauchamp's career, is remarkable, even in Mr. Meredith's work, for exquisiteness of tone and colour. Every scene in which Renée appears has the same magical grace and vivid beauty; one at least of them, where Renée comes to Beauchamp in London, ranks among the finest of Mr. Meredith's scenes. The whole story of Cecilia Halkett, Beauchamp's second love, has a singular intensity and subtlety; the later chapters concerning her are fraught with a thrilling and absorbing pathos. In Everard Romfrey Mr. Meredith has painted a portrait after his favourite fashion; one of those fine, stubborn, vigorous old men, whom he has elsewhere depicted, with characteristic variations, in "Harry Richmond," and other novels. I would speak of certain special scenes, certain special characters; but after all, the greatness of the book lies in its effect as a whole, its breadth and fulness of outline, its vivid breath of reality, its strength and grasp of the life around and the life within us.

RICHMOND ATHENÆUM PAPERS.*

THE Richmond Athenæum, founded in 1881, is now one of the most flourishing of such societies in suburban London, and to judge by the excellence of the papers contained in the present volume promises to attain to a very high reputation. The "Occasional Papers," we are informed by an editorial note, of the nature of a preface, owes its origin to the enterprise of the printer, who is also the editor, who deserves great commendation for the useful and elegant form of the book, which although produced "locally" will bear favourably a critical examination both for type and binding with the issues of the London houses, and also for the wise discrimination he has exercised in the selection of the nineteen essays the volume contains. Necessarily these exhibit degrees of merit incident upon contributions from various pens, but having carefully examined each of the papers, we are convinced, without exception, they will well repay the time and attention bestowed on their perusal. Especially excellent are the essays on "The Use and Abuse of Charity," by the Rev. Astley Cooper, "Education *versus* Cram," by the Rev. L. M. D'Orsey, M.A.; two by the Editor on "The Craze for Cheapness" and "Flaws in the Education of Girls;" "The Earlier Novels of George Eliot," by Chas. Aitken; "Charles Kingsley," by P. E. Pilditch; and "Libraries and Books," by Frank Pacy.

We understand that, encouraged by the reception accorded to the present book, a further volume is

* "Richmond Athenæum Papers.' Richmond, Surrey: Edward King. 1886.

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in contemplation. We shall look forward with interest for its appearance, and should it maintain the standard of excellence of its predecessor, the "Richmond Athenæum Papers" will bid fair to become a recognised work of reference; preserving in this form many valuable papers which otherwise would present but a transient interest which their merits deserve should be of a more permanent nature.

A NEW MARGUERITE.*

IMO'S "Dream Vision" of a New Marguerite possesses a recommendation over the gross realistic romances that are a little too fashionable just now in unfolding the story of a girl's love in a pure and graceful manner that is still appreciated by a large class of readers. The old story of the cavalier going off to the Crusades leaving "a white and lonely maiden watching on a high watch-tower" is repeated in modern life. The lofty ideals of the beautiful heroine, the perils encompassing her, and her sad disillusion that in the end dissipates her "dream vision," are features that provoke interest, and leave an aroma of melancholy unusual in novels nowadays. The author has struck out quite a fresh path in the story, and it is no demerit that it should belong to the somewhat unfashionable romantic school. If visionary, she is very vivacious, and her heroine is not the only character in the story that will captivate the reader.

* "A New Marguerite." By IMO. London: Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

HOW TO USE OUR EYES.*

THIS little work, which has now reached its fourth edition, is designed less with a scientific than a practical view to assist the ordinary public with a knowledge of what to do and what to avoid in the very important matter of their sight. The object of the writer is principally to give a popular account of the more modern improvements and their application to the construction of spectacles. There is also much useful information for their wearers. It is lamentable the amount of ignorance which exists, even amongst educated persons, as to what may be termed the hygiene of the eyes. Seeing is a sense, the same as any other, capable of being educated and obeying similar laws as to overstrain and overwork, and many useful hints are to be found in this book how *not* to use the eyes. Unfortunately modern civilisation is tending greatly to increase the number of short-sighted people, and a knowledge of the best means to avoid myopia should be attained by those who have the management of children, especially in schools. When hygienic and gymnastic exercises of the accommodating powers of the eye fail to rectify the fault, then we fully endorse the opinion, advanced in this work, that the best advice and the best materials should be brought into requisition to remedy the defect.

* "How to use our Eyes. By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S. London: Chatto & Windus. 1886.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. *The book itself, which will be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the dates of the first and latest editions, the publisher's name, the size and the price of each entry.*

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIANITY.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Clement, C. E. Handbook of Christian Symbols; 10s. 6d., 4to, Trübner.

CLASS C.—PHILOSOPHY.

C 1.—MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

McCosh, J. [Amer.]. Psychology: The Cognitive Powers; 6s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Macmillan.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 2.—LAW.

Hall, T. H. Law of Allotments; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Longman.
Wood, J. D. Interpretation of Mercantile Agreements; 18s., 8vo, Stevens.

D 4.—POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ECONOMY.

Hyndman, H. M. The Bankruptcy of India, with a Chapter on the Silver Question; 7s. 6d., 8vo, Sonnenschein.

CLASS E.—GEOGRAPHY.

E 5.—AMERICA.

Hardy, I. D. Oranges and Alligators [Life in S. Florida]; 5s., cr. 8vo, Ward & Downey.
Marryat Florence. Tom Tiddler's Ground [Men and Manners in the United States]; 7s. 6d., 8vo, Sonnenschein.

CLASS F.—HISTORY.

F 1.—GENERAL.

Patridge, J. A. The Making of the Irish Nation; 6s., 8vo, Unwin.

F 4.—MODERN.

Parkman, F. [Amer.]. The Conspiracy of Pontiac, Vol. I., new ed.; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Macmillan.

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CLASS G.—BIOGRAPHY.

G 1.—INDIVIDUAL.

Liszt, Abbé. Story of his Life [Tr. R. L. De Beaufort]; 6s., cr. 8vo, Ward & Downey.

CLASS H.—SCIENCE.

H 8.—ZOOLOGY.

Babington. C. Catalogue of the Birds of Suffolk; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Van Voorst.

H 11.—MEDICINE.

Pollock, C. F. Histology of the Human Eye; 15s., 8vo, Churchill.
Pritchard, U. Handbook of Diseases of the Ear; 4s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Lewis.

CLASS I.—ARTS AND TRADES.

I 5.—INDUSTRIES AND TRADES.

Collings, G. Circular Work in Carpentry and Joinery; 2s. 6d., 12mo, Lockwood.
Davies, C. T. The Manufacture of Paper; 28s., 8vo, Low.
Edmondson, J. Universal Tables of Textile Fabrics; 7s. 6d., folio, Lockwood.
Shenstone, W. A. Methods of Glass Blowing; 1s. 6d., 12vo, Rivington.

I 6.—AGRICULTURE.

Lock, C. G. W. Tobacco Growing; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Spon.
Scott, C. Practice of Sheep Farming; 5s., cr. 8vo, Jack.

I 12.—SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Badminton Game Book; 21s., 4to, Webster.
Grimble, A. Deer Stalking; 6s., cr. 8vo, Chapman.
Wells, H. P. [Amer.]. The American Salmon Fisherman; 6s., 16mo, Low.

CLASS K.—LITERATURE.

K 6.—POETRY.

Collins, C. M. Celtic Irish Songs and Song Writers; 5s., cr. 8vo, Simpkin.

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TIME.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

MR. GLADSTONE'S DEFENCE.

BY WILLIAM SUMMERS, M.P.

UNDER the elegant title of "The Tale He Left Behind Him," Mr. Baumann, member of Parliament for Peckham, has written what purports to be an elaborate criticism of Mr. Gladstone's recently published apologia, or defence. That defence, as all the world knows, took the form of a pamphlet on the Irish Question, which was divided into two parts, the first of them being called "The History of an Idea," and the second "Lessons of the Election." It is with the first portion of the pamphlet that we are here principally concerned.

It is obvious at the outset that Mr. Baumann cannot be regarded in the light of an impartial writer. To speak the truth, he is quite carried away by prejudice, and, to do him justice, he does not attempt to disguise the fact. It is true that he has on former occasions described himself as "a cautious and moderate Conservative," but caution and moderation will be sought for in vain in the latest production of his pen. In the eyes of the member for Peckham, Mr. Gladstone has committed an unpardonable offence in venturing to write a pamphlet at all. The right honourable gentleman is, we are told, "if not a vile, a most persistent pamphleteer." "He himself reminds us of 'A Chapter of Autobiography,' published in 1868, and the unprompted memory suggests 'Bulgarian Horrors' and 'Vatican Decrees.'" For Lord Salisbury to write articles on political topics in a *Saturday* or a *Quarterly Review* is, of course, perfectly legitimate and correct, or is, at the very worst, merely a venial eccentricity; but for Mr. Gladstone to publish a pamphlet is a crime of the deepest dye. Nor need we be surprised that Tory scribes and Tory politicians should be filled with rage at the member for Midlothian because he still uses, and uses to such very good purpose, the pamphlet as a weapon of political warfare. In the course of his long and illustrious career, as statesman and public man, Mr. Gladstone by his letters, ay and by his much-despised

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pamphlets too, has done yeoman's service in the cause of humanity and progress. More than a generation ago, by the publication of his "Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the Neapolitan State Prosecutions," he dealt a powerful blow at what he therein justly described as "the negation of God erected into a system of government." The arrow which he discharged shot so deep into the mark that it could not be dislodged. His action in this matter was such that it has extorted words of praise even from Mr. Swinburne:—

"History," writes the author of the "Note of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade," "will perhaps account it the purest and most memorable right of Mr. Gladstone to aught of high or honourable remembrance that he was once the champion of Poerio in his years of martyr's agony and the scourger of Ferdinand II. in his devil's hour of good fortune."

To come down to more recent times, I well remember how, in his Oxford Union days, the member for Peckham used to make merry over "Bulgarian Horrors" and "Lessons in Massacre," but these pamphlets too, spite of him and his friends, have done their work, and done it so effectually, that the very men who a few short years ago were loudest and bitterest in their denunciations of what they were pleased to style "the pilgrimage of passion," and most contemptuous in their rejection of Mr. Gladstone's whole policy with regard to the rising nationalities of South-eastern Europe, have themselves been converts to his view. They have adopted in office a policy which they derided and scoffed at in opposition. Are not these things written for our instruction? Are they not, as it were, a parable? And is it not quite within the bounds of possibility, nay rather is it not so highly probable as to be practically certain, that the very men who now profess to regard the ex-Premier as "a disunionist, a disintegrator and a dismemberer of the Empire," will themselves in due course of time become "disunionists, disintegrators, and dismemberers" likewise?

In the meantime, however, it is hardly to be expected that the Tory party will suffer itself to be deprived of its bugbear. Some bogey or other, Toryism must of necessity have. At one time it is a Radical economist, like Joseph Hume; at another it is "tribunes of the people," like Cobden and Bright, whose fate it is to be denounced as demagogues and agitators; at a still later period Mr. Gladstone's turn comes round, and there are, I doubt not, thousands of his fellow-countrymen still living amongst us who will never forgive him because he succeeded in disestablishing and disendowing the Protestant Church in Ireland. A few short months ago, and it was not so much Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Chamberlain who was the dangerous man in the ranks of the Liberal party. That was at a time when the member for West Birmingham was preaching the doctrine of ransom, and was in active communication with the leaders of the Irish Nationalist party. Then it was that Sir Frederick Milner described him as "that devil in human shape," and then it was that Colonel

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Brookfield, who is, I find, like Mr. Baumann, described as "a moderate Conservative," said that if he could bring Mr. Chamberlain to the gallows, he would do so. But many things have happened since then. "That devil in human shape" has been transformed, as if by magic, into an angel of light. In all probability Colonel Brookfield is now less bloodthirsty than of old, and it would not surprise me to learn that even the most moderate Conservative would be willing to grant the member for West Birmingham a reprieve, and to postpone the use of the gallows for a season. Mr. Chamberlain being no longer available as the bugbear of the Tories, the turn of Mr. Gladstone has come round once again, and in all human probability he will henceforth serve them in that capacity for the rest of his natural life.

"I have been young, and now I am old, yet never have I seen myself mistaken," has been wittily said to be the keynote that prevails throughout "The History of an Idea." Mr. Baumann adopts exactly the opposite principle in judging of Mr. Gladstone and all his works. Nothing that the right honourable gentleman has ever said, nothing that he has ever done, has, according to the honourable member for Peckham, been right. His action and his inaction, his speech and his silence, have each in their turn been equally blameworthy. If in 1845 Mr. Gladstone resigns office because the contemplated increase in the Maynooth grant and the establishment of non-sectarian colleges in Ireland were at variance with views to which he had given expression in his published writings, we are told that "this solemn young Pharisee posed as a stern and unbending Tory, and left the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel on a conscientious scruple which made the world smile;" if, on the other hand, at the beginning of the present year, at a time of peril and of crisis in the relations between Great Britain and Ireland, the same right honourable gentleman assumes the burdens and responsibilities of office, we are given to understand that the guiding motive of his action was an insatiable lust of power. At criticism which is the offspring of such inveterate and deep-rooted prejudice as this, Mr. Gladstone can well afford to smile. "You may heap together as you will," said M. Guizot to his revilers, "your wrath, your insults, and your calumnies; you will never raise them to the level of my contempt."

Mr. Gladstone, then, according to the member for Peckham, has sinned grievously. He has, however, as we learn on the same high authority, sinned in very good company. The extraordinary similarity of character between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone has, it appears, escaped notice, and it has been left by a gracious Providence to Mr. Baumann to make the discovery and to enlighten the world upon the point. Both men, we are told:—

"sprang from that wealthy commercial class which enjoyed a brief reign of power,

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from 1830 to 1868, when it was swamped by household suffrage; both came from Lancashire; both went to Oxford; both had a pulpit manner; both had a pulpy conscience; both broke up a party; and both were accused of treachery, because neither had any fixed principles. The minds of both men were blank slates, upon which the first demagogue that presented himself with a loud voice and a long tail could scribble what he pleased. Sir Robert Peel was at one time completely fascinated by O'Connell, then he fell under the sway of Cobden; Mr. Gladstone has always been under the influence of Mr. Parnell."

"Both had a pulpy conscience," or, as Mr. Baumann in another part of his article most elegantly expresses it, the mind of Mr. Gladstone is "as open as a blowhole on the Embankment," while that of Sir Robert Peel himself resembled "a perforated grating." It is, no doubt, rather unfortunate for Mr. Baumann's theory that men who have known these two distinguished statesmen in all the intimacy of private friendship have arrived at very different conclusions with regard to the nature of their characters and the motives which actuated their public life. Bishop Wilberforce, though a high dignitary of the Church, was no mere recluse. He was a bishop and something more. A man of the world, he mixed freely with all sorts and conditions of men, and he was, I believe, generally regarded as a pretty shrewd judge of human character. What was his testimony with regard to the character of Sir Robert Peel? It is contained in a letter written to his most intimate friend, Miss Noel, and is clear and unmistakable in its terms. "The more I see of Sir Robert," he writes, "the more I am convinced of his perfect honesty." But then it so happens that the Bishop has used equally emphatic language with respect to the honesty of Mr. Gladstone's character, so that I presume the member for Peckham will say his opinion must go for nothing. On October 16th, 1858, the good Bishop wrote thus in his diary:—

"Gladstone has some faults to overcome. He is too obstinate—if a man could be too honest, I should say he is too honest. He does not enough think of what other men think, does not, as his brother says, look out of the window."

If this quotation is not to Mr. Baumann's liking, perhaps the following will please him better. It is taken from a speech delivered by Mr. Forster at a meeting of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce in 1875.

"It is difficult for any one," said the member for Bradford, "who has not been brought into close contact with Mr. Gladstone, and seen him under occasions of difficulty such as those in which a colleague has seen him—occasions, I must say, not only of difficulty, but even of temptation—it is difficult for any one who has not been in that position thoroughly to realise what an example of purity, of self-sacrifice and of disinterestedness he has set to politicians throughout the country and to what an extent he, as far as he has acted, has raised the tone of political life."

But I must return to my text. "Sir Robert Peel," Mr. Baumann says, "was at one time completely fascinated by O'Connell; then he fell under the sway of Cobden; Mr. Gladstone has always been under the influence of Mr. Parnell." In other words, Sir Robert Peel—"Orange Peel," as he was sometimes contemptuously called

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by the Catholics—was at one time completely fascinated by a Catholic demagogue, with whom, as a matter of fact, he had had altercations that nearly ended in a duel, and at another period of his history fell under the sway of an agitator whom he actually charged on the floor of the House of Commons with incitement to assassination. The case of Mr. Gladstone is more desperate still. He has *always* been under the influence of a man whom at one time he thought it to be his duty to arrest and imprison without trial under the provisions of the Bill for the Better Protection of Life and Property. Has Mr. Baumann conveniently for the moment forgotten the simplest facts of our recent history? Or does he seriously mean to contend that the late Prime Minister was under the influence of the Nationalist leader even at a moment when, as at Leeds, he denounced him as the foremost amongst a small body of men who were not ashamed to preach in Ireland the doctrines of public plunder, or when, on the still more memorable occasion of the meeting in the Guildhall, he uttered, amidst the rapturous applause of those who were there assembled, the following historic words:—

"Even within these few moments I have been informed that towards the vindication of law, of order, and the rights of property, of the freedom of the land, of the first elements of political life and civilisation, the first step has been taken in the arrest of the man who unhappily, from motives which I do not challenge, which I cannot examine, and with which I have nothing to do, has made himself beyond all others prominent in his attempt to destroy the authority of the law, and to substitute what would end in being nothing less than anarchical oppression exercised upon the people of Ireland"?

More than once in the course of his essay Mr. Baumann has occasion to refer to that "vile pamphleteer" Paul Louis Courier. I also am reminded of Courier in reading the fictions which Mr. Baumann first manufactures and then mistakes for history. The brilliant Frenchman is writing of Plutarch when he says: "He laughs at facts and makes use only of such as suit him, caring for nothing else than to appear an able writer." Mr. Baumann will not, I hope, misunderstand me. I do not, I need hardly say, desire to attribute to him the possession of any of those great qualities for which Plutarch is justly renowned; all that I mean to convey is that he shares with Plutarch, though, of course, in a much greater degree, his contemptuous disregard of facts, and consequently lacks that which is the first essential requisite of a historian worthy of the name,—accuracy and reverence for truth. We need not be surprised at the honourable gentleman's conclusions when we know the process by which he has reached them.

The proposition from which Mr. Baumann starts, and of the truth of which he is doubtless firmly persuaded in his own mind, is one of a sufficiently broad and comprehensive character. It is nothing less than this, that the adoption by the late Prime Minister of the policy of Home Rule for Ireland was "an act of political treachery unexampled even in the spotted story of our two English parties."

Let us examine the course of reasoning—if such it can be called

—by which the foregoing proposition is imagined to have been proved.

"The subject of a domestic government for Ireland, without any distinct specification of its form, has," writes Mr. Gladstone, "been presented to us from time to time within the last fifteen or sixteen years. I have at no time regarded it as necessarily replete with danger, or as a question which ought to be blocked out by the assertion of some high constitutional doctrine with which it could not be reconciled."

It will be observed that Mr. Gladstone in this passage very clearly and explicitly refers to the modern Home Rule movement, and that he purposely and deliberately uses the phrase "a domestic government for Ireland." The statement thus clearly and deliberately made exactly corresponds with the facts. But Mr. Baumann has set out with the determination to close his eyes to facts. Facts are the very last things for which he has any consideration or regard. Accordingly he substitutes for the phrase "a domestic government for Ireland" the word "repeal," and incontinently jumps to the conclusion that from the very beginning of his political career Mr. Gladstone must, on his own confession, have regarded the question of Repeal, "which," says Mr. Baumann, "was universally held by all politicians of all shades, except a disreputable handful of English Jacobins, to be as vital and fundamental as the monarchy, the Church, or the House of Lords," as a question "not necessarily replete with danger," and "not to be blocked out by the assertion of some high constitutional doctrine." This is, of course, a manifestly absurd conclusion, as no one knows better than the member for Peckham. Mr. Gladstone voted against Repeal in 1834 and 1844, as Mr. Baumann will find plainly stated on page 10 of the pamphlet from which he professes so often to quote, but from which he rarely favours us with any but garbled and mutilated extracts.

Mr. Gladstone, then, has always been against Repeal; but he has never ruled out of court Home Rule or "a domestic government for Ireland," as if it were something that upon no conditions and under no circumstances could by any possibility be conceded. The inquiry naturally suggests itself, What are the conditions which, if they were satisfied, might make it safe and warrantable to entertain the question of Home Rule? That some conditions are necessary is clear upon the surface, and is a proposition that is hardly likely to be disputed. If, for example, a majority of the Irish people were opposed to Home Rule, or were even indifferent on the subject, it could hardly be expected that an English statesman would trouble himself about the matter, or would endeavour to force upon Irishmen a boon which they did not want and could not appreciate.

The conditions which Mr. Gladstone laid down for the guidance of his own conduct on this important matter were six in number.

1. In the first place, the question of conceding Home Rule could not, he thought, be warrantably entertained, except upon a

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final surrender of the hope that Parliament could so far serve as a legislative instrument for Ireland, as to be able to establish honourable and friendly relations between Great Britain and the people of that country.

At what precise time, asks the member for Peckham, did it flash upon Mr. Gladstone that the Imperial Parliament could no longer serve as a legislative instrument for Ireland? The answer is that the conviction was slowly formed as the result of painful and bitter experience. For eighty-six years we have attempted to govern Ireland from Westminster, passing on the average a Coercion Bill every year. The result of all our efforts has been simply this, that on the very first occasion when an appeal was made to the enfranchised Irish people they sent us, in answer to our eighty-six Coercion Acts, eighty-six members of Parliament commissioned to deliver this message, that the Irish people had had enough of our quack remedies, and wished to be permitted to manage their own affairs. Is Mr. Baumann yet satisfied, and if he is not, how much further evidence does he require before he will admit what is surely plain and manifest to everybody except himself, namely, that the government of Ireland from Westminster has not been a very brilliant or a very conspicuous success?

But Mr. Baumann does not rest satisfied with merely putting a question; he himself supplies us with what he conceives to be the proper answer:—

"For five long years, from 1880 to 1885, Mr. Gladstone had gone boggling on, complacently enough, as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, using an Imperial Parliament as a legislative instrument with apparent comfort and satisfaction to himself, . . . and not a suspicion breathed all those years of the incompetence of Parliament for its task! When did the conviction of that incompetence first cross the mind of the late Prime Minister? Not before the election of 1885, or he would have said so, surely. The period during which a doubt became a duty, and Mr. Gladstone convinced himself of the incompetence of the Imperial Parliament as a legislative instrument for Ireland, can only have been after the last election, in December, 1885, and before the opening of Parliament in January, 1886, when he discovered that his return to, and maintenance in, power were absolutely dependent on the Irish vote."

Here then we have the heart and kernel of Mr. Baumann's contention. According to him Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule was a sudden act, utterly at variance with the professions of a lifetime, and dictated by the basest motives of mere party advantage. I shall, I think, have very little difficulty in proving that this is a view of Mr. Gladstone's conduct that is altogether out of harmony with the actual facts of the case.

In order to give some colour to his contention that Mr. Gladstone did on one single occasion publicly and in principle condemn Home Rule, Mr. Baumann is obliged to go back as far as September 26th, 1871, on which day Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, made a speech at Aberdeen on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of the city. Now it is perfectly true that in that speech the right honourable gentleman con-

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tended that no case had then been made out in favour of Home Rule, but it is worth observing that even at that time he did not denounce it as dangerous to the existence of the empire, or characterise it as a subject that ought never to be discussed. On the contrary, he went out of his way to welcome the advent to Parliament of Mr. Butt, then the acknowledged leader of the Home Rule party.

"When that learned gentleman makes his appearance in Parliament," said the Prime Minister, "we shall all be very glad, and we shall be very anxious to discuss all about this matter of Home Rule. It will be an immense advantage," he added, "in dealing with this question, that its chief advocates should be there. It is in that way that in this country we deal with all political questions."

Mr. Gladstone's attitude to the Home Rule movement from the moment when it made itself manifest in Parliament has been admirably described by the author of "A History of our Own Times."

"The Home Rule movement," writes Mr. Justin McCarthy, "unquestionably put Mr. Gladstone in a new difficulty. The press and the public men of England failed altogether at first to appreciate the strength of the demand for Home Rule. Many voices cried out that no English statesman must listen to it, not to say condescend to argue with it; it was to be imply brushed away as a nuisance, bidden, like a fretful child, to hold its tongue, and go to sleep. Mr. Gladstone was not a man to deal with political questions in that sort of way. He showed an anxiety to understand the new agitation and its objects. He asked questions of one or two prominent Irishmen; he even answered questions civilly addressed to him; he showed a willingness at least to receive information with regard to Home Rule."

This was written, be it observed, long before the Home Rule controversy reached its present stage, and cannot possibly have had reference to anything that has happened since the overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration. But Mr. McCarthy is himself a Home Ruler, and Mr. Baumann may, on that account, decline to accept his testimony. I will, therefore, call into the box two other witnesses, neither of whom can for a moment be suspected of having any sympathy with Home Rule. The first of these witnesses is the *Times* newspaper; the second is none other than Lord Hartington himself.

On February 9th, 1882, Mr. Gladstone spoke on Mr. Smyth's amendment to the Address, and in doing so invited the Home Rulers to put their proposal into some tangible shape with which Parliament could grapple, and added that he—

"would not say at what decision the House might arrive on the proposal provided a plan were to be laid before it under which what are purely Irish matters would be clearly and definitely separated from what are purely Imperial matters."

The *Times* took the alarm, and on the following morning published a leader in which it said that Mr. Gladstone—

"diverged, amid general amazement, into the wide question of a separate legislature for Ireland. When Mr. Gladstone," it continued, "says that until a plan has been devised for distinguishing between Imperial questions and Irish questions no 'effective judgment' can be pronounced by Parliament on the Home Rule demand, he makes it extremely difficult for the Ministry to maintain the ground on which the motion for a Select Committee to investigate the subject was refused when made by Mr. Butt and Mr Shaw."

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My second witness is, as I have said, Lord Hartington, and the speech from which I shall proceed to quote was delivered at a dinner of the Eighty Club on March 5th of the present year.

"Now, gentlemen," said the noble Marquis, "I am not going to say one word of complaint or charge against Mr. Gladstone for the attitude which he has taken up on this question [of Home Rule]. I think no one who has read or heard during a long series of years the declarations of Mr. Gladstone on the question of self-government in Ireland can be surprised at the tone of his present declarations. . . . When I look back to those declarations that Mr. Gladstone made in Parliament, which have not been infrequent; when I look back to the increased definiteness given to those declarations in his address to the electors of Midlothian and in his Midlothian speeches; . . . I say, when I consider all these things, I feel that I have not, and that no one has, any right to complain of the tone of the declarations which Mr. Gladstone has recently made upon this subject."

What the declarations were that are contained in the address to the electors of Midlothian and in the Midlothian speeches is known to all the world. In the address the question of local government for Ireland was severed from the general subject of local government for all the three kingdoms, and Ireland was asserted to have special claims to a liberal interpretation and application of the principles of self-government. The solution of the problem would test, we were told, the political genius of these nations, and woe be to the man who should prevent or retard the consummation! In the first Midlothian speech, again, the question of Ireland was put in the foreground of Mr. Gladstone's programme. To stint Ireland, he said, in the powers that might be necessary or desirable for the management of matters purely Irish would be a great error, and if she were so stinted the end that any such measure might contemplate could not be attained.

"Rely upon it, gentlemen," he continued, "if such a matter comes forward at the outset of the proceedings of the new Parliament as I have described, namely, a demand made constitutionally by the vast majority of the representatives of Ireland for the concession of large local powers of self-government, accompanied with an admission that the unity of the Empire is not to be impaired, the magnitude of that subject and its character will sweep into the shade for the moment all those subjects of ordinary legislation on which I, or on which others, have addressed you, and the satisfactory settlement of that subject which goes down to the very roots and foundations of our whole civil and political constitution will become the first duty of the Parliament."

This speech on the question of local government for Ireland was the opening speech of the Midlothian campaign, and was delivered at Edinburgh on November 9th; Lord Hartington had previously made an important pronouncement on the same subject at Belfast on November 5th; and it then became the duty of Mr. Parnell to explain to the world the opinion which he had formed of the rival policies of the Liberal leaders. This he did at Liverpool in a very remarkable speech, which has not, I think, attracted as much attention as it deserves. The Nationalist leader told his audience that Mr. Gladstone commenced by impressing upon the country the importance of the Irish question, and in that, perhaps, said the member for Cork, he alone of all English politicians appeared to discern the truth.

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Mr. Parnell then proceeded to contrast the very great difference that undoubtedly existed between the tone and the attitude of the two statesmen who had recently made most important deliverances at Edinburgh and Belfast.

"The Marquis of Hartington," he said, "appeared to him to approach the question with his mind embittered against Ireland, determined, if he possibly could, to prevent a settlement between the two nations. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, with that breadth of statesmanship for which his name was renowned, had approached the question of Irish government in an entirely different spirit. Undoubtedly the speech of Mr. Gladstone, although in many respects vague and unsatisfactory, was *the most important pronouncement upon the Irish national question which had ever been delivered by any Minister.*"

And yet there are, I suppose, still persons left amongst us who believe that in his Midlothian speeches Mr. Gladstone gave no indication whatsoever to the world except of local government in the sense of county government for Ireland.

2. The second preliminary condition to the entertainment of the question of Home Rule given by Mr. Gladstone is the plain and obvious one that the demand must be made in obedience to the unequivocal and rooted desire of Ireland, expressed through the constitutional medium of the Irish representatives. The return last year by overwhelming majorities of eighty-six Nationalist members elected under household suffrage placed the question of Home Rule in a position which it had never occupied before. These gentlemen were entitled to say, "We speak the voice of the Irish people," and the demand which they made they were commissioned to make in the name of the nation at large.

3. But, in the third place, says Mr. Gladstone, the demand thus made must likewise be so defined as to bring it within the limits of safety and prudence, and to obviate all danger to the unity and security of the empire. Upon this the member for Peckham airily observes, "As this is a mere *petitio principii*, it is not worth discussing." Now I need hardly say that the nature of the demand made is the most essential point in the whole problem, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Baumann does, as indeed he was bound to do, attempt, in another portion of his paper, to discuss it. Lord Northbrook, it will be remembered, complained of what he regarded as Mr. Gladstone's needless reticence on the subject of Home Rule before the election of 1885, and confidently stated that nothing had happened "that could not have been foreseen by any man of ordinary political foresight."

To this Mr. Gladstone replied:—

"I broadly contest the statement. I assert that an incident of the most vital importance had happened which I did not foresee; which was not foreseen, to my knowledge, by any one else, even if some might have hoped for it, and which I doubt whether Lord Northbrook himself foresaw; namely, that the Irish demand, put forth on the first night of the session by Mr. Parnell, with eighty-four Irish Home Rulers at his back, would be confined within the fair and moderate bounds of autonomy; of an Irish legislature, only for affairs specifically Irish; of a statutory and subordinate Parliament."

All this is utterly inexplicable and unintelligible to Mr. Baumann.

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He cannot, for the life of him, understand what Mr. Parnell could possibly have asked for except a statutory and subordinate Parliament. With an air of innocence, and with no other wish or desire in the world but simply to learn the truth, he inquires: "What, in heaven's name, did Mr. Gladstone think Mr. Parnell was going to demand?" What indeed! Has Mr. Baumann never heard of Grattan's parliament? Has he never read of a famous speech said to have been delivered at Cincinnati? Are the phrases "the restoration of our legislative independence," "the regeneration of our legislative independence," and the like, altogether unknown to him? Is he unable to spell the word "repeal," and is the word "separation" excluded from his vocabulary? It is surely obvious, on the face of it, that Home Rule may mean anything from national or provincial councils to separation, and before we can decide whether the question of Home Rule can be entertained or not, it is surely above all things necessary that we should have some light thrown on the meaning of the term.

At a banquet of the Irish parliamentary party, held in Dublin on August 24th, 1885, Mr. Parnell spoke as follows:—

"Although, during this parliament which has now expired, we may have said very little about Home Rule, very little about legislative independence, very little about repeal of the union, yet I know well that from each of your hearts the thought of how these great things might be best forwarded was never for a moment absent, and that no body of Irishmen ever met together who have more consistently worked, and worked with greater effect, for that which always must be the hope of our nation until its realisation."

The object at which Mr. Parnell was aiming was not, it will be seen, very clearly defined. It might be a moderate measure of Home Rule; it might be legislative independence or the restoration of Grattan's parliament; it might be repeal or complete separation. As Mr. Parnell rose in power and influence and authority in the country he might have raised his terms. The significant point is that he did not raise his terms. The more powerful he became, the more moderate was the demand he made. On the first night of the session, with eighty-four Home Rulers at his back, the leader of the Irish national party spoke as follows:—

"For the present he would only say that if the majority of the House approached the question of the government of Ireland and the alteration to be made in that country in the same spirit and with the same largeness of view as that which had characterised the speech of the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Gladstone), he had not the slightest doubt that a solution would be found so as to enable Ireland to be entrusted with the right to self-government, and so as to secure those guarantees regarding the integrity of the Empire, the supremacy of the Crown, and the protection of what was called the loyal minority, which had been required by both responsible leaders of the political parties in the House. He had always believed that if they could agree upon the principle that the Irish people were entitled to some self-government, that Parliament had, to a large extent, failed in legislating for Ireland during the eighty-five years which had elapsed since the union, they would not find the details for settlement so very formidable, or discover any great difficulties in the way of securing the Empire against the chances of separation. The concession of autonomy to Ireland would undoubtedly very largely diminish the difficulty."

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So much for the nature of the demand which Mr. Baumann thinks is a matter "not worth discussing" but which is in reality and in truth the very pith and marrow of the whole question.

4. Mr. Gladstone's fourth condition was, that we must not deal with Ireland upon any principle the benefit of which could not be allowed to Scotland *in circumstances of equal and equally clear desire.* In describing and discussing this condition, Mr. Baumann, with characteristic accuracy, omits to quote the words printed in italics, for the simple and all-sufficient reason that if he had done so, he would thereby have destroyed, and, so to speak, strangled at the birth all the smart sayings of which he was intending to deliver himself.

5. Mr. Gladstone held it to be an evident duty to avoid, as long as possible, all steps which would bring this great settlement into the category of party measures. Acting in accordance with this dictum, he showed in his first Midlothian speech, which, it will be remembered, was devoted exclusively to the Irish question, how Tory Governments were sometimes able to carry measures of importance, when once they had made up their mind to it, with a greater facility than Liberal Governments could, and, as an instance in point, he referred to the carrying by Sir Robert Peel of the measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws. This was in the thick of the election contest. After the election was over, on December 20th, the right honourable gentleman wrote to Mr. Balfour, for the information of the then Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, in the following terms:—

"I feel now the question can only be dealt with by a Government, and I desire specially, on grounds of public policy, that it should be dealt with by the present Government. If, therefore, they bring in a proposal for settling the whole question of the future government of Ireland, my desire will be—reserving, of course, necessary freedom—to treat it in the same spirit in which I have endeavoured to proceed in respect to Afghanistan, and with respect to the Balkan peninsula."

6. Subject to the foregoing considerations, Mr. Gladstone deemed it to be of great moment to the public weal that the question should be promptly and expeditiously dealt with.

On this head not even his bitterest opponent will contend that Mr. Gladstone has been wanting in resolution or in vigour. As soon as his mind was made up with regard to the justice and necessity of Home Rule, he immediately prepared for action.

"No wonder," says Mr. Baumann, "Mr. Gladstone is always panegyrising Sir Robert Peel; he is his apt pupil. No wonder he is always referring to Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Corn Laws; they are his exemplars of statesmanship."

Here again the honourable gentleman altogether fails to understand the man, and the arguments of the man, he has taken upon himself so freely to criticise. Mr. Gladstone referred to the repeal of the Corn Laws to show the advantage there would be in allowing the Home Rule question to be taken in hand, if they were disposed to deal with it, by the leaders of the Tory party, whilst he has repeatedly called attention to the circumstances under

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which Catholic emancipation was conceded, on the drunken Helot principle, as an example not of what we ought to imitate, but of what we ought to avoid.

"What antagonists call precipitancy," writes Mr. Gladstone, "I call promptitude. Had Mr. Pitt in 1801 carried Roman Catholic Emancipation, as we suppose he wished, many an Englishman would have thought him precipitate. Precipitancy indeed was avoided, but at what cost! For nine-and-twenty years the question was trifled with on one side the Channel and left festering on the other, and emancipation was at last accepted as an alternative to civil war. Such is not the manner in which I desire to see the business of the Empire carried on."

It is not necessary to prolong the argument further. I have now, therefore, done with Mr. Baumann, though much more might easily be said. It may be that there are flaws in Mr. Gladstone's reasoning and weak points in his defence, but if there be, Mr. Baumann, at all events, has not succeeded in discovering them. All that he has succeeded in doing has been to write a paper which is full from first to last of bad history, bad logic, and bad taste.

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MODUS OPERANDI.

BY WILLIAM MACKAY.

It is with authorship as with other trades. The less capital a man has to start with the more will his ultimate success depend upon industry and personal attention to business. A man of genius will make fame and fortune with a single book, while a man of mere talent must labour unintermittently that he may have wherewithal to clothe and feed himself. With him authorship is an occupation as hard and monotonous as working the mangle; and he is inclined at times to complain with Mantalini that "life is one demned eternal grind."

Evelyn Pepps was an author of the second class. His endowments were not vast. His imagination was a thin essence stimulated with much midnight oil. His funniments were forced and feeble, the fund of humour which he possessed being meagre and acquired. He was never afflicted with inspirations; and the divine *afflatus* he carried about in concrete form in the guise of phosphorous pills. There was no spontaneity about anything that he produced. But he wrote good English, and was capable of producing any given quantity of it within a prescribed time. He was in fact a sort of journeyman of literature. He executed his orders with neatness and dispatch; and whether those orders were town or country the goods were delivered with a punctuality that might have put even the officials of St. Martin le Grand to the blush.

These qualities greatly endeared Mr. Pepps to "the trade." He was patronised by the magnates of Paternoster Row; and by the projectors and editors of Summer Numbers, Christmas Annuals, and Special Seaside Supplements he was regarded as a ready and reliable man. So Pepps prospered greatly. He had chambers in Pall Mall; he was never behind with his club subscriptions, and he always kept a very decent balance at his bankers in St. James's Street. He even gave employment to an amanuensis and dictated his immortal works to that young stenographer just as Milton dictated his poems. The difference between the two authors was merely in the quality of the work, and in the price given. Pepps was infinitely better paid than the poet.

You know, I suppose, what is meant by an "under-study." It is a phrase borrowed from the delightful vocabulary of the

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stage. An under-study is an actor of moderate ability who has studied the *role* of the leading comedian of a company, so that if the star should fall ill or meet with an accident, or drink more than was quite good for him at dinner, the under-study is ready at a moment's notice to take the post of the indisposed mummer. Pepps was a sort of under-study in literature. And when some job was offered to a Great Author and declined; or when—as has sometimes been the case—the Great Author had undertaken to execute an order and had at the last moment failed to put in an appearance with his manuscript, then the word went round, "Send for Pepps." Because, as these caterers very properly said, "Pepps never refused a job in his life; no, nor never was late with his copy. Wonderful clever feller that Pepps." So often had my hero appeared in the place of the Eminent Ones that the public began to take him for a man of genius; and, indeed, it must be confessed that in the production of "Seasonable" numbers there was but little difference between his own work and theirs.

For the rest, Evelyn Pepps was thirty-five years of age, moderately good-looking, agreeable in his manner, admirably tailored, modest about his achievements—as became him—and generally willing to give a helping hand to some less successful labourer in his own field. He had, it is true, little real sympathy for those who had bitten the dust, for though he had read the several histories of Otway and Savage and Chatterton, he believed that no industrious *littérateur* need want employment. If he gave to the hungry it was from a somewhat selfish motive and because the spectacle of pain and misery distressed him.

I have been thus particular in describing what manner of man Pepps really was because were I merely to say that he was an author the reader might be inclined to discredit the following narrative of a startling incident that, once upon a time, befell Pepps. Authors, they would say, have such highly strung and sensitive organisations that they begin by imagining circumstances which they end by believing. Our author was not at all a person of that kind. He was a common-sense, and if the evidence of a candid, good-natured "friend" may be accepted, a somewhat common-place citizen, a solid, matter-of-fact, substantial, and respectable member of society. He once appeared in a witness box. On that occasion the judge, in charging the jury, said, "Gentlemen, you have seen the demeanour of Mr. Pepps in the box; you have heard how frankly and circumstantially he has answered the questions put to him in cross-examination, and I have no doubt he has impressed you with the belief—as I confess he has impressed *me*—that he is the witness of truth." I have as profound a belief in the veracity of Pepps as had his lordship on the bench. The circumstances, hereinafter to be related, may, at first sight, appear so strange as to be almost incredible. I have them on

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the authority of Pepps, whom we know to be, on high judicial authority, "the witness of truth."

There had been a prevalence of rain and easterly winds during the month of July, and in the August that followed the sun appeared anxious to atone for its remissness during a period which it were cruel irony to dub "the dog days." The thermometer registered incredible numbers. The pavement was like the floor of an oven. Town was, in a word, intolerable. Pepps had betaken himself to St. Leonards-on-Sea—not indeed for a holiday: that he never took—but for change of air and scene. He had secured a drawing-room floor at No. 35, Marina. From his window he could look out across the geraniums and calceolaria in the balcony on to the blue and languid sea, and through the open window inhale the ozone without being obliged to leave his work. For he was very busy. He had finished his correspondence and was leaning back in his chair biting the end of a quill. He was gazing somewhat dreamily at an open letter which lay before him. The letter had arrived by the morning's post, and was in the following words:—

"*Caxton House, Bolt Court, E.C.,*
"*August*, 18—.

"*Dear Sir,*—

"*We have determined to issue a Special Christmas Number of the* MAGAZINE FOR THE MILLION. *It is to consist of a complete story suitable to the season. It will be profusely illustrated; and we are desirous that you should undertake it. The story will consist of about* 100,000 *words, and copy must be delivered before the* 10*th of September in order that the artists may have fair play. Favour us with your views on this matter by return.*

"*Yours faithfully,*
"DAVIDS & JONATHAN."

Pepps had written accepting the offer. Still he sat biting his quill, and he was now looking away from the open letter and out of the open window. Bare-legged children, armed with buckets and wooden spades and accompanied by smart nursemaids, chattered gaily as they passed beneath. White sails flitted with an imperceptible motion over the blue sea; shouts from the beach told of bathers luxuriating in the grateful waves. From a distance came the strains of the town band. Pepps sighed; ejaculated a solitary "Dammit," threw off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and buckled to his work like a man.

Men of genius, you know, have only to sit down at their desks and write away. The ideas flow more quickly than the pen can scratch across the paper. Characters, incidents, situations, epigrams, all leap complete from the brain and are caught before they can escape, and fixed on the foolscap. But men who are gifted only with "the infinite capacity for taking pains," proceed after another and an humbler fashion. Every practitioner has

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his own peculiar method. I have mine—a poor one I admit. Pepps has his. And tossing the letter of Davids and Jonathan on one side he took two sheets of paper. At the top of the first he wrote the word "SCENARIO." At the top of the second he wrote the word "CHARACTERS." Then he sat for a few minutes gazing at a German print that hung framed on the opposite wall, and finally, he took the second sheet of paper upon which appeared the word "Characters," and beneath that word he wrote the following other words:—

1. MR. RITCHEY: Cross old Father, who twelve years before opening of story has cut off his son Jack because he had a taste for the stage, and married a circus girl.

2. JACK RITCHEY: Only son of the above. Clown in a travelling Circus. Very poor; very virtuous.

3. ANNIE: Wife of ditto. Described in bills as "Queen of the Arena." Very beautiful and virtuous.

4. LITTLE ANNIE: Daughter of the above. Described in bills as the "Beautiful Child of the Whirlwind, in her Marvellous Flight through the Air." Exquisitely beautiful and good.

5. PONTO: A performing dog. Friend of the family, and possessed of almost human intelligence.

6, 7. TASK and TRESSLES: School Board Officer and Parish Undertaker. Comic characters.

When he had got thus far Pepps stopped, leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and began to "work the thing out," as he called it. The sea had vanished, the voices of the children were hushed, he did not even hear the exhilarating strains of the town band. The incidents of the Christmas story were framing themselves. There were sad incidents and happy incidents—all ending appropriately in a grand Christmas scene with real snow and genuine yule logs, during which Ritchey forgives his fugitive and histrionic children; in which the "Queen of the Arena" recovers her failing health; in which the "Beautiful Child of the Whirlwind" is betrothed to the Squire's only son (the Squire providentially turning out to be the friend of old Ritchey's youth); in which the faithful Ponto bites a succulent piece out of the calf of Mr. Task's leg, causing that gentleman to fall against and upset the obsequious Tressles—who, judging from the general melancholy that there was a death in the house, had appeared on the scene in his professional capacity. What I most admire about Pepps is that there is no beastly originality about him. And so on this glorious summer day with closed eyes he conjured up the well-remembered puppets and the familiar stock scenery—puppets and scenery which would be, I shrewdly suspect, quite as much to the taste of the public as the more new-fangled scenes and characters which will do duty during the Christmas of this year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-six.

Pepps was disturbed in his literary reverie—or rather was

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called back from his workshop of the brain—by a rustle in the room. He opened his eyes. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! There—between himself and the window—stood the creatures of his imagination. There could be no doubt about it. They were real flesh and blood—no materialised spirit or any any nonsense of that sort. Pepps was not frightened. He had become so familiar with them that it seemed quite natural that they should be standing there on his carpet and interrupting his sea view. Their silence mystified him. He said, "Can I do anything for you?" addressing the group generally. There was no answer; but as his eyes travelled from one to another he thought that each of his visitors was assuming the expression that indicated the character that he or she was to bear in the Illustrated Christmas Number of the "Magazine for the Million." Thus the virtuous Ritcheys turned up the whites of their eyes, held their heads on one side, and assumed a smile of angelic sweetness, while the paternal and vicious Ritchey assumed an exaggerated air of ferocity that seemed quite unnatural to the old man, and the School Board Officer and the Undertaker poked each other in the ribs and grinned until their cheeks were horribly contorted. Ponto sat solemnly in front of the strange group. He pointed with his fore paw to his nose. He was requesting Pepps, by signs, to procure and affix his muzzle which had been inadvertently and through no fault of his own omitted what time his toilet had been made.

The feeling of surprise which the appearance of these strange visitors had occasioned gave way to one of annoyance. The clothes of the "Queen of the Arena" were tawdry and draggle-tailed. The bonnet she wore was old fashioned, and the feather preposterous. The "Child of the Whirlwind," also was by no means so clean as she might be. There were streaks of almond rock or liquorice about her lips, and even on her face. There were holes visible in her silk stockings, and she wore red shoes with great brass buckles. Moreover, and notwithstanding her beautiful smile, there was something brazen in the expression of the maiden. And really the appearance of Ritchey *fils* in his motley, with his face chalked and painted, his toes turned in, and his hands feeling about in his capacious pockets was too much on a bright summer morning and in a respectable resort like St. Leonards. The presence of the School Board man and the Undertaker might be accounted for, in spite of their idiotic grins, by an ingenious gentleman like Pepps. But supposing Miss Fenn, his landlady, were to come suddenly into the room, what on earth could he say in defence of these disreputable Circus people and their wretched dog?

"I—I'm very busy," protested Pepps, gazing helplessly at the group, "and I—I expect visitors. Will you oblige me by calling some other day."

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They again assumed each an intense expression of pleasure, anger, and amusement. But they made no other sign.

"You'll excuse any apparent want of hospitality on my part," Pepps continued, "I'm deuced glad to see you and all that. But these are furnished apartments, and really you *must* go—don't you know."

Once more the Christmas characters went through their ridiculous facial pantomime; even the miserable Ponto silently imploring the restoration of his missing muzzle. Poor Pepps was becoming distracted. Supposing anybody *did* come! He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a heap of gold, silver, and copper.

"If blackmail is your game," he said with some show of temper, "say so. Here! How much will you take to go?"

But the promise of money had no more effect than appeals unaccompanied by pecuniary offers. The strangers kept their places between him and the window, and went on in dumb show illustrating the virtues and the vices and comic possibilities of humble humanity.

Pepps sank back into his chair and gazed in a pitiful supplicating way at each of the intruders, and then moaned out—

"I shall go mad. Will no one come and take these infernal effigies back to the waxworks from which they have got loose?"

At this moment there was a sharp knock on the panel of the door, and the unhappy Pepps, grown desperate and careless of consequences, said—

"Come in!"

The door was immediately opened, an elderly gentleman entered with a brisk air, bowed to the bewildered author, glanced with some signs of displeasure at the visitors still drawn up in a row by the window, and then, without waiting for any invitation, seated himself in a chair, and said in cheery tones,—

"Well, Mr. Pepps, and how *are* we this morning? Engaged on a forthcoming Christmas work I observe."

"Really, sir," replied the Author with traces of both alarm and annoyance in his tone, "you are extremely kind. But pardon me if I say that you have the advantage of me."

"And yet you *ought* to know me," replied the old gentleman, reproachfully; "I have been a very good friend to *you*."

Upon this Mr. Pepps regarded his uninvited guest more narrowly. He was evidently a very old man. His beard was quite white. But it was elegantly trimmed and his grey hairs had that morning been submitted to the manipulation of an experienced valet. He wore a frock coat of most fashionable cut, a white vest, grey trousers, patent leather shoes, and black silk socks duly ornamented with clocks. The hat which he carried in his hand was a Lincoln and Bennet, and was quite new. His collars and cuffs testified to the attention of a French laundress. And his signet ring and simple gold watch guard spoke to the

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correctness of his taste in the important matter of jewellery. Having silently taken stock of his newly-formed acquaintance, Pepps said sadly—

"You say you are a very good friend of mine. But I'll take my oath I've never seen you before. Under the circumstances you will not perhaps regard it as a liberty if I ask your name."

The old gentleman bowed, smiled—he had a very pleasant smile—and answered—

"No liberty in the world. I am Father Christmas!"

"Father Christmas! Father Christmas on a blazing day in August. Father Christmas without a brown cloak powdered with snow and ornamented with holly berries. Father—— Odds! padded cells and strait waistcoats! am I going mad?"—thought the unfortunate *littérateur*.

Meantime the speechless mortals at the window hearing the name of the visitor redoubled their efforts to look extremely virtuous, extremely hard, and extremely comic.

"I see," went on Father Christmas, "that you are surprised at my appearance. The fact is I never 'make up' now save at a children's party or two. I dress *à la mode*. I find it more comfortable for getting about in and attracts much less attention."

Pepps's ideas were becoming a little clearer now, and he began to connect the presence of his dumb friends by the window with the agency of Father Christmas. He pointed towards them, and asked—

"And these extremely reticent persons—have you sent them?"

"God bless me, no. In fact I have hurried here to warn you against them."

The author looked relieved, and Father Christmas continued,—

"I was up in town," he said, "seeing about some Christmas cards. There is a great lack of novelty and originality about these souvenirs of the festive season—as you will yourself admit, sir."

Pepps bowed acquiescence, and hoped the old gentleman was not about to urge the same objection to Christmas numbers.

"Among other firms upon which I called," continued the visitor, adjusting his *pince-nez*, and referring to his tablets, "was that of Davids and Jonathan. There I learned that you had been entrusted with the task of writing the Christmas number of their extremely popular magazine. I was certain that the miserable impostors whom I see before me would, upon hearing the news, force themselves upon you with a view to being immortalized in a book. Their vanity is insatiable. A hundred authors have presented them under a hundred guises in a hundred Christmas tales. But in not one of these books has the true character of any of them been presented."

"You amaze me."

"Quite true, I assure you. The harshness and inhumanity of

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the parental Ritchey is all assumed. He is by nature by no means a bad old fellow. And in kicking his ne'er-do-well son out of doors, he acted wisely. As for Jack and his wife—" here Father Christmas whispered into the Author's ear.

"I should never have supposed it—never."

"And as for that precocious little chit with the innocent smile and the streaks of barley sugar, she——" (Whisper, whisper.)

"Indeed!" exclaimed Pepps, "you positively shock me."

"Bad lot, my dear sir—very bad lot. Most of these dwellers in caravans are."

"At least," suggested the Author, whose theories as to character were being thus ruthlessly assailed, "you have nothing to say against Task and Tressles—for such I suppose to be the names of the gentlemen who are smiling to the left of the group.

"Nothing particular against their moral character, certainly. But are they interesting? Are they comic? The School Board Officer is merely our old friend the Beadle doing duty once more without cocked hat and cape and gold-headed stick. And as for the undertaker, I never *was* able to see anything jocular about him."

"All but the dog have come under the lash of your criticism," observed Pepps, with an effort to be lively.

"Ponto! I believe him to be the most arrant impostor of the lot!"

"Come, come!" pleaded Pepps, forgetting the extreme aversion he had, before the arrival of Father Christmas, experienced towards the intruders, both human and canine.

"I believe the brute has hydrophobia, and has it bad. It's just part of his deceitful nature to pretend perfect sanity."

Here Father Christmas took out his watch.

"My time is short," he said; "but before I go I will give you an opportunity of hearing the truth from the lips of the impostors themselves. They will speak at my command, but not in the presence of one another. We will examine them one by one. I shall order all except the venerable but stony-hearted Ritchey to retire to the passage."

The old gentleman arose and approached the group. Virtue, personified in the Clown and his family, looked all things heavenly. The adamantine parent scowled like a more than usually insatiable fiend. Task and Tressles nudged each other, and grinned from ear to ear; and the more than virtuous Ponto demonstratively demanded the wise protector appointed by Scotland Yard. At a sign from the strange guest, however, he ceased his hypocritical genuflexions, stuck his tail between his legs, and at another sign from the Venerable Swell, followed his human associates out of the room. When the door was closed on the three circus people and the two public officials, a great change passed over old Mr. Ritchey, who had been invited to remain

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behind. The stern and forbidding expression left his face. He looked benignant, not to say foolish. His knees trembled, tears came into his eyes, and he clasped his poor old hands together, as if to beg for mercy.

"Now then," said Father Christmas, addressing the Adamantine Parent, "tell us all about yourself. And no snivelling, d'ye hear?"

The stony-hearted parent had at last found a voice.

"Oh, kind gentlemen, I will tell you the truth: I will indeed. I am an honest tradesman, dear gentlemen, such a *very* honest tradesman. And I am a tender-hearted and foolish old man. But the public have been taught to regard me as hard and grinding, and if I pretend to be what I really am, they call me an old hypocrite; and so, dear, kind gentlemen, I would lose my trade and go to the workhouse, me as has been a ratepayer these eight-and-forty years, unless I made believe to be the crossest and most niggardly old man in the parish."

"You hear him?" said Mr. Pepps's visitor. "Now, my excellent friend, just tell us a little about your son and his precious associates."

The distressed tradesman burst into tears. When he was comparatively restored, he proceeded, his narrative being profusely interlarded with sobs.

"Ah! dear friends, to think that all the public sympathy should be for *them:* all the public obloquy for *me!* I believe my Jack was the worst boy that ever lived. He was a thief and a liar at six. At fifteen he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for breaking into my safe. He broke his mother's heart, and he has done his best to break mine. One of my ancestors was perhaps a robber chief, and my son has 'thrown back,' as the breeders say. It is in his blood! He cannot help himself. Indeed, dear gentlemen, he cannot help himself!"

"You mean," said the Venerable Swell, who was a bit of a wag; "you mean that he *can* help himself, and that he *does*."

Old Ritchey either did not see the joke, or he did not consider the subject a fit one for jocular experiments. He gazed stolidly at the ancient wag, and proceeded with the narrative of his grievances, a process which seemed to afford him considerable relief.

"His wife is a vile designing hussy. That child of theirs who poses as a paragon of virtue I have heard use worse language than I ever heard uttered by a trooper; and both on 'em exhibits themselves to the public in a manner very unbecoming in the daughter-in-lor and grandchild of a honest tradesman, as has always paid twenty shillin's in the pound, and could pay forty if he were hass enough to do it."

The much maligned Mr. Ritchey would have proceeded further with his reminiscences, but at this point strange noises were

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heard in the passage. The noise indeed had the volume and variety of a street riot, and Mr. Pepps and his guest rushed to the door and opened it. A strange and humiliating sight met their view—such a sight as is, I am happy to think, rare in the select lodgings-houses of St. Leonard's-on-Sea. The Clown and his wife were beating each other with great ferocity. The lady was using her nails on the face of her spouse, while the wearer of the motley was belabouring his wife with his closed fists. This marital exercise was accompanied with much shrieking and cursing. At some distance from the Clown and his wife the Beautiful Child of the Whirlwind was trying to wrench herself free from the firm grasp of the School Board Officer. That ill-used official had caught the Offspring of the Whirlwind in the act of annexing his silk pocket-handkerchief—a crime which the little lady denied with resounding and piquant maledictions.

The din was awful; and Pepps wondered how it was that the noise did not attract the attention of the police or even of the landlady. But a diversion now occurred which interrupted his speculations. Ponto, who had been regarding the scene—an amused though accustomed spectator—suddenly commenced to whirl round and round with great velocity. Stopping as suddenly short, he rushed at the Undertaker, bit him in the leg, and ran off foaming at the mouth. The Undertaker thereupon commenced barking, and rushed at the Clown and his wife as if to bite them. Upon this the whole group ran off screaming "Murder" and "Mad dog."

Pepps and his visitor then returned to the drawing-room. To the astonishment of the former old Ritchey, whom they had left standing before the open window, was gone—vanished into thin air.

"And now, Mr. Pepps," said Father Christmas, holding out his hand to the Author, "I have got rid of those impostors for you, and I must bid you a very good-day. I shall just have time to catch the South Eastern. I came down by the Chatham and Dover. I am the greatest friend the railway companies have, and the managers always provide me with free passes. I am extremely pleased to have made your acquaintance. Good-day."

But Mr. Pepps, who was as candid a fellow as ever lived, did not wish his guest to leave under a misapprehension. He took up from the table the slip of paper upon which he had jotted down his characters, and fingering it nervously said:—

"I am immensely obliged to you, sir, for your kindness in revealing to me the true character of the persons whom you found in my apartment. But vile as they are—and a viler set I confess I have rarely encountered—it would be hardly fair of me to permit you to leave this house under the impression that they were intruders. I am afraid that I am responsible for their appearance here. I wrote their names on this piece of paper, and

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they evidently construed it into an invitation. In fact,"—continued Mr. Pepps with a blush, but determined at all hazards to make a clean breast of it—"in fact, I had intended to use them as the *dramatis personæ* in the Christmas story ordered by Davids and Jonathan."

"I know it, my dear fellow," replied Father Christmas in kindly and forgiving accents. "*I know it.* But for my sake *don't.* You won't, will you?"

So he vanished.

And Evelyn Pepps sat in his chair looking blankly out into the gently heaving sea, hearing as in a dream the voices of the children and the distant strains of the town band.

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THE DOMESDAY COMMEMORATION.

BY E. C. THOMAS.

THE closing days of October have witnessed the commemoration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the compilation of the great survey known as "Domesday Book." Under the auspices of the Royal Historical Society, arrangements have been made for a series of meetings in Lincoln's Inn Hall, at which papers have been read by students of what has been called the "Science of Domesday," and for two exhibitions of ancient manuscripts and records,—one at the British Museum and the other at the Record Office. The great building in Fetter Lane is the present home of the august monument in whose honour this celebration has been held. Its first place of deposit appears to have been the royal treasury at Winchester Cathedral, but, from a notice in the well-known "Dialogus de Scaccario," it seems to have afterwards become the inseparable companion of the Royal Seal, and Sir Henry Ellis quotes an entry from one of the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., to show that in the twenty-ninth year of that monarch it was with the king at Lincoln. It is not known when it was deposited in the Exchequer at Westminster, where it was kept in an iron chest, which is still preserved, under three locks and keys in the charge of several officials of the Exchequer. In 1696 it was removed to the Chapter House, and from there was finally deposited in Fetter Lane, where it is in the care of an official specially charged with its custody. The old binding of wood, covered with leather and ornamented with brass, is still kept; but the volumes have been put into modern bindings of leather with silver fittings, and are carefully preserved under glass. Though not, of course, the oldest, yet when we consider the greatness of the events of which it is at once the outcome and the record, it may well be considered the most reverend of our early records, and as we look upon this "miracle of clerkly and executive capacity," we can hardly fail to realise more keenly than before the greatness of that king who but twenty years before its compilation had landed on our shores as a stranger and an invader.

As to the meaning of the name of "Domesday Book," various conjectures have been made. This name nowhere occurs in the book itself, where it is indeed once spoken of by name as "Liber de Wintonia." In the "Dialogue of the Exchequer" of Richard

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Fitz-Nigel, Bishop of London, and sometime Treasurer of the Exchequer, which was written about 1176, we find the statement:—"Hic liber ab indigenis Domesdei vocatur, id est Dies judicii per metaphoram," which he latinises into *liber judiciarius*, because, as he explains, its judgment upon any disputed point was final. Rudborne tells us that it was so called "quia nulli parcit, sicut nec magnus dies judicii." The suggestion that the name is derived from the first resting-place of the record at Winchester, as though Domesday were a corruption of *Domus Dei*, hardly deserves serious notice. The name appears to have become generic, and we find various local domesdays or lesser records of a similar character called by this name, such as the "Domesday of Chester," and the better known "Domesday of St. Paul's," made by Dean Ralph de Diceto, the historian.

"Domesday Book" is written in contracted Latin. The two volumes of which the book consists are not uniform in size or extent. The first contains the survey of thirty-one counties, beginning with Chenth (Kent), and is a large folio written on three hundred and eighty-two folios of vellum, in double columns, and in a small and clear hand. The other volume is in quarto, and is written in a larger character on four hundred and fifty folios in single column, and contains the survey of the counties of Exsessa (Essex), Norfulc (Norfolk), and Sudfulc (Suffolk), in a longer form than that of the first volume. Professor Freeman has suggested that this longer and more detailed form seems to show that the second volume of the Exchequer Domesday is the original record of the survey, like the "Inquisitio Eliensis" (a survey of the lands of the monastery of Ely), and the "Exon Domesday," which contains a fuller account of the western counties. But this is, perhaps, doubtful; and Mr. Eyton has shown that "no single entry of the Exchequer codex was copied or abstracted from the Exeter edition."

There is no account of the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, possibly because the ravages inflicted by William upon the three former counties had made it impossible or unnecessary to make an exact survey of them, and because Durham was already a Palatine county. Portions only of Lancashire are described under Yorkshire and Cheshire. In many cases, moreover, entries belonging to one county have been placed in another, apparently for reasons of convenience or with the view of putting together the properties of a particular landowner. London, Abingdon, Winchester, and a few other towns are also omitted, probably because they compounded for all dues and customary payments. A note at the end of the second volume fixes the year 1086 as the date of the completion of the survey. But our authorities vary as to when it commenced, some carrying it back to 1080. The "Saxon Chronicle," however, says that it was ordered to be made in 1085;

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and a careful examination of the internal evidence afforded by the record itself confirms this date, and from it Mr. Eyton concludes that the survey, and the transcription and codification of the returns were completed in less than eight months. Of the mid-winter Gemót at Gloucester in 1085-86, at which the great task was decided on, we have a full account; we are told that "the king had mickle thought and very deep speech with his witan," and their thought and speech, amongst other things, were "about this land, how it was set, and by what men." Among the causes which impelled William to undertake the work may have been the difficulties in collecting the Danegeld, which he had imposed in the year 1084 at the rate of six shillings on each hide of land. But William may well have regarded the preparation of this inventory of the kingdom as the crowning act of the long process by which he had established and secured his power alike over his own vassals and the people he had come to rule over. It was a splendid conception, and it was splendidly executed. The whole country was divided into districts, of which there appear to have been nine; and a body of commissioners—*legati Regis*, as they are styled in the record itself,—were appointed to each district. From the names of the few who are known to us, it is evident that men of high position were appointed to the office. Their manner of proceeding was one not new in England: they gathered their information by the oaths of the sheriffs, the lords of manors, the parish priests, the bailiffs, and six villeins of every village. The scope of the inquiry was most exhaustive.

They were to inquire the name of the place, who held it T.R.E., *i.e.*, in the time of King Edward, and who was its present possessor; how many hides there were in the manor; how many carucates in the demesne; how many men, how many villeins, how many cottars, how many serfs, how many freemen, how many socmen; how much wood, meadow, and pasture; how many mills and fisheries; how much had been added or taken; what the total value was in King Edward's time and then. Then the value was to be ascertained at three periods, the time of Edward, the time of the grant by William, and the time of the making of the survey. And, last but not least, the commissioners were to report whether its value could in any way be raised. That the national sentiments resented this inquisitional method, and that in many places the inquiries were accompanied by violence and disturbance may well be understood; the thoroughness of the survey and the national indignation find forcible expression through the Chronicler, who says of the king:—

"He let write how mickle of land his Archbishops had, and his Bishops, and his Abbots and Earls, and though I it no longer tell, what or how mickle ilk man had that landholder was in England in land and in cattle, and how mickle fee it were worth. So very narrowly he let spear it out, that there was not a single hide nor a yard of land, nor so much as—it is a shame to tell and it thought him no shame to do—an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine was left that was not set in his writ."

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The returns made to the commissioners were entered by them upon separate rolls, which were then sent to Winchester, where they were breviated and arranged by the king's clerks. The returns, or at all events the abstract of them was made in a methodical manner. In each shire the abstract begins with a list of the principal landowners in it. First comes the king, then the great ecclesiastical and temporal land-holders, equally followed by the smaller land-holders arranged in classes such as *servientes regis, taini regis,* the whole serving as a table of contents to the body of the survey. This is arranged under hundreds, the king and other landholders being arranged under each hundred with the various particulars required to be returned. The commissioners did not, of course, affect to deal with questions of conflicting claims to proprietorship, but simply recorded the facts for the king's information. In some shires such notes of disputed rights are set down apart under the head of "clamores," while in some shires cases of violent or wrongful possession are set down under the name of "occupationes," or "invasiones."

It was only natural that the method of inquiry and of noting the results should differ in minor points in the case of the various bodies of commissioners, and it thus becomes possible to determine by internal evidence the way in which the shires were distributed into groups for the purpose of the inquiry. In some cases the jurors appear to have made fuller returns, or the comsioners to have made more searching inquiries than in others. Thus, in the "Exon Domesday," and in the second Exchequer volume containing the eastern counties, we find the number of oxen, cows, and swine carefully noted, while they are left out in the abstract of the other counties forming the first Exchequer scheme. Again, it is characteristic of the corps of the commissioners for the five western counties that they were heedless of registering parish churches and parish priests. In this and one or two other instances to which we have already referred, we happen to have the two forms of the return—the original record and the abstract made at Winchester. In the case of the "Exon Domesday," moreover, a few leaves of a somewhat similar but less exact and minute inquiry of the geld-inquest of 1084 have been preserved by being bound up with the Domesday itself.

The digested abstract of the searching investigation carried out with so much particularity and exactitude, and at the same time with so much energy, that it was completed within a period of some eight months, presents a document which, as Professor Freeman has pointed out, stands alone among the sources of national history as the first known statistical document of modern Europe, and, what is more, a most admirable map and picture of England at the great turning-point of our national history.

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Of what may be called the bibliography of Domesday Book it is not possible to say much; and it is not creditable to English scholars or to a great nation that it should be so. If Domesday had been a French or German document, it is safe to say that it would have been edited and re-edited, glossed and commented upon and illustrated in the most exhaustive way. As it is an English document, it has never yet been even printed in a satisfactory form, and it will be many years before it has been satisfactorily elucidated. It was never even printed until the year 1783, when it was issued under the direction of the Record Commission in two large unwieldy volumes; to which were added in 1816 two volumes containing indexes and a general introduction by Sir Henry Ellis, together with similar records, viz., "The Exon Domesday," "The Inquisitio Eliensis," "The Liber Winton," and "Boldon Buke." The form of these volumes is awkward and inconvenient, and the text is printed only in the original contracted form. In 1862-65 an edition in facsimile of the survey of each county was published under the direction of Sir Henry James, of the Ordnance Survey. This edition has, of course, the advantage of giving an exact reproduction of the text, and enables the student to become acquainted, to some extent, with the aspect of the original. In 1876, in the appendix to the fifth volume of "The Norman Conquest," Professor Freeman, who has done more than any one to show its boundless importance, and has made a close study of it for the purposes of his history, pointed out that—

"A really critical edition of the whole Survey, bringing the full resources of modern scholarship to bear on all the points suggested by it, is an object which ought to be taken up as a national work."

Since Professor Freeman wrote these words, we have received the elaborate studies made by the late Rev. R. W. Eyton upon the surveys of Dorset and Somerset, in which local knowledge is brought to bear upon the elucidation of the methods of the survey and the meaning of much that is obscure in its technicalities and phraseology. It seems but reasonable to anticipate that a great stimulus to Domesday study would be given by the publication of an extended text in a handy and convenient shape. If the efforts of those who have organised the present commemoration result in the production of such a work, they will have done good service to their country and to science; and fresh force will be given to the words of old Agard: *Qui plura de his scire velit librum ipsum consulat.*

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DIDEROT.

BY JOSEPH FORSTER.

DENIS DIDEROT was born at Langres in the year 1713. Rousseau was born in 1712, and Voltaire in 1694. They were very much wanted, and they came.

Diderot's father was a kind-hearted but very determined man. When his boy refused to follow his father's trade, that of a cutler, he brought him to the Jesuits' College at Paris, and waited there a fortnight with nothing to do, to learn how the boy liked it.

Diderot was thrown on his own resources as a literary man from 1734 till 1744. He was gay, genial, too genial, full of life and hope, but did, I am afraid, a few shady things. He partly lived by teaching; but if the pupil was too dull he left him, and did not return. That was very independent, but not profitable. At one time he had a good post with a good salary in a good house; but rather than lead a hum-drum life of quiet respectability, he returned to his Bohemian freedom and its privations.

One day he was without food from morning till night; in fact, his landlady found him in a swoon in consequence of that and previous privation.

In reference to that terrible time Diderot said, "I vowed that if ever happier times came to me, and that I should possess anything, that I would never refuse it to any living creature, nor condemn him to the terrible misery of such a day as that."

He acted up to that vow. A poor wretch came to him one day with a scurrilous satire on himself. Diderot naturally said, "Why do you bring this to me?"

"I thought," the satirist replied, "that you would give me something not to publish it."

"No," said Diderot, "I can't do that. It will pay you better to dedicate it to the brother of the Duke of Orleans. He hates me, and will pay you for abusing me."

"But what shall I say in the dedication?" asked the shameless scribbler.

"Oh, I will write it for you if you like," replied Diderot.

He then wrote the dedication, which produced a nice little sum for the impudent rascal.

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People borrowed Diderot's money, stole his books, and picked his brains. In fact, he was devoured by literary parasites.

Nothing shows more clearly the broad, genial good-nature of the man so much as the fact that the terrible, the almost overwhelming misery he endured, softened instead of hardened his heart. He was a sinner after the manner of Burns, Beranger, and other too genial geniuses; but, like theirs, his heart never closed itself to the claims of the poor and the unhappy. When we compare such warm-hearted sinners to some of the cold-blooded, respectable saints of the Pecksniff breed, we prefer the former with all their faults.

Most of my readers are aware that Goethe translated Diderot's masterpiece, the *Neveu de Rameau.* The *Neveu de Rameau* is one of the most profound and subtle studies of character in existence. As Goethe's analysis is so thorough and searching, I will only add that Carlyle's admiration of it was as great as Goethe's. The next work of Diderot's in importance is *Jacques le Fataliste.* This work Carlyle spoke of with enthusiasm.

It is indeed one of the most daring, extraordinary, many-sided works I know. I will venture to give a slight sketch of part of it.

The Marquis des Arcis has been in love with Madame de la Pommeraye for a considerable time. His visits become less frequent. The lady complains, and begs him to tell her frankly if he has ceased to love her.

"I wish to retain your friendship, at all events; do not pretend a love you do not feel. Do me the honour to be frank. Believe me, I shall admire your candour."

In answer to this tearful request of the lady, he foolishly confesses the truth that he only feels for her a warm friendship. She, outwardly calm and well bred, is consumed with a burning hatred against the man who was mad enough to tell her that he had ceased to love her.

After the very foolish man had gone she thinks of vengeance, and of vengeance only. And when a clever woman of mature age, strong passions, and subtle brain does that, it is a little dangerous.

At last she decides on a plan that is bad enough to please her. She had known in her youth a beautiful girl; this girl had gone astray, and was now, with her mother, connected with a low gambling-house. The diabolical plan of the deserted lady was to introduce this beautiful girl as innocent to her former lover, and to try and make him fall in love with and marry her. She finds the address of the mother and daughter. She writes inviting them to visit her. They do so. She unfolds her plan. Revenge is a luxury she is willing to pay a high price for.

The mother, a harpy, is eager for the rich prey. The daughter, too, consents. The poor girl hated the life she led, and is pleased to leave it. Under the directions of the lady, they take quiet

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lodgings in a distant part of Paris; dress in deep mourning; go to early mass regularly; visit the poor and sick; in fact, they create a reputation of the best kind.

When the girl has regained the bloom of her beauty by rest and freedom from anxiety, the lady brings about a meeting. They, in fact, meet at her house as if by chance. He is wildfire; she is cold as ice, and scarcely utters a word. The infatuated man swallows bait and hook. His love only increases the lady's jealous wrath, who perfectly understands the character of the man, and knows that obstacles only excite and stimulate his passion. He tries by every means to obtain the address of the girl, but without success. Then he prowls about Paris for weeks in the hopes of seeing her; throws himself headlong in the wildest dissipation, all to no purpose; the poor fellow is securely hooked. At last, he thinks by chance, they meet at the arch-plotter's house at dinner. The girl's countenance, her figure, her manners, and modest countenance, all ravish the man. In short, he is mad enough to marry the girl.

After the marriage, the slighted woman informs him by letter what she had done. It is at this point of the story that Diderot displays the full scope of his genius. Marvellous to relate, the new, pure life the girl had led had elevated her character, and she really loved the man she had married; and when he, with words of rage and fury, denounces her deception, she does not reply; she does not attempt even to justify herself; she appears to loathe herself and what she has been forced to do. She does not assert herself in the slightest degree, but lies almost lifeless on the floor, the incarnation of despair and utter self-abasement. This unexpected conduct bewilders the man, and, to some extent, disarms his wrath. He leaves his house, first ordering his servants to obey his wife. He disappears for two days,—those two days must have been terrible,—then returns, finds his wife in the same state of utter self-abasement, and nearly dead for want of food. Then the man feels a throb of pity in his heart for this poor, half-dead woman. She, at all events, was not to blame. She begs him to let her die, rather than live to disgrace and grieve him. She really wants to die, and had taken no food for two days. Then he forms the resolution to take the woman with him far from Paris, and its evil tongues and more evil hearts, and live with and love her. Thus the revenge of the woman who could hate ten times more than she could love is frustrated.

I do not defend the plot of this tale, I quote it as a salient instance of the fiery, passionate, emotional, and daring character of Diderot's genius. He dares to be himself, thinks of pleasing or displeasing no one; and when we think of the wretched literary imitations which surround us on every hand to-day, we can't help feeling a thrill of delight in reading the fiery pages of Diderot.

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"There are so many echoes, and so few voices." And that is not the worst; there are so many echoes of echoes.

Diderot's connection with the stage was very close; his interest in it profound. Neither of his plays are of great value, and do not approach in excellence his *Neveu de Rameau.*

Perhaps he was of opinion that if the stage neglected the culture of the domestic virtues, considering the state of the Church of his day, and the lives led by its most prominent members, they would be altogether forgotten. But although Diderot's plays are not his strong point, his dramatic criticism is very valuable. He could feel and appreciate the beauties of a work of genius as well as point out superficial defects. His imagination and sympathy were enormous. He had just the emotional nature most affected by dramatic situation and passion. His brain was immense and his heart no smaller. He wrote inbursts of intellectual emotion. His style is full of faults, but what force, what fire, what streaming tears! That big brain of his was always fertilised by the blood of as big a heart. Diderot's works are overflowing with ideas, suggestions, and original views; daring, outrageous indeed; but compared with the snug, self-satisfied Philistine twaddle of the ordinary literary man, I almost said tradesman, how priceless and fascinating they are.

The story of the rich hunks who dies without a will, and thus places at the disposal of a horde of poor starved and half-starved relations the whole of his property, is so characteristic of Diderot's run-away-with-one style, that I will venture to translate part of it.

Diderot's father tells his family of his being appointed executor of the will of a curé of Thivet. This man lived to be one hundred and one, and died very rich. This is the father's story.

"Well, my children, his heirs, poor homeless wretches, scattered in the roads and streets, in the fields, at the doors of churches, where they begged, entreated me to represent them, and to see after the safety of their property. How could I refuse to the poor a service I had often rendered to the rich? I went to Thivet; I called on the justice of the place, I sealed up the papers, and attended the arrival of the heirs. They soon arrived, to the number of ten or twelve. There were women without stockings, without shoes, nearly without clothes, who held against their breasts babies twisted into wretched aprons; old men covered with rags, who had dragged themselves to the place, carrying on their shoulders by a stick a handful of rags enveloped in another rag. It was a spectacle of the most hideous misery. Imagine after that picture the joy of such people at the prospect of 10,000fr. each, because the property of the deceased was worth 100,000fr. at least. The seals were removed. I proceeded to make an inventory of the effects. Night came. The unhappy people withdrew. I was alone. I was eager to place them

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in possession of their property, and to return to my own business.

"There was under a bureau on old coffer without cover, and filled with all kinds of papers; these were old letters, sketches of answers, old receipts, and other papers of the kind; but in such a case one reads all, one must neglect nothing. I was just finishing this weary work when there fell into my hands an important looking paper, and what do you think it was? A will, a will signed by the curé! A will of which the date was so ancient that those whom he named executors had been dead twenty years! A will in which he rejected the poor wretches lying around me, and left all his property to the Frémyns, rich Paris publishers. I leave you to judge of my surprise and grief. What should I do with the will? Burn it? Why not? Was it not worthy of reprobation? Did not the place where I found it, and the papers with which it was mixed, testify against it, without speaking of its revolting injustice? This is what I said to myself; and, representing to my imagination at the same time the desolation of the unhappy heirs despoiled, robbed of hope, I approached the fire quietly with the will in my hand; then other ideas combated the first. I know not what fear of deceiving myself in the decision of so important a case, suspicion of my own wisdom, the fear of listening rather to the voice of pity, which cried at the bottom of my heart, than to that of justice, arrested me suddenly, and I passed the rest of the night deliberating on that iniquitous act that I held several times above the flame, hesitating whether to burn it or not. In my perplexity I thought it would be wise to take counsel of some enlightened person. I mounted my horse at dawn of day, I rode at great speed to the town, passed my own house; I dismounted at the seminary, which was then occupied by the Oratoriens, one of whom was distinguished for his wisdom and holy life; it was Father Bouin, who has left behind him a great reputation as a casuist. I told him all.

"'Nothing is more laudable, sir,' said Father Bouin, 'than the sentiment of pity with which you have been touched by these unhappy heirs. Destroy the will, help them, I consent; but it is on condition that you restore to the legal inheritor the precise sum of which you deprive him; no more and no less.' And Father Bouin added: 'And who has authorised you to remove or give sanction to wills? Who has authorised you to interpret the intentions of the dead?'

"'But, Father Bouin, the coffer?'

"'Who is to authorise you to decide whether the testament has been repulsed by reflection or mislaid by mistake? Have you never done anything of the same kind; have you never found at the bottom of a box a precious paper you had thrown there inadvertently?'

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"'But, Father Bouin, the date and the iniquity of the paper?'

"'Who authorised you to pronounce on the justice or injustice of this act, and to regard it as an illicit gift rather than as a restitution or any other legitimate act that it may please you to imagine?'

"'But, Father Bouin, these poor people are near relations, and the rich man is a distant one.'

"'Who has authorised you to weigh what the deceased owed to his neighbours?'

"'But, Father Bouin, think of all those letters from the rich heir which the deceased had not even opened.'

"One circumstance I had forgotten to mention," added my father, "was that in the mass of old papers with which I found the fatal will, there were twenty, thirty, I know not how many letters from Frémyn, all unopened."

"'There is not,' said Father Bouin, 'nor coffer, nor date, nor letters, nor Father Bouin, nor if, nor but that holds; it is not permitted to any person to break the law, to enter into the thoughts of the dead, or to dispose of the property of another person. If Providence has resolved to chastise either the heirs, or the heir, or the defunct, no one knows which, by the chance preservation of this testament, it must stand.'

"After a decision so clear, so precise, of a man so enlightened and revered, I stood stupefied and trembling before him, thinking to myself what would have become of you all if I had burnt the will, as I had been tempted ten times to do; and that after I had been tormented by scruples and had consulted Father Bouin. I would have restored all; yes, all, and you would have been ruined.

"Well, I knew not what to do. In the first place, I thought of handing over my powers to a lawyer; but he would have acted with all the sternness of the law, taken the poor people by the shoulders and turned them out. I hoped to soften their misfortune. I returned to Thivet. My sudden absence, and the precautions I had taken in departing, had troubled the poor people, and my sad face troubled them more. Nevertheless I forced myself to deceive them.

"I began by placing in safety all the most valuable property. I assembled in the house a certain number of the neighbours to protect me if necessary. I opened the cellar and the storerooms, which I abandoned to the unhappy people, inviting them to eat, drink, and divide between them all the wine, corn, and other provisions.

"Soon after, pale as death, shaking like a leaf, opening my mouth, but unable to articulate, sitting and rising alternately, beginning a phrase which I was unable to finish, weeping, with all the terrified wretches around me crying, 'Well, my dear sir, what is the matter?'

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"'What is the matter?' I replied. 'There is a will, a testament which disinherits you.'

"Those few words cost me so much to say that I nearly lost consciousness. What a scene followed! I tremble when I recall it. I still seem to hear the cries of sorrow, the yells of fury and rage, the awful imprecations. ["Here my father," writes Diderot, "stopped his ears and closed his eyes."] And the women," he added, "I see them: some rolled on the floor, tore out their hair, lacerated their cheeks and bosoms; others, foaming at the mouth, held their babes by the feet, ready to dash their heads against the walls if they were not restrained; the men smashed all they could lay their hands on; they threatened to set the house on fire; others scratched up the ground with their nails as if they would disinter the curé in order to revenge themselves on his body; and, in addition to all this, there was the shrill crying of the children, who shared, without knowing why, the despair of their parents, and attached themselves to their dress, and were brutally repulsed.

"I told the unhappy people that I had written to M. Frémyn, the sole inheritor. I calmed them a little by the hope with which I flattered myself of obtaining a complete renunciation of his rights, or, at all events, to induce him to make some favourable arrangement.

"Frémyn arrived. I looked at him fixedly, and I found a hard, mean face, which promised nothing good. He had travelled sixty leagues in thirty hours. I began by showing him the miserable beings for whom I pleaded. They all stood before him in silence; the women weeping, the men, leaning on their sticks with uncovered heads, held their caps in their hands.

"Frémyn was seated, his eyes shut, his head down, the chin supported on his chest, and did not look at them. I pleaded for them with all my force; I know not from where one draws what one says at such a time. I pointed out to him that it was uncertain that the property was meant for him; I conjured him by his riches, by their misery; I believe that I even threw myself at his feet; I could not draw a halfpenny. He answered that he could not enter into such considerations, that there was a will, that the history of the will did not concern him, and that he approved my conduct more than my eloquence. Full of indignation, I threw the keys at him; he coolly picked them up, and took possession of everything, and I returned home so troubled, looking so ill, so changed, that your mother, who was then living, thought some great misfortune had occurred."

Diderot boldly states that his father's first impulse to burn the will was the right one; that the first impulse of his heart was true and just. The just and wise man is his own guide. "I do not preach these doctrines," added Diderot; "there are truths which are not made for fools, but I keep them for myself."

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The old man replies, "Still you must admit that my religion absolved me."

Diderot replied, "I believe it; but so much the worse for your religion."

To leave out Diderot's connection with the "Encyclopædia" would be like leaving the sea out in a description of Brighton.

The three great men, Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert, who made that grand work, which is the foundation of modern scientific thought and teaching, accomplished their grand task in the face of the greatest dangers; but the man who did most, braved most, and endured most, was the giant Diderot. A great part of that great work was written by him. When D'Alembert, a man of fine, subtle genius, but of delicate health, succumbed in the struggle, Diderot took the whole responsibility upon himself. He corrected proofs, he visited the workshops of Paris, he described the processes of manufacture, he saw that the illustrations of machinery and tools were sharp, clear, and accurate, he worked, in short, like a hundred clever men rolled into one, and what was the magnificent salary of this intellectual grant for this herculean task?—£130 *a year*. Think of that, ye recipients of a thousand a year for writing broken-backed leading articles! Fortune does indeed take care of the fools, but pays the Diderots, when she does pay them, £130 a year.

But the most tragic event in Diderot's life was the treachery of the rascally printer, who, after Diderot had corrected the proofs for the remaining volumes of the "Encyclopædia," which were to be launched simultaneously, cut out all the best parts of the articles on his own ignorant estimate of the danger there would be in their publication; and, to the infinite grief and mad despair of Diderot, the grand work of his life was truncated and nearly spoiled by an ignorant rascal printer. Still, even in its present form, the "Encyclopædia" exists, a monument to the industry, the genius, and the courage of the great and brave men who conceived the idea, and worked with unflagging ardour and dauntless courage to give that idea *form* and substance.

I will here introduce Carlyle's opinion of Diderot and his works. It is certainly not too favourable. Carlyle is very hard on the lovers of cakes and ale.

"Nay, let us grant, with pleasure, that for Diderot himself the realms of art were not wholly unvisited; that he, too, so heavily imprisoned, stole Promethean fire. Among these multitudinous, most miscellaneous writings of his, in great part a manufactured farrago of Philosophism no longer saleable, and now looking melancholy enough, are two that we can almost call Poems; that have something perennially poetic in them: *Jacques le Fataliste;* in a still higher degree, the *Neveu de Rameau.*

"The occasional blueness of both; even that darkest indigo in some parts of the former, shall not altogether affright us. As it

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were, a loose struggling sunbeam flies here over man's existence in France, now nigh a century behind us: 'from the height of luxurious elegance to the depths of shamelessness,' all is here. Slack, careless seems the combination of the picture; wriggling, disjointed, like a bundle of flails; yet strangely united in the painter's inward unconscious feeling. Wearisomely crackling wit gets silent; a grim, taciturn, dare-devil, almost Hogarthian humour rises in the background. Like this there is nothing that we know of in the whole range of French literature: La Fontaine is shallow in comparison; the La Bruyère wit species not to be named. It resembles *Don Quixote* rather; of somewhat similar stature; yet of complexion altogether different; through the one looks a sunny Elysium, through the other a sulphurous Erebus: both hold of the Infinite. This *Jacques*, perhaps, was not quite so hastily put together: yet there too haste is manifest: the author finishes it off, not by working out the figures and movements, but by dashing his brush against the canvas; a manœuvre which in this case has not succeeded. The *Rameau's Nephew*, which is the shorter, is also the better; may pass for decidedly the best of all Diderot's compositions. It looks like a Sibylline utterance from a heart all in fusion: no ephemeral thing (for it was written as a satire on Palissot) was ever more perennially treated. Strangely enough too, it lay some fifty years in German and Russian libraries; came out first in the masterly version of Goethe, in 1805: and only (after a deceptive retranslation by a M. Saur, a courageous mystifier otherwise) reached the Paris public in 1821,—when perhaps all for whom and against whom it was written were no more!—It is a farce-tragedy; and its fate has corresponded to its purport.

"One day it must also be translated into English; but will require to be done by *head;* the common steam-machinery will not properly suffice for it."

Thus Carlyle. *Rameau's Nephew* has been done into English; and when I say it was done by John Morley, you will know the head was not wanting.

On the whole, Carlyle is just to Diderot; a man *may* be judged by his peers. But the masterly analysis of Diderot by Goethe, who, as I said before, translated *Rameau's Nephew*, and prefaced it by a notice, which, in my opinion, is the most magnificent piece of literary and philosophical criticism ever written by mortal hand, is worthy of deep study.

The best men are shadowed by the darkness and evil of the times in which they live. Diderot was an intellectual sun, and, like that luminary, he had many and dark spots.

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VOX POPULI.

BY ALFRED EWEN FLETCHER.

THOUGH rocks be rent and mountains sever,
  And seismic waves their courses run,
The world moves calmly on for ever
  Its orbit round the central sun.

And, under human life's conditions,
  One law, one principle sublime
Outlives the crimes of vast ambitions,
  And all the wrecks and wrongs of Time.

A law alike to clowns and sages,
  To which immortal voices yet
That echo down through all the ages
  As music unto words are set.

Oh! scorn not thou the crowd's ovation,
  Nor scoff when multitudes rejoice,
For nought in all great God's creation
  Is holier than the people's voice.

We hear to-day its murmurs rumble,
  The same as in the ages gone;
Though to and fro the waves may tumble,
  The mighty tide keeps rolling on.

And ofttimes hushed, alas! untimely,
  Its music sleeps but cannot die,
For patriots hear it rise sublimely
  Whene'er they strike for liberty.

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De Montfort heard it when his yeomen
  Rang out wild shouts on Lewes' plain,
As down they swept on Freedom's foemen,
  And sowed the whirlwind with the slain.

Still down the centuries I listen,
  To hear its strains swell up again
Where pikes and battle-axes glisten
  Along the march of Tyler's men.

Assassin Walworth! though thy treason,
  Abetted by thy monarch's lie
The music muffled for a season,
  It still was Freedom's lullaby.

And so, when myriad sails come looming
  Where soon the storm-winged fire-ships ride,
I hear it 'mid the cannon's booming
  That sounds the knell of Philip's pride.

The roar of mighty triumph uttered
  O'er all his wreckage echoed on
Till glorious Cromwell's banners fluttered
  Where Naseby's bloody field was won.

And memories of the hero voices
  That rose in battle-shouts that day,
Awake when England's heart rejoices
  To welcome William at Torbay.

Oh, England! still those memories cherish,
  As some blest heritage from God,
Or let thy mighty empire perish,
  And Time write o'er it "Ichabod."

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THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY J. NEVILLE PORTER.

THE engineering and picturesque aspects of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the beneficial results which will accrue to the Dominion of Canada from the undertaking appear to have been well notified. Estimable information has also been communicated respecting the history and politico-economical features of the railway to the mother-country, and the large profits which shareholders of the enterprise will probably obtain from this road. It is to be regretted, however, that the travelling and imperial advantages of the railway in relation to the United Kingdom and the far East, India, and Australia, have not been anything like fully pointed out, according to public requirements, although several eminent men have endeavoured to do so. I hope, therefore, to some appreciable degree to supply this deficiency.

The extent of the main line is from Montreal, *viâ* the north shore of Lake Superior, Winnipeg, and across the prairies and Rocky Mountains to Vancouver, on Burrard Inlet, in British Columbia. The length of the route is 2,906 miles. Halifax (Nova Scotia) is connected with this road by the Intercolonial Railway, *viâ* Quebec, but the former port can be reached at Montreal by the International Railway, which will be opened next year. Nearly a day's journey can thus be saved between Halifax and Montreal, which are now connected by a very circuitous railway. British military and naval forces and stores will, however, during war between this country and a foreign power, be compelled in going to and beyond British Columbia, to travel by the Intercolonial Railway, as the International line runs through the State of Maine, which is United States territory.

The gradients of the Canadian Pacific Railway are light, except in a very small section of the "Rockies," while in the prairie portions they are nearly level. The permanent way is far superior to that of its southern rivals between New York and San Francisco, and will not have to contend with such great climatic difficulties as the Central Pacific road.

The distance from Halifax to Liverpool, *viâ* Moville, is 2,400, and from Liverpool to Vancouver, *viâ* the International line, 6,052 miles. The distance between United Kingdom ports and

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Japan is more than a thousand miles nearer by the Canadian Pacific Railway than any other route; and, except New Zealand, all our Australian colonies are nearer by the Canadian than by the United States lines.

Again, if the proposals now made by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for a fortnightly mail service between this country and Japan and China are accepted by the British Government, they confidently expect that the mail service which is now performed, *viâ* Brindisi and Suez, between England and Hong Kong in thirty-four to thirty-seven days, Shanghai in thirty-nine to forty-two days, and Yokohama in forty-three to forty-six days, will be done by the new railway route in twenty-nine and a half to thirty-one and a half days, twenty-eight to thirty days, and twenty-four to twenty-six days respectively.

With the view of thus accelerating the speed to the far East from the United Kingdom, the Canadian Government have prepared tenders for a faster weekly service of steamers than those now running between England and Canada. It is expected that the speed to be contracted for across the Atlantic will be at least sixteen knots an hour. The steamers will probably ply between Liverpool and Halifax in the winter and between Liverpool and Quebec in the summer. It is proposed to make the journey from Montreal to Vancouver by express trains in about ninety hours, so that mails and passengers can be conveyed from Halifax and Liverpool to the Pacific in about five and eleven days respectively when the International line is opened next year. About half a day longer will, it is said, be required for the transport of military and naval forces and warlike stores, as they must be taken by the circuitous Intercolonial line.

If the before-mentioned tender of the Company is accepted, a line of very fast steamers, of the best type and construction, and fitted in the most luxurious style, will run to Japan and China early in 1888. Negotiations have also been opened for the establishment of a service of swift mail steamers between Vancouver and Brisbane, in Australia, whereby mails and passengers can be landed from England in about thirty-two days or less. Passengers would therefore reach Australia from a week to nine days earlier than they now do from the mother-country by the lines of the Peninsular and Oriental and Orient Steamship Companies. The mails, however, would arrive at Brisbane earlier than they now do at Adelaide *viâ* Brindisi.

The carriage accommodation which the new railway company have provided, and will provide, is excellent, and such as far surpasses any on British, Continental, or United States railways. The exterior of the sleeping cars is of solid mahogany. They are very artistically furnished, and afford very luxurious comfort. There are four sofa sections in the middle of each coach, with large windows. These and the others are upholstered in

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peacock-blue plush. The cushions in the section support the traveller in all positions. The woodwork of the berths is of tastefully carved solid mahogany, while the body of the interior consists of satinwood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and brass figures. As an artistic contrast to these costly woods, the hinges and escutcheons of the berths are made in a large antique pattern of solid brass. All the berths are provided with windows and electric bells. The cars are well ventilated from cast coloured Venetian glass of opalescent hues, and the windows are hung with heavy curtains. Bevelled glass mirrors, in antique frames of brass, are placed in the berths. A new mosaic pattern is used as the head lining of the carriages, and a square of brass trellis-work at either end of such. The car floors are covered with the best Turkey carpets, and every vehicle is illuminated with eight lamps, of novel design. The woodwork of the toilet rooms and doors, and of the large private sections, is of mahogany. Each coach is also supplied with a bath-room, smoking room, and luxuriously fitted ladies' boudoir. Well-furnished dining cars are also run on all through trains. The kitchens of these vehicles are adequately supplied with fish, fowl, game, and fruit, and all ordinary edibles. Sleeping carriages, with efficient heating and ventilating apparatus and lavatories, have been made for the carriage of troops, and were much appreciated for their comfort and sanitary arrangements by the forces engaged in the suppression of the North-west rebellion, who were conveyed to the front by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The various carriages running on, and to traverse this road have been designed by the general manager.

Allegations have frequently been made that this railway will, during the winter, be occasionally rendered impassable by being blocked with snow. Every possible precaution has, however, been taken to prevent any delay from this occurrence. Wide cuttings, and fences, and in one part of the Rocky Mountains sheds have been specially prepared against such a contingency. A large supply of snow ploughs is also held in readiness during the winter. Those who have experience of the weather on the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway think that even if any delays from snow occur, they will neither be as serious or prolonged as those which have happened in Scotland and the north of England, and which frequently delay the overland mails in the mountains of Switzerland and Italy.

Now the most appreciable advantages which the Canadian Pacific Railway is likely to offer to British travellers beyond Vancouver are those of more expeditious and more delightful passages to the Antipodes than by the present routes. I have mentioned that it has been stated that passengers may be landed in Australia *viâ* Canada from English ports in about thirty-two days. I think, however, that in the near future arrangements

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will be made for carrying mails and passengers in less than four weeks. In answer to this, it may be said that such a prediction cannot be realised, inasmuch as the enormous additional cost of fuel in propelling the steamers on the Pacific required for this purpose in excess of that necessary to drive them, so that they will reach Australia in about seventeen days after leaving British Columbia, will not be tolerated. As a rejoinder to such a reply, I venture to say that in consequence of the great economy effected in the consumption of coal since 1881 by the use of improved triple-expansion instead of compound engines and the abundance and cheapness of this fuel at Nanaimo, in Vancouver Island, this additional expense will not be incurred. Moreover, the great and increasing number of passengers who will proceed from the United Kingdom and the United States to Australia and *vice versâ* along the new railway, and who will be more and more exacting for rapid passages, is another argument against this bugbear. The distance between Liverpool and Brisbane can be covered by steamers running to Halifax at sixteen and a half knots an hour, and then making the railway journey at about thirty-five miles, the passage across the Pacific at fifteen knots an hour will be performed in eighteen days.

These steamship performances are not so astonishing when we consider the much higher rate at which the swift Atlantic liners are driven the whole distance between Queenstown and Sandy Hook, near New York. It was stated at the recent summer session of the Institution of Naval Architects by Mr. John, manager of the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, that oceanic steamers may be required before long for carrying passengers only. In this event no route offers greater advantages for such ships than the one between British Columbia and Australia, and if they are run upon such a track, future improvements in engines and boilers and the use of the best system of forced draft, whereby the cost of fuel can be saved; may even cause them to be propelled at eighteen knot speed. In this case, and by the further acceleration of the Canadian Pacific express main line trains, and if the steamers to Canada connected with them have a speed of nineteen knots, I should not be surprised if passengers are landed in Australia from England even in twenty-five days before the end of the century.

Now, great as are the travelling and economical advantages of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom and Canada, these may be considerably outweighed by its imperial advantages. On the outbreak of a war between this country and one or more formidable maritime powers, our naval and merchant ships may be prevented from using the Suez Canal; an additional route will therefore be available for sending military and naval assistance to defend India and our Australasian and Chinese possessions besides the old route *viâ* the Cape. The

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advantages of the Canadian compared with that of the Cape route for increasing the defence of these foreign dominions are several. In the first place, not only can British troops from Halifax be landed in these possessions nearly a week earlier than reinforcements from England, but military assistance from the United Kingdom could be rendered more quickly than by despatching troops and armaments by the Cape route. Again, even if the voyage to these British possessions could be made as soon by the latter route as by the Canadian railway, the risk of the capture and destruction of the transports conveying the military contingents would be far greater than would be run by the steamers carrying them across the Atlantic and the Pacific. The reason of this diminished danger on the latter route is because the naval and improvised cruisers of the enemy which would be on the look-out to destroy such ships would not have the same facilities for pursuing them, for lack of coaling accommodation, as they would in the Atlantic north of Gibraltar and in the Indian Ocean.

Moreover, it is reasonable to believe that in the near future, instead of Halifax being the only imperial station where a garrison of British troops is kept in the Dominion of Canada, other imperial military stations may be established at Winnipeg and at Vancouver, or some other locality in British Columbia near the Pacific. In that case, troops from the two latter stations could be taken to our territorial possessions in the far East, India, Australia, and New Zealand several days earlier than the military force from Halifax. All the soldiers thus despatched could readily be replaced by Canadian militia until new garrisons arrived from the mother-country.

For naval purposes, the Canadian Pacific Railway will be very advantageous to the imperial interests, for not only can crews and stores for the Pacific squadron be quickly delivered from England or Halifax, but torpedo boats, submarine mining apparatus, and other armament. Guns and armament for our Pacific merchant ships to be used as cruisers and other aids to the naval ships, and shipwrights to prepare them as such auxiliaries, can also soon be conveyed from England to Vancouver.

If regular lines of first-class mail steamers run between British Columbia and Japan and China, and also between the Canadian territory and Australia, not only will the influence and power of Great Britain be immensely increased on the Pacific, but throughout the world, as the passage through the Suez Canal will not be as important for the defence of our dominions abroad as it was before the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway. We shall, therefore, be able to make far better terms with foreign Powers than we previously could do.

Under the foregoing considerations, there is every possible inducement for the British Government, if it duly take them into account, to give every reasonable encouragement to establish

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adventurers claimed to exercise by virtue of a treaty made in the time of Henry the Eighth, and which they insisted was still subsisting. The expedition comprised the *Jesus of Lubeck*, a queen's ship of 700 tons burthen, a very large vessel in those days; the *Minion*, Captain John Hampton; the *William and John*, Captain Thomas Bolton; the *Judith*, a small vessel of only 50 tons, commanded by a young man of twenty-six years of age, whose name, "familiar in our mouths as household words"—Francis Drake—was unknown in those days; and two very tiny vessels called the *Angel* and the *Swallow*. They sailed from Plymouth under the command of Captain John (afterwards the famous Sir John) Hawkins, on the 2nd of October, 1567.

Elizabeth was queen of England, and Philip the Second, the husband of her late half-sister Mary, sovereign of Spain. The Spanish monarchy was at this time at the acme of its prosperity. The Spaniards possessed a perfectly enormous colonial empire; they kept the trade of Spanish America and the West Indies exclusively in their own hands, affecting to treat the oceans which washed the coasts of their possessions as "the Spanish Main," and to treat all those who presumed to sail on those oceans not only as trespassers, but as pirates and freebooters. They kept their West India navigation a profound secret. The English had no charts or maps to direct their course, groping their way as best they might, or guided by such of the local pilots as they from time to time captured out of Spanish ships, or might otherwise press into their service.

The English of Elizabeth hated King Philip for his own sake. His "cane-coloured" beard marked him for a Judas in their eyes, the false prophet being invariably represented in old English poetry and pictures with a beard of that colour. Philip, to do him justice, returned the hatred with which our ancestors regarded him with the most perfect cordiality. Although within a year after he left this country he had, on the retirement of his gloomy father into the monastery of Estremadura, assumed the sceptre of Spain and the Netherlands, he had never forgiven the English Parliament for refusing to crown him King of England, nor the jealous precautions which had been taken to prevent his assuming any real power in the country. Philip's encroaching disposition, the arbitrary turn of his counsels, the insolent airs which his attendants had given themselves, the loss of Calais through his alliance, while it had thoroughly alienated the kingdom from Mary, created a prejudice against the religion which the Spanish Court so steadily favoured. So violent indeed was the hatred conceived by the English nation against Spain, during the short period of Philip's marriage with their queen, that it diverted the old channel of public feelings, and almost put an end to that dislike and jealousy of France which had so long existed. For nearly a century afterwards, the prejudices of the

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population, as much as the policy of our counsellors, were more directed against Spain than against any other country, and Ben Jonson shows us that "the Spanish name" was used as a "bogey," to frighten refractory children into eating "their bread and butter," or swallowing medical preparations which, whether they be the "worm feed" of the time of Elizabeth, or the "Gregory's Powder" of Victoria, have proved equally obnoxious to infant prejudice.

Elizabeth's dislike to Philip was also of a personal character. It is true that within one month after her half-sister's death he had graciously offered his hand, and the inanimate organ which did duty for a heart, to the English queen. Elizabeth told his ambassador Ferziar that she could take no step without consulting her Parliament, and she is said further to have expressed herself that there was no one she should prefer to his royal master. All this might have been said, although it comes from a purely Spanish source; but we may rest, assured from our knowledge of her decided character, that the son of Charles V. was the last person in the world with whom the Queen of England would have consented to wed. Only four years before she had been imprisoned in the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in Wyatt's rebellion. Rénard, the Spanish ambassador, had written to his imperial master that "it was of the utmost consequence the trials and *executions* of the criminals, especially of Courtenay and of the *Lady Elizabeth*, should be concluded before the arrival of his highness," that is to say, of the man with the long narrow head and cane-coloured beard, who was now offering himself to her in the character of a husband: that all this was known to Elizabeth we cannot for one moment doubt.

This ill feeling between the countries and their sovereigns, combined with the singularly narrow-minded policy of the Spaniards, was productive of very curious results. Spain held a commanding position, and conducted herself towards the subjects of Elizabeth with an overbearing arrogance which we fail in these days to realise, and which, notwithstanding the awe with which she was regarded, was very deeply resented. The Spaniards claimed the Indian seas by virtue of a gift from the Bishop of Rome, and claimed to exclude every other nation from that vast ocean on the ground of that preposterous title; while the Englishman asserted that the Pope had as much right to bestow the gift as he had to deal with the kingdom of England, and maintained his right to traverse and trade on those seas as freely as the Spaniard himself. He enforced that right, moreover, after a thoroughly practical fashion of his own. His argosy, freighted with merchandise, was a man-of-war as well as a trader, and if a Spanish governor refused him a permit to sell his wares, he landed his crew armed to the teeth, and literally wrung a license from the reluctant Spaniard at the point of his sword.

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Such a system of high-handed "protection" on the one hand, and of "free trade" assertion on the other, developed a natural feeling of hatred and ill-will, and led as a matter of necessity to acts of violence and retaliation. The result was that, with no actual declaration of war, the two countries were virtually always in a state of hostility to one another.

But there was another circumstance which, perhaps more than any other, raised the feeling of exasperation against the Spain of Philip II. to feverish heat. The Spanish ports were virtually in the hands of the Inquisition, which was permitted to inflict on every English sailor who fell into Spanish clutches the most dreadful atrocities. They rotted without hope in Spanish dungeons or chained to the benches of Spanish galleys; they were scourged, tortured, burnt, with every imaginable circumstance of cruelty and oppression. The Spaniards looked upon them as heretics out of the pale both of mercy and of law, outcasts—outlaws with whom no contract or engagement, however sacred, could be considered for one moment binding. With a policy of this outrageous character, exercised without the smallest regard to international law or international obligations, it is scarcely surprising that Spain and the Spaniards should have been hated by our countrymen. If that hatred found expression in acts of insult and violence, Philip and his subjects had only to blame themselves for that result. Elizabeth plainly told the Spanish ambassador, when he complained to her of English damage to Spanish interests and commerce, that his countrymen, "by their ill-treatment of her subjects, to whom they had prohibited commerce contrary to the law of nations, had drawn these mischiefs upon themselves." How far this characteristic retort was justified by facts, will appear in the course of the following narrative.

By the end of January or the beginning of February, Hawkins, having obtained or captured five hundred miserable niggers, determined to seek a market for them on the coast of Spanish America. Notwithstanding the strict injunctions of the king, the adventurers seem to have met with reasonable trade and courteous treatment. It was not, however, to be expected that the course of the English trader-captain, or "general," as he was called, would prove altogether "plain sailing." At Rio de la Hacha, for instance, a message was sent to the treasurer or governor, requesting to be supplied with water and a license to trade: both were promptly refused. Determined to convince this functionary of the error of his ways, Hawkins, according to custom, landed two hundred armed men, and speedily induced the Spaniard to reconsider his decision. In this persuasive manner he disposed of two hundred of his negroes at his own prices; but so peremptory were the orders from Spain that the luckless Governor was obliged to make it a condition of the

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license, which had been extorted from him at the point of the sword, that all sales and purchases should be conducted at night.

Off the west coast of Cuba they encountered a storm, which lasted four days, and so mauled them that the little *Judith* sprang a leak. They sought a harbour on the coast of Florida, but the water proved too shallow; and another gale, which lasted three days, finally drove them for shelter into the port of San Juan de Ulloa, far down on the opposite coast. In this they found twelve unarmed vessels, freighted with a treasure of two hundred thousand pounds, representing an enormous sum of our present currency—a tempting prize, apparently at the mercy of Master John Hawkins, and which, according to the relationship which then existed between the English adventurers and the Spaniards, he might have considered himself justified in appropriating to the use of his employers. Master Hawkins, however, had been driven to seek shelter in a hornets' nest, and, although the hornets were for the time absent, there was an absolute certainty that they would very shortly return. He perfectly well knew that the Spanish West India fleet was daily expected, and what between the sense of this expectancy and the crippled state of his vessels, found himself on the ugly horns of a most unpleasant dilemma. The danger of the position in which he found himself placed may be judged by the fact that he dispatched a special messenger to the president and council at Mexico (two hundred miles' distance), apprising them that he had been driven into the port by stress of weather, and the imperative necessity of refitting and victualling, and requesting a permit for the purpose, without which, as we have seen, the Spaniards could supply him with nothing. Captain John Hawkins, in fact, was in a serious mess; for San Juan de Ulloa under present circumstances was a very different place from Rio de la Hacha, and the persuasive influence of a couple of hundred armed men was no longer applicable. The messenger left on the 16th of September, and on the following day, the 17th, the Spanish fleet, thirteen great ships of war—nearly three times the number of the English vessels, and carrying at least four times their weight in men and metal—made its appearance outside the harbour.

Now this imposing-looking fleet carried on board no less a person than Don Martin Henriquez, the new Viceroy of the Indies; and Lucon, the Spanish Admiral, amazed at the sight before him, sent a pinnace under flag of truce to the English commander, peremptorily demanding to be informed "of what country those ships were, that presumed to ride there in a port of the King of Spain?" Hawkins made answer that the ships were English ships, which had come in to trade and purchase victuals; and offered to let the Spaniards enter, on condition that a permit was given for the purpose. The Spanish Admiral replied that he

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carried the Viceroy of the Indies, and, having a thousand men at his orders, had no thought of asking the leave of any Englishman; to which Master Hawkins, in no way dismayed, retorted that he too was for all practical purposes the representative of his Queen, and though the Spaniards might have a thousand men, it would be well for them if they kept clear of "his powder and shot." This was no idle bravado; the Englishmen had made every arrangement to fight if necessary, and notwithstanding the enormous disparity in point of numbers, metal, and ships, these advantages on the side of the Spaniards had been neutralized to an appreciable extent by the judicious dispositions of Hawkins. He had ranged his little fleet ready for action right across the narrow entrance to the harbour, and had, moreover, occupied a small fortified island armed with brass pieces, which commanded its mouth, and around which the Englishmen were now grouped in a practical manner, which showed they were thoroughly accustomed to their use. The judicious arrangements and uncompromising attitude of Hawkins were not without their effect; and the Spanish Admiral asked time to consider the situation. It was finally arranged that the English should receive victuals and water in exchange for their money, with leave to sell their wares as they pleased. By way of guarantee for their safety, Hawkins insisted that the island and its brass pieces should continue in his possession so long as the English ships remained, no Spaniard being permitted to land there with arms. These conditions, after some demur on the part of the Viceroy, were agreed to by him under hand and seal, and, according to the custom of the time, were proclaimed by sound of trumpet, and ten gentlemen on either side were exchanged by way of hostage for their due and punctual fulfilment; and at the end of three days the fleet entered the port, the English and Spanish ships saluting one another, "as the manner of the sea doth require."

Whether John Hawkins is to be blamed for any part of the calamity which afterwards happened may be a matter of opinion. He was placed in a most difficult and awkward position, with the knowledge that his ships were crippled, and practically without food and water. It is probable that, but for this knowledge, he would have attempted his escape in the night-time. He was careful to keep his ships together, under the guns of the fort which was garrisoned by his men; and what more, it may be asked, could he do or be expected to do under the circumstances? He had the written guarantee of the Spanish Viceroy for the safety of his ships and men; he had, moreover, the Spanish gentlemen, hostages for its due and punctual fulfilment. But the sturdy Englishman was no stranger to the treachery of the Spanish character; no one knew better than himself that, according to the policy which regulated the conservation of the Spanish West Indian possessions, he and his sailors were nothing better than

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pirates; that in the eyes of the orthodox Spaniards they were worse than freebooters—heretics, outside the pale of good faith, with whom promises solemnly ratified under hand and seal might be broken at the absolute will of the promiser. There was one circumstance, however, which neither Hawkins nor any one on board the little English fleet for one moment suspected, namely, that these Spanish *gentlemen* hostages, speaking not one word of English among them, were nothing more than common soldiers, dressed up in the gorgeous apparel of Spanish gentlemen, for the purpose of deceiving the English captain.

Two days passed by, but very little of the food, vegetables, and water which had been promised had as yet made its appearance. The Spanish gentlemen were very polite and courteous, but Captain John Hawkins was growing seriously uneasy. The crews of the Spanish men-of-war were quietly and unostentatiously busy; weapons were being shifted from ship to ship; ordnance were planted and trained in such a way as to command the island where the English were quartered; while companies of men were seen to be passing to and fro. It was reported to him that a great ship of nine hundred tons, which was moored alongside the *Minion*, had been filled with men the previous night, and that the greater part of them were now lying concealed under her decks. So uneasy did Hawkins at last become, that he sent a messenger to the Viceroy to inquire what these things meant; but the Spanish gentleman asked him to give himself no concern, and blandly reminded him that he had pledged his word for the safety of the English crews. As the day wore away Hawkins, still dissatisfied, sent a second messenger to the Viceroy, but this man never returned. All things in fact being ripe for the treachery which had all along been intended, the Spaniards threw off the mask, and on the given signal—the blast of a trumpet—set upon the deluded Englishmen from every quarter.

The English who garrisoned the island, taken by surprise, were slaughtered almost to a man; only three managed by swimming to reach the *Jesus of Lubeck*. The Spaniards, masters of their quarters, trained the brass guns on their ships, while three hundred of their soldiers boarded the *Minion;* but they met with a warmer reception than they bargained for, and were not only driven out again, but a lucky shot from the *Minion* entered the Admiral's flagship, which immediately blew up with the best part of the crew. The fight was maintained till nightfall, and with such spirit and determination on the part of the English that, within the space of an hour, the Spanish Admiral's flagship had been blown up, the Vice-admiral burned, and a third vessel sunk. The Spanish vessels too were so situated that they did but little mischief; but the shot from the island fort cut away the masts and yards of the *Jesus*, and rendered her unmanageable. Hawkins, however, placed her between the *Minion* and the shore

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battery, as a protection from the destructive shot of the latter; but the Spaniards were so bent on the extermination of their enemies, that they fired two of their ships and set them adrift and blazing upon the English vessels, which created such a panic that Hawkins managed to scramble on board the *Minion* with the greatest difficulty. The latter ship and the *Judith* escaped, but the *Jesus*, which contained the bulk of the English merchant venturers' property and the greater part of its crew, was obliged to be left behind, and was most probably burnt.

The part which Drake took in this encounter is not mentioned, but we may be certain that he fought with all the determination which distinguished his resolute character, and it is significant that he brought his little vessel out of this pandemonium of fire and slaughter in safety. In the night-time, the *Minion* and her consort, the little *Judith*—the only vessels which managed to break through the circle of fire—parted company in the darkness. I have seen it stated in some accepted life of Drake that the *Judith* never turned up again, thus making it appear that her captain returned with Hawkins. This was not the case: as a matter of fact, Francis Drake brought the little vessel with her remnant of a crew home, on the 20th of January, 1569.

We doubt whether, even in the annals of Spanish history, an act of greater baseness and treachery was ever consummated. But, although the act cannot, of course, be justified, it may to some extent be explained. Hawkins, one of the daring spirits who stand out so prominently among the adventurous seamen of Elizabeth, was a notorious personage. The state papers show us that his proceedings were narrowly watched, not only by the Spanish, but the Portuguese ministers; they show us, moreover, that they exerted their influence—sometimes successfully—in opposing the private expeditions which he was in the habit of conducting. That he was reckless, and perhaps not altogether scrupulous, there can be no manner of doubt. No sooner had this expedition sailed than we find Spanish captains complaining to their ambassador that their ships had been fired into by Hawkins in Plymouth Sound; that condemned prisoners had been taken out of Spanish bottoms; he is charged even with driving them from English ports in which they had sought refuge from storm and tempest, in consequence of which some had been lost. This very year we find the ambassador complaining to Elizabeth, "Your mariners rob my master's subjects on the sea, and trade where they are forbidden to go; they plunder our people in the streets of your towns; they attack our vessels in your very harbours, and take our prisoners from them; your preachers insult my master from their pulpits, and when we apply to you for redress we are answered only with threats." Making every allowance for Spanish exasperation and even

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exaggeration, it is fair to suppose—looking at the exalted personage by whom the charge was formulated—that some of it, at least, was true.

If, therefore, the Spaniard had said to this man, whom he regarded as his arch-enemy: "You have traded and trespassed on the Spanish Main, contrary to the injunctions of my royal master; you have seized and occupied a fort belonging to his 'most catholic' majesty; you have dared his fleet to enter into his harbour of San Juan: you shall have neither food nor water." If he had proceeded, then and there, to blow the little English vessels out of the water, although neither a glorious nor a courageous deed we should know why it had been done. That the representative of Spanish royalty should plight his faith and the honour of his sovereign that English foemen should have food and water, and depart in peace, with the intention of committing deliberate perjury, was consistent, doubtless, with the maxims which regulated the policy of Philip; but these maxims were inconsistent with the principles of international faith, however loosely they might have been interpreted in those days, to say nothing of the principles of Christianity. To say that a deception so despicable, so cowardly, sinks the Spanish Viceroy below the level of a treacherous savage, is scarcely true. It *elevates* him, on the contrary,—elevates him, that is to say, to the pedestal occupied by the "father of lies" himself. A power which rests upon a concrete of falsehood has a singularly insecure foundation. Of the splendid empire which Spain possessed in America and the Indies there remains scarcely the vestige; the power of Spain, once so formidable throughout the world, has crumbled into ashes, like the "Dead Sea fruit." That this should be the case was the inevitable consequence of the policy whose leading principles were founded on the atrocious maxims, "The end justifies the means," and "Faith shall not be kept with heretics."

One hundred and sixty-three ruined, angry, broken-down men, went off to sea with Hawkins, for the Spaniards had received such a taste of the Englishmen's shot and metal that they declined to follow. They wandered about in an unknown sea for fourteen days, in such utter want of the necessaries of life that they were forced to subsist on rats, cats, dogs, and mice, and to draw what sustenance they might from hides. Of his crew of one hundred and sixty-three men, Hawkins set, at their own request, a hundred and twelve ashore somewhere on the eastern shore of the "Bay of Mexico;" the fifty which remained with him, sadly thinned and reduced in numbers by sickness and famine, after a variety of vicissitudes reached Mounts Bay on the 25th of January, 1569.

The fate of the men who were set ashore is soon told. They

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had been landed at their own special request; for they preferred, they said, falling into Spanish hands rather than to perish of hunger and thirst at sea. The one hundred and twelve men, speedily reduced to one hundred and four, divided, and one party went one way and the rest another. Such as survived of the two famishing bands, some seventy in number, fell into the hands of the Spaniards, into whose service they entered, and where many of them eventually accumulated wealth. Up to this time the Indies had been fortunate enough to escape the horrible incubus of the Inquisition; but six years after they had landed it was established at Mexico, and, according to its invariable practice, made the religious condition of the luckless Englishmen the subject of its earliest inquiry. All were thrown into dungeons, racked, and their property (one of the principal objects of the seizure) confiscated. The armourer of the *Jesus*, after receiving three hundred lashes, was condemned to the galleys for ten years; six others received each two hundred lashes, and were consigned to the galleys for eight years; fifty-four were adjudged to receive from two hundred to one hundred lashes, and severally condemned to the galleys for terms of six, eight, and ten years; seven fortunate fellows were condemned to serve in monasteries for three, four, and five years, clothed the while in San Benitos; and three obstinate, irreclaimable heretics were burned to ashes. For the part which the Inquisition takes in this history, the Pope and Philip, the "eldest son of the Church" were alone responsible. Spanish men and even Spanish friars showed these poor persecuted victims much sympathy and kindness; for the laity, and many even of the clergy, like King Philip's large-hearted confessor in England, hated in their heart of hearts an institution which committed judicial outrage and murder under the false and fraudulent pretence of Christianity.

It was this piece of villainy which was the origin of Francis Drake's incessant reprisals on Spanish shipping and commerce in America and the Indies. Ever since he had taken to the sea, Drake had hated and detested the subjects of King Philip. They had done him and his companion or friend, Captain Lovell, an ill turn at Rio de la Hacha the year before. What the precise nature of this injury might have been has never, it would appear, been precisely ascertained, nor is it material to this narrative that we should explain it. He had lost his all in the calamity which had fallen upon the expedition of Hawkins; but, acquainted as he was with the duplicity and subtlety of the Spanish character, he was unprepared (like every one else in that small fleet) for an exhibition of treachery such as we have described. Francis Drake was blunt and straightforward, detesting everything that was base and cowardly; and this base, and cowardly, and treacherous deed was the origin of that keen antipathy to the Spaniards which distinguished him throughout life, an antipathy which far

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exceeded anything which Nelson displayed towards the French a couple of centuries afterwards. From this time forward his mind was bent on a policy of reprisals which ended only with his life, and it was fortunate for the Spaniards, and fortunate also for his own reputation, that this self-imposed duty was undertaken by a man who, with all his invincible resolution, was singularly free from any inclination in the direction either of malice or cruelty. His plans were marked with a thoroughness which augured favourably for their success. By the following year he found himself, probably with the unavowed assistance of Elizabeth herself, in a position to fit out a vessel. Spanish America was the promised land of the English of the sixteenth century, and adventurous spirits might have been obtained by the thousand had he only required them. During the years 1570 and 1571, he made two voyages to the Indies—the last in a small vessel of twenty-five tons—for the purpose of gathering such information as would enable him next year to turn that information to the best account. He employed himself specially during these cruises in taking soundings; mapping and noting all available places of harbour, refuge, or concealment; ascertaining the localities of deposit, and the times and method of transport of government treasure; and in thoroughly mastering the navigation of the coast. But he had no intention whatever of returning from these voyages of "discovery" empty-handed. Besides acquiring all the practical and useful information which he required, Camden tells us that he gathered "a pretty store of money by playing the seaman and the pirate." A *pirate*, however, in our acceptation of the word, Drake emphatically was not. He was sailing under the direct commission of Queen Elizabeth herself; a fact which sufficiently shows the very extraordinary relationship which existed between Spain and this country, and the strange maxims of *meum* and *tuum* which were then applicable to the property of the Spanish crown and of Spanish subjects at that time.

Some surprise has been expressed at the smallness of the ships which took part in the maritime expeditions of this period; but it must be remembered that Drake's first requirement would be a swift cruiser, able to inflict damage upon, and when necessary to baffle and elude the lumbering vessels of Spain. But independent of this fact, the tonnage of English ships was small in those days. Even when Elizabeth engaged to supply the Dutch with thirty ships of war, it was stipulated that only half of them should bear two hundred tons burthen; and when an estimate of the strength of the mercantile navy was taken by Lord Admiral Clinton so lately as 1582, it was found that the merchants could supply the royal navy with 14,295 seamen and 1,293 ships, of which 219 only were above eighty tons.

Drake set sail from Plymouth on what we may term his voyage of retaliation on Whitsun Eve, 1572, in the *Pasha*, of

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seventy tons, and the little *Swan*, of twenty-five tons, the latter commanded by his brother John. The crew of the *Pasha* was only forty-seven in number that of the smaller vessel twenty-six—seventy-three volunteers, men and boys, all told; among them was another brother—Joseph Drake. Francis took with him in pieces three small vessels of light draught, navigated with oars and sails, and so constructed that they could easily be put together on arriving at the place which he had selected for the purpose. This operation was effected at Port Pheasant, so called by Drake because of the number of those "goodly fowls" with which the place abounded; and where he erected a strong but roughly constructed fort of timber. The following day he was joined, to his great satisfaction, by Captain James Ranse, another roving adventurer with his crew of thirty men, who had captured a caravel of Seville bound for Nombre de Dios, together with a "sallope" navigated with oars.

Drake took advantage of Captain Ranse's arrival to carry out his contemplated *coup* on Nombre de Dios, one of the places of storage of Spanish Government treasure. At the Isle of Pinos they found two frigates belonging to that town loading timber under the charge of certain native cimmeroons or Indians, by no means well disposed to the Spaniards, and from whom they obtained some useful information. Seventy-three men embarked in the pinnaces and in Ranse's shallop, and quietly dropped down during the night to a spot contiguous to the harbour, where they lay concealed until long after midnight. They divided their forces on entering the town. The Spaniards, unprepared for and unsuspicious of the presence of an enemy, retreated to the market-place, where they made a stand; but the drums, trumpets, yells, and flaming cressets of the marauders inspired them with terror, and being attacked in rear by the party under the command of John Drake, threw down their weapons and fled out of the town. They forced two or three Spaniards to conduct them to the Governor's house, the door of which happened to be opened, and a horse ready saddled for the despatch of some midnight messenger; and by means of a light, which they found at the head of the stairs, beheld a vast heap of silver ingots piled in glittering bars against the wall, as it appeared to them some seventy feet in length, ten in breadth, and twelve at least in height. Drake, however, ordered them to stand to their arms. They were surrounded, he reminded them, by enemies, and there was in the "king's treasure-house" by the water's side more gold and jewels than ever their boats could carry away. Orders were given to the band commanded by John Drake to break open this building; the rest were to follow himself to the market-place, to guard against any attack on the part of the towns-people. Unknown, however, to his men, Drake had been wounded at an early part of the encounter; and as he stepped

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forward, strength, sight, and speech suddenly forsook him, and he fainted from loss of blood. A striking proof of the affection with which this remarkable man inspired his followers was now manifested. With the harvest of gold and jewels absolutely at their mercy, the whole band of sailors deemed the safety of their captain a matter superior to every other consideration. They insisted on taking him back to the boats; and as Drake refused to accede to this suggestion, the brave, unselfish fellows then and there abandoned the object of their perilous enterprise and carried him off by force. To the members of the new school of politicians which is dignified with the name of the "New Departure," who look coldly on the achievements of their forefathers, who view the sailors of Francis Drake, nay, even the mariners of Horatio Nelson, from the standpoint which they have elected to occupy in relation to all matters which concern their country and their countrymen, we would specially commend this touching and unselfish episode.

They landed at an island called Bastemientos, about three miles from Nombre de Dios, and bringing back with them the whole product of the expedition—a ship laden with wine. At this place, where they remained a couple of days, they received a visit from a short but affable little gentleman, a Spanish officer, whose evident object was to obtain information. He was courteous and complimentary after the manner of his countrymen, and was evidently astonished by the circumstance—new at least to the Spanish mode of conducting warfare—that a town should be captured without any of the usual accompaniments of pillage, outrage, and throat-cutting. Drake, annoyed by his failure at Nombre de Dios, and by no means flattered by this visit, was unusually surly. He sent a message to the Governor advising him to keep his eyes open. "Tell him," he said, "if God give me life and leave, I mean to reap some of that harvest of gold and silver which your people have gotten out of the earth, and sent into Spain to trouble all the world." Drake was no noisy, hectoring braggart—emphatically a man of action and not of bravado. When he sent a message of this kind he meant to keep his word.

Soon after their return, Ranse and his merry men took their departure in his barque, called the *Sir Edward Horsys*. They parted to all appearance good friends, but it is clear that Francis Drake was by no means sorry to lose his visitor. Probably the small man was unwilling to merge his command in that of his fellow and far greater adventurer; probably, too, he came to the conclusion that the chance of handling Spanish ingots had grown small and beautifully less. It might be that, after the manner of small men, he made a mental comparison, and thought how different results might have been if only the great Ranse had commanded the party at Nombre de Dios. What he thought

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is of very small consequence. The "great Ranse" took his departure, and Drake and his sailors were heartily glad to get rid of him.

Drake's next great exploit was performed at Carthagena, in which harbour he boarded a ship of Seville, of two hundred and forty tons, full of men, whom they drove into the hold, and secured under hatches, towing her out under the noses of the enraged Spaniards and the fire of thirty pieces of cannon, which made a tremendous uproar but did no manner of damage. On this occasion Drake rehearsed, on a small scale, a far more extraordinary exploit which was reserved for a future time. Fifteen years afterwards he entered the harbour of Cadiz, filled with Spanish ships, embarking provisions and warlike stores, and destined to join the great armament at Lisbon, which was preparing for the invasion of England. Oblivious of the guns of the fortress, and despising the huge unmanageable Spanish galleys, he made himself master of the roadstead, and in the course of two nights and one day had sunk, burnt, or captured ships of ten thousand tons' lading. To use his own expressive phrase in allusion to that "cane-coloured" appendage which graced the chin of the outraged Philip, he had "singed the Spanish king's beard," and delayed the sailing of that great and perfectly useless Armada for at least "twelve months and a day."

Next morning a couple of frigates fell into their hands. The circumstance is remarkable only for the fact, that each of these vessels carried letters of advice from some one in authority on the coast, announcing that "Drake had visited Nombre de Dios; had taken that town; and had it not been for the circumstance that he was disabled by some *blessed* shot, in all likelihood would have sacked it." The persons whom they concerned were warned that he was yet upon the coast, and that they would do well if they kept a particularly sharp look out. The adventurers took the hint, and acted upon it; and on the 16th of August retired to a secluded spot in the Gulf of Darien, one of the places which Drake had selected for the purpose of concealment on his previous voyage of inspection. So great was the terror and alarm which the great English rover had inspired, that the Spaniards lay quaking in their beds in fear and apprehension, not knowing where he might turn up next; and the Governor of Panama sent expresses to all the towns on the coast, warning them to be prepared for the coming of that pestilent Englishman and heretic, Francis Drake, whose movements were as rapid and uncertain as the flight of a sea-bird. They remained in their concealment over fifteen days, the time being devoted to profit as well as relaxation. The sailors were diligently practised in archery and military exercises; and while one half of the men were thus employed, the rest amused themselves at quoits, bowls,

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and other manly games. They lived luxuriously: so enormous was the spoil, wine and stores of all kinds captured from the Spaniards, that they erected and filled four magazines at various secluded and convenient places along the coast, and were thus enabled to obtain supplies as often as they were required.

And now that the chance of getting at the contents of the "king's treasure house" was practically lost, Drake resolved, somewhat reversing the well-known maxim of Mahomet and the mountain, that some at least of that treasure should come to himself. In the course of their cruise they had fallen in with and relieved the famishing crew of a French ship, commanded by one Captain Tetû, from whom they received news from Europe, and in particular of the massacre of seventy thousand French Protestants on the night of the festival of St. Bartholomew, in the month of August 1572. "The seas," said the gallant French captain, were "safest in these perilous times, in spite of hunger, storm, or tempest," as indeed they were; an observation, however, so distinctly heretical that, Huguenot or Catholic (whichever he might have been), his condemation by the Holy Office would have been assured and certain.

Drake's Indian allies having given him notice that a convoy of government treasure would pass by way of Panama to Nombre de Dios in a day or two, Tetû offered his services, which Drake, whose small force had been sadly reduced, was only too glad to accept, on the understanding that results should be equally shared. The French and English captains landed with twenty French, fifteen English, and a number of cimmeroons at Rio Francisco, on the 31st of March, 1573, and concealed themselves in the woods. All night long the distant clink of the hammers of the Spanish shipwrights was borne to the ears of the adventurers, for the heat of the sun was so oppressive that they were compelled to work only in the night.

Early in the morning their Indian scouts signalled the approach of the convoy, a long and apparently endless train of mules, carrying no less than 57,000 lbs. of silver. They came up in three detachments or divisions, each guarded by an escort of fifteen soldiers, and walked straightway into the trap which was prepared for them. The surprise was as unexpected as that at Nombre de Dios, and more complete, for the reason that the escort was divided, and inferior in point of numbers to those of the assailants. The soldiers defended their charge with spirit and determination; but nothing could resist the onslaught of the sailors, and the Spaniards in the end gave way, but not until the French captain had been sorely wounded. The plunder probably far exceeded their means of transport, for we find that they left behind them more than half the silver, which they concealed in the holes of the land crabs, under the trunks of fallen timber, in

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the sandy bed of a shallow stream—anywhere, in fact, where they could manage to stow it away. This occupied them a couple of hours. All that day and the next they continued their march to the coast; but the poor French captain was unable to travel, and remained behind in the care of two of his sailors, in the hope of recovering strength. He and one of his men afterwards fell into the hands of the enemy, and we hear nothing more of him from that time forward. No sign of the boats was to be seen at Rio; and Spanish pinnaces having been observed in the neighbourhood, the adventurers were desperately afraid that their retreat was cut off, and their boats in the hands of the enemy. This indeed would probably have happened but for the fortunate interposition of a storm, which drove the men in charge off the coast, and obliged them to seek safety in a more secluded situation. Drake, with much outward serenity in his face but dreadfully anxious at heart, set sail with one English and two French sailors on a hastily-constructed raft in search of his missing pinnaces, and by great good fortune fell in with them, after sitting up to his armpits in water for six hours, exposed the whole time to the rays of a tropical sun. Returning some time afterwards for the rest of their booty, the sailors found they had been anticipated, and the ground turned up in all directions. A drunken Frenchman had proved the Marplot of the expedition. This worthy, overcome with spirit and laden with booty, had strayed from his companions and blundered into the arms of the Spaniards. The rack has been described as an instrument of diabolical ingenuity, useless for the purpose of extracting information, but it speedily extracted from the luckless Frenchman all that was necessary to enable the operators to recover some fifty per cent. of their property,—by no means a bad dividend under the circumstance. So exhaustive had been their search, that the disappointed mariners found only thirteen bars of silver (each bar weighing between thirty-five and forty pounds), and a few "quoits" of gold.

"I mean," said Drake to the little officer who had looked him up immediately after the affair at Nombre de Dios, "I mean to reap some of that harvest of gold and silver which your people have gotten out of the earth, and sent into Spain to trouble all the world," and Captain Drake had kept his word. By the time he had made up his mind to return to England, his crews had been reduced to less than half their number. With this handful of resolute men, it is astonishing the mischief which he wrought to Spanish interests and Spanish commerce at Carthagena, Nombre de Dios, Rio Grande, Santa Martha, Rio de la Hacha, Venta Cruz, Veragua, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Jamaica—all it may be said within the radius of a huge arc, drawn from the scene of the disaster which had befallen the ill-fated expedition of his friend or relative, Captain John Hawkins, five years before.

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The large number of Spanish vessels of all sorts and sizes which fell into his hands were for the most part set at liberty, after being relieved of their cargoes. None were burnt unless they happened to carry arms, or were manifestly intended to be used against himself; and, in marked contrast to the massacre which had been perpetrated at San Juan, and the dreadful measure meted out to English heretics by the Inquisition at Mexico, every Spaniard who fell into his hands was invariably dismissed in safety.

People of the new and singular school of thought, which has acquired the habit of looking at matters upside down, will pronounce these exploits to be nothing less than *piracy*. It seems scarcely worth while to seriously answer these good folks. We have seen in modern times how a French republic can destroy the property of an enemy which has provoked its displeasure, without any previous declaration of hostility. Spain and England were at this moment, and had been for some time past, to all practical intents and purposes, at war, and so they remained until and long after the discomfiture of the Armada. We must look below the surface—the circumstances of the time and the different maxims which prevailed with reference to international relations and international obligations must be taken distinctly into account in estimating the situation. If England and Spain, *nominally* at peace, were not *actually* at war, how are we to account for the attack upon English ships at San Juan de Ulloa? Nay, how are we to account for the sailing of the Spanish Armada? which was—if we are to admit this style of reasoning—an agglomeration of piratical galleys, banded together for the purposes of robbery and murder.

* * * * *

Captain Drake came back from the Spanish Main, "about sermon time," on Sunday, the 9th of August, 1573. "Few or none," we are told by the chronicler of this singular voyage of retaliation, "remained with the preacher, all hastening" to the strand, "to see"—not a pirate be it observed, but "*the evidence of God's love and blessing towards our generous queen and country by the fruit of our captain's labour and success.*" This was the language in which his countrymen of the sixteenth century spoke of the acts and deeds of Francis Drake. In lieu of the *Pasha* and the *Swan*, which he had sunk in Spanish waters, the good people of Plymouth beheld a couple of Spanish frigates, loaded with booty, "the very substantial fruit of our captain's labour and success." Of the original seventy-three adventurers, no less than forty-two lay buried on the far distant shores of Spanish America; and among those who had succumbed to the fever of the *Calentura*, or the shot and steel of Philip's soldiers, were John and Joseph Drake, brothers of the man who has made the English sailor name famous throughout the world.

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DRAMA AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

BY W. L. COURTNEY.

Two significant publications have been lately issued from the University Press in Oxford and Cambridge. One of these is the "Discourse on the Characteristics and Methods of English Actors," which Mr. Henry Irving delivered at Oxford in June; the other is an acting version of *King Henry IV.*, Part I., "as arranged for performance at the Amateur Dramatic Club, Cambridge, Michaelmas Term, 1886." The latter will take effect in the course of a few weeks, and perhaps astonish an academic audience by the reduction of Shakspere's historical play into four acts, and a representation on the minute stage of a private theatre of the famous battle of Shrewsbury. The former is the literary evidence of a scene which is probably without parallel in the modern annals of an university. In the Examination Schools, before an audience which filled the largest room in the building, and which included every shade and variety of academic thought and life, Mr. Irving delivered an address to "doctors and proctors" on Burbage and Betterton, Garrick and Kean. Nor did the paradox cease when the lecturer had closed his manuscript; for thereupon the Vice-Chancellor made a speech in defence of the drama, in which the translator of Plato's dialogues proved the falsity of his master's strictures on actors and acting. So strange and unprecedented an occasion was in reality the culmination of a liberal movement which had been slowly gaining force during the academic reign of the Master of Balliol. In the outer world fashion for some time had been running in the direction of stage-worship. But it was long before the newer attitude towards the histrionic art could penetrate within the walls of the University. Oxford, indeed, was more conservative than Cambridge in this respect. In Cambridge, the club known as the Amateur Dramatic Club had been recognised for years. But in Oxford the darkness had for a long time been only set in greater relief by the dubious and evanescent gleam of the "Shooting Stars."

Corresponding to these two publications, which bear evidence to modern feeling, there is a third which testifies to the fashions of a past. *The Journey to Parnassus and the Return from Parnassus* is a reprint of an old trilogy which remains as a

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record of the Elizabethan drama at Cambridge. It must have been produced somewhere about 1603, and was acted by the students of St. John's College—a drama redolent of the air of the University, and full of interesting contemporary criticisms on literature and the drama, with allusions, also, to Burbage and Kempe, who were the Irving and Toole of that day. When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford in 1566, and again in 1592, it was the custom to produce plays, generally in the hall of Christ Church on Sunday evenings. During the earlier visit, Dr. James Calfhill, who was a canon of Christ Church, was the author of a Latin tragedy entitled *Progne;* a comedy called *Marcus Geminus* being also acted before her Majesty. On the same occasion the hall of Christ Church witnessed a more singular scene. An English play called *Palæmon and Arcyte,* written by R. Edwards, of Corpus Christi College and Christ Church, was produced, which seems to have given uncommon pleasure both to the Queen and the audience generally. To heighten the effect of a hunting-scene, a pack of hounds gave tongue in the quadrangle, and the excitement of the younger portion of the auditors especially delighted the Royal visitor. Indeed, it may be doubted whether such a realistic attempt has ever been tried on an University stage, or perhaps on a metropolitan stage, until Mr. Augustus Harris brought out his now celebrated sporting drama, *A Run of Luck.* On Sunday evening, September 24th, 1592, during a second visit of Queen Elizabeth to Oxford, two Latin plays, *Bellum Grammaticale* and *Rivales,* were enacted, and Christ Church Hall formed again the *mise-en-scène.* There is another academical play, somewhat later in date, and of doubtful authorship, which is called *Lingua; or, the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority.* Among the personified senses, there is one "Olfactus," who is accompanied by "Tobacco." "Tobacco" talks in a strange Indian tongue, but the author of the play is not inclined to decry his merits, as the following eloquent passage testifies:—

"Genius of all swaggerers, professed enemy to physicians, sweet ointment for sour teeth, firm knot of good fellowship, adamant of company, swift wind to spread the wings of time, hated of none but those that know him not, and of so great deserts that whoso is acquainted with him can hardly forsake him."

When James I. visited Oxford in 1605, he witnessed a series of plays—*Ajax, Alba, The Queene's Arcadia,* and *Vertumnus*—but it does not appear that he was especially pleased with the efforts of the students, expressing on more than one occasion his desire to leave before the play was over. Perhaps he was better satisfied with a drama presented before him and Charles, Prince of Wales, in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1615, which bore the name of *Ignoramus.* Its author was a certain George Ruggle, who was successively a member of three Cambridge Colleges, and finally a Fellow at Clare Hall. It appears that

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a dispute had taken place in Cambridge as to the relative precedence of the Mayor of the town and the Vice-Chancellor of the University. The Recorder of Cambridge, a lawyer called Brakyn, had been zealous on behalf of the town, and he it is who appears as the hero of Ruggle's Latin comedy. "Ignoramus" is a man who hates the University and all its ways, and speaks the most execrable and barbarous Latin, of which the following may serve as a specimen :—

"*Ign.:* Sunt magni idiotæ, et clerici nihilorum, isti Universitantes : miror quomodo spendisti tuum tempus inter eos.
Mus.: Ut plurimum versatus sum in *Logica.*
Ign.: Logica? Quæ villa, quod burgum est *Logica?*
Mus.: Est una artium liberalium.
Ign.: Liberalium? Sic putabam. In nomine Dei, stude artes parcas et lucrosas ; non est mundus pro artibus liberalibus jam"

In the sequel, "Ignoramus" is nearly *murderatus*, but finally escapes *bootatus et spurratus* for London. Meanwhile, at Oxford, at Shrovetide, 1617, the students of Christ Church produced a remarkable English play, entitled *Technogamia; or, the Marriages of the Arts.* The subject is wholly academic, being concerned with the improper *liaisons* of arts and sciences which have nothing in common with each other, and the general inclination to flirt with such false sciences as Magic and Astrology. Its author was Barten Holyday, the son of an Oxford tradesman, who became student of Christ Church, and subsequently Archdeacon of Oxford, leaving behind him, besides the comedy, a translation of *Juvenal* and *Persius.* The play is long and involved, but has many redeeming touches of humour. "Polites," the deputy of "our aged and retired Prince Metaphysicus," arranges a series of happy unions, wedding "Geometres" to "Arithmetica," "Astronomia" to "Geographus," and making "Poeta" renounce all his unwise passions, and be content with "Historia." "Logicus" is left unmarried, but he is quite satisfied with his single lot, for, says he, "I care not for marrying, I see no good Foundation for any such Relation." "Magus" and "Astrologia" are banished from the Commonwealth. An English play by Thomas Tomkis, entitled *Albumazar the Astronomer*, and produced before King James at Cambridge, in 1615, was twice revived by Garrick at Drury Lane, and had the honour of being attributed to Shakspere himself. To these academic plays succeeded, among others, the *Naufragium Joculare* of Abraham Cowley (acted at Trinity in 1638), celebrated for its first act, in which a company of drunkards are led to imagine themselves the victims of shipwreck; the *Floating Island* and the *Royall Slave* (1636), produced with great scenic effects before Charles I. and his queen at Christ Church, Oxford; *Philosophaster* (1617), acted at Christ Church, the author of which was R. Burton, who wrote the *Anatomy of Melancholy;* and a wearisome drama, bearing the date 1633 and entitled *Fuimus Troes: the True Troianes.* Its author, Dr. Jasper

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Fisher, was first a member of Magdalen Hall, and then divinity or philosophy reader at Magdalen College, Oxford, and the play, which deals with Cæsar's two invasions of Britain, was performed by the students of Magdalen College.

There was thus good historical precedent for the modern revival of dramatic acting in the Universities; though it ought, perhaps, to be conceded that there was much in the intervening period to justify the objection and opposition on the part of the authorities. The University statutes in Oxford are full of the Puritanical spirit in dealing with plays and play-actors. The following clause, for instance, reads strangely, when we remember the elaborate care with which plays were composed and produced at Oxford in the reign of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. :—

"Item quod intra Universitatem Oxoniensem aut ejus præcinctum (Woodstock, to wit, where *Technogamia* was acted before James I.) absque speciali venia Vice-Cancellarii, nec funambuli nec histriones nec gladiatorum certamina sive spectacula permittantur; nec academici eisdem intersint. Histriones vero, funambuli et gladiatores contravenientes incarcerentur. Et scholares, si qui ad hujusmodi spectacula confluentes deprehensi fuerint, arbitrio Vice-Cancellarii vel Procuratorum puniantur."

This statute has never been repealed, but fortunately the "specialis venia Vice-Cancellarii" has been obtained, and there is now at Oxford a regular theatre, where ordinary stage-plays are exhibited, and some substitute provided for the music-hall fare which used to be set forth for inebriated and smoke-sodden undergraduates at the so-called Victoria Theatre in Magdalen Street.

Though there were probably dramatic clubs in Oxford before the "Shooting Stars," they have perished because they have had no "vates sacer" to chronicle their efforts. Mr. Burnand, in his amusing book, has recounted the foundation and progress of the Amateur Dramatic Club at Cambridge, and chronicled its varying prosperity and adversity. In Oxford, there was for some time no rival to the Amateur Dramatic Club, except the "Shooting Stars," from 1860 onwards, which were certainly unvisited and unrecognised by the tutorial element in the University. There was also a club famous for its burlesques, in which Mr. Nolan, of St. John's (who was perhaps cognisant of the ancient St. John's reputation in the matter of plays), bore a conspicuous share, being mainly responsible for the humours of both literary and scenic elements. Comedies also were acted from time to time, and one of the earliest recollections of the present writer is witnessing the production of *Still Waters Run Deep* in the Clarendon Assembly Rooms, and *A Scrap of Paper*, in some wretched chambers leading off the High Street. But oblivion and disrepute rapidly overtook the "Shooting Stars," and the misconduct of some of the members of the club deservedly brought down upon them official displeasure and prompt extinction. For some time, while the Amateur Dramatic Club was at the height

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of its fame, Oxford was devoid even of "the sacred lamp of burlesque." Nearly ten years afterwards the Philothespian Club was started in Christ Church, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Hon. James Adderley. But it met with steady opposition from both Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, and it held its *conversaziones* either in private chambers or in small hired rooms where there was little fear of authoritative interference. The plays were not generally ambitious, but they were acted with conscientiousness and care, the most conspicuous effort in the region of light comedy being a performance of *Money*, which took place at the Holywell Music Rooms, unrecognised but uninterfered with by the higher academic powers.

Meanwhile a sudden and startling impulse was given to the drama by the production of a Greek play in Balliol Hall, under the immediate patronage of the Master, Mr. Jowett. The idea was so novel and so piquant alike to the classical scholar and the histrionic undergraduate, that *Agamemnon* fairly took Oxfod by storm, and when represented at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, caused considerable interest even in the metropolis. The scenery was very simple: there was no curtain or wings or proscenium, but the palace-front of the Atreidæ, painted by W. B. Richmond, was displayed nakedly to the spectator's gaze, and on a lower stage room was found for the chorus round a Dionysiac altar. The principal parts were taken by Messrs. Benson, Lawrence, and Bruce, the music for the chorus being composed by Mr. Parratt; and so keen was the enthusiasm excited by the grandest specimen of the Æschylean drama in its original Greek, that controversy long existed over the respective merits of Mr. Benson as "Clytemnestra" and Mr. Lawrence as "Cassandra." Having thus originated a striking novelty in dramatic art, the Oxford undergraduates did nothing further in the Greek drama at the University itself, but some of those who had acted in the *Agamemnon* helped to produce *Alcestis* at Bradfield College, with much the same massive simplicity as the play of Æschylus had been represented in Balliol Hall. The further elaboration of the idea was left to Cambridge, which produced in succession the *Ajax* of Sophocles, the *Birds* of Aristophanes, and the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, with ever increasing splendour of pictorial effect and musical accompaniment. Meanwhile, Oxford had turned to another happy thought, in which again she seems destined to be imitated by Cambridge. The Philothespian Club, recruited by fresh members and supported by some of the older members of the University, determined, in 1883, to put Shakspere on the academic stage. Probably no Shaksperian play had ever been performed by undergraduates in Oxford, though the quarto of *Hamlet* bears on its title-page the curious addition to its title, "as performed before the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge." This would most

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likely refer, however, to some representation of the tragedy by professional actors, and does not in any way invalidate the claim of the Philothespian Club of having been the first to produce at the University a play by Shakspere. Despite many difficulties occasioned by the unsuitability of the place of entertainment (for the Town Hall, *faute de mieux*, had to be selected for the representation), the *Merchant of Venice* was produced with considerable care and success, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University was himself present to give support to the undertaking, which resulted in a great pecuniary profit. Mr. Bourchier, of Christ Church, an amateur actor of rare flexibility and talent, was the leading spirit in the undertaking, and his performance of "Shylock" brought him rich and well-deserved laurels. Mr. Bromley Davenport as "Gobbo," and Mr. Morris as the "Duke of Venice," were no less successful. But perhaps the most striking element in the production was the active co-operation of ladies in the parts of "Portia," "Nerissa," and "Jessica." This was a most agreeable innovation, for previously the women-characters in the plays produced at Oxford had been sustained by undergraduates, who had so far reproduced with unfortunate fidelity the traditions of Shakspere's own time. No small share of the success of *The Merchant of Venice* was due to the "Portias" (for there were two, on successive nights) and the "Jessica" of the play; and it was one of the wisest provisions of the Vice-Chancellor that henceforth plays should be produced on the understanding that ladies were to enact the female parts. The next Shaksperian attempt made by the Dramatic Society was *King Henry IV.*, Part I., in 1885, which was again produced at the Town Hall. The smallness of the stage rendered it very difficult for the actors to do justice to the magnificence of their armour or the moving incidents of the battlefield in Act V.; but considering the difficulties, they were wonderfully successful, and their choice of play is justified by the proposed reproduction of the drama by the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club this winter. The chief honours were earned by Mr. Bourchier as "Hotspur," Mr. Mackinnon as "Prince Henry," and Mr. Coleridge as "Falstaff"; but "Poins," "Bardolph," "Owen Glendower," and "Mortimer" were admirably played by their respective impersonators.

The Oxford record ends with the inauguration of the new theatre early in the commencement of the present year by the performance of *Twelfth Night; or, What you Will.* After many delays, a suitable and handsome building has at last risen in Oxford for the production of plays, which does more than rival the theatre at Cambridge, opened some years ago owing to the zeal and energy of the Mayor of Cambridge, Mr. Redfarn. The Oxford house owes its existence partly to the tolerant sympathies of the Master of Balliol, partly to the

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co-operation of a few University tutors, still more to the determination of two Oxford citizens, Messrs. Drinkwater and Lucas. It was here that the Oxford University Dramatic Society brought out *Twelfth Night* with considerable *éclat* in the presence of an audience composed of heads of houses, dons, and London critics, the humours of the "Clown," "Malvolio," and "Sir Andrew Aguecheek" proving very acceptable to their patrons in the University.

Whether all this modern movement is or is not beneficial, is much debated in the common rooms of Oxford. The establishment of a new theatre is looked on with great suspicion by those who believe that one more expedient has been invented for distracting and dissipating the undergraduates' time. But of all opposition to the theatre, the most unreasonable is that of those senior members of the University who, without any compunction of conscience, quietly permitted the vulgarities and indecencies of the Victoria Theatre. Every term the "Vic" used to be the chosen home of Vance, Jolly Nash, *et hoc genus omne;* nothing more refining than a music-hall entertainment was ever allowed to be exhibited on boards which would presumably have been defiled by a stage play. Only during the vacation, when the University veto was removed, was the Victoria Theatre ever anything like respectable. The new theatre is an enormous improvement on all this, and it in reality rests with the ladies and gentlemen of Oxford to make it what they please. Mr. Irving made some remarks on this subject in his recent *Discourse*, which are worth quoting:—

"In the course of my training, long before I had taken what I may call my degree in London, I came to act in your city of Oxford. I have a very pleasant recollection of the time I passed here, though I am sorry to say that, owing to the regulation which forbade theatrical performances during term-time, I saw Oxford only in vacation, which is rather like—to use the old illustration—seeing *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out. There was then no other building available for dramatic representations than the Town Hall. I may, perhaps, be allowed to congratulate you on the excellent theatre which you now possess—I do not mean the Sheldonian—and at the same time to express a hope that, as a more liberal—and might I say a wiser?—*régime* allows the members of the University to go to the play, they will not receive any greater moral injury, or be distracted any more from their studies, than when they were only allowed the occasional relaxation of hearing comic songs. Macready once said that 'a theatre was a place of recreation for the sober-minded and intelligent.' I trust that, under whatsoever management the theatre in Oxford may be, it will always deserve this character."

But if doubts are felt on the subject of a respectable theatre, still greater apprehensions are entertained as to the existence of an undergraduate dramatic club. Possibly there was much the same division of feeling when the undergraduates of the seventeenth century acted before King James, and Drs. Gwynne and Barten Holyday and Jasper Fisher were very likely suspected, like Socrates, of "corrupting the minds of the young." *Adhuc sub judice*—the experiment is still on its trial. But there are two points at least to be considered by the opponents of the amateurs. In the first place, do what we will, we cannot alter

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human nature: and nature in a body of some 2,000 undergraduates is sure to produce a considerable proportion of men who have the histrionic instinct. In the second place—if the first point be granted—it seems to follow that public recognition is infinitely better than official prohibition. For what is the alternative to a respectable and recognised dramatic society? A secret club, leading an underground existence, without the possibility of any serious criticism and therefore for ever tending to the lower forms of drama. Would the University like another episode such as that which put an end to the "Shooting Stars"? At all events it can hardly be expected that the writer of the present article, who has had much to do with all recent dramatic efforts in Oxford, from *Agamemnon* to *Twelfth Night*, should say one word in depreciation of a movement in which his co-operation, if it has not been valuable, has at least been sympathetic.

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BURLESQUES: OLD AND NEW.

BY LEOPOLD WAGNER.

MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD has sarcastically defined the legitimate drama as, "The drama whose authors are dead, and whose copyrights have expired." This may have a good deal to do with the praise that is bestowed upon old plays, at the expense of the livelier and less stilted works of the present time. The old burlesques, however, possess a distinct merit, which is rapidly disappearing under the changed conditions of modern burlesque development. This entertainment nowadays is certainly more refined; it depends for its attractiveness more upon song, dance, and chorus: with ingenious grouping of "lovely girls" and the exhibition of vivid contrasts and incongruities. Such types of dramatic nonsense as *Little Jack Sheppard* and *Lurline* are very considerably removed from the simple parody of the earlier examples, which, however, I think, afforded more scope for literary humour, as distinct from comedians' extravagance.

At the Strand Theatre, on the 10th of January 1845, was produced *Macbeth*, "somewhat removed from the text of Shakespeare," a burlesque in two acts, by Francis Talfourd (who was, by the way, the son of Judge Talfourd), from which we extract the following amusing passages:—

"'SCENE—'A blasted heath.' *Three witches discovered, one smoking short pipe. Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.*

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO, *under an umbrella.*

Ban. So half and half a day I never met.
Macb. A mixture of Scotch hail, and heavy wet.
Ban. I told you when we started, my fine feller,
'Twas wise to bring the family umbrella.
Macb. You will allow me to observe, my pippin,
You get its shelter, and I get its drippin'.
(*The witches advance.*)
1*st W.* Cross the poor gypsy's hand, my valiant soldier.
2*nd W.* My gentle sportsmen, have your fortunes told yer.
3*rd W.* That pretty gentleman will sure be fortunate.
1*st W.* A blue-ey'd lady loves you.
Ban. There no more,
Egypt's dark daughter has become a bore.
Macb. Nay, rather Egypt's mummy—by the dress
Of doubtful sex. What are ye?
Witches. Can't you guess?

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Macb. You should be women, but I never saw
One who wore whiskers and a beard before.
And long among the fair sex might I seek
For one who showed so little barefaced cheek.
A lady in your likeness would be jeered,
Unless as a daguerreotype by *Beard.*
A Newgate "fringe" infringes on our rights.
What are ye, hideous fair ones, gentle frights?
Witches (bridling up). Well, I'm sure!
Ban. My friends, don't heed his ravings,
He seems a *deal-bored*, with your *little shavings.*
1*st W.* Hail! Thane of Glamis!
2*nd W.* Thane of Cawdor hail!
3*rd W.* Macbeth, by perseverance shall not fail
To be King of Scotland.
All. Hail, hail, hail!
Macb. What mean these salutations, noble Thane?
Ban. These showers of *hail* anticipate your *reign.*"

Banquo dismisses their importunities in the following capital speech:—

"Excuse me, ladies, ain't you going it?
My lot now—I don't care much for knowing it.
For, as for reading fortunes in the stars,
Men all have the same mother planet—Ma's,
Suckled alike in the same *milky-way*,
And borne to trouble—so what you say
Won't overwhelm me much with fear or hope,
To cope with horrors is man's horos-cope.
With nonsense, therefore, don't attempt to cram one,
And if you'd save your *bacon*, spare your *gammon.*"

Macbeth's speech to his wife after having "done the deed" is very funny:—

"One sung out in his sleep—how soon
I fear, he'll sing to quite another tune!
They both were beery—one declared outright
He'd no intention to go home that night.
And, as in hideous mockery of the scene,
Added in 'hiccups' it was 'all serene.'
The other, in no high state of sobriety,
Heedless of manners, sang out 'Tulla-li-ety.'
I couldn't echo it. 'What was amiss?'
L. Macb. Oh, nonsense now; you mustn't think of this.
Macb. How much more need of joyousness, had I yet he
Sung, and I couldn't echo, 'Tulla-li-ety.'"

Mr. F. Robson played Macbeth, in the burlesque, on its subsequent revival at the Olympic Theatre.

Another burlesque by the same author, entitled *Pluto and Proserpine,* was produced at the Haymarket, on the 5th of April, 1858. The "cast" included the names of Mr. Compton, Mr. Braid, Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Louise Leclerq, and Miss Fanny Wright. The following speech of Ceres is a model of burlesque writing:—

"To-day I make my annual inspection
Of the ripe cornfields under my protection.
Let's take a ramble through the plains of Sicily
(The men are getting in the harvest busily),

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Compared to which all other crops are wee-crops.
Like mine, Cecropia looks in vain to see crops.
The earth, by the hard times of winter made
Insolvent, now resumes her thriving trade.
Before your eyes her treasures are unrolled,
The fields she prodigally tips with gold;
And lavishing her wealth with hand unsparing,
The fruit trees have a heavy claim on *Bearing*.
Damsons are worth a plum, and it's surprising
To see how rapidly the *stocks are rising;*
For any interest in winter lent,
The flowers will now return you *scent per scent*,
The firm of Bird & Co., with liberal throats,
From bank and branch issue their country notes.
The sun and air, grown warm and well-to-do,
Take up the mist, which yester' night fell dew.
The soils so rich, that e'en below we furrow it,
Keeps a reserve fund, if you choose to burrow it;
Burrow so ever deeply, and you'll own,
That Sicily's so rich, it stands a loan.
While of pay-day you needn't be afraid, for
Whatever it serves you with, it takes as paid for."

Later on, in a soliloquy put into the mouth of "Pluto," occurs a capital description of the feelings of a pseudo-dramatic author, while waiting at the stage door:—

"I feel, as many here have felt before,
Who've left their first piece at the theatre door,
When all anxiety to learn its fate,
They tremblingly hand in their card and wait;
Meantime the potboy, with unconscious leer,
Passes, unquestioned with the gasman's beer.
How the young aspirant for dramatic fame
Longs for the time when he may do the same;
And as he hears the slamming door of baize,
Veiling stage glories from his stranger's gaze,
The author's pride is for the nonce forgot,
In envy of that happier potboy's lot!"

In conclusion, I shall give two extracts from Talfourd's burlesque of *Alcestis: or, the Strong-minded Woman*, which keeps the stage even now, having been first produced at the Strand Theatre, July 4th, 1850. The "cast" included the two Farrens, Compton, and Mrs. Leigh Murray. The following is a dialogue between Apollo and Orcus:—

"*Apollo* (*meeting Orcus*). Ah! Orcus, how do you do?
Orcus. I'm pretty well, and who the deuce are you?
Apollo. Not know Apollo! Have you lost your eyes?
Orcus. If you're Apollo, I apologise.
Apollo. Well, what brings you here? For I must say,
That Death should walk, in the broad face of day,
And chat in a familiar off-hand way,
Really appears to me an impropriety,
Which should be scouted in genteel society.
Orcus. Of what's correct—all know Apollo's nice sense,
But being Orcus, I've a 'awker's licence.
Apollo. And what's the object that you have in view?
Orcus. Well, as a friend, I don't mind telling you;
I—I am in love.

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Apollo. You take away my breath.
Is love a 'Ruling passion strong in Death'?
And might I venture to inquire her name,
Blonde or brunette?
Orcus. Well, *lightish for a flame.*
Apollo. Another! Well, opinions differ so,
I thought that you had flames enough below;—
But, pardon me, proceed to revelation
Of the fair maid's cognominal appellation;
In plainer words, you have forgot her name.
Orcus. Alcestis!
Apollo. Not Admetus' wife?
Orcus. The same.
Apollo. What, is she due already?
Orcus. No, not yet
But, if she choose to pay her husband's debt,
In *propria persona*, eh! d'ye see?—
Else like a detonator down he goes,
To pay the debt o' nature which he owes.
Don't interrupt, my mind's made up, I've sworn it;
And for the weakness that relents I'd scorn it."

The following speech of Alcestis is possibly the very best burlesque soliloquy of its kind ever penned.

(ALCESTIS *advances with the two children.*)

Oh! sun and moon and stars! Oh! day and night!
Oh! everything above an inch in height.
Oh! day as black, as black of Day and Martin.
To what infernal realms must I be startin'.
Oh bed!—I beg pardon, nuptial couch I mean,
'Twere green though to regret now Gretna Green.
Else may I ask, were not the question idle,
Why was I ever saddled with this bridal—
Oh! why, but these, alas! are whys too late,—
Did I with such a milk-sop link my fate?
Why at the altar did we join our hands?
Why Hymen e'er unite us in his bands?
Those bands which ne'er have played the *heavy waits*
A-merry-key in our United States.
Why was my heart to be with such a spoony 'un,
A wretched picture of a poor heart union,
For life with him was nothing but a curse;
And though I took him for better or for worse,
The world can't surely wonder I forsook him, for
I found him a deal worse than I took him for.
O parent hearth, O earth and fire and water,
O son in petticoats, and unmarried daughter,
What's to become of you when my sun sets,
Props of my home, I mean my *par-a-pets;*
Eumelus too, who is to insert
The missing button in his baby shirt,
When I am gone? Or who supply the stitches
That may be wanting in his infant-trousers?
And when, a youth, his jacket he outwears
And sows his wild oats, then who's to sew his *tares?*
And is't for this I've led the virtuous life
Of tender mother and affectionate wife?
I might, if I had space, *expatiate,*
Alas! though I've no room to ruminate,
Still less, as I die early, to dilate;
So I have done. Another observation
Would be entire supererogation;
And I must pass from gay to grave,—

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That bourne, from which each traveller born soon learns
To expect small profits and no quick returns.
I must descend; egad, I can't help thinking
E'en now I 'gin to feel a sort of sinking.
I'll show them though how well real good stuff *dies;*
No woman's tears shall dim my closing eyes,
I'll not e'en hit off one of my own sighs."

The above illustrate that the old burlesque may in one respect compare favourably with modern specimens of the article. Unfortunately the ephemeral nature of this species of writing causes much real wit and humour to be prematurely buried in speedy oblivion.

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THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN IN BURMAH.

BY J. HORTON RYLEY.

THE first European visitor to any portion of Burmah by general consent was Marco Polo, who was enabled, either from personal observation or from reports gathered in the neighbourhood, to indite a fairly good description of Pagan (Mien, Polo calls the "great and noble city," but Colonel Yule has satisfactorily settled its identity), the capital of the Ava region about the middle of the thirteenth century. Wandering merchants of other nationalities occasionally found their way hither, down the Persian Gulf, and ultimately across the Bay of Bengal, till the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope by the Portuguese in 1486-7 opened up another and a greater route. For many years, however, Portuguese pretensions kept other traders out of the Indian seas, other new arrivals generally being treated as spies or pirates. It was, therefore, a matter of no small difficulty and danger for an Englishman to venture to these distant regions, considering only the opposition to be met with from the first discoverers. While the opening of the Cape passage was eventually followed by stray Englishmen sailing in mixed crews for purposes of adventure, it was not till towards the end of the sixteenth century that a Britisher penetrated so far East as Burmah. This was done (1583-91) by a certain Master Ralph Fitch, who succeeded in crossing India, and eventually reached Burmah as the pioneer of that nation which was destined to conquer and annex both countries. Furthermore, this adventurous traveller on his safe return gave an account of his journeyings, which is preserved in Hakluyt's collection, and is a model in its way of concise composition. It is interesting to add (*vide* Fytche's "Burma") that his descendants include William Fytche, president of the English settlement at Calcutta in 1752, and General Albert Fytche, C.S.I., Chief Commissioner of British Burmah 1867-71.

Like most of the travellers of his time, Master Fitch did not limit his record to a mere account of his own adventures or those of his party. He appears to have been an acute, observant man, whose courage was equalled by his capacity for the extraordinary task he undertook, while his story, when read by the light of the present day, is remarkable for its accuracy. The John Newberie mentioned below appears to have been the leader of the party,

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and this expedition may be taken as the first systematic effort on the part of the British to open up trade relations with the far East. About the time that Fitch returned in 1591, a fleet of three vessels set sail from Plymouth, and at least one of them, under the command of Captain James Lancaster, succeeded—for the first time in English maritime experience—in doubling the Cape of Good Hope. The crew were cast away on the return voyage, but several of them got back to England in 1594. But Fitch's account of the wonders of the far East, and the growing wealth and power of the Portuguese in those regions, brought forth a still more determined effort. In 1600 Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to "The Company of Merchant Adventurers," who afterwards became known to fame as the East India Company. This syndicate made their first voyage in 1601, when the above-mentioned Captain (afterwards Sir James) Lancaster commanded the five vessels of the expedition, thus commencing that commercial intercourse which is continued to this day.

In the quaint English of the period in which he wrote, the first British visitor to Burmah begins:

"In the yeere of our Lord 1583, I Ralph Fitch of London, marchant, being desirous to see the countreys of the East Indies, in the company of Mr. John Newberie, marchant (which had beene at Ormus before), of William Leedes, jeweller, and James Storie, painter, being chiefly set forth by the right Worshipfull Sir Edward Osborne, Knight, and Mr. Richard Staper, citizens and marchants of London, did ship myself in a ship of London called the *Tyger*, wherein we went for Tripolis in Syria—and from thence we took the way to Aleppo, which we went in seven days with the carovan. Being in Aleppo and finding good company, we went from thence to Birra, which is two days and a half travaile with camels."

From here they proceeded to Babylon (Baghdad), where Fitch says he saw the ruins of the Tower of Babel, and on to Bassora by boat on the Tigris. Taking passage in a leaky ship "made of boordes and sowed together with cayro, which is threade made of the huske of cocoes and certaine canes," they came to the Island of Ormus, a great trading centre in the Persian Gulf, then in possession of the Portuguese, who had built a castle. Here their troubles began, for the Governor, Don Mathias de Albuquerque, not liking the advent of these English heretics, seized a portion of their goods, and then clapped the new arrivals in prison. After a time they were forwarded to the Viceroy at Goa, Don Francisco de Mascarenhas, in company with a cargo of horses, and thus they made their appearance in the Indian seas as prisoners of another European power. Here further misfortunes awaited the travellers, for the Viceroy accused them of being spies, and only allowed them to leave their prison on giving sureties in 2,000 ducats not to leave the town. By the aid of an English member of the local college of Jesuits—a Father Stevens—who had come out a year or two previously—a thievish trader, one Andreas Taborer, became surety, but this rascal plundered the unfortunate adventurers of 2,150 ducats for the accommoda-

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tion, and then asked for more. A further appeal to the Viceroy only elicited a threat of the "strapado," and at last three of them, Newberie, Fitch, and Leedes, after being in durance for five months, determined to escape. It was on April 5th, 1585,—the interval since leaving London in 1583 having been spent in the slow travel of the period or in prison,—that the trio left Goa behind them, on foot and without a guide, and commenced the most remarkable portion of their journey. Before the three Englishmen lay the vast Indian continent, hitherto untrodden by their countrymen, beyond, perhaps, a stray sailor, and barely known to the rest of Europe. Nothing daunted, however, they wandered on, chiefly relying upon Mr. Newberie's "knowledge of Arabian." They took a north-easterly direction, and eventually penetrated as far as Agra and Futepore, both of which cities, says Fitch, were larger than the London he had left so long behind him. Here the party broke up (September 28th, 1585), their plan of future action bearing singular testimony to the fearlessness with which they contemplated the work of trading exploration upon which they were engaged. Leedes, the jeweller, agreed to accept service under "King Zelabdim Echębar (the great Emperer Akhbar), who gave him a horse and five slaves, a house, "and every day six $$ in money;" Newberie arranged to set out for Lahore, and from thence to England, *viâ* Persia and Aleppo or Constantinople, while he directed Fitch to push on to Pegu, promising to meet him in Bengal with a ship from England in two years' time.

Fitch now commenced his lonely journey to the further East. He could have known very little of any of the local dialects; in case of injustice or wrong he was perfectly helpless; while in event of sickness in a cholera-ridden tropical land, with the very customs of which he was not familiar, he must have known that his case would be hopeless. Still, with indomitable pluck he pursued his way, no doubt in the character of a trader, which indeed would afford him his only means of support. Travelling down the Jumna, with a trading fleet of 180 boats, he reached Allahabad, and, passing into the Ganges, sailed down that majestic stream through the sacred city of Bannaras (Benares) with its fakirs, and on amidst a crowded country to Patanaw (Patna). He does not forget to record his impressions of the white-clad natives, who saluted each other with cries of "Rama," the bejewelled women, or to express his contempt for a devotee he saw at Patna, whom he irreverently stigmatises as "a lubber." From Patna Fitch proceeded to Tanda, and then deviating from his course, probably for commercial purposes, he went a journey of twenty-five days northwards, evidently reaching the borders of Bhutan (a country he calls "Bottanter") and the southern slopes of the Himalayas. He describes the merchants who came from China, and those who came over the mountains to the north

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(Tibetans). Indeed, there is every probability that if Master Fitch had continued his wanderings still further in this direction he might have struck one of the roads to the holy city of Lhasa, to which his countrymen cannot penetrate even to this day (as witness the recent failure of Mr. Colman Macaulay's Tibetan mission), and within whose walls only one Englishman—Mr. Thomas Manning (1811)—was ever seen. Turning again to the south, our traveller succeeded without mishap in reaching the upper corner of the Bay of Bengal, and, embarking on board the small ship of one Albert Carravellos, he sailed past the Island of Sundiva (Sandoway), and the coast of Recan (Arakan), his course being carefully recorded, till he reached the Island of Negrais, opposite the delta of the Irrawaddy.

The first Englishman who ever visited Burmah was very favourably impressed with both the people and the country, as may be seen in Fitch's somewhat lengthy account of his experiences in the Pegu district. At the time of his arrival, 1587, Nanda Bureng occupied the throne in succession to his father, the celebrated Bureng Naung (the Branginoco of the Portuguese), and the third in descent from Tabeng-shwe-ti of Tounghoo, the Burmese conqueror of Pegu. After passing up the Bassein river to Syriam, the recognised port of the province, and on through the creeks, Fitch at last reached the city of Pegu, which he thus describes as it appeared nearly three hundred years ago:

"Pegu is a citie very great, strong, and very faire, with walles of stone, and great ditches round about it. There are two townes, the olde towne and the newe. In the olde towne are all the marchants strangers, and very many marchants of the countrey. All the goods are sold in the olde towne, which is very great, and hath many suburbes round about it, and all the houses are made of canes, which they call bambos, and bee covered with strawe. In your house you have a warehouse which they call Godon, which is made of brick, to put your goods in, for oftentimes they take fire and burne in an houre four or five hundred houses: so that if the Godon were not, you should bee in danger to have all burned, if any wind should rise, at a trice. In the newe towne is the king, and all his nobilitie and gentrie. It is a city very great and populous, and is made square, and with faire walles and a great ditch round about it full of water, with many crocodiles in it: it hath twenty gates, and they bee made of stone, for every square five gates. There are also many turrets for centinels to watch, made of wood, and gilded with golde very fair. The streets are the fairest that ever I saw, as straight as a line from one gate to the other, and so broad that tenne or twelve men may ride afront thorow them. On both sides them at every man's door is set a palmer tree, which is the nut-tree, which make a very faire shew and a very commodious shadow, so that a man may walke in the shade all day. The houses be made of wood, and covered with tiles."

It is not difficult to imagine how this "faire citie" must have appeared as a heaven upon earth to so observant a sojourner as Master Fitch, who came from the narrow and ill-paved streets of Elizabethan London; or how grateful must have been the cool shade of the palm trees of more temperate Burmah after the scorched plains of India. It may be mentioned that at this period foreigners were welcomed on the Burmese coasts, Portuguese mercenaries having been found very useful in the

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wars of the present and two preceding reigns, while proselytism and the lust of annexation had not had time to develop. Fitch describes the system of trading through the eight native brokers in the city for a commission of "two in the hundred;" and his account of the manners, and customs, and trade of the people shows that they differed little then from what they are at present. The gilded palaces and the sacred elephants are all referred to, as is also the easy access to the king by present and petition. Our chronicler is remarkably free from exaggeration, considering the nature of contemporary records, and he seems anxious not to appraise too highly the undoubtedly vast riches of the king and his power in war. However, he says that during his visit that potentate marched out to invest Odia (Ayudhya, the then capital of Siam) "with three hundred thousand men and five thousand elephants," his bodyguard being thirty thousand strong; but he adds that the king had very few ships, also that the "weapons be very badde. They have gunnes, but shoot very badly in them, darts and swords, short without points." Fitch remained in Burmah till the beginning of 1588, in the meantime visiting the neighbouring pagodas, of which he gives a faithful description, and also going to the ruby mines up the country.

On January 10th Fitch sailed for Malacca, but returned to Pegu in March, and rested there till September 17th, when he left for the coast of Bengal. Here he waited for a ship till February 1589, when he sailed for home, calling at Ceylon, then Goa and Ormus, and reached London, as already stated, in 1591, after an absence of eight years.

As to the adventures of Newberie and Leedes, after Fitch left them at Agra in September 1585, nothing appears to be known, for they evidently never returned to England. With regard to Storie the painter, although Fitch, with commendable delicacy, does not refer to the fact, subsequent travellers discovered (Hakluyt) that before his companions effected their escape he had purchased his liberty at Goa by joining the Jesuits. Quite in keeping with the free-and-easy methods of these early missioners, the neophyte was afterwards allowed to marry a mestizo, or half-breed, and his technical and artistic knowledge being much prized, he found ample employment as general painter and decorator, ending his days in the colony.

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LOVE IN A FOG.

"Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist der Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt."

RÜCKERT.

"Hé, Monna Betta, you may believe mè, I assure you, I had it all from Giuseppe, and he heard it from the Signor Professore's Annunziata."

Monna Marta seized a smooth stone from the shallow margin of the river Lieva and brayed her linen on the pebbly bank.

"Ehi, it's a sad thing for a poor young motherless maiden," sighed Monna Betta, bending down to float her linen right out in the stream.

"Ah, I should think so indeed. I will tell you my opinion. It is all the fault of the Signor Professore. I could say a great deal, but I find it best in this world to keep a quiet tongue in my head."

Monna Betta looked at her neighbour with an interest keenly whetted by these significant hints.

"For my part," continued Monna Marta, "I never could see why all the men go mad about the Signorina Francesca. She is no beauty to my mind. It is true they say her little hands and feet are like flowers. But then, such a bit of a girl and those great blazing eyes that glow at you and seem to pierce you through and through! I don't often give my opinion, but I tell you plainly, Monna Betta, there is no one in the town so beautiful as the Signorina Giulietta Bianchi. What a woman! What shoulders! Her neck is like a column, and her eyes as soft and sleepy as those of Bino's old cow. È bellissima!"

"Why do you think it is the fault of the Signor Professore?" inquired Monna Betta.

"Why do I think so, Monna Betta? Ah, you are indiscreet. Now I never was one to gossip about my neighbours. I wash the linen of the Professore's family, he is generous, and I tell no tales; but, oh, Monna Betta, I give you my word, I always make the sign of the cross when Giuseppe brings me the basket of linen. The Signor Professore goes against nature, and that brings the evil eye."

"Ahi, Monna Marta, you are right. I have always felt some great misfortune would fall upon the place since the Professore

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built that great house where the students go. When the good God puts creatures at the bottom of the sea it is flying in His face to make them live on dry land in tanks and pitchers. But the Saints are merciful and the curse has fallen on his own house. Is the Milordo Inglese really gone then?"

"Gone! I should think so. He went off so quickly no one knows where he is fled. He vanished like a flash of light and the Signorina Francesca lies at the point of death." Monna Marta made the sign of the cross and lowered her voice.

"There are folk who say the English milordo was no student, but the Evil One himself, eccò!"

Monna Betta turned grey and shuddered. Then she made the sign of the cross, and nearly let her linen float away down the stream.

"Ah, and I had it from Giuseppe, that when the English student first came he was always with the Signor Professore, peering and groping in those tanks, messing with the queer things shut up there. But little by little he was fascinated by the Signorina's flashing eyes and then —— Hé, hé, they say he taught her to speak in his own harsh language, and gave her books from his country and even songs in his northern tongue, and she sang them to her guittara. Giuseppe saw them sitting together on the terrace. Hé, but the Signor Antonio must have looked black."

"And you say the Signorina is dead and the Evil One has flown away with the body?" inquired Monna Betta.

"There you are, Monna Betta; that is so like you; you are always inventing some wicked tale. You will set it about that I have a bad tongue. Ah! I know your devices. You think to take from me the washing of the Signor Professore's family. But I do not fear you, for every one knows that I am a sober, industrious woman, and not given to idle chatter."

Monna Marta doused her linen about indignantly, and splashed Monna Betta so freely that she slunk away, crestfallen, to a spot lower down the river.

* * * * *

Annunziata, Francesca Belloni's nurse, was standing at the top of the large flight of stairs. There were tears in her faded eyes, and tearstains on her withered old cheeks, as with trembling hands she plaited and unplaited the hem of her embroidered apron.

She dared not go into Francesca's room, for the child she had rocked in her bosom turned from her with sighs and moans:—

"Go away, 'Nunziatina, leave me in peace, always in peace."

She dared not go downstairs where the old master was closeted with the Signor Dottore, for the Professore was not like himself this morning. He was disturbed and bewildered and was im-

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patient of Annunziata's lamentations. Why had the malign Englishman ever come to trouble this peaceful home on the Lieva? Those cold English, cruel and icy as their chill foggy land! All had been going smoothly for the dear Signor Antonio till the *maledetto di inglese* turned the head of our little Francesca!

"Aimè, aimè," Annunziata moaned and wept, and plaited her apron. Her heart was very full, for she loved the Signor Antonio like a son.

Then she saw the Signor Professore coming up the stairs with the Signor Dottore, and she curtsied and wiped her eyes.

"Well, Annunziata, how are we getting on?" inquired the Dottore cheerily.

"Ah, Signor Dottore, it is a sad day for this house," sighed the nurse.

"No, no, Annunziata, my friend. A trifle, a trifle. You are all making too much of a girlish caprice ——"

Annunziata softly opened a door and peeped into Francesca's room. She shook her head sadly and then threw the door open, saying: "Enter, Signori."

The room was almost dark. A heavy red damask curtain was drawn across the principal window, and Francesca lay on a couch in a shadowed corner, with her head buried in the red velvet cushions. The thick masses of her black hair stood out in relief against the rich crimson of the pillows. Her face was hidden.

She never stirred, as her father and the doctor went into the room.

The poor old Professore was dazed and puzzled. He knew more of marine biology than of women. A great disturbance was wrought in him by this distracting behaviour on the part of his little 'Cesca. He had not the smallest idea what to do. Francesca's strange affection for his distinguished English student amazed him. The milordo was an impassioned pupil. Science was his mistress. He had never another thought.

Blind Professore!

The Professore crossed the room with a hurried, uncertain step, and put his hand timidly on Francesca's shoulder.

"'Cesca, my little one, look up. Here is the Signor Dottore."

Francesca lifted her head. There was a faint dusky glow on her olive cheeks. Her great dark eyes were dry, but deep and luminous with emotion.

She clasped her father's hand between her two little hot palms.

"Babbo, il mio Babbo," she cried. "Let me die. I care no more to live. I wish to sleep in the grave. Oh yes, to sleep for ever, for ever with my mother."

The Professore turned pale to the roots of his white hair. But the Dottore, with an important manner, took Francesca's hand in his and felt for the pulse at her wrist.

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Francesca drew her hand away and buried it under the cushions.

"Go away, Signor Dottore; go, go, I do not want you. I wish to die and go to my mother. How miserable I am. What torment!"

The Professore looked anxiously at the Dottore. The Signor Dottore, who felt the unruffled calm of profound wisdom, screwed up his eyes and twinkled sagaciously at the troubled Professore, as much as to say, "Hé, hé, learned Professore, I know a thing or two beyond you. With all your deep researches you are now groping in thick darkness. Stand aside, good Professore, and admire the wealth of my knowledge of human nature. The heart of woman is an open book to me."

So with a fatherly and jocose air the Dottore drew a chair near Francesca's couch.

"Sù, sù, Francesca, what is the matter now? What poor fellow have you slain with your dark eyes. Ah, little lady, I hear terrible stories of your cruelty;" and the foolish old Dottore struggled to get hold of Francesca's wrist.

"Babbo," pleaded Francesca with a piteous shiver of disgust, as she hid herself deeper in the pillows.

The Professore moved uneasily.

"Come, come, Francesca," babbled the Dottore, "give your devoted admirer that little wrist. The youth of Siapente will mob old Caporali if he doesn't quickly cure the beautiful Francesca. A touch of fever, Professore, nothing, nothing. A composing draught and our Francesca will be as dangerous as ever."

Francesca turned round and raised herself in a sitting position.

"Go away, Signor Dottore. I hate you. Go away. Babbo," she said, "I implore you to let me alone. Babbo, dear Babbo, please go away. Leave me in peace, in peace."

The miserable Professore trembled, and something of the immense suffering in the girl's eyes penetrated the dense covering that shrouded Dottore Caporali's soul.

Francesca buried herself once more in the cushions. The two old men looked helplessly at one another and then went feebly away.

* * * * *

The window curtains were now drawn back in Francesca's room. The mellow southern light streamed in upon her again, and the heavy scent of the magnolias floated through the open window. But she sat alone. Her young soul was desolate and wrung with many conflicting emotions. Her doves flew on to the sill and she put out her hands to them, full of grain, and they settled on her shoulders, and circled about her head, cooing softly.

The bright glow of the pine and chestnut-clad mountains, the

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warmth and fragrance of the garden, and the gleam of the deep blue sea beyond, flecked here and there with tiny crests of foam, seemed to mock her with their gladness and heighten her sense of the hard coldness of her trouble. She shrank from it all with a feeling of strange dreariness. A sensation of great unreality possessed her. Nothing was as it had been before. Everything was changed. And yet through the trees she could see Antonio slowly pacing up and down, with his arms crossed on his chest and his head bent, and Giuseppe, the gardener, at his work.

All the sweet familiar things gazed reproachfully at her with blank, still faces from which the kind smile of love had faded.

With a movement of impatience she turned from the open window. Anger and pain were mingled in her heart and through all pierced a deep perception of injustice.

She could not go out into the cruel glare haunted by that tiresome Antonio. Yet she hated her room; it was alive with a thousand painful memories. On the table lay the English books given her by the Milordo Edoardo. The pretty little edition of Tennyson's poems, and one or two stories that he said were read by English girls. The manuscripts of songs he had set for her guitar (for he was a good musician as well as a student of science) were still scattered on the piano. He had praised her singing so much, and her quickness in learning the English language. A deep glow of anguish stained Francesca's cheeks, and she caught her breath, and rocked herself to and fro with the pain of mortification. She remembered how the Milordo Edoardo used to sit on the stone steps, leaning against the pedestal of the statue of Apollo, with his hands clasped lazily behind his head, while he watched her with the long gaze of admiration. She grew fevered with indignation and shame as she recalled that she had been moved by his praise to more earnest efforts to please him. Oh, misery of humbled girlish pride, she had answered his gaze with looks of love. Bitter, bitter sting!

Oh! she hated those English. They were cruel and heartless and cold. She would stab him if he stood there now smiling at her with that lingering smile of the eyes and mouth. She would avenge herself and show him that Italian girls cannot be treated thus, and then left—left with a friendly smile and a merry joke—left to the unutterable torture of wounded feelings.

Francesca's hot southern soul surged in pain within her, and at last she burst into wild sobs and tears.

Poor little passionate maiden! learning with sharp pangs of humiliation that admiration and attraction are not love.

She found relief in this outburst of grief, and wept herself quiet.

Presently Annunziata came in and looked wistfully at Francesca.

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"The Signor Antonio bids me ask the Signorina if she will have the flowers on the terrace the same as last year."

"I do not care, 'Nunziata, I have told you I do not care for anything."

"Ah, my little one, do not say that, you will break old 'Nunziata's heart. Think of the Signor Antonio, too."

"'Nunziata," cried Francesca, turning her flaming eyes suddenly on the old nurse; "go away this minute, and leave me in peace."

Annunziata sighed and went sorrowfully away. But in a very short time she returned again.

"The Signor Antonio goes to-morrow to the market at V——, he bids me inquire if he can do anything there for the Signorina."

That wearisome, blundering Antonio again! Always questions when she wished to be quiet and watch the sun die over the hill!

"Nothing, nothing, 'Nunziata. Why does the Signor Antonio plague me like this? I am far too unhappy to want ribbons or lace. He should know that."

"Pardon, Signorina. Last year, when the Signor Antonio started hurriedly without asking your will, you were very angry and scolded him well."

Francesca burst into tears. They were all turning against her now. Even old 'Nunziata reproved her. They were very hard, and she was so lonely, oh, so very lonely. Babbo was graver than ever, and stared at her as if she were some strange beast, and the Signor Dottore was odious with his silly jokes. There was no one to whom she could tell her thoughts. Oh, what torment, to have no one to praise you and love and pet you! Quale tormento!

"Che! che!" cried Annunziata. "My angel, don't cry. Run down and see what the Signor Antonio has done in the garden."

But Francesca felt a strong sense of injury and would not speak. The tears still welled into her dark eyes, but she kept them fixed on the hill behind which the sun had dipped, and the tangled bars of changing clouds above that streaked the ruddy skies. She was bathed in a glow of reflected light, and her beautiful dark face was vivid with tragic feelings. Here and there a hard angry line crossed the lines of pain. She never once glanced down at the garden where Antonio was directing the gardener.

Antonio's big faithful heart was very sore. It ached all day for the little maiden shut up alone with her sorrow. And it ached often with dull heavy pangs for himself. For the dream of life that he had been sweetly dreaming in peace and trust was rudely broken. The beautiful Francesca, the pearl of maidens, his winning, bewitching Francesca was ill, and it was more than

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whispered that she was pining for love of the brilliant English student.

What plans Antonio had made for Francesca's future. How faded and dim they grew in the cold light of this great awakening. The world had turned blank and chill. The little house in the valley, with the cool shady garden, and the brook foaming down in tiny cascades to the Lieva, showed grim and pitiless now. As he passed through the narrow streets of the town he could not escape from the sight of the treasures he had meant to buy for Francesca. They stirred him to wild regret as they crumbled to dust and ashes in the keen metallic glare of desolation. Once they had been lovely friends, now they grimaced at him in their naked ugliness of stick, and brass, and stone.

Could he ever have mistaken that tawdry rag for a fine embroidered curtain? The flimsy gilding was already half worn off that casket, yet there had been a moment when it had seemed worthy to hold Francesca's gloves and the dried rose leaves and orange petals she loved to scatter among her clothes. Surely he was crazy when he thought that clumsy plate of wretched majolica would do for Francesca's table!

Ahi, Ahi, let them moulder on the dusty shelves of the old curiosity shops; they would never be wanted now. But Antonio was a constant creature and he was also an old family friend. Moreover his home was on the banks of the Lieva, and he could not go away as gayer suitors did. So he stayed on in his dumb pain, and tended the garden in which Francesca used to delight, and served her humbly in the slavish way that had become a habit.

But Francesca never came out of her room, and Antonio grew sick with longing to see how that dear bright face looked under its cloud of grief. He spent many evenings patiently with the Professore, hoping for some word of his little lady. But the Professore, had he been an Englishman, could not have taken less count of love with its quivering hopes and fears. He was seeking distraction from domestic cares in a new species of *Siphonophora* that he had fished out of the bay, and was an absent or, at best, a prosy companion.

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A great cry of grief came up to Francesca's room from below, and then a sound of Annunziata sobbing and wailing.

Francesca sprang up and moved to the door, but as her hand was on the handle she paused. Francesca's heart had grown bitter and hard under her pain. She was angry with the world, with Babbo, and Antonio, angry with old 'Nunziata, and most of all angry with herself. And just because she was angry with herself she began to wrap a chill mantle of self-justification about her. She and 'Nunziata had been rather estranged of late, and

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the last few days Francesca said to herself that Annunziata had been unkind and sulky.

Oh, yes, that was it. She was as sullen as it was possible to be. She had hardly spoken a word. Francesca liked to be spoilt and implored, although she turned away and cried, "Leave me in peace."

Now, Annunziata had some trouble. Ah, she too would know the dreadful torment of suffering when all around was smiling with cruel glee, smiling and beckoning, "Come, be happy, be happy!"

Annunziata would now understand a little of her pain. But only a little, for the old cannot feel with those awful vivid throbs which rend the eager being of the young.

So Francesca turned back with her worst feelings uppermost, and plunged her little hands about in the grain for her doves. Let Annunziata come to her if she wished for sympathy, and she made the grain slip through her fingers in golden streams.

Why did Annunziata sob so bitterly? Such a pain began to creep about Francesca's heart! Presently she heard Annunziata coming up the stairs, sobbing all the while. Francesca's heart throbbed very fast.

Annunziata opened the door and came in with coffee and brioche on a tray. Her face was convulsed and her lips twitched. She did not try to hide the disarray of her grief, but set the tray on a table near Francesca without a word, and turned and left the room. As she shut the door, Francesca stood abashed for a moment, then she sprang after her and called in the passage in a vibrating voice,—

"Annunziata!"

"Signorina," replied the nurse.

"Annunziata, come back," cried Francesca, in an imperative tone. Annunziata followed Francesca back to her room.

"'Nunziata, what is the matter? Why don't you speak to me?"

"Ah, Signorina, why should I tell you my sorrow?" said the old nurse with mournful gentleness. "You care no more for us, nor for our joys and woes. You drive us away from you with cold words. When I come in here I do not find the dear little angel of old, ready with a smile and kiss for her old nurse, but a proud, harsh Signorina, who has forgotten all her faithful friends."

"'Nunziata, it is you who have been unkind; you have not spoken to me ——"

"Signorina, how could I speak? If I open my lips the Signorina cries, 'Leave me in peace.' Beside, my heart has been weighed down. These are dark days for the country."

"What do you mean, 'Nunziata?" asked Francesca. A swift flash of remembrance darted through her brain.

"Aimè! While the Signorina has been shut up alone, taking no part in our troubles, many hearts have been broken. There

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have been soldiers here, soldiers there, Garibaldini everywhere, and the news of battles, and every town has widows and orphans, and mothers weeping for their sons."

Francesca was stunned. All this time she had forgotten the struggles of her country.

"There was a horrible battle a few days ago, and much slaughter. Many of our youth went this morning at daybreak to join the Garibaldini." Annunziata's lips trembled.

Francesca's heart gave an immense bound and then stood still. Her lips turned white. Her great eyes dilated with a sudden terror.

Annunziata began again. "The Signorina has told us all that she wishes to die, and lie down below in the little churchyard. 'I care for nothing, nothing, let me die!' cried the Signorina. But the Signor Antonio, good, patient soul, he too cares for nothing now; nothing for himself. The Signor Antonio has gone to die for his country."

"'Nunziata!" There was a harsh jarring of pain in Francesca's cry.

But Annunziata went on with a touch of that cruelty that sometimes leaps up in the gentlest creatures.

"Yes, the Signor Antonio wastes no breath on words. He has gone to die, and all because the Signorina's soft Italian heart has gone away, and another heart come, hard as steel, hard as iron, harder than the marble of Carrara."

"Annunziata, you are a wicked, cruel old woman!" cried Francesca, passionately. "You know that it is not true. You know that Antonio would never have refused the call of his country."

Her great eyes were flashing, shining so brilliantly that her face seemed transfigured in the tremulous glow. Annunziata thought she was more beautiful than all the saints in heaven.

They were both so wretched, and their hearts beat in harmony of sorrow; but they were also angry and excited and unforgiving.

"Ahi. The Signorina is happy to console herself so easily," moaned Annunziata, as she went away down the large flight of stairs.

* * * * *

This sharp touch of life's reality worked a change in Francesca. She was pursued by a haunting uneasiness for her brother Antonio. She insisted fiercely to herself that he was merely a brother. The best and kindest of brothers, a more faithful slave would never be found, but still a brother only.

She crept downstairs. The Professore was in his studio, his head bent over a large tome.

"Babbo, don't bring any of the students here, and then I will have my dinner with you," she said.

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The Professore looked up with a pre-occupied smile, but he stroked the small black head and promised obedience.

But somehow, dinner alone with Babbo, while Annunziata hovered reproachfully near, oppressed Francesca. She and Babbo never had much to say to each other, but now she seemed to have lost touch of him altogether. Some chord that had bound her to him had snapped. In a tiny world they stood wide distances apart.

Was it that Antonio with his quick sympathy and gentle tact had revealed these two opposite beings to one another and united them in the light of his large understanding?

Truly there was a great void without Antonio. She never remembered a time when he had not filled her life with a sense of tenderness and protecting love. Yet, till he was gone she had hardly known he was there. Strange and inexplicable enigma. It all came upon her now in the light of a revelation. If Antonio never came home again, how little and empty her life would be. A sharp pang of remorse smote her, which dulled into a gnawing pain as the days dragged by in the shadow of suspense.

* * * * *

She liked now to sit under the shade of the grey-green olive trees on the sunny vine-trellised terrace. She could hear the wind rustling in the bamboos in the dry ditch. It was there she used to sit with Antonio on the worn stone bench and watch for Babbo coming home from his scientific laboratory. It pleased her to linger there in the fragrant stillness, while the lizards crept close to her feet with their strange bright eyes staring at her out of little palpitating bodies. Sometimes Antonio had lured a green lizard to crawl on his hand.

Kind, faithful Antonio, dearest of brothers! If he could but return and the old peaceful life go on as before, reading and singing and planting flowers, and laughing with Annunziata, as happiest brother and sister, while Babbo smiled at them through the amiable mists that rose from his dreams of queer beasts.

But Francesca was troubled at the bottom of her heart, for she knew she was deceiving herself and caressing an idle fancy. Antonio loved her with no brotherly love.

Then Francesca was aware of voices creeping upon the silence. The air was broken by wandering cries. From the distance rolled sounds of trampling feet. They came nearer and nearer, hurrying along the street, and loud huzzahs burst forth! "Viva la patria—viva il Garibaldi—viva il Re!" Now and then the wailing of a woman rose plaintively amid the joyous shouts. "Italia—Italia—viva la patria——"

Suddenly there was a stillness, and after a space, a shrill scream from Annunziata. Francesca sprang to her feet and moved quickly across the garden. The Professore appeared in

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the portico with his hair blown about, and his eyes scared and starting from under his shaggy grey brows.

"Carina, carina," he stuttered, and seizing Francesca's hand he drew her into the large stone kitchen.

There was quite a crowd about the door that opened on the street. Old Annunziata had fallen on a chair with her apron flung over her head. She was trembling like an aspen leaf. Handsome young Tito, Giuseppe's lad, stood near her with his arm in a sling and his uniform torn and dusty. Pretty little Liza hung proudly on his looks.

"Eccò la Signorina," whispered the crowd at the door.

"Eccò." Tito bowed to Francesca, who enveloped him in a gaze of speechless entreaty.

"We have had a glorious victory, Signorina. The Signor Antonio was the bravest of the brave. He laughed at danger. Where the bullets fell thickest there was the Signor Antonio. But—the gallant Signor is much wounded, Signorina. A cannon ball took off his left arm. He is in the hospital and they say he will recover. Il Garibaldi shook hands with our Signor. Il Signor Re has visited him in the hospital!"

The terrible tension of suspense was over. He was alive. What mattered anything so that he yet lived?

"And the victory, Signorina! The Garibaldini have gained the day everywhere ——"

Francesca threw herself on her knees by Annunziata and drew the apron from her face. The throng melted away from the door. She pulled the old trembling head down upon her bosom.

"'Nunziata—'Nunziata mia," she sobbed.

Annunziata's heart was soothed, thus rocked in the arms of the child she had received into the world. They mingled their tears and lamentations, while the poor Professore looked on with moist, peering eyes, and a sympathy he knew not how to express.

* * * * *

"Eccò, our Signor Antonio!" screamed Annunziata from the window, frantically waving her handkerchief.

He had come!

A shadow darkened the portico, and Antonio walked out into the rich, broad light. Francesca stood motionless and spell-bound. Her heart shrank with a sudden agonising pain, as she saw in a rapid glance the change wrought in his fine figure and handsome face. A sharp stab of irreparable sorrow pierced her when she noticed the empty coat sleeve pinned across his breast. Were those pale wasted cheeks Antonio's? The ghastly creases and scars on his neck turned her sick with pity. Her soul was swept by great winds of remorse and yearning and devotion.

She stretched out her little hands as she darted towards him.

"'Tonio, 'Tonio, il *mio* 'Tonio!" she cried. She looked up to

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him, and deep love and trembling fear were like chasing lights on her face. Ah! his eyes were the same. Those tender eyes were homes of rest.

"'Cescarina," he said, softly. And they were locked in close embrace.

"Why do you tremble, 'Tonio mio?" she asked.

There was no answer. But Antonio bent down and kissed her lips.

The birds as they flew in and out of the branches, the flowers that sprang under the blue expanse above, the cicada chirping in the grass, the green and copper-coloured lizards basking in the sun,—all these bright things knew that Francesca had always loved Antonio, although her imagination had been dazzled, and her vanity flattered by the brilliant stranger.

A great calm came down on Francesca as her head nestled against Antonio's breast, with his big arm wound protectingly round her. It was peace and love. Life would never more be torn by stormy passions, or tortured by wounded pride and humbled maiden modesty.

Dear, dear Antonio, brave, true soul! She would never tease him again by childish caprices.

From the deep arched heavens fell voices uttering the ineffable word Love. The wind murmured in the trees and the leaves whispered Peace. The scent of the rich red roses was Love, and the perfume of the chaliced lilies Peace. The crisp splash of the fountain as it broke and lost itself in the marble basin was a ripple of Love. The sunbeams as they glanced and trembled in the radiant air were threads from the weaving of Love and Peace that lies deep in the infinite Heart of Things.

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EVENING.

BY MARY GEOGHEGAN.

WIND of the autumn eve, the coming night,
  Breeze of the forest and the fields that be
  Dewy and hushed beneath the mystery
Of the wild heavens, where fades one streak of light
Lurid betwixt the storm's opposing might!
  Breath of the twilight heath, the sunset sea,
  What vague unspoken dreams find voice in thee!
From what strange fairyland dost wing thy flight?
From castles, tow'ring black on crimson skies,
  Whose ponderous portals echo to the blows
  Of knightly champions against wizard foes;
Cities that splendid, vast, barbaric, rise;
  Dark woods, that somewhere in their dim aisles keep
  Palace and Princess in enchanted sleep.

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THE WORLD BELOW.

A Novel.

BY E. M. ABDY-WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Let friend trust friend, and love demand love's like."—R. BROWNING.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE came at last. A few hours of it Loveday spent with Jessie in the hospital, but for the greater part of the day she steadily practised, wishing to do her best for the man who had been so kind to her. She did not know whether she would have an accompanist, nor did she know what kind of music she would be expected to play, for Pell had given her no particulars, had not even told her the place. But she felt no anxiety on the score of selection, for she had Beethoven and Schubert at her finger's ends, as well as a number of the compositions of the modern masters, and although it was near three months since she had seen a sheet of music, neither her hand nor her memory had lost its cunning. The children in the Buildings had kept her well up to the mark; many a time when she had come in tired and depressed, a little voice outside her window had roused her to take the violin, by a cry of "Ain't you going to play to-night, Lady?" and many an hour had been brightened both to herself and her neighbours, by the music which she never could refuse to make for the children. Her warmest admirer and most devoted adherent was a crippled boy of ten years old, a sad little creature, hunch-backed, and deformed in every limb, but with a pretty fair face which became almost beautiful when he listened to the violin. Music was his passion, and it was always he who came first to the window in the evenings, presently forming the nucleus of a youthful crowd, which blocked up the balcony and made passing difficult. But as a matter of fact, very few people cared to pass by when Loveday was playing; the men coming home from work or the women from shopping generally stayed to listen with the children till the "Good-night" from within and the closing of the window told that the concert was over.

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Just lately Loveday had been playing but seldom, for often she had feared to wake Jessie from her restless sleep, and more often she had felt so wretched that she dared not touch the violin, lest its tones should make her weep. So this New Year's Eve, when they heard their beloved music, the children rushed to the window to listen and look, the first-comers pressing their dirty little faces against the glass, those less fortunate, who had to take back places, standing on tiptoe, holding up small brothers and sisters in their arms, and even climbing perilously on the rail of the balcony, in their endeavours to get a peep at "Lady's" face.

"Will you be good if I open the window?" she asked them.

"Yes, Lady, we won't make no noise at all,—please open the window."

It was the usual formula. Of course they did make plenty of noise, pushing and shoving, each trying to get a little more to the front, but it was all done in a friendly way, and Love never scolded them, only interfered now and then to see that the smaller ones were not unduly squeezed or that crippled Charlie had his own seat on the corner of the window-ledge.

"If I open my window for you these cold nights you must in return be quiet," she would say.

They fulfilled their share of the bargain fairly well, all things considered, for when thirty or forty rather rough children, of a class verging on the street Arab, get crowded together in a very narrow space, there generally is a little fighting before they disperse, and Loveday's audience never once fought in her presence, whatever they may have done out of it. Perhaps they took away faint impressions of something bearing a distant resemblance to chivalry, for Love was careful to insist that those strong in sex and years should give way to the girls and the babies, and after a few repetitions of this lesson she found no trouble in persuading the big boys to stand back. She, personally, was invariably treated courteously by all the children, and once when, in the course of an exciting game of "tip-cat," a boy from another street accidentally cracked her window with the implement known as the "tippety-cat," all the boys belonging to the Buildings turned upon him and gave him no peace until he went to exculpate them from the suspicion which would otherwise have fallen on them, by confessing that he alone did it; which confession he accordingly made, adding voluntarily a humble apology and an offer to "fling away the tippety-cat, and never play with 'un no more if the lady liked." Of course Loveday forgave him and refused the sacrifice of his treasure, and from that day forth he too was numbered among her slaves.

Life in Margaret Buildings was dreary, certainly, but the love of the children was very sweet to her, and when she was with them she felt as if she could go on for the rest of her days as she

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was doing now, with the consciousness of usefulness to them for her sole refreshment and reward.

She was playing when Pell came to fetch her, and he had to force his way through the little crowd.

"Do you want the lady?" cried the cripple Charlie, putting his head in at the window. "Here's a gentleman for you, Lady," he said.

"Don't forget to kiss 'er," shouted Charlie's sister, a shock-headed damsel of fifteen, just home from the feather-maker's, where she worked from eight till seven for three shillings a week. She and her fellows were the despair of Loveday, they so sorely needed a guiding hand, and so strenuously rejected any such guidance. They sat in their stifling workrooms all day, and at night had no recreation save a romp in the courtyard of the Buildings or a dance to the melody of a barrel organ in the street; they were coarse and degraded in words and ways, they had no chance of growing up into decent women.

"Yes, they are terribly insolent," said Love, in reply to a remark from Pell; "they are low in every thought. But how can they be anything else? They hear nothing and see nothing that is not vulgar and brutal and ugly in their homes and their work and their play, they do not know that anything better exists."

"They know you," said Pell.

"They have known me for less than three months. Perhaps when I have lived among them for three years they will look on me as a friend, and try to take example by me in the matter of dress and cleanliness, but at present they scarcely answer when I speak to them; they only resent it if I try to make friends with them."

At the entrance to the Buildings Pell had a cab waiting.

"It's some little way to our club," he said, "and I thought if you walked maybe you would get tired and not be able to play so well."

"Where is your club?" asked Love.

"Green Street, Stepney," answered Pell.

She felt the blood rush to her face; for she knew that must be Tom Pwllmeyric's club, there could not be two of the same character in the same street. What if he were at the concert?

But Pell's next words relieved her.

"I told you we expected the gentleman home that built the club, didn't I?" he said.

"Yes," assented Love. For the life of her she could say no more.

"Well, you can think I was pretty well disappointed to find him obliged to go down into the country two days after he came back to us."

Love breathed more freely. He would not be there then, so

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far she was safe, and before he returned to London she could change her lodging, so that, if he should hear of her performance to-night and try to seek her out in consequence, she would be away before he came. But oh! how hard it would be to fly from him, how hard it was even now to suppress the questions that rose to her lips, to conceal the absorbing interest which every word about him had for her!

"He had to go to Mountonshire," went on Pell; "his sister is staying there, and she had a son born on Christmas Day, so I suppose he had to go down and see how she was getting along. But he said he shouldn't stay away long."

Loveday said nothing, she dared not speak for fear of betraying herself.

"Will you wait here?" said Pell when they reached the hall, taking her to a small room with "Secretary's Office" painted on the door. "It's warmer and more comfortable than the place where the other performers wait, and I thought you'd like it better."

Such unexpected consideration rather surprised her; she did not understand why she should be especially favoured.

"Is it not inconvenient for me to have a room to myself?" she asked. "Of course I like it, but I do not wish to be in the way."

"Nobody else wants to come in here," said Pell. "You just stop till I come and fetch you. We've put you in the first half of the programme."

She had learnt that she was to play only once and unaccompanied, and that she might go home as soon after her one piece as she pleased.

"We should have got you to play more," Pell told her, "only the programme was full."

"But ten shillings is too much for me for one solo," said Love; "I cannot take it."

"Oh no, it's not, but never mind about the pay now, we'll settle all that afterwards."

Pell brought her a cup of tea and an evening paper.

"This'll keep you going till it's your turn to come on," he said. He closed the door very carefully behind him when he went out. Loveday fancied he turned the key, but she did not try the lock to see, for she thought her idea absurd, and moreover she was interested in an announcement which caught her eye as she glanced at the newspaper.

"December 25th. At Rhys Barony, the wife of Christopher Rhys of a son and heir."

How fortunate that Tom had been called away so opportunely! Such was the reflection she tried to make, but somehow she did not feel as grateful for the opportuneness as she wished to

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feel; instead of gratitude she experienced something very like regret.

If she could once have seen him without his seeing her, she thought, she could have returned to her poverty-stricken home cheerfully; but it was hard to be so near and yet so far, to hear of him and yet not dare to speak.

Through her closed door she heard the sound of loud clapping of hands and stamping of feet; a welcome, she supposed, to a popular performer. She heard a man's voice speaking, but she could not distinguish what was said; then there was a moment's silence, and Pell came to tell her it was her turn to play.

She was not nervous, she was too thorough an artist to think of herself; but her head swam for a moment when she came into the brightly-lighted hall, and she was very pale when she stepped on to the platform.

It was long before that audience forgot her.

There were flowers on the stage, great bushes of chrysanthemum, pots of pink and white primula, hothouse ferns and mosses, and rare cut blossoms in Japanese jars (Miss Rhys had seen to that). In the centre stood a tall palm, six feet high at the least, and under the drooping leaves of this tree Loveday placed herself, unconscious of the effect, and played. The slender girl in her plain black dress, with her beautiful eyes and her marvellous music, made a picture worthy of a great master's pencil; she looked too fair, too fragile, for common earth, and some of her listeners shook their heads and whispered that she could not be long for this world.

She began with Ernst's *Elégie*, that sobbing, sighing lament which we all know by heart, but which moves us afresh every time we hear it; then she played a mad dance of Grieg's, which set her audience laughing and beating time with their feet on the floor; and then she played *Home, Sweet Home*. What made her do it she did not know, but she played on and on, forgetful of her company, till there was not a dry eye in the room, for her violin seemed to speak, to tell plainer than words of the girl's lost home and lonely life.

Pell handed her down when she ceased playing. There was an instant's pause, then a perfect roar of applause, and an unanimous shout of *encore*. We English always make a noise when music affects us deeply.

Loveday started as they clapped her, she had been playing in a dream.

"Make my excuses," she murmured; "beg them to forgive me, I cannot play again."

Pell led her back to the little room, but he did not go in with her. "I'll tell them you are tired," he said, and left her.

She opened the door, still scarcely conscious of aught beyond

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the music she had been so lost in. The room was occupied, a lady and gentleman rose as she entered.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I thought"—and then she broke off with a sudden cry,—"Miss Rhys!"

Tom Pwllmeyric had arranged it all, with the assistance of his friend, Philip Pell. From the moment he assured himself that Pell's violinist and Loveday Owen were one and the same, he had kept a watch on her every movement. It was true that he had left town, as Pell said, but it was to fetch Miss Rhys, that she might be on the spot to take Love home. She had only arrived that afternoon, so there had been no time to go to Margaret Buildings, and Pell had been instructed on no account to let Love guess what was in store for her, lest at the eleventh hour she should escape.

"I know it, my darling, I know it all!" said Miss Rhys, when Love brokenly sobbed out her reasons for hiding herself from her friends; "we all know it, and we love you all the more. Come home with me, my child, and never distrust us so again."

So Love's room in Margaret Buildings was deserted, and the children watched in vain for her next day.

Chapter XXXIV.

"Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives.
Whoso takes the world's life on him, and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives."

Swinburne.

Jessie Moss was at the London Hospital, and thither on New Year's Day went Loveday and Miss Rhys.

"I must go and see her," said Miss Rhys. "I must thank her for her goodness to my darling."

She had listened with tears in her eyes to Love's story of her reception by the work-girl, of Westmore's rough good-nature, of the move to Margaret Buildings, of Jessie's illness, and of the dire distress which had brought about that street performance with its present happy result. Loveday dwelt less upon the want and suffering in the Buildings than upon the children's love and the neighbours' kindness. These things lay deep in her heart.

"There is much to be done for the children," she said. "When I have stayed with you a little I must go back to them. I can never go into society again, for even were there nothing else to make me forswear it, I could never feel happy in amusing myself, now that I have seen the heart of things, and know how the workers live."

Miss Rhys did not argue with her. Loveday had told her enough to convince her that she spoke the truth when she said

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she must forswear society. These three months had altered her much. She was aged and saddened, her fair face was thin and pale, she had entirely lost the foreign accent which used to be so marked. Both Miss Rhys and Tom thought her lovelier than before, they recognised in her that beauty which had won her the love and respect of the Buildings, the beauty of a self-forgetting soul.

"But what can you do for them?" asked Miss Rhys. "How can you help them? You, alone among so many."

"It is not much that anyone can do, certainly," answered Love. "They want years and years of teaching—not board school teaching, that is of no use;—it is education they want—the education in thoughts and words and ways that no reading or writing can give. They want to learn to think. It is quite useless to tell them they must be careful and sober and honest. You may tell them that a thousand times, and they will be none the better. They want to be shown that it is possible to be clean and thrifty and comfortable without spending a farthing more than they spend now. It's no good to tell them that. You must do it yourself, week after week, and year after year, until you induce one here and another there to try to do the same. They have no wish to live better now. How should they have? They have never seen what comfort and cleanliness are."

"I believe in living right in the midst of them," said Tom, "they feel differently towards you. You seem more like a friend and less like a preacher. Preaching's not a bit of good, never was and never will be."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Miss Rhys, reproachfully, for she was orthodox.

"It's the fact, Miss Rhys," said Tom. "We want practice, not preaching. Christianity has been preached for nearly nineteen hundred years, and what have we got to show for it? A mass of corruption and rottenness and misery in the midst of the richest country in the world; vice and crime going on nightly that would make your blood run cold to hear spoken of; fashionable women spending a couple of hundred pounds at one go on boots and shoes (as I saw in a 'society' paper the other day), while their fellow-women slave from morning till night to earn six shillings in a week; fashionable men buying button-hole bouquets at a guinea apiece, while other men stand at the dockyard gates all day on the chance of earning a sixpence; employers of labour giving thousands of pounds to advertised charities, while their own work-people die of the poisonous air in the underground work-rooms of their fine West-end shops. And this is a Christian country! I tell you, Miss Rhys, Rome in the worst days of the Empire was no whit worse than London is now—not so bad, in fact, for Rome did not cover its vices with a cloak of hypocrisy, whereas here in London a man may break every commandment

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in the Decalogue every day of his life if he will go once to church on Sunday. Look at De Limousin, for example. You know what he is now, and you mean to cut him in consequence. But is there any other woman in London who'll do as much? Not one, for if they treated De Limousin according to his deserts they would have to do the same by all the others of his sort, and their visiting lists would be decimated."

Loveday's face had grown whiter at the mention of De Limousin.

"Do you remember," she said to Miss Rhys, "that night when he would not let me speak to a sick woman in the street? There are many like him. Even in the short time I have lived among the people I have heard stories of wickedness and cruelty enough to break one's heart. But I did not know until that horrible experience that the men those poor souls told me of were what the world calls 'gentlemen.'"

"It is very terrible, very awful," said Miss Rhys. "I tremble for you. I cannot bear to think of you going back to that place."

"There is no danger there," answered Loveday. "There is sin and shame enough among the people, God knows, but they are more honourable than their betters. None of those men ever spoke a bad word to me. That distinction was reserved for our friend and equal. Can you wonder that I choose to cast in my lot with the 'masses'? Don't think me bitter, dear Miss Rhys. I do not mean to be; but my blood boils when I think of these things, and I cannot speak calmly."

Could this be Loveday, this stern indignant woman? Was she indeed the same Loveday who had revelled in the delights of the London season less than a year ago? Miss Rhys looked at her and wondered.

In the watches of the New Year's night, lying wide awake on a bed of down in the perfectly-appointed room which was called hers, in the house in Park Lane, Loveday had thought it all out. Here, on the one hand, was wealth and luxury, affection and amusement, an existence shielded from every care, a life of self-pleasing in its choicest aspect. On the other hand was hard work (for she was determined to work for her living like the rest, if she returned to Margaret Buildings), ugliness, poverty on all sides, nothing pleasant or beautiful save the consciousness of well-doing, the hope of helpfulness to those sad souls who had not, like her, the choice of brighter things. It was not hard to decide. When the sun rose her resolution was taken.

And Tom Pwllmeyric? Ah, there was her lode-star, her guide and example. She would see him sometimes. They would take sweet counsel together; they would be dear friends. But they must be nothing more. He would not wish to marry her now, to link his good name with her, nameless as she was. Even if,

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in his generosity, he asked her to marry him, she must refuse, she must show that she loved him too well to disgrace him.

So she mused in the sunshine of the New Year morning, feeling content and at peace now that her decision with regard to her future was made.

At the hospital they were received by one of the doctors, a friend of Miss Rhys's, to whom she had notified their coming. He was a young man, not more than seven- or eight-and-twenty, somewhat worn by overwork and broken nights, but keen-eyed and kindly, with quick perceptions and sympathies. That his patients loved him was evident from the ready smiles and replies which his pleasant words in passing elicited. The weakest of them tried to answer cheerfully when he spoke.

"I seem to know your face," he said to Loveday, "though I am sure I have never seen you before. Forgive my making the remark. I was afraid you would think me a boor for staring at you so hard."

"Is poor Jessie any better?" asked Miss Rhys, as he led them to the ward where she was lying. "Will she recover?"

"She will never be strong again, but she might be fairly well in a warm climate. She is better since she came in."

"I will send her to the Isle of Wight," said Miss Rhys. And she revolved in her mind a scheme to settle Jessie and Tom Westmore as caretakers of a cottage which she possessed at Ventnor, and which she visited occasionally in the autumn before she went abroad. She could not do enough for those who had been good to Loveday in her trouble.

The young doctor stood aside while Loveday talked to Jessie, relating as briefly as she could how the concert had brought her into contact with her friends, and then introducing her to Miss Rhys, who told her how deeply she had been moved by her kindness to Love, and promised to send her as soon as she could travel to that milder air which was to restore her to health. Jessie listened in silence; she was shy and constrained in the presence of this beautifully dressed, sweet-voiced little lady, with her white hair and her brilliant dark eyes. But she found her tongue when Miss Rhys unfolded her plans for the future, and described the cottage under the sheltering cliff, where the wind never blew and the sun always shone, and where she was to grow strong and well as the wife of her faithful sweetheart.

"Oh, Love!" she cried, "is it all true? Shall I really go there and get well and marry Tom?"

Meanwhile the doctor had moved on, and was talking to another patient, a woman of middle age, worn and wasted by disease, but with remains of great beauty in her face. And as he talked to her, he glanced again and again at Loveday.

"It is most extraordinary," he muttered; "I must ask Miss Rhys if she does not see it."

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He went back to Jessie's bedside and drew Miss Rhys away.

"Look at Number 29," he said; "do you not see a marvellous likeness to her in Miss Owen?"

"How curious!" said Miss Rhys; "I see what you mean. Who is she?"

"She came in last week; cancer in the breast; I don't think she will live out the night. Her name is Maitland."

Miss Rhys turned suddenly pale.

"Maitland!" she exclaimed.

The sick woman was watching the group of visitors. When Miss Rhys uttered her name she heard it, and looked at her. Then her eyes wandered to the tall girl sitting beside the next bed. A faint flush tinged her pallid cheek, and she turned her head away with a strange set expression on her face, clutching at the coverlet with her emaciated hands.

But Loveday's ear, quickened by instinct, caught the sound of a low moan; she rose and went to the woman's side, her heart beating fast.

And then the set look passed from the wan face and a great joy illumined the dying woman's countenance.

"My child!" she said.

That was all. Loveday knelt down and hid her face; her mother feebly stretched out her hand and laid it on her bent head. The bystanders drew further away, and for a moment there was silence.

"She is gone!" said the doctor, in a low tone.

Miss Rhys was weeping.

"All her life she kept away from her child," she said. "She sacrificed herself utterly to save the child from shame, and it was in vain."

"She did not know that," said the doctor. "Look at her now. She has died in absolute peace."

Miss Rhys looked at the face through her tears. It was already settling into the marvellous statuesque beauty that comes to the happy dead. The sunken eyes were closed, the chiselled lips wore a radiant smile.

Loveday rose from her knees as the doctor spoke.

"All is well," she said, dreamily. "They are together now, and they both understand."

Loveday only stayed a week with Miss Rhys. Then she went back to her rooms in Margaret Buildings, and was received with effusive joy by the children, who serenaded her to the best of their ability on penny whistles and tin pots. Their parents welcomed her too; the women smiled at her and the men nodded her a greeting. It was all very squalid, very dismal, compared with the house in Park Lane, but she felt no inclination to draw back; she was resolved to live and die among the people.

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So the days passed on, and she was happy. She was well supplied with orders for embroidery now through Miss Rhys, but she was paid no more than the market value of her work; she never would accept better terms than her neighbours were able to obtain. Even at that, however, she made some five-and-twenty shillings a week, and out of it she put by, on an average, half, for she desired to spend no more on herself than was really necessary.

"It is useless for me to make my rooms pretty and nice if I have to own when they ask me that I have for my own use as much as they have for a whole family," she would say, when Miss Rhys expostulated with her on her frugality. "I want to do it on as little as possible in order to prove that it can be done. All I save will be wanted badly enough when the winter comes again."

Miss Rhys came to see her often, and Love always spent Sunday in Park Lane when her friend was in town. Christopher and Isabel came too, and many of their infant son's cast-off toys and out-grown clothes found their way to the babies in the Buildings. And oftener still came Tom Pwllmeyric, sometimes accompanied by Pell, sometimes by Prior (who now spent three evenings a week at the Stepney club, and was on a dozen councils and committees), but oftener alone.

He had asked her to marry him the day after that memorable concert, and she had refused, telling him that his love was her greatest joy, his example her strongest encouragement, but praying him to take her answer as final, and not to imperil their friendship by trying to alter her decision. And he had gone away sadly, finding her determination hard to accept, yet not altogether hopeless of changing it some day. She did not tell him her real reason for refusing him, but he knew it nevertheless.

For several months he did not speak of it again; they discussed every other subject under the sun in the long talks which they had in the evenings after their work was done, but they never spoke of love. They grew to understand each other so thoroughly that they scarcely needed to express their thoughts; a word, a look, was enough, their opinions on almost all points were the same. Loveday honestly believed that Tom's love for her had changed into friendship, and she rejoiced thereat—or thought she did.

But one evening he came looking graver than usual. He had not been to the Buildings for a week, and Loveday had missed him more than she cared to own.

"My father is dead," he said.

She offered no condolence; she knew that he could not be very deeply grieved.

"The estate is mortgaged beyond the possibility of redemption," he continued; "there will be barely enough for my mother to live

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on when everything is paid up. I shall, of course, drop the title. The younger children will have to work for themselves, and I shall be a poor man all my days."

He spoke in a dry tone, as if his words were premeditated.

"Surely that does not trouble you?" exclaimed Loveday, puzzled by his manner.

"No, that does not trouble me at all," he said; "I have often been sorely perplexed as to what ought to be done with the wealth I supposed I should inherit. I am thankful that question is settled for me. But one other question remains to be settled. I know why you refused me last winter, Loveday; will you refuse me again? I am a working man now, Loveday, as you are a working woman; I must work or starve. Shall we not work together?"

Her hands lay loosely clasped on her knee; her eyes were fixed on his face, but she neither moved nor spoke, until he came forward and put his arm round her. Then she raised her head.

"Are you sure it is right for you, are you sure it will not spoil your life? You know who and what I am——"

He did not let her finish.

"You are the best and noblest woman that walks God's earth," he said. "Marry me, my darling, and our lives will be fuller and happier and more useful than ever they have been yet."

He drew her to him, and she laid her head on his breast.

"Perhaps we can help each other," she said.

THE END.

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TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

PARLIAMENT was at length prorogued in the last week of September, and it might have been expected that for some weeks at least there would have been silence in the land. But the politician has no holidays, and knows no peace. Agitation is the law of his existence; party polemics are the breath of his nostrils; the platform is as natural to the great men of these degenerate days as the quarter-deck was to the greater men of the days of empire-making; and "all year long the noise of battle rolls." The first week of October was signalised by two political demonstrations, very different, but perhaps equally significant. An enormous concourse of people, estimated at from fourteen to twenty thousand, assembled in a gentleman's park at Dartford to hear Lord Randolph Churchill address the nation for the first time in his capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer. His speech was really a remarkable one, not for its literary quality (for in point of composition it was decidedly leaden, and contained not a single epigram or happy phrase, except perhaps the intention "to recall the laws of political economy from their starry exile"), but as demonstrating *ex cathedrâ* that within a certain ring-fence, called for convenience the Constitution, and formed roughly speaking of the Monarchy, the Church, the House of Lords, and that loose entity, the Empire, there is no earthly difference between Conservatives and Radicals. At this moment, of course, the question of Home Rule sharply divides politicians into Unionists and Separatists, and as Lord Randolph thrice reminded the men of Kent, "to maintain the union of the Unionist party" will be the guiding principle and motive of the Government, to which all other considerations are to be subordinate. It is impossible to predict, as Mr. Gladstone admits, the course which this question of Home Rule may run. It may collapse suddenly, as other Irish movements, quite as formidable in appearance, have done before, owing to the disappearance of some leader, or to the action of the Government, or the American Fenians. On the other hand, it may, as Mr. Gladstone hopes, gather fresh strength as it goes on, in which case the present division of parties will be maintained, though which will conquer at the polls next time no one can say. But putting aside the Irish question, and remembering our ring-fence of capital institutions, it is now

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placed beyond a doubt that progress is as much part of the Conservative as of the Radical creed. The party of tradition, of veneration for antiquity, of *quieta non movere,* is itself become "parcel and portion of the hideous past." "We must not dwell too fondly on the past," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Politics is not a science of the past; politics is the science of the future." Mr. Disraeli once boasted that he had "educated his party" into passing the Reform Bill of 1867: Lord Randolph educates his party by even more drastic doses. No less than ten distinct and large measures, the successful carriage of any one of which would make the fortune of a Minister or a Government, were announced by Lord Randolph as the programme of the coming Session. They are—1. The reform of parliamentary procedure, or, in the Minister's words, the restoration of "freedom" to an enslaved House of Commons, by giving the Government a simple and effective power of closing debate; 2. Facilities, through the operation of local authorities, for the acquisition by the agricultural labourer of freehold plots and allotments of land; 3. The settlement of the tithe question, by the majority of landlords taking upon themselves the direct burthen of the incidence of tithes; 4. The regulation of railway rates (the great companies are admonished by the text, "Agree with your adversary quickly, while you are in the way with him"); 5. A cheaper method of transferring and acquiring land; 6. The establishment in our country districts of some genuinely popular form of local government, including (*a*) the re-adjustment of local taxation, and (*b*) the transfer of the licensing power; 7. Some genuine and considerable reduction of public expenditure, and consequently of taxation; 8. Further reform of the land laws in Ireland, by the creation of a peasant proprietary; 9. A system of popular local government in Ireland (presumably by the system known as County Boards); 10. The question of popular elementary education. We are not given much idea as to how these vast questions are to be handled by a Tory Government; as to whether, for instance, the legislation on popular elementary education which is "urgently demanded by very large masses of our people" means the abolition of fees or not. That is the artistic defect of the speech, which is a mere catalogue of bills without any of those felicitous touches of description or sarcasm by which the master hand of Lord Beaconsfield relieved the monotony of what is called "a statesmanlike speech." But the point is that the speech might have been spoken by Mr. Chamberlain; and it is literal truth to say that there is not a single one of the ten measures, just enumerated, that was not initiated by the Radicals, and until a few months ago bitterly opposed by the whole weight of the Conservative party. This absorption by the Conservatives of the entire Radical programme marks a new phase in the history of our English parties, which

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may be fraught with the most momentous results. To do him justice, Lord Randolph makes no secret of the fact that he is the deputy of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, and that to the task of pleasing them all other considerations are to be subservient. But how are Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain to be got to agree, for instance, about allotments by local authorities? If only this difficulty can be surmounted, there might really be some prospect of what all sensible men have long hoped for, but regarded as a dream, namely, the formation of a large and comprehensive National party, by the side of which the Gladstonites and Parnellites would shrink to *une quantité négligeable*, as M. Ferry called China. Besides his catalogue, the concluding passages of Lord Randolph's speech had a special interest. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was sanguine about the coming winter in Ireland. He was of opinion that prosperity would kill the Nationalist League, and that a good harvest, rising prices, and the substantial benefits of the Land Act of 1881 would alienate the farmers of Ireland from Mr. Parnell more surely than any other agency. "Of course," said Lord Randolph characteristically, "if there is to be a general repudiation of rent all over Ireland, there will be a set-to. That is only human nature. But the Government will be on the side of legal obligations." The last paragraph of this Dartford manifesto has naturally excited a good deal of attention on the Continent. The Conservative leaders seem suddenly to have discovered that support of nascent nationalities, and the emancipation of Europe from overshadowing empires, have for three centuries "marked in strong, clear, and distinct lines the course of the British Empire among the nations of the world." We are reminded of the days of the Spanish Armada, of the wars against Louis XIV. and Napoleon, of Greece and Italy. We can remember when Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield used to sing "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire," and when the policy of nationalities was sneered at as maudlin sentimentalism. Unquestionably the Treaty of Berlin has changed a great deal, and it is now recognised that if Russia is to be kept out of Constantinople, it can be done more effectually by a belt of Balkan principalities than by the rotten rampart of the Turk. But the description of this brand-new foreign policy as the policy which for three centuries has marked the course of England must make many an old diplomatist and historian smile. "Should circumstances arise which from their grave and dangerous nature force the Government of the Queen to make a choice, it cannot be doubted that the sympathy, and, if necessary, the support of England will be given to those Powers who seek the peace of Europe and the liberty of peoples, and in whose favour our timely adhesion would probably, and without the use of force, decide the issue," is the most significant, because the least ambiguous passage in the speech. It can

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hardly have been delivered without the sanction of Lord Salisbury, and it can only mean that in the event of Austrian interference to prevent the overthrow of the Bulgarian constitution by Russia, England would back Austria, if necessary, by military force. Truly an important declaration, and quite one of the events of the month.

In strange contrast to this monster gathering of Kentish Conservatives was the visit of the Irish deputations to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle, on the next day, the 3rd of October. The deputations were from "the women of Ireland," and from the corporations of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, and Clonmel, and to the number of about forty persons, under the wing of the Lord and Lady Mayoress of Dublin, drove over from Chester in a dozen open conveyances to the retreat of the old statesman, who received them in old-fashioned style, standing on the steps with his wife, and then conducting them to the library, where he received their addresses, and made them a long speech in reply. It is impossible to suppress a feeling of genuine pity for the veteran, organ-voiced orator, who has spoken to his tens of thousands in the open air, and stilled or stirred them with his tongue as Poseidon stilled or stirred the waters with his trident, now reduced to haranguing forty ladies and gentlemen in his library; but Mr. Gladstone has not husbanded his splendid gift of voice, and his days for monster meetings in the open air are over. Dartford and Hawarden, the rising and the setting sun, provoke sad, if somewhat trite, reflections. These sentiments of sadness and pity check an inclination to laugh at the idea of Mr. Gladstone's being presented with the freedom of that city which snapped its fingers at Lord Spencer, when asked to pay for the extra cost of police in the bad years of '81 and '82, and of his name being put upon the same bead-roll of patriots as Charles Stewart Parnell, whom he imprisoned. No one thinks of criticising the language of addresses upon these occasions; the Irish have the reputation of being the best flatterers in the world, and in the document read to the ex-Premier by the Mayor of Cork, they fairly surpassed themselves. Mr. Gladstone appeared to snuff the incense, which they sent up in clouds about him, with so much *naïve* enjoyment that the lines in *Cadenus and Vanessa* irresistibly occur to us:

> "'Tis an old maxim of the schools,
> That flattery's the food of fools;
> But now and then your men of wit,
> Will condescend to take a bit."

Mr. Gladstone was never celebrated for a sense of humour, or for a long memory; but really some of his opening sentences must have sorely tried the gravity both of himself and his hearers. Speaking of the alternative of civil war which confronted the Duke of Wellington in 1839, he said:—

"No such alternative attends the controversy which is now raised. It has been purely constitutional, and so far as the Irish nation is concerned, I know of but one

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case in which the Irish nation has been immoderate, even in words, during the progress of this great struggle, so far as it has yet proceeded, and that case, gentlemen,—I will be frank with you—is the excess of the terms in which you have been pleased, not unnaturally perhaps, to convey your acknowledgments to myself. . . . Essential conditions of the work . . . have been backed and sustained with singular mildness and temperance of expression. This has, so far as I have observed, been characteristic of your conduct and the conduct of those who think with you *at every stage of the proceedings* down to the present moment. Threats of force, gentlemen,—we are not dealing with apprehensions of civil war, of great conflict "—(are we not, indeed ?)—" have not proceeded from you."

The inaccuracy of Mr. Gladstone's references to Wolfe Tone have been amply demonstrated by correspondents to the *Times*. But without going so far back as Wolfe Tone, how is this "moderation" reconcilable with the proclamation by Mr. Gladstone's Government of the Land League, with the incarceration of Mr. Parnell, with the sentence, so often quoted, "With painful precision, crime dogs the footsteps of the League," or with the celebrated Leeds speech, in which Mr. Parnell was denounced as "not ashamed to openly preach the gospel of public plunder"? After all, what is the value of this historical argument, on which Mr. Gladstone lays so much stress? Why these elaborate historical estimates of the value and functions of Grattan's Parliament, of the means, rough and dirty, no doubt, but characteristic of the times, by which the Union was brought about? Simply this, to prove that the Act of Union, though legally valid, is morally invalid, as not having been carried with the free assent of the Irish people. The argument is this: The Act of Union was carried by "blackguardism," through a corrupt Irish Parliament of placemen and bribees, in opposition to the wishes of the Irish nation; it has therefore no binding effect upon our consciences, is mere waste paper, and must be torn up. The merest tyro in school logic must detect the fallacy of this syllogism of two terms. The middle term, which ought to connect the major premiss with the conclusion, is suppressed by a very common rhetorical trick, because its statement would show the absurdity of the conclusion. The minor premiss, if stated, would run thus: All acts of legislation, carried without the free assent of the "people," as understood by our present practically universal suffrage, are morally invalid. Putting aside the fact that, with equal logic and justice, all acts passed prior to the Representation of the People Act of 1885 might be denounced as morally invalid, and that the acts annually obtained from Parliament for the payment of interest on debts not contracted by the present generation might be repudiated, it may be permitted to ask, by what means was the Union of the United States effected? Certainly not "with the free assent of the people" of the Southern Confederacy, and if not by blackguardism, most unquestionably by bayonets. Are we to be told that the Union of the United States is morally invalid? If every public national act, not carried with the free assent of the nation, but effected

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by blackguardism, or bullets, is to be reversed on that score, considerable and instantaneous confusion would arise in Europe, and large alterations in the map of the world would immediately become necessary. America would at once have to be restored to the Red Indians, and the empire of the Great Mogul rehabilitated at Delhi. But, to do them justice, the public see the futility of this historical argument, which interests no one but Mr. Gladstone, to whom it may well be allowed as an amusement of old age.

Just before Parliament was prorogued, a member asked Sir Henry Holland, the Vice-President of the Committee of the Privy Council which manages our national education, whether his attention had been called to a circular issued by the Council of the Metropolitan Federation of Radical Clubs, advising all parents within the district of the London School Board not to pay any school fees after October 4th, the date on which the celebrated new code of rules adopted by what its enemies call a reactionary and its supporters an economical Board was to come into force; and whether, in the event of a general strike against the payment of school fees, the Government would take any steps to enforce the law. The Minister replied that if any person were misguided enough to follow the advice of the Radical Clubs, the School Board possessed ample powers to enforce the law. But does it? is the question which is now interesting the London ratepayers. Under the Education Acts of 1870 and 1876 education is made compulsory for all; that is, every parent or guardian is compellable by legal process to send his or her children to a school. But by the statutes, as interpreted by Lord Coleridge in the Wood case, the Board is empowered to recover from the parent, like any other debt, not only the unpaid fees but the amount of the penalty fixed for the breach of the law, which says that every man must send his child to school; and further that the attendance at school of a child, whose fee has not been paid, is not a legal attendance within the meaning of the Act. The London School Board, which was elected last November, just before the General Election, is reactionary in this sense, that it is determined not to render itself obnoxious to the charge of extravagance, which had so freely been brought against its predecessor; to use an Americanism, it was elected upon the economy ticket; and its election was unquestionably a protest by the ratepayers against an ever-rising school rate. The last Board was in the habit, not only of remitting fees largely, but of keeping feeless children at school whilst they prosecuted the parents for not sending them to school. It occurred to the present Board that such a proceeding must strike the poor as an absurdity, and that to go on educating the children for nothing was not the best way of getting the fees out of the parents, besides being unfair to those who paid their pence. The Board therefore determined to

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exclude those children whose fees were not paid, until they were either paid or remitted by the local managers. On Monday, October 4th, every child who appeared at school without the pence was sent back to his or her parent with Notice I., requesting payment of the fee, and reminding him or her that unless the fee was paid or remitted, he or she might be summoned before a magistrate for a breach of the law. In the meantime the child returned presumably to school, and if by Wednesday morning the fee was not paid, the child was sent home again with Notice II., requesting the parent to come to the school on Friday to explain to the managers why the fee had not been paid, stating that if the fee cannot be paid, application for its remission may be made, but that if it is neither remitted nor paid, then the child may be excluded from school, and the parent prosecuted for a breach of the law. If the fee is not paid by the Monday fortnight after Notice I., the feeless children are to be refused admission to the Board schools, and the persons are to be "prosecuted according to the rigour of the law," as they say on trespass-boards. In the district of the London School Board there are three hundred and eighty-seven Board Schools, educating, or trying to educate, close upon half a million children; that is the number on the register. Should therefore any large proportion of parents be "so misguided," as Sir Henry Holland puts it, as to follow the advice of the Radical Clubs and strike against fees (as after the success of the strike against rent, why should they not?) the School Board will have to embark upon a legal campaign of a colossal nature, and the solicitor to the Board may well expect to reap a rich harvest this winter. Indeed it may be necessary to erect a School Board Court for London, upon the lines of the Land Court for Ireland, which shall do nothing else but dispose of School Board cases, for already the School Board powers complain that no adequate facilities are accorded them by the police-courts for their cases. But the prospect of a widespread war between the parents, backed in their defiance of the law by the Radical party in and out of Parliament, and the members of the School Board, anxious to do their duty to the ratepayers is more alarming than amusing—so alarming that the School Board have decided to postpone for a month the exclusion of the feeless from school. The chief complaint against the new Code appears to be the inquisitorial nature of the questions, administered to the parent in the Notice asking why the fee has not been paid, which the parent is supposed to fill up and return to the teacher by the child. Thus a labouring man is asked to write down how long and for what reason he is out of work; and a mother is asked to state whether she is married or single, a widow, or deserted. Now, it is one thing to ask people these awkward questions, gently and tactfully, and another to make them write them down on a printed form. Lord Randolph Churchill has promised us

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legislation on the subject of elementary education; and surely neither by the friends or foes of free education can the present state of the law be regarded as satisfactory. Mr. Matthew Arnold thinks that elementary education ought to be gratuitous, because it is so on the Continent, and because it is "a democratic idea," though this airy philosopher does not condescend to tell us how the £1,700,000 (in round numbers) now paid in pence is to be made good. Mr. Sidney Buxton thinks that education should be free, but free in voluntary as well as in Board schools, and that all should receive a proportionately equal grant from the Imperial Exchequer; while there are other less reasonable Radicals, who think that the school pence of the poor should be paid by plundering our "public schools." One thing is certain, that if elementary education is to be gratuitous it must be so for all alike, and that the present system of squeezing the conscientious and the timid to pay for the unfortunate and the unscrupulous will not do.

On the continent the attention of Europe has, of course, been concentrated on Bulgaria. Never perhaps before has the struggle between military despotism and constitutional liberty, which is always going on in some quarters of the world through all history, been more dramatically displayed upon a more conspicuous stage. Russia and Turkey, as they are the most easterly, so they are the most barbarous powers in Europe; their ideas of morality and their methods of government belong to the fighting age. In both corruption is omnipotent, and secrecy habitual; but the Turk is easy and tolerant, unless provoked by actual rebellion, while the Russian is cruel and cynical. Whatever may be thought now about the "Bulgarian Atrocities," it should always be remembered that Bulgaria was at that time as much a part of Turkey as Ireland still is of the United Kingdom; that there was a military rebellion, and that military powers are in the habit of putting down military revolts with a rough hand. Russia has no right in Bulgaria, except what used to be regarded as the moral right of the head of the Greek Church and the Protector of the Slav race. What has become of that moral right now? It has been repudiated by a majority of more than twenty to one of the entire Bulgarian people. By a clause in the Treaty of Berlin it is provided that in the event of a vacancy on the Bulgarian throne, the whole nation shall elect a Grand Sobranjé, or Extraordinary National Assembly, composed of 590 members, who shall elect a Prince, to be approved by the European Powers. On Sunday, the 10th of October (by an arrangement which may very advantageously be adopted by this country), all the elections took place simultaneously, with the result that 530 candidates, who may best be described as Bulgarian or Independent, were returned, as against 50 Zankoffites, or Russian deputies; 10 districts no voting. In the capital itself, M. Stambouloff, one of the Regents, received 1763 votes, while M. Zankoff, the head and front of the

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Russian party, only scored seven votes. Therefore the right of Russia in Bulgaria at this hour is none other than that of brute force, and Mr. Gladstone's "Divine figure from the North" looks uncommonly like the ordinary usurper of the Napoleonic type. It would be difficult to find words of adequate praise for the behaviour of the Bulgarian nation in face of that blustering barbarian, General Kaulbars. Europe has beheld with amazement a Power, which claims admission to the circle of civilisation, employing, for the coercion of an unoffending nation, tools and instruments that really would not have disgraced the Regicide Directory of Paris. Besides threatening everybody he came across with the anger of his august master, General Kaulbars had the unhappy hardihood to mount the tribune and make an electoral tour, for the purpose of convincing the Bulgarian people that they were slaves and cowards. But oratory does not appear to be the General's *forte*, and his electioneering addresses did not exactly have what the Parisians call *un succès fou*, nor even, for that matter, *un succès d'estime*. But the worst outrage of all was the attempt to upset the elections on Sunday by the importation into the towns of hired bands of Montenegrin and Macedonian peasants, who tried to storm the electoral bureau in Sofia, and then took refuge in the Russian Consulate, where they were freely supplied with brandy and bludgeons. Yet in spite of all these provocations and unendurable insults, their chosen Ministers rated like schoolboys, the officers of their army offered money for their allegiance, their elections declared null and void, the Bulgarians behaved with a patience, a calmness, and a resolution that would have become a nation long trained to the forms and the practice of representative government. To the threats of a bully they opposed resolutions of confidence in their Government, and they answered the violence of hired bands by the votes of the electoral bureaux. The sickening part of the whole drama is that everybody seems to expect that Russia will simply annul the elections, and occupy Bulgaria. Many voices will no doubt be raised against such a proceeding, but not a finger, save those of "correspondents" and leader-writers.

The surface of Spanish society has been ruffled by one of those military intrigues, which are so common in that country. The author of the last *pronunciamento* was General Villacampa, whom the Ministers of the Queen Regent had little difficulty in suppressing, although Señor Sagasta has had to reconstruct his Cabinet upon more Conservative lines. There has been considerable friction between France and Spain about the residence of Zorrilla, one of the many Spanish pronunciamentists (to coin a word) in Paris, though it is not easy to see how the Parisians could refuse to receive a political refugee. There is something very romantic about the position of the Queen-Mother defend-

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ing the kingdom of her infant son, and the commutation of Villacampa's capital sentence was a concession to morbid and misplaced sentimentality.

A temporary excitement has been caused in the stagnant circles of Cairo by the Lavison incident. Mr. Lavison is a young Levantine, who enjoys the honour of being the Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the ex-Khedive Ismail, who fancies, for some reason or other best known to himself, that he is owed a flea-bite of five millions by the Egyptian Exchequer. Most people, who know the history of Egypt for the last twenty years, think it is the other way about, and that Ismail owes the Egyptian Exchequer a good deal more than five millions, though as there is not the slightest chance of either being paid, it doesn't matter much which is the creditor and which is the debtor. Mr. Lavison and some retainers simply seized possession of a piece of land in the garden of the Ismailia Palace, now occupied by Moukhtar Pasha, in satisfaction of the said debt. Whether the debt be due, or whether, if due, the land in question could be seized in satisfaction, are points for the court of law. The essence of the incident lay in Mr. Lavison's taking the law into his own hands by seizing a piece of land in the heart of Cairo for payment of a claim not adjudged by any tribunal. The whole proceeding illustrates the intolerable inconvenience of the capitulations, for Mr. Lavison, though an Egyptian by birth, is a Russian subject, and can only be tried by the international tribunals. If ever Egypt is to be properly governed, there must be one law for the Egyptian and the foreigner, and the international tribunals must be abolished.

A. A. B.

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Critical Notices.

THE HISTORICAL BASIS OF MODERN EUROPE.*

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to an able and scholarly work lately published by Mr. Weir, which will, we trust, prove to be a great acquisition to historical students. The purpose of the book is to place in their logical connection and to review the principal events, or rather groups of events, which embody the necessary groundwork for the study of the history of Europe in the nineteenth century. Although the author has (we think) wisely adopted the historical form, his work can hardly be said to be a history, but rather such a preliminary view of the immediate and proximate antecedents of our present civilisation as would seem best fitted to form a standpoint for the more detailed study of our own age. For this purpose Mr. Weir has foregone the usual device of treating all history under the head of politics, and has distributed his matter in a different though more satisfactory manner.

The introductory chapter describes the despotic bureaucracies of the eighteenth century working under feudal forms, and unhappily stained with the cruelty of the Middle Ages—the survival of an effete system side by side with the development of a new order. It shows the nobility and clergy occupying only to neglect or abuse their position of advantage, and the advance of the destructive intellectual movement which forms the fitting prelude to the great French Revolution.

The second chapter reviews the labours of the chief reforming monarchs (viz., Peter and Catherine II. in Russia, Frederick the Great in Prussia, and Joseph II. in Austria), the rule of the French kings, and the aristocratic government in England, followed by the attempt at absolutism of George III., with all of which the reading public are probably well acquainted. It also chronicles events comparatively little known, although of scarcely inferior importance, such as the ministry of Pombal in Portugal, a country which, small as it was, took the lead in the expulsion of the Jesuits; the progress of liberal ideas in Italy and the Scandinavian states, and the fatal anarchy which led to the political extinction of Poland. The notable characteristic of the Governments of this epoch is despotism, on the whole benevolent, attended by an almost total apathy of the mass of the governed—monarchy, however, though failing to meet all the urgent wants of the time, retains, by reason of its good offices, considerable influence over subsequent political history in spite of the Revolution, the events germane to which are treated in the third chapter, while the fourth and fifth follow the Napoleonic period, in which are embodied the substantial results of the Revolution. The sixth and seventh mark the changes on the rest of the continent from which the modern history of the

* "The Historical Basis of Modern Europe." By Archibald Weir, M.A. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. London. 1886.

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countries included therein takes its departure.

The next three treat of the industrial revolution in England, the mechanical progress which led to it, and the development of the economical theories which so powerfully aided it. The eleventh and twelfth next show physical science and inductive research on a new basis, and the effect of the Kantian philosophy upon speculation at the present day. The literary revivals in England and Germany, which enabled literature in general to respond to the needs of an expanded society, form the subject of two more; while in a final chapter Mr. Weir shortly sums up the facts, and calls his readers to notice that the dominant order of changes is now industrial; that the race for wealth and material comfort mainly determines the form of political organisation and the aims of culture, scientific research, religious exercises, and individual conduct—in short, actions formerly determined by fear of present or future punishment, are now chiefly controlled by economical principles.

In conclusion, we have to regret that Mr. Weir has given us an introduction only to the history of our own century; we accept it as an instalment only, and trust that at no long date we may have the pleasure of welcoming a completed work (which he is so eminently qualified to write) upon our own epoch.

BEN JONSON.*

BEN JONSON's place among English Worthies is an assured and a significant one. He is of the type of a mighty John Bull, a magnified image of our national peculiarities, partly flattering, partly touched with caricature. He is English in his breadth and strength of physical and intellectual build, in his surly honesty, his arrogant kindliness, his trampling straightforwardness: English in his love of order, of method, in his classical pedantry, in his laborious excellence; very English in the inextinguishable fire of genius which heaves underneath and all but permeates this rugged mass of rocky qualities. It is singular that we have had to wait till now for an adequate account of one of our national champions, the Goliath of our literary ranks; but certain it is that until the appearance of Mr. Symonds' book we have been lacking in a requirement so very obvious as a thorough and popular life of Jonson. Mr. Symonds' name is a sufficient guarantee that any book from his pen will unite those two indispensable qualities of thoroughness and popularity of treatment. He is a scholar writing for the masses; a *littérateur* who cares to be read by others besides *littérateurs*. His "Ben Jonson," besides being a searching literary study, is a pleasant and altogether enjoyable book, the mellow fruit of a ripe maturity of culture. Those who hailed with admiration and delight the preliminary volume on the English Drama which appeared a year or two ago, will welcome with especial pleasure a book much of which might form a later section of that admirable and as yet uncompleted work. The analysis of Jonson's dramatic style, itself the keen and clenching expression of a cautious and grave judgment, is lit up once and again with those flashes of illuminating light which are what we most prize in criticism. When, for example, Mr. Symonds remarks that Jonson's verse "wants lightness and *the charm of chance;*" when he tells us that

> "All the persons of Jonson's comedies are like masqueraders, with whom it is a point of honour to maintain a certain assumed character;"

we pierce at once, in the trail of the epigram or the image, to the very heart of the subject, with an easy swiftness and certainty. In writing of Jonson, Mr. Symonds lacks, not unnaturally, that spark

* "*English Worthies:* Ben Jonson." By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. London: Longmans. 1886.

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of enthusiasm which gives fire to his speech when he names the name of Marlowe; but while no one can complain that Jonson's position in literature is over-estimated, it would be difficult to deny the justice of the judgment which assigns to him his position. What is said in praise of Jonson's prose is particularly good and true; and the part of the book dealing with Drummond's Conversations is, in another way, not less so. The argument from heraldry, by which is established Jonson's descent from the Border Johnstones, is of considerable interest and importance. So, too, is the document of the now notorious indictment, brought to light by Mr. Jeafferson, the author of "The Real Shelley." But after all, important in their way as these things are, it is of far more importance that we have here, in the compass of 200 pages, a graphic and adequate sketch of the foremost figure in the annals of English comedy, in whom our readers will find an object of real and absorbing interest.

BARKER'S TRADE AND FINANCE ANNUAL, 1886-87.*

THIS work promises to be an important addition to our annuals, supplementing the numerous standard and other works relating to finance and trade which, being issued only from time to time at uncertain intervals, renders a volume of this character especially serviceable. The facts and figures have been taken from official sources and standard works of reputation, while original sources of information have been also consulted. All the questions (some of which are of a controversial nature, as, for example, the much-debated subject of Bimetallism) are dealt with in a spirit of strict impartiality. The subjects included comprise those which at the present moment are engaging the attention of the economist and statesman, and include the Land and the Silver questions, English, Indian, and American railways, the Stock Exchange, agricultural industries, coal, iron, petroleum, tea, etc. A section, devoted to population statistics in their industrial and other aspects, will be found particularly useful, and the statistical appendices, giving the public debt of the world, price of commodities, imports and exports, annual loss to creditors through bankruptcy proceedings, coinage, and the weights and measures of various countries, etc., are well compiled, and are likely to prove very serviceable. Two excellent maps, one of the trunk lines of Great Britain, and the other of the American railway system, add to the value of the work. Altogether, "Barker's Trade and Finance Annual" promises to become a standard work of reference, and to supply a want which hitherto has not been met. We trust the promoters may meet with the support they well deserve, and that "Barker's Trade and Finance Annual" may speedily take its place in the front ranks of the annuals which are regarded as indispensable. The editors, who, for some inexplicable reason, but with a modesty excessively rare in the present day, have withheld their names, are to be heartily congratulated on this outcome of their sound and painstaking labours.

* "Barker's Trade and Finance Annual, 1886-87." London: Effingham Wilson. 1886.

THE CRUISE OF THE "BLACK PRINCE" PRIVATEER.*

THE eminent African traveller, who is establishing a fresh reputation for himself by his books of romance and adventure, has put before the

* "The Cruise of the 'Black Prince' Privateer." By COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B. London: Chatto & Windus.

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public on the present occasion a story which promises to be the "hit" of the season. The period chosen is that of the Seven Years' War, which allows abundant scope for adventures of a more or less exciting character, and an amount of romance that will charm our lady readers. The work is wonderfully realistic. Commander Cameron has not only managed to tell a good sea story, but throughout the narrative we breathe the air and listen to the "lingo" of the period of George II. The writer never loses himself in his hero; but preserves the individuality of the latter from beginning to end with a firmness of touch Defoe himself might have envied. No one can read "The Cruise of the 'Black Brince'" carefully without recognising that in the person of Commander Cameron we have a writer who can hold his own with ease against Henty, Ballantyne, Gordon Stables, and other popular writers in the same field of literature, and may yet stand as far ahead of his contemporaries as Marryat did in the middle of the present century. He has a vivid imagination, the power of ready invention, and the capacity for individualising his creations, which mark the true novelist. In this instance his labours have been worthily seconded by his publishers, who have produced as handsome a book as we have received this season, with an admirable frontispiece by Macnab.

LETTERS OF FREDERIC OZANAM.*

SPEAKING once of Ozanam, professor of Foreign Literature in the Sorbonne thirty years ago, M. Guizot described him as a

"Model of a Christian man of letters, dignified and humble, an ardent friend of science, and firm champion of the Faith; tasting with tenderness the pure joys of life, and submitting with gentleness to the long expectation of death; carried away" (at the age of forty) "from the holiest affections, and from the noblest labours too soon according to the world, but already ripe for heaven and for glory."

This description of Ozanam and his untimely end gives the keynote to the character of the correspondence which Mr. Ainslie Coates has translated from the French, and compressed into 300 pages. It would be too much to call the letters brilliant or brimful of thought. They are those of a kindly recluse who occupied himself much with social questions and religion; but none the less left no particular mark on the age. It would not be difficult, we imagine, to gather from the correspondence from most pious men of culture as good a set of letters as appears in this volume, and many would contain suggestions and ideas of a more practical character. It may be shocking to say that many of them are tedious and dry, but that is rather the fault of Mr. Coates, who is not very judicious in omitting letters of an ephemeral character, and might have improved the volume by cutting it down one-third. The connecting biographical narrative, however, is very good.

SIR TIMOTHY BUNCOMBE.*

THE anonymous biographer of Sir Timothy Buncombe evidently shares Carlyle's conviction that "All Europe is one damnable cesspool of lies, shoddies, and shams." He turns his fierce light upon the throne, the pulpit, the parliamentary benches, and all the furniture of

* "Letters of Frederic Ozanam." By AINSLIE COATES. London: Elliot Stock. 1886.

* "The Rise and Progress of Sir Timothy Buncombe, Knight and M.P." An extra moral biography, by the author of "Thomas Wanless, Peasant." Manchester: John Dale, and Abel Heywood & Son; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1886.

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the *salons* and the *bureaux*, and blackens every blot. He is after all, however, a laughing kind of pessimist, and thus invests all the shady characters to whom he introduces us with remarkable interest. This interest never flags, and nobody who commences to read the book will feel satisfied with himself till he has finished it. It is written in strong epigrammatic English, and the portraitures of the cunning, hypocritical, and successful scoundrel Buncombe and his *entourage*, are drawn with a light and vigorous touch, though the colouring of the background is sometimes laid on with the pallet-knife—Rembrandt fashion. The hero is a self-made man with a strong faith in his creator, and a sufficient appreciation of the weakness of his fellows to be able to use, flatter, or ruin them for his own advantage. Step by step from office boy to junior clerk, Sunday School teacher, chapel deacon, senior partner in a firm of coffin-ship owners, widow-and-orphan ruining company promoter, rotten-borough monger, political renegade, and sham philanthropist, Buncombe rises to the proud position of a city knight, and his biographer even leaves us in doubt whether he does not ultimately swindle his way upwards to the peerage. The author has a profound knowledge of human nature as it manifests itself in commercial, political, and journalistic circles, and gives us graphic descriptions of some of the darker scenes enacted therein. His book, however, is too shady, and lacks the charm of contrast. His characters are, almost without exception, either knaves or fools. The most amusing of the former is Herr Zurhelle, who is introduced to us in the chapter entitled "A Well-laid Scheme of a Deacon and a Jew." This worthy is a thoroughly honest rascal.

"As for de vats you call it, reputations" (he remarks), "I have none, hee! hee! I don't care ein damn copper groschen for reputations. Venn de fools dey vill not trade mit me in dis town, I goes to anoder. I is free, and I goes vere I likes."

As the author makes his Jew scoundrels honest, and his Christian scoundrels hypocrites, he raises the suspicion that he must himself be a clever son of Israel.

RURICK.*

It is not a very easy task to write a novel, in which the scenes are cast wholly in a foreign land and the characters bear names often uncouth and difficult to pronounce, interesting to the English novel reader; but Annie Grant has kept well in mind that her object in view was to tell a story, and not describe Russia, and the result is in every respect a success. The characters are few and well delineated; they are flesh and blood, not mere puppets; and the hero, Rurick Paliansky, is the very man to charm an English reader. Throughout the book are short but telling passages describing Russian life at Moscow and St. Petersburg, in provincial towns and on the estates of the great landlords, and the period chosen for the plot—the period of the Polish revolt—allows of plenty of dramatic incident, which Annie Grant has made use of with a skilful hand. Rurick is a very good specimen of the upper-class Russian, handsome and clever, whose dissipated youth has been followed by a cynic pessimism, which is very common in Russia; but who notwithstanding possesses many good qualities, and deserves a better fate than being relegated in the end to a life of celibacy. The revolt of the soldiers forms a very tragic scene. Altogether, "Rurick" is a novel which should make a mark in circulating libraries, and afterwards enjoy a second lease of life in a popular form.

* "Rurick." A Novel. By Annie Grant. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

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HELLAS.*

THE Shelley Society is performing a useful work in issuing one after another, in the completest possible form, the various productions of the great poet of the early part of the present century. The present volume, which has already passed into a second edition, contains one of Shelley's finest lyrical dramas, with the author's prologue, and notes of a valuable and exhaustive character by Dr. Garnett and Mary W. Shelley. The editing has been done by Thomas J. Wise, who has very carefully reproduced the first edition of 1822, with types as close as possible to the original print. The volume throughout has been reprinted word for word, and line for line, the text being closely and minutely followed in every particular, each printer's error, dropped letter, or other peculiarity of the original being preserved. In order to make the book as complete as possible, the "Prologue to Hellas," Mrs. Shelley's "Note on Hellas," and a full list of errata have been added. In the preface, the editor gives an excellent and circumstantial account of the origin and history of the drama, and his remarks are so exhaustive that it would be difficult, we should say, to indicate any omissions. Doctor Garnett's note on the prologue is short, but full of good matter. Every admirer will share his regret that the weak health of Shelley, his variable spirits, and

> "above all the absence of encouragement should have deprived our literature of so magnificent a work as Shelley's contemplated drama on the Book of Job,"

which he had in his mind when he dashed off, by a sudden inspiration, the splendid drama now issued by the Shelley Society.

* "Hellas." A Lyrical Drama. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited by Thomas J. Wise. Messrs. Reeves & Turner. 1886.

THE BACKGROUND OF SACRED STORY.*

THE object which the author of this readable little work has in view is to bring into more prominent notice than usual some of the obscurer characters of Biblical story. To this end the different personages selected are placed before our notice, and a lesson clearly and pleasantly but succinctly drawn and enforced, Mr. Hastings having apparently learnt—would that more of our spiritual guides possessed the same astute wisdom!—that if brevity be the soul of wit in things mundane it is esteemed nonetheless highly when introduced into matters spiritual. Among the characters presented to us we have for example Bezaleel, indicating Art and Religion; Omri, Cumulative Sin; Jezrahiah, Sacred Song; Lois and Eunice, Home Piety, etc. The deep, earnest, but broad and catholic spirit evidenced in these discourses or spiritual essays is excellent, and we anticipate that readers of all sections of the Christian Church will accord to Mr. Hastings' book a very favourable reception.

A DAUGHTER OF FIFE.†

THE pure wholesome tone of Mrs. Barr's novel comes like the clear bracing air from off the picturesque Scotch coast, which the author describes with much real force and true artistic instinct, and forms a healthy and most welcome contrast to the realistic and sentimental nonsense with which we are deluged in the conventional novel of the present age. The plot of the book is ingenious, the descriptions of the simple fisherfolk are well drawn,

* "The Background of Sacred Story." Life lessons from the less known characters of the Bible. By FREDERICK HASTINGS. London: Religious Tract Society. 1886.

† "A Daughter of Fife." By AMELIA E. BARR. London: James Clarke. 1886.

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and the heroine, Maggie Promoter, engages and maintains our interest from the beginning to the end of the volume. We become in its pages the companion of Allen Campbell, the hero of the tale, in his strange courtship, and his resistance to his father on the subject of the proposed marriage with his cousin, the heiress to the Campbell estates; we are half angry, half amused at the strange mixture of scholarly ambition and self-interest in David Promoter, while the self-abnegation of Mary Campbell elicits alike our sympathy and admiration. The reader must, however, turn to the pages of the book itself for more detailed particulars. Suffice it to say, we commend most cordially "The Daughter of Fife," which we have read with feelings of unusual pleasure.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POETS.*

THE editor has endeavoured, he informs us in his preface, to gather from English and American literature characteristic poems (excluding translations and extracts from dramatic works), relating to childhood in its various phases, and has, we think, succeeded in his aim. The editing is good, the selections from the authors chosen—beginning with the Earl of Surrey and Sir Philip Sidney, and extending to the present day—are, as a rule, admirably made, although it might not be difficult for the clever critic to take exception to the omission of some poems which might justly be considered worthy of inclusion. The serious omissions are, however, for a work of this nature, remarkably few, Mr. Robertson having, in our judgment, exercised his editorial prerogative in a particularly happy and judicious manner. This little volume will be thoroughly enjoyed by those who, in the whirl and excitement of modern life, will have recalled to them by these poems some of the reminiscences of the freshness and simplicity of their early childhood and thought.

* "The Children of the Poets." An anthology from English and American writers of three centuries. Edited with an introduction by Eric S. Robertson. London: Walter Scott. 1886.

EGYPT AND SYRIA.*

THE recent gathering of the British Association at Birmingham, under the presidency of Sir William Dawson, renders a notice of this little work particularly apposite at the present time. The volume, which forms No. 6 of the series of "By-paths of Bible Knowledge," issued by the Religious Tract Society, treats of Egypt, Judea and Jerusalem, Syria, and the question of pre-historic man in those regions. Dr. Dawson's sketch of the geography of the Exodus is suggestive, and he discusses with fairness the vexed question of the route taken by the children of Israel in their march from Goshen, and pays a just tribute of praise to the labours of the Ordnance Survey, and the recent investigations of M. Naville, Professor Hull, and others. On his favourite subject of pre-historic man, the distinguished author of "Fossil Men" admits the evidence afforded of the presence of palæolithic man, although many geologists of the advanced school would be prepared to join issue with the learned Doctor as to the accuracy of his determination of the rate of deposit of the Delta, and the consequent narrowing of the time it assigns to man's antiquity, derived from the presence of palæolithic weapons and implements found embedded in the gravel and mud. The views advanced for the site of the Golgotha are well worthy of notice. Every student who desires to read with intelligence the sacred record of the past, illustrated in

* "Egypt and Syria. Their physical features in relation to Bible History." By SIR J. WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S. London: Religious Tract Society. 1886.

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Egyptian and Israelitish history, will find much and valuable assistance from the excellent little volume before us.

MELITA.*

THE East, with its varied nationalities, its strange mysticism, and its dreamy, *far niente* existence, possesses a fascination and charm for the lover of the romantic and the unconventional, and influences, to a greater or less degree, even the somewhat practical, not to add phlegmatic, Englishman. To these the cleverly-written novel under our notice presents a very good picture of Oriental life and thought, and gives us a striking, if not altogether an attractive picture of harem life. The conflict between the culture of the West and the traditional immobility of the East is well worked out in the character of Kiámil Bey, and Adilé, the wife of Rushdi Pasha, the Prime Minister, whose tragic death excites our pity, and shows how the nobler instincts of woman are crushed beneath the luxury and artificiality of the harem. Melita, the central figure of the story, impresses us with her amiability of character, which under the stimulating atmosphere of adversity develops into a certain robustness, although the reader will be inclined to quarrel with the heroine for yielding her hand to Prince Androwiski while she secretly loves Kiámil Bey, who dies, however, in a somewhat dramatic manner in her arms after the battle of the Chipka Pass. Captain Owen, the impulsive but selfish conventional "Society" man, impresses us more by his bravery than his high moral code, and in Mrs. Kennedy, the well-to-do, but by no means sympathetic, aunt, to whose care Melita is entrusted after her father's death in Turkey, we have a skilfully drawn portrait of dull respectability, accompanied by an equal absence of heart. "Melita" is a readable book, and will cause an hour or so to be pleasantly passed in its perusal.

* "Melita." A Turkish Love Story. By LOUISE M. RICHTER. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.*

IN the present story Mrs. Oliphant displays her customary skill in portraiture. Frances Waring, if less admirable than Rosalind Trevanion in "Madam," is a charming, unselfish, warm-hearted girl, who, to our mind, deserved to be married to a man of more robust character than George Gaunt, the young Indian officer, who had been refused by her sister and brought to death's door by brain fever caused by losses at play. Constance, her sister, a brilliant, self-possessed creature, imperious of homage, is cleverly drawn. According to an eminent French writer, success in life is dependent on the harmony of circumstance and temperament. If so, it may be that when this comfort-loving society beauty married the wealthy valetudinarian, Claude Ramsay, whose sole concern was to be at the back of the east wind and where no draughts were felt, she really made the excellent match everybody thought she did. Here is Mrs. Oliphant's description of Lord Markham, their brother, an ugly little aristocrat addicted to evil courses, but with some noble instincts below the surface of the selfish worldling:—

"When the door opened and Domenico solemnly ushered in the stranger, Frances, although her thoughts were not gay, could hardly help laughing again. He carried his big grey mushroom-top now in his hand; and the little round head which had been covered with it seemed incomplete without that thatch. Frances felt herself looking from the head to the hat with a ludicrous sense of this incom-

* "A House Divided Against Itself." By MRS. OLIPHANT. 3 vols. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1886.

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pleteness. He had a small head, thinly covered with light hair, which seemed to grow in tufts like grass. His eyes twinkled keen, two very bright grey eyes, from the puckers of eyelids which looked old, as if he had got them second-hand. There was a worn and wrinkled look about him altogether, carried out in his dress, and even in his boots, which suggested the same idea. An old man who looked young, or a young man who looked old. She could not make out which he was."

For a description of their father and mother, Mr. Waring and Lady Markham, whose differences and prolonged separation—he living the life of a recluse in the Riviera, she that of a leader of fashion in London during the twelve years they were apart—form the motive and framework of the story, we refer our readers to the book. "A House Divided Against Itself" will not enhance Mrs. Oliphant's reputation; but it is not unworthy of her pen. That there is plenty of clever dialogue goes without saying. And no one familiar with the work of Mrs. Oliphant will need to be told that there are many fine passages of description in her latest story.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. *The book itself, which will be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the dates of the first and latest editions, the publisher's name, the size and the price of each entry.*

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

CLASS A.—CHRISTIANITY.

A 1.—BIBLE.

Bruce, A. B. Miraculous Element in the Gospels; 12s., 8vo, Hodder.

A 2.—HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Caulfield, S. Lives of the Apostles; 6s., cr. 8vo, Hatchard.
Hore, A. H. Church of England [Wm. III. to Victoria]; 2 v., 15s., cr. 8vo, Parker.
à Lasco, John. By H. Dalton [Reformation in Poland, etc.]; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Hodder.
Schaff, P. Augustine, Melancthon, and Neander; 4s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Nisbet.
Wesley, John, Life of. By J. Telford; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Hodder.

A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Future Probation: a Symposium [repr. fr. *Homilet. Mag.*]; 6s., cr. 8vo, Nisbet.
Haweis, Rev. H. R. Christ and Christianity; 5s., cr. 8vo, Simpkins.
Momeric, A. W. Belief in God; 3s., cr. 8vo, Blackwood.
Smith, R. T. Man's Knowledge of Man and of God; 6s., cr. 8vo, Macmillan.

A 4.—CHURCH POLITY.

Mateer, S. The Gospel in South India; 3s. 6d., cr. 8vo, R. T. S.

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CLASS B.—NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND MYTHOLOGY.

B 2.—COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY AND FOLKLORE.

Barbour, J. G. Unique Traditions of W. and S. Scotland; 4s. 6d., 12mo, Simpkin.
Jackson, [Miss] F. Folklore of Shropshire, ed. Charl. Burne, Part III.; 7s. 6d. [Parts. I.—II. also 7s. 6d. each, 1880-83], 8vo, Trübner.

CLASS D.—SOCIETY.

D 1.—LAW.

Nonconformist, Law rel. to Protestant. By Winslow; 6s., 8vo, Stevens.

D 4.—PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION AND SOCIAL ORGANISATION.

Scrutten, T. E. Land in Fetters; 7s. 6d., 8vo, Camb. Press.
Taylor, R. W. C. Intro. to History of Factory System; 16s., 8vo, Bentley.

D 5.—EDUCATION.

Payne, W. H. Contrib. to Science of Education; 6s., cr. 8vo, Blackie.
Roth, W. E. Elements of School Hygiene; 3s. 6d., 8vo, Baillière.
Univers. Life, etc. Oxford Memories, after fifty years. By J. Pycroft; 2 v., 24s., 8vo, Bentley.

D 6.—COMMERCE.

Schmidt, H. The Silver Question; 3s., cr. 8vo, E. Wilson.

CLASS E.—GEOGRAPHY.

E 2.—EUROPE.

Pausanius. Description of Greece; 2 v., cr. 8vo, 10s., Bohn's Lib.

E 3.—ASIA.

Basset, J. Persia; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Blackie.

E 4.—AFRICA.

Kerr, W. M. The Far Interior, ill.; 2 v., 32s., 8vo, Low.

E 5.—AMERICA.

Wells, J. W. Three Thousand Miles through Brazil; 2 v., 32s., 8vo, Low.

E 7.—BRITISH TOPOGRAPHY.

White, T. P. Ordnance Survey of Unit. Kingdom; 5s., cr. 8vo, Blackwood.

CLASS F.—HISTORY AND HISTORICAL COLLATERALS.

F 1.—UNIVERSAL AND GENERAL.

Friedländer, M. Outlines of Jewish History; 3s. 6d., 12mo, Longman.

F 4.—MODERN.

Grego, J. Hist. of Parly. Electns. in Old Days, ill.; 16s., 8vo, Chatto.
Walpole, Spencer. History of England, Vols. IV.—V.; 36s., 8vo, Longman.
Weir, Archibald. Histl. Basis of Mod. Europe [1760-1815]; 15s., 8vo, Sonnenschein.

F 5.—NINETEENTH CENTURY AND CONTEMPORARY.

Doyle, Sir F. H. Reminiscences; 16s., 8vo, Longman.
Smith, G. Barnett. Life and Times of Queen Victoria; 10s. 6d., 8vo, Routledge.

F 6.—HISTORICAL COLLATERALS.

Beyschlag, R. Female Costume Pictures; 21s., fo, Low.

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CLASS G.—BIOGRAPHY.

G 1. INDIVIDUAL.

Lincoln, Abraham, Reminiscences of. By A. T. Rice; 21s., 8vo, Blackwood.
Mazarin, Card. By G. Masson; 3s. 6d., cr. 8vo, S.P.C.K.

G 2.—COLLECTIVE.

Garnett, W. Heroes of Science: Physicists [popular]; 4s., cr. 8vo, S.P.C.K.
Jones, E. R. Heroes of Industry; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Low.
Judges, A Generation of; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Low.

CLASS H.—SCIENCE.

H 8.—ZOOLOGY.

Sterndale, R. A. Denizens of the Jungle; 16s., fo, Thacker.

H 10.—MEDICINE.

Chevers, N. The Diseases of India; 24s., 8vo, Churchill.
Sutton, H. G. Lect. on Medical Pathology; 5s., cr. 8vo, Baillière.

CLASS I.—ARTS AND TRADES.

I 2.—ENGINEERING, MACHINERY, ETC.

Benjamin, P. The Age of Electricity; 7s. 6d., 8vo, Cassell.
Burnley, J. Romances of Invention; 5s., cr. 8vo, Cassell.
Ritter, A. Electricity in the Service of Man, ill.; 21s., 8vo, Cassell.

I 5.—INDUSTRIES.

Atkinson, W. N. Explosions in Coal Mines; 7s. 6d., roy. 8vo, Longman.
Bickerdyke, J. Curiosities of Ale and Beer; 21s., roy. 8vo, Simpkin.

I 9.—FINE ARTS.

Barrett, W. A. English Glees and Part Songs; 7s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Longman.
Edwards, H. S. Famous First Representations; 6s., cr. 8vo, Chapman.
Naftel, M. Flowers, and how to paint them; 5s., 4to, Cassell.

I 10.—ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Caldecott, R. More "Graphic" Pictures; 6s., fo, Routledge.

I 12.—SPORTS.

How and Where to Fish in Ireland; 3s. 6d., 12mo, Low.

CLASS K.—LITERATURE.

K 3.—PHILOLOGY.

Chamberlain, B. H. Romanised Japanese Reader; 6s., 12mo, Trübner.
Darmesteter, A. The Life of Words; 4s. 6d., 12mo, Paul.
Tarring, C. Elementary Turkish Grammar; 6s., cr. 8vo, Paul.

K 6.—POETRY.

Lathrop, J. P. Represent. Poems of Living Poets; 15s., 8vo, Cassell.

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K 9.—FICTION.

Baldwin, Mrs. A Martyr to Mammon; 3 v., 31s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein
Cameron, Com. V. L. Cruise of the *Black Prince;* 6s., cr. 8vo, Chatto.
" " Harry Raymond; 5s., cr. 8vo, Warne.
Crawford, F. M. American Politician (cheap ed.); 21s., 12mo, Ward & Lock.
Dostoieffsky, F. Injury and Insult [tr. fr. Russ.]; 5s., cr. 8vo, Vizetelly.
Forrester, Mrs. Once Again; 3 v., 31s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Hurst.
Gibbons, Chas. Clare of Claresmede; 3 v., 31s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Low.
Gray, M. Silence of Dean Maitland; 3 v., 31s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Paul.
James, Henry. Princess of Cassamassima; 3 v., 31s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Macmillan.
Nelson, Horace. Through Deep Waters; 6s., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein.
Robertson, J. One of the People; 6s., cr. 8vo, Sonnenschein.
Shorthouse, J. H. Sir Percival; 6s., cr. 8vo, Macmillan.
Skene, F. M. F. A Strange Inheritance; 3 v., 25s. 6d., cr. 8vo, Blackwood.

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TIME.

DECEMBER, 1886.

FRED ARCHER.

ENGLISHMEN have a deeply-rooted love of sport, which may be traced back to those remote days when the early Briton had to depend upon his skill in the chase for furnishing his larder. Modern civilisation and the repressive tendencies of a somewhat grandmotherly legislation have tended materially to modify this spirit, but those potent influences combined have been powerless to crush it. Direct evidence of this was given a few days ago when the death of "Fred. Archer" was announced in a swift and unexpected fashion. The measure of the popularity of the premier jockey of the age could then be gauged to a nicety; and it is not trespassing beyond the bounds of strict truth to say that the sudden demise of a prominent statesman or general would not have caused greater consternation, or have given rise to more widespread regret. It is not sufficient to say that Archer was merely a jockey, and that as a jockey he was simply an excellent servant, who had done good both for his employers and himself, chiefly the latter. In his brief and essentially meteoric career the deceased horseman had managed, certainly, to amass a princely fortune, which many successful merchants might look upon with envy, but he had gone beyond that. He had raised the standard of his calling, profession, trade, or whatever it may be termed, in the estimation of the world, and had proved that it was possible to be both a jockey and a gentleman, a professional rider and an honest man. Archer always rode to win. To get first past "the post" was his hobby, and in pursuit of that hobby he amassed a fortune and lost his life. If he lost a race upon which he had set his mind he fretted like a spoiled child,

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and many a thoroughbred has felt the painful inconvenience of his unswerving energy. Genius has been described as the capacity for taking infinite pains. Viewed in this light, Archer was a genius, for he never threw a chance away. His life was a continuous round of self-denial—a war against the flesh, and a bitter struggle with nature. In this combat the great Dame, as she always does in the long run, conquered. Wasted and weak in body, the man's mind gave way, and in the throes of delirium he put an end to his life with a bullet.

Brief as was his career, it was full of stirring incident; in fact, a complete history of his life would be a history of the British turf for the last twenty years. Fred. Archer was born on the 11th of January, 1857, at Prestbury, near Cheltenham. It may be said that he imbibed a love of racing with his mother's milk. His father was a well-known steeplechase rider, and while young Fred. was still "puling in his nurse's lap," the elder Archer won a most sensational victory on the back of Little Charley, in the Liverpool Cup. The parent still lives, and though able to journey to Newmarket on the occasion of his son's tragic death, he was too ill and overcome to attend the funeral ceremonies. All good horsemen, like good athletes, learn their first lessons early, when the limbs are supple and the mind ready to receive instruction. It is said that he won a pony race when but six years old, and that he was never happy out of the saddle. As his father took a delight in his son's equine proclivities, this tendency was never checked, and the boy was allowed to amuse himself to the full of his bent. He thus learned to sit a horse so well that, when in the saddle, he seemed to be part of the animal, or, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has it, to be merely an extension of the muscles of the steed. He frequently followed the hounds over the Cotswold Hills, and was particularly clever with the dry stone walls in the neighbourhood of the "Seven Springs," the source of the Thames. When he was only eleven years of age—namely, in the early part of 1868—he was apprenticed to Mr. Matthew Dawson, the well-known Newmarket trainer. His indentures, viewed in the light of his subsequent performances, form very entertaining reading. He was apprenticed by the advice of Mr. La Terriere, of Cheltenham, himself a well-known gentleman rider, and the pupil very soon gave evidence that the advice was sound. The *regimen* in Mr. Dawson's model establishment was a very severe one, and well calculated to ground a boy in his work, and to bring to the front any good qualities he might have in him. The moral education of the boys, too, was well looked after, and to the motherly care of Mrs. Dawson, Archer, doubtless, owes much of the strict integrity which characterised him in after life. During the period of his apprenticeship Archer had to join with the other boys in the religious services, which were presided over by a paid chaplain. The deceased jockey often spoke in late years of the

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happy hours he spent during his period of probation, and he treasured his indentures so much that he had them framed and hung them up in a place of honour in his house.

Genius generally develops itself at an early age, and young Archer soon came to the front amongst the great company of aspiring horsemen serving their time with him. Of a naturally ready and cheerful disposition, his employer always found him willing to undertake any task. The lad was fond of work, and the greatest trouble to him seemed to be idleness. Added to this he was bold and daring, and his pluck became a by-word amongst his comrades. No horse was too vicious or intractable for him to mount, and when once seated he could never be shaken off. This naturally pleased his master, who soon picked him out as a boy to be pushed forward. Encouraged by the preference shown him, the young Cheltonian lost no opportunity of showing his eagerness to deserve the good opinions manifested towards him.

His first winning mount of note was over the old-fashioned and somewhat rustic racecourse at Chesterfield, where, in 1870, he rode Athol Daisy to victory, going to the scale at 6st. 5lb. He had, however, previously "sported silk" (to use a common phrase), in a handicap plate at the Newmarket Second October meeting of 1869, when he rode Honaria, the property of his master. He did not, however, win on this occasion. In 1872 he rode Mr. Naylor's Marmora in the Newmarket Handicap, and though he was beaten by a neck, the eyes of racing men began to be opened to his qualifications as a rising jockey. His first notable triumph, when he fairly won his spurs as a light-weight jockey, occurred in the autumn of the same year. A three-year-old colt, named Salvanos, belonging to Mr. J. Radcliffe, who has since passed away, was entered in the Cesarewitch with a very light weight, as he had never done anything to place him in the category of either a useful or dangerous horse. Acher was chosen to ride in the place of another jockey, and right well he justified the trust reposed in him, for he soon steered his horse out of the ruck, and, amidst a scene of the greatest excitement, he rode home a very easy winner. Archer's grand chance came in 1873, when poor Tom French died. This well-known rider was at that time head jockey to Lord Falmouth, and when he died from the effects of consumption, brought on by over wasting, he was buried in Newmarket Cemetery, and a stone placed over his grave commemorates the fact that a memorial was erected to him by his fellow-jockeys. At this time such horsemen as Fordham, Chaloner, Custance, Cannon, and the two Osbornes were riding, and it was no small thing for a man to come to the front in such company. That he did come through the crowd, however, is now a matter of history. In the spring of 1874 Archer won the Lincoln Handicap upon the back of Tomahawk, over a course on which he has many a time since distinguished himself in minor races. It was in that year, when the subject of this sketch

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was seventeen years old, that he commenced his long career of turf triumphs in the service of Lord Falmouth, beginning by steering Atlantic to victory in the Two Thousand Guineas, and beating such horses as Ecossais and Reverberation. This achievement confirmed Lord Falmouth in the opinion he had formed, that Archer was the legitimate and fitting successor of Tom French. His noble owner never swerved in the good opinion he had formed of young Archer, and the favourite jockey did yeoman service for that esteemed nobleman, who has been fittingly described as the greatest ornament the turf has ever seen. In the red cap and "magpie" jacket of Lord Falmouth Fred. Archer's chief achievements were gained, and though, after the retirement of his noble patron, he rode many distinguished horses to victory in the black-and-yellow of the Duke of Westminster, he always seemed most closely associated with the black-and-white.

To attempt to describe "Archer's mounts" from his seventeen-year-old performances to his last melancholy ride on Tommy Tittlemouse at Lewes this autumn, would mean the reproduction of a racing guide, for his name simply bristles on the pages of "Ruff's" annual volume wherever one opens it. His name was gradually noised abroad until it became a household word. He was called the "Tinman," the "Wonder," and other pet names by his admirers, whose name was legion. Enthusiastic musicians wrote waltzes, mazurkas, gallops, and quadrilles in honour of his name; and amateur poets invoked the muse to give him praise in swinging rhyme, or halting blank verse. Stable boys and young men of "horsey" proclivities copied his style of dress, and hatters and hosiers pandered to the demand by producing Archer hats, or Archer ties, and even Archer socks. In course of time people outside regular turf circles began to recognise the fact that it would be remunerative to follow the chances of the rising and apparently invincible young horseman, and each time Archer rode the public money flowed in to the bookmakers literally in streams to back his mounts. This had the effect of making him frequently such a warm favourite that the "market price" was restricted to very short odds indeed. As a consequence, the stable connections often found it necessary to resort to "innocent" tricks of the childlike nature attributed to the "Heathen Chinee," in order to get a chance of backing their candidate at a reasonable figure before the public rush came. It did not matter what sort of a horse Archer rode, his admirers followed the "mount," and occasionally got their fingers severely bitten. Of late years the rage for following the "Tinman" considerably abated; but to the last there were people who would stake their money upon him or not bet at all. This year any one who had invested £10 upon each mount of the favourite jockey would have lost a considerable sum of money. The

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following short table will give some idea of the way in which Archer must have worked. He rode

Year.	Mounts.	Wins.
1870	15	2
1871	40	3
1872	180	27
1873	422	107
1874	530	147
1875	605	172
1876	662	207
1877	602	218
1878	619	229
1879	568	199
1880	362	121
1881	532	219
1882	560	210
1883	631	232
1884	577	241
1885	667	246
1886	512	170

Thus, in the sixteen years he was before the public as a rider, he had no fewer than 8,064 mounts, out of which he won 2,760 times. His busiest year was the season of 1885, when he rode 667 times for 246 wins, the nearest approach to those figures being in 1876, when he rode 662 times with 207 wins. In 1880 there is a great falling off in the numbers, and this is to be accounted for by the fact that he was severely bitten in the arm —savaged, in fact—by a bad-tempered brute named Muley Edris, who has long since gone the way of all (horse) flesh. The injuries to the arm were so severe that it was a long time before Archer recovered.

What a splendid record Archer's is! No man has ever come within a measurable distance of it. His performances in the saddle include five Derby victories—Silvio, Bend Or, Iroquois, Melton, and latterly Ormonde (Bend Or's son). His victory on Bend Or will never be forgotten by those who saw it. He seemed literally to lift the horse past Robert the Devil, who was winning easily, just as they got to the winning post. Four victories stand to his name in the record of the Oaks and six in the St. Leger, the latter list being headed by the ever-green name of Silvio. He came in first four times for the Two Thousand, twice for the One Thousand. In the two-year-old list he was even more successful, for his name figures seven times in the Champagne Stakes, three in succession, eight in the Clearwell Stakes, and six each in the Richmond and Woodcote Stakes. Such a record as this would of itself stamp the man as being at the head of his profession. In the greater field of handicaps, however, he has been equally as successful. His victories here embraced five in the City and Suburban, which is run for over the same course as the Derby; Archer, in fact, was well-nigh invincible over this classic turf. Though he has scored

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twice in the Cesarewitch—once on the famous "double event" Rosebery—he never caught the eye of the judge in the Cambridgeshire, the sister race. This was always a sore point with him, and the keen disappointment he experienced last month, when he was just beaten by a head by Sailor Prince, a rank outsider, was, in the opinion of many persons, conducive to the depression which finally led him to take his own life. He had "wasted" and trained himself to ride St. Mirin in this race as he had never wasted before, and to be beaten by a head when victory seemed well within his grasp was very galling. He never rode the winner of the Chester Cup, nor could he score at any time in the Goodwood Stakes or Cup. The time-honoured Northumberland Plate fell to his lot but once, and that was on Barcaldine in 1883 after the glories of the "Pitman's Derby" had passed away. With the few exceptions named, however, Archer's name will be found enrolled in the history of every chief race annually decided in this country. He was unquestionably the greatest jockey ever known. He was a perfect horseman, and at the same time a good judge of the value of a racehorse. It was said that he could tell exactly what a horse could do directly he placed his legs over it. One thing is certain. He knew how to get every ounce out of a thoroughbred when he wanted it, and this faculty of using up his steed gave him the reputation of being cruel. He was not so hard or persevering a rider in his later days as in the earlier part of his career, when his mania for winning was simply insatiable. In his more matured years, if he saw he had little chance of getting well in front, he would not punish a horse by driving it into second or third place, and so calling the attention of handicappers to its merits.

Fred. Archer was one of those men so rare to find who could do what the horse-loving Yorkshire folks call "carry corn." Success, to pursue the simile, did not make him kick over the traces. He was not spoilt by success. Gentlemanly and courteous, and quiet in his attire, he fulfilled none of the conditions supposed to be requisite in the racing man of the stage, and he might have passed anywhere as a bank clerk, or well-to-do stockbroker. He was tall and slender, painfully pinched in the waist, and slightly bent in the back. His complexion was pale, his hair dark and arranged with neatness, and his eyes always looked you straight in the face. His mouth was somewhat peculiar in shape, and his upper teeth rather prominent, a feature early seized upon by caricaturists when they wished to delineate the "great jockey." The deceased horseman was a man of consummate skill, fertility of resource, and wonderful nerve. Danger or possible danger never troubled him. He saw only the winning post. His finest achievements were effected under circumstances of the greatest difficulty, and many are the stories told of his tricky fashion of getting through

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a ruck of horses when he was shut in apparently in hopeless fashion. He was particularly fond of getting round corners smartly, and in this he probably had no living equal, especially at Tattenham Corner, and over the awkward Manchester course. He occasionally gave the starter a great deal of trouble, but was too clever to trespass too far over the line. In the end, however, he always had his own way, and secured the position he coveted. In hugging the rails on the inside turn he has over and over again held his life in his hands.

In his early days of riding he was so slightly built that he often had to carry as much as two and three stone of dead weight, but as age crept upon him his daily study was to keep below his normal bodily weight of ten stone. To effect this, he had to go through shocking privations, in the way of sweating, starving, and physicking. For the first-named purpose he had special Turkish baths built at his private residence, while the chief piece of furniture in his library was a pair of very sensitive scales. He would exist for a whole day upon a bunch of grapes, or a single piece of dry toast and a glass of champagne. Of this treacherous wine he was particularly fond, but he would touch none but the very best brands. He declared that it kept him alive without in any way interfering with his weight. It must not, however, be inferred that his table was niggardly. On the contrary, it was always supplied in bountiful fashion, for he was a grand host. His self-denial was marvellous, for when he must have been simply ravenous with hunger, he would preside at his table surrounded by the most tempting viands, and yet merely munch a dry biscuit or his hard-burnt toast. When the pangs of hunger got almost past the power of man to resist the temptation to eat, he would adjourn to his library, test his weight on his trusty scales, shake his head at the last obstinate pound which refused to "come off," and then retire to bed to be out of the way of the savoury smell from the kitchen. Nature, however, rebelled against this treatment, and the punishment came swiftly and suddenly. The last straw that broke the camel's back was his attempt to get down to 8 st. 6 lb., to ride St. Mirin in the Cambridgeshire. He felt it was his last chance to win that event, and he had made up his mind to do it, at whatever cost. He rode, but did not win. On the contrary, he was a wreck, nerveless, dispirited, and utterly without stamina. In this condition he went to Brighton and Lewes, and suffered exposure on the bleak Downs, in a thin shirt and silk jacket, with a pair of hunting breeches. The inevitable chill followed, and the fever demon seized upon a frame ill prepared to withstand its ravages. The rest of the story is too fresh in the mind to need repetition.

Archer's income was naturally large. His earnings were enormous; while the presents of his pleased patrons were princely. He was always a careful, saving man, with few vices

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and a small share of extravagances. Charity, however, was by no means lacking in his composition, and many a brother jockey has to thank him for timely help of which the outside world knows nothing. Without ostentation and in no grudging spirit he subscribed liberally to local institutions, and he never forgot a favour rendered. This is one pleasing trait in his record which, as poor little Jo in "Bleak House" demanded of Snagsby, should be "writ werry large," for Archer, like all successful men, had numerous detractors. In his turf career he was like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. His desire to win was so keen that even had he been naturally disposed to run crooked, that feeling would have kept him straight. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of his employers, and was equally trusted by the public.

The greatest event in Fred. Archer's life was his marriage in 1883 to Miss Nellie Dawson, daughter of John Dawson, the famous trainer. This event took place at All Saints' Church, Newmarket, and the day was celebrated as a general holiday. Lord Hastings contributed an ox, which was roasted whole, and with a thousand loaves, and a thousand pints of beer, contributed by the bridegroom, distributed to the poor who held high holiday.

Unfortunately his married life was destined to be brief. A son was born in January of the following year, but this little blossom withered in the bud. On the 7th of November the famous jockey rode the Duchess of Montrose's Thebais and won the Liverpool Autumn Cup, and when he returned to scales, a telegram was placed in his hands, informing him that he was the father of a little daughter. This new life, however, was dearly bought, for it caused the sacrifice of that of the mother. Heart-stricken with grief Archer was nearly beside himself, but a faithful friend induced him to pay a visit to America. In the rich and ever-changing scenery of that wonderful country he forgot many of his troubles, and returned to England restored in health, bodily and mental. His little daughter, who is now two years old, inherits the greater portion of his vast wealth. The father's suicide—if that painful name can be applied to the ravings of fever—took place almost on the anniversary of his wife's death. The scene at his funeral will not readily be forgotten, if only for the wealth of floral tributes sent from every part of the country, even from Sandringham. Several of the wreaths came from France, where the subject of this brief sketch was exceedingly popular. He had frequently visited Paris, and while there had ridden the winners of many of the chief French races.

The house Archer had built for himself at Newmarket was fit for the residence of a nobleman, and was furnished like the mansion of a prince. It stood, however, in a bleak and cheerless situation, and the owner never really liked it after the decease of his wife. Internally it was rich in presents and equine portraits, for the deceased was passionately fond of horses.

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Portraits of every winner of note he had ridden found a place on his walls.

His death will be a loss to the turf, for his integrity was a model for other jockeys. Had he, however, taken the advice of his friends, and retired at the end of last season from the active work of riding at low weights, or have taken to cross-country work, he might have still been alive. If the lesson of his death, however, be taken to heart by our chief turf authorities, and the pernicious system of feather-weight handicapping abolished, the painful sacrifice of his life will not have been in vain.

ALFRED ALLISON.

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THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

I.

THE protection of persons and property and the preservation of public order and individual freedom has for generations been entrusted to the police in this and other civilised countries. So important are its functions, and so directly and continuously do they affect all classes of the community, that whatever is reasonably advocated or performed to increase the efficiency of the service and any of its branches is regarded with much concern by those to whom they relate.

No civil force in the world has so many national and private interests to protect, and such multifarious, intricate, and delicate duties to discharge, as the Metropolitan Police. It is important, therefore, that the public should be informed of the more essential facts respecting the constitution, required work, and services rendered, of this great executive power, and how it should be reformed.

Now, while a considerable amount of this information has been furnished by the quarterly reviews, monthly periodicals, and newspapers, I regret to say, after carefully examining all the important literature on the subject, and obtaining much additional knowledge relating to the force from members of different ranks in this and other police services, that even the aggregate amount of the facts and statements communicated in a readable form do not convey anything like a sufficient knowledge of the subject to satisfy the reasonable requirements of the public. I will consequently endeavour to supply this omission to some material extent. As the task is a difficult one, I fear my shortcomings in this effort will be both numerous and considerable. It is only undertaken, however, on account of the general desire which has long been manifested, both by the police and the public, to have much fuller information on the subject of this article.

Previous to 1830, when the police of the metropolis, as established by a statute passed in 1829, commenced work, the guardianship of this district was defective and disgraceful in the extreme. The criminals, rogues, and vagabonds had gained the upper hand of the wheezy and decrepid watchmen called "Charlies," to whom the protection of the metropolis was almost

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entirely entrusted. Each watchman was provided with a staff, which he frequently thumped on the pavement as he walked, and with a loud voice called out the hour and the state of the weather. By these means and the rays from his large lantern his whereabouts were known by the thieves, who often on this account escaped capture. These helpless pseudo-protectors often fell asleep for hours in the watch-boxes which were provided for them, and were occasionally roused from their snooze by these receptacles being overturned by the young bloods and "Tom and Jerry" men of the period. As the protection of the metropolis was divided into small jurisdictions, independent of each other, and having conflicting interests, there was a lack of unity of action in the preservation of order. Some districts in the metropolitan area were without protection, including Deptford which, though containing 20,000 inhabitants in 1828, was then without a single policeman or watchman. In the City of London, the police of which is under the control of its corporation, the old watchmen were retained for its defence at night up to 1839.

By the Metropolitan Police Act of 1829, which was passed by the special efforts of Sir Robert Peel, the protection of the metropolis by watchmen was discontinued. Power was given to establish a new police officer for this and the surrounding districts, and to appoint two magistrates to conduct the business of the office under the direction of the Home Secretary. These justices of the peace, who were by another statute in 1839 styled the Commissioners of the Police of the Metropolis, were reduced to one. In 1856 two assistant commissioners were appointed, and a third one in 1884.

It is provided in the original Act of this police force that Westminster and parts of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent were to be formed into an area to be called the Metropolitan District, and a force for the whole district was to be appointed. Regulations were to be made by the two magistrates referred to for the management of the police, subject to the approbation of the Home Secretary. These justices were also empowered to suspend or dismiss policemen. Provision was also made for the appointment of a receiver to receive all moneys applicable to, and to contract for, any land and buildings for the purposes of this statute.

The wages, allowances, and rewards to the police were to be regulated by the Home Secretary. For the expense of the police a rate was to be levied on all persons liable to the poor rate of not exceeding 8*d.* in the pound in any year. By Order in Council, any parish or place within twelve miles of Charing Cross, might be added to the police district. Such are the main provisions of the Act for the establishment of the Metropolitan Police. This has since been greatly reformed, and the radius of the police district extended by, and under the provisions of,

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subsequent statutes, and particularly that of 1839. Under that Act the river Thames was directed to be within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police in, or adjoining to, the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, Berkshire, Essex, and Kent, and the City of London and its liberties, and in and on the creeks, inlets, and waters, docks, wharves, quays, and adjacent launching places.

The total number of persons belonging to the Metropolitan Police force on January 1st last were 13,289; consisting of two district superintendents, one chief superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, twenty-four divisional superintendents, 637 inspectors, 1,119 sergeants, and 11,506 constables. The force is governed by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, who is appointed by, and takes his directions from, the Home Secretary. Immediately under the Commissioner in command are three assistant commissioners and five chief constables. On the retirement of Mr. Howard Vincent from the directorship of the Criminal Investigation Department in 1884 the office was discontinued, but similar functions are now discharged by one of the assistant commissioners. There were for some years four district superintendents, but as these offices were not of sufficient importance to the force, the two vacancies which occurred in them were not filled up. Four chief constableships have very recently been substituted for them so far as the divisions are concerned, while one has been formed in connection with the Criminal Investigation Department. The force also has a receiver, a legal adviser, a superintending surgeon, two surveyors, and about thirty Civil Service clerks engaged in the Commissioners' and Receiver's offices.

The Metropolitan Police district has an area of nearly seven hundred square miles. It includes, exclusive of the city of London, the entire county of Middlesex and those parishes in the southern boundary of Hertfordshire, on the south-west of Essex, on the north-west of Kent, and along the north of Surrey, which are within the fifteen mile radius of Charing Cross. The district is allotted into twenty land divisions, indicated by letters of the alphabet, and one on the Thames. The inner divisions vary from nearly a square mile to two or three, while some of the exterior divisions have about eighty square miles of ground. Each division, which is under the control of a superintendent, is distributed into sub-divisions according to local requirements. All the latter are provided with station houses, and the force within it are under the charge of sometimes two and sometimes four inspectors, who take duty in turns. The subdivisions are further divided into sections, and the latter into beats. Each beat is an allotted space to be patrolled by a constable, and the beats in each section are under the charge of a sergeant who reports to the inspectors of the subdivision the events which occur therein, and how the

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men discharge their duties. All the constables are marched from the station house under the control of a sergeant to their respective beats. As a check upon the duties of the sergeants in their sections, these are inspected day and night by the inspectors. The latter officials, who receive directions from, and make their reports to the superintendent, are responsible for the general conduct and good order of the sergeants and constables under them. It is also expected that they will be competent and ready to give proper instructions to their subordinates on all subjects relating to their duty. The inspectors are responsible also for the preservation of due order at the station houses, and the safety and proper treatment of persons in custody therein. They have also the responsible duties of taking and refusing charges, bailing persons in custody, and the despatch of a contingent of police in emergencies. Their work is hard, and their hours of duty are generally longer than those of section sergeants and constables. There are four inspectors attached to each large station, two upon day and two upon night duty, while in the minor stations two inspectors and two station sergeants do the work,—one in each rank together. No special rules are laid down for the general duties of the superintendents, these are left to their discretion; but they generally acquit themselves creditably in the discharge of such, while some are very active in patrolling their divisions on frequent occasions every month both night and day.

Day duty is divided into four watches of four hours each, and the night into one watch, from 10 P.M. till 6 A.M. The sergeants and constables are, however, obliged to be at the station house from which they start for the beats about a quarter of an hour previously. There is in each division a reserve of selected men, consisting of about thirty to forty. They are in charge of an inspector and several sergeants, according to the number of constables, and carry out special duties without resorting to the other members of the division. They are sent to Her Majesty's drawing-rooms, levées, state balls, race meetings, etc. As they must be temperate, smart, and men of good conduct, selection for this branch of the service is highly appreciated. They are, also, a little better remunerated. Mounted police are stationed at Hyde Park, and in all outer subdivisions for patrolling the country districts, whereby they can better prevent crime and follow offenders. The men for this duty, of which there are about two hundred, have generally received cavalry training. There appears, however, to be an insufficient number of them, according to the evidence taken before the committee on the riots in the metropolis in February last, and the necessity for their increase has been recommended. There are excellent reserve stables in the A Division, at which young horses for the force are broken in, and sick horses sent for treatment, and which include those used for despatch carts and vans.

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The duties which the divisional members of the Metropolitan Police have to perform are very numerous and diverse, including the prevention of robberies, the arrest of criminals, betting and gambling, cruelty to animals, disorderly houses, dangerous performances, fraudulent removal of goods, the sale of unwholesome food and poisons, illegal brawls, the breaking of close seasons for birds and fish, straying dogs and those supposed to be mad, the violation of cattle plague orders, the enforcement of the payment of the dog-tax, the abatement of smoke nuisances, the case of keeping explosive substances, the preservation of good order in places of amusement, assistance at fires, aiding the injured in street accidents, facilitating the recovery of lost or stolen property, the management of street traffic, the quelling of mob and other disturbances, the execution of magistrates' warrants and summonses, the maintenance of good order in houses and places licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and inquiries and notices as to all kinds of licenses, renewals, and transfers, the licensing of public carriages and their proprietors, drivers, and conductors; the regulation of the laws for regulating common lodging-houses, pawnbrokers, marine-store dealers, pedlars, and chimney-sweepers, and a great variety of other duties. In the discharge of these the police have to do with habitual criminals, vagabonds, roughs, various drunken and disorderly people, as well as with highly respectable persons.

Three leading reports are submitted every morning from every subdivision to the superintendent of each division. These are embodied into three divisional returns at the central station and sent to Scotland Yard. They are (1) The Morning State, (2) The Morning Report of Occurrences, and (3) The Morning Report of Crime. The first of these documents gives particular information concerning the strength and duties of the division and what members of it are at present sick, hurt, on duty, on sick leave, on leave, and who are detached and suspended, and in the country without pay; the number of members of the division, the rate of pay, the number of horses fit for duty, and the results of special inquiries, etc. The Morning Report of Occurrences has on the front the names of all police reported for misconduct, and the result; while on the back there is an account of all occurrences, accidents, fires, etc., during the previous twenty-four hours. The Morning Report of Crime gives an account of the felonies and misdemeanours committed in the division during the same time.

Orders are printed and issued daily from Scotland Yard to all the divisions. The majority of these refer to events of the hour. Some affect particular divisions, while others are of a permanent character, and apply to the whole of the police district. These orders, in almost all matters of detail, form the practice of the police, when not specially stated by Acts of Parliament.

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II.

One of the main operations of the police of the metropolis is the repression and detection of crime. To effect these objects, and especially the latter, many members of the force are obliged to act secretly, and to acquire information by deceit and stratagem. Much tact is required for this purpose, which often necessitates the police to pretend to be on friendly, and sometimes confidential, terms with criminals, who the former pay for facts notified which cause, or are likely to result in, the arrest of offenders. The Governments of many first and second-class Powers adopt this procedure, which is an essential part of police administration. To be efficient, however, it requires close supervision and extremely careful regulations as to the manner in which it is practised.

The detection of criminals has been greatly facilitated in the metropolis and the provinces by statute-law, which compels convicts who are liberated on license and persons sentenced to police supervision to report themselves at short intervals to the police authorities in the districts wherein they reside. Crime is also greatly prevented and the capture of criminals much facilitated by the compulsory photography of notorious prisoners shortly before leaving gaol, in pursuance of the Prevention of Crimes Act of 1871. The visiting by the police at prisons of persons on remand and for trial, and an improved system of communication between police forces of the United Kingdom, India, the Colonies, and Continental and American nationalities, have materially contributed to the same result. Extradition treaties with foreign nations and the Fugitive Offenders' Act have likewise operated for a similar purpose.

The secret service for the detection of crime by the Metropolitan Police is entrusted to members appointed to entirely engage in it. This branch of the force, which was first established in 1842, merely contained two inspectors and six sergeants, and formed the detective department. Additions were, however, made to it from time to time until in 1869 it was headed by a superintendent, and had three chief and three ordinary inspectors, and six first and thirteen second-class sergeants. The department was greatly augmented and improved in that year by the appointment of police to act as detectives in the divisions of the Metropolitan Police district, and no less than twenty sergeants and one hundred and six first-class constables were appointed as divisional detectives in plain clothes. Consequent upon bad supervision of the detective department, indifferent interchange of information, weak cohesion between the several parts of the secret service, and the bribery and corruption which was proved against three of its leading members, the department was reformed in March 1878,

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and its title changed into that of the Criminal Investigation Department. The new establishment was placed under the immediate control and guidance of a director. Mr. Howard Vincent was appointed to this post, but since his resignation the office has not been filled up, but similar duties are now performed by Mr. Munro, one of the assistant commissioners, who succeeded Mr. Vincent as the practical head of the department. The subordinate officers and men now comprising the Scotland Yard branch consist of Mr. Williamson, one of the recently-appointed chief-constables, one superintendent, four chief and three first-class inspectors, and about twenty second-class inspectors. The local branch contains an inspector to each division, called the local inspector, and about one hundred and fifty sergeants and a hundred constables or patrols of different classes. The Scotland Yard branch of criminal investigations contains men of greater intelligence and competency, and far more qualified to engage in making intricate inquiries than their local brethren, the more expert of whom are promoted to the higher division. In the higher branch several of the officers are acquainted with foreign languages, an accomplishment which is very appreciable when it is remembered that the criminal and desperate foreigners who assemble in the metropolis are sufficiently numerous to fill a large city. The Criminal Investigation Department is mostly recruited from volunteers who are called for in police orders from the uniform members, and are recommended by their superintendents. Promotion is by merit.

The convict office in Scotland Yard forms part of the department. It is under a chief inspector. Classified albums of the photographs and marks of all discharged convicts on license and persons under police supervision in England are kept at this office. The antecedents of those living in the Metropolitan Police district are also entered in supervision registers, as well as those particulars concerning their conduct during the currency of their license or supervision as are obtainable in the periodical visits which they make.

Individuals under remand or awaiting trial in the Metropolitan and City Police districts are visited at prisons by selected warders from metropolitan gaols and police from each division for the identification of any person who has previously been convicted. Persons recognised as of this class have their previous convictions proved against them.

One great disadvantage to which London detective officers are subject is that they are too well known by their appearance and mannerism, not only to criminals, but to the dangerous classes who mostly become such.

On the other hand, it is stated that a Parisian detective, who cannot so disguise himself that his oldest friend could not recognise him, is not considered to be worthy of his post. The system

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of espionage prevalent in Paris renders this non-recognition necessary, but such a method would not be tolerated in the United Kingdom.

The Criminal Investigation Department is often unjustly censured for unpreventible failings in the discovery of crime, but is comparatively seldom commended by the public for the praiseworthy services it has rendered. It inquires into thousands of cases for Government departments, and Indian, colonial, provincial, and foreign police; and increases the arrests of notorious criminals by well and systematically notifying them to the police of other forces. The number of criminals arrested by this department annually, compared with those by the uniform branch of the Metropolitan Police force, in proportion to the number of members in each, is strong evidence of the utility of the former, and this is strengthened by the records of the commendations of its members by judges and magistrates, and the rewards which they have received for special merit.

Many appreciable services devolve upon the Criminal Investigation Department in connection with extradition and fugitive criminals. The members of this service are sent to all parts of the world for the arrest of offenders, and nearly always succeed in their mission. Much good is done also by the department in co-operating, more or less, with the several societies for the assistance of discharged prisoners.

It appears, however, questionable whether the detective strength of the Metropolitan Police would not be increased in connection with immense financial frauds, by the appointment of a few persons of a far greater general knowledge and of higher social status than any of the present members of the department. When we read of so many escapes by scientific thieves with a large amount of valuable property, stolen under the most artful means, we cannot help thinking that expert robbery has advanced at a greater ratio than skill in its prevention and the arrest of those who engage in it. If, therefore, three or four special detectives, possessed of the highest qualifications to contend with these criminals, were appointed, the efficiency of the Criminal Investigation Department might be enhanced, and especially if such persons were selected from the most eligible men who could be found for this purpose, whether belonging to a police force or not.

Other departments in Scotland Yard in which police are employed are, the Commissioners' office, the executive branch, the public carriage branch, the common lodging-house branch, and the lost property branch. The majority of the members of the force who are not engaged in any of the foregoing departments, or in divisional duty, are employed in Government and other public departments, and the remainder by public companies and private individuals. Most of the police in Government occupation are in the service of the Admiralty and War Office authorities

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in protecting the dockyards and military stations under the control of these departments. Many of these special policemen have recently been employed by the Home Office in relation to the dynamite outrages. Among other Government and public departments who employ the Metropolitan Police are the Houses of Parliament, the Inland Revenue Office, the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Museum of Science and Arts, South Kensington, the Post Office, etc.

The remuneration which the Metropolitan Police receive for their services varies very much even in the same ranks. The salary of the Commissioner is £1,500 a year, and an allowance of £309 18*s.* 5*d.* for house rent at £300 per annum, and income tax thereon. He also receives an allowance of £63 a year for the keep of a horse, and £300 per annum for travelling expenses in visiting H.M. dockyards and military stations. The salaries of each of the three assistant commissioners are £800 per annum, while each has a yearly allowance of £300 for house rent, and two £150 a year for travelling expenses in visiting the above-mentioned dockyards and military stations. The receiver obtains £1,200, and the legal adviser £1,000 a year. The salaries of the two late district superintendents were £800 a year each. The same amount, or nearly so, may be paid to the five chief constables who have recently been created. The chief surgeon receives £600 per annum, and the twenty-five clerks in the Commissioners' and Receivers' offices from £90 to £800 per annum. One acting and one assistant surveyor are paid salaries varying from £260 to £600 per annum.

The late Chief Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, who has recently been made a chief constable, was paid a salary of £650, and £15 per annum in lieu of uniform. The twenty-four divisional superintendents receive salaries and allowances varying from £300 to £475, and £11 a year each for uniform clothing. To four of these superintendents is paid a good service allowance of £25 each.

Of the inspectors, three attached to the Criminal Investigation Department are paid from £320 to £350. Nine other inspectors, not engaged in ordinary divisional duty, receive from £200 to £275. Twenty-two chief inspectors of divisions are paid £100 each, 550 from £117 to £187, and 35 from £88 to £99. Clothing or money allowance instead of such is found or given to them. The allowance to officers of the Criminal Investigation Department is £15 a year, to those engaged at the Royal Palaces, £12 10*s.*, and to other officers £10 per annum. Two of the sergeants receive a payment of £156, three of £151, six of £146, five of £140, 176 from £100 to £130, and 918 from £88 to £99. In the constables' pay 66 obtain £83, 42 £80, 4,823 £78, and 6,575 £62 to £75. Clothing is found for each sergeant and constable, or money allowance in lieu of it at the rate of £10 and £5 per

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annum. Married men living out of police-stations receive 4*d.* per week instead of coals, and single men 3½*d.* Bachelors living in stations receive 40 lbs. of coal weekly in winter, and 20 lbs. in summer, and married men 40 lbs. all the year round.

The police employed on special duty have allowances in addition to their remuneration, which varies from 2*s.* to 19*s.* per week. The greater portion of these allowances is paid by those who employ them. There are also 20 inspectors, 77 sergeants, and 727 constables in the reserve force, and these receive a weekly allowance of 4*s.*, 3*s.*, and 1*s.* 6*d.* each respectively.

For extraordinary diligence and meritable actions, rewards are granted out of the Police Fund. If a judge or a stipendiary magistrate recommends a policeman for particular merit, or for a reward, it may either be a money payment direct from the Commissioner, or an entry upon the officer's "defaulter sheet" of a commendation to be remembered in connection with his advancement. These rewards are an inducement for promoting those by whom they are gained. On all proper grounds the Commissioner permits gratuities to the police from private persons on the circumstances being reported to him. Before they submit their recommendations regarding them superintendents should be allowed to satisfy themselves from inquiry that no direct or indirect solicitation has been made to the person by whom the present has been made. As the services rendered in favour of persons by members of the Criminal Investigation Department is more pecuniarily recognised than those of the street-duty police, one-fourth of the gratuities received by the detectives is deducted in favour of the General Reward Fund.

All promotions up to the rank of superintendent are made from the next lower rank. When vacancies occur the best qualified men in all respects are recommended to the Commissioner for the appointments, but seniority of service is duly considered. Before being promoted thereto the men must pass a satisfactory educational examination before the Civil Service Commission. Various subjects for examination and different standards of merit are provided for each class.

Elementary education lessons are given at section houses weekly to those sergeants and constables who require it by a schoolmaster paid out of the Imperial funds. It is compulsory for men of these ranks to receive the instruction until they obtain a certificate from the schoolmaster of being able to read, write, and cypher to the extent of the first three rules.

Punishments are inflicted upon the police for breaches of discipline of different degrees of severity. For ordinary and trivial cases of misconduct, the general course is for the superintendent to reprimand and caution in the first instance. Upon a repetition of the offence a small fine of about 1*s.* is inflicted. The first time, however, that a constable is proved to have been drunk

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on duty the fine is 5*s*., with a reprimand, while a second occurrence of this misconduct usually costs the offender two days' pay.

It is seldom that intoxication during duty is found in the ranks above that of the constables. If a sergeant or inspector is guilty of it he would be likely to be reduced in grade, even for the first occurrence, unless his previous conduct was exceptionally good.

When a serious charge is made against a policeman, and particularly respecting his honesty, his truthfulness, or general fitness for the force, he is sent before the Commissioner or assistant commissioner without delay, to be finally dealt with by him. If the accused has been guilty of grave misconduct, he is sometimes dismissed from the service or has his pension reduced. Frequent cases of drunkenness might cause this result. It is gratifying to learn that intoxication is decreasing in the Metropolitan Police. The reports for misconduct against members of the force which are entered on the morning report, are recorded on the "defaulter sheet" of the man whom they affect with the result. This sheet also shows class advancements, transfers, and promotions, while commendations and rewards are notified therein in red ink.

The scale of pensions granted for life to the police who joined the service before 1862 is as follows:—After 15 years' service, fifteen-thirtieths of salary; after 20 years, sixteen-thirtieths; after 21 years, seventeen-thirtieths; after 22 years, eighteen-thirtieths; after 23 years, nineteen-thirtieths; and after 24 years, twenty-thirtieths. No pension is, except from injury on duty, to exceed two-thirds of the full-pay. Mr. Ex-District Superintendent Walker is adverse to pensions being granted equal to the amount of duty pay except from such injury, as he states that such a concession would cause many members of the force to remain therein longer than they should do. This pension scale was changed, much to the vexation of nearly all belonging to the Metropolitan Police, who joined the service since the 17th of March, 1862. Under the second scale these men are not entitled to as large pensions on retirement from the force as their comrades who became members of such before this date. The alteration was made on the recommendation of the late Sir Richard Mayne, the then Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, on account of so many men leaving the force after the twenty years' service. Others became malingerers, whereby they became practically useless as Metropolitan policemen.

Reverting to this later scale of pensions, applicable to the present time, only fifteen-fiftieths of the full pay is given after 15 years' service, and one-fifteenth for each additional year from 15 to 20 years. For every further year's duty, from 20 to 25 years, two-fiftieths of the pay is granted; after 25 years thirty-fiftieths, and for each year completed from 25 to 28 years one-

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fiftieth, and after 28 years the maximum pension of two-thirds of the full salary. Deductions are made for the Superannuation Fund from the pay of superintendents and first and second class inspectors at the rate of 2½ per cent., and 2 per cent. from the wages of third-class inspectors, sergeants, and constables. It would be inexpedient to discontinue this small deduction, as it is said to be the strongest inducement to retain the police in the service as a class.

According to a Parliamentary return of the receipts and payments on account of the Police Superannuation Fund between the 1st of April, 1885, and the 31st of March, 1886, it appears that the stoppages from the salary and pay of the police between these dates for the pension fund amounts to £26,107 18*s.* 7*d.*, of which £19,997 9*s.* 8*d.* are for deductions on account of the fund, £5,695 18*s.* for stoppages during sickness, and £414 10*s.* 11*d.* in respect of fines on police-constables for misconduct. The sum of £4,057 14*s.* 8*d.* is contributed from fines imposed by magistrates on drunken persons and for assaults on the police, and £1,272 16*s.* 5*d.* from the proceeds of old police clothing. The Admiralty and War Departments also pay £6,071 18*s.* 4*d.* to the Superannuation Fund, public departments £7,665 9*s.* 3*d.*, and public companies and private individuals £2,855 2*s.* 4*d.*; these last three payments being made in respect of the Metropolitan Police employed by the parties. The great bulk of the remainder of the fund, which is £127 13*s.* 9*d.*, is paid from the general fund of the Metropolitan Police. On the 21st March last there were 3,795 pensioners on the list, to whom was paid £173,097 4*s.* 3*d.*, while 39 constables received gratuities amounting to £2,275 9*s.* 8*d.*

No person in any grade of the police is entitled to retire for being pensioned under sixty years of age without being certified as unfit for duty by the chief surgeon to the force.

The widow of a Metropolitan policeman who has been killed, or has died from injuries received in the execution of his duty, may have a pension paid to her, and a compassionate allowance to each of his children. Such pension, however, will cease on the re-marriage of the widow, and the allowance to the children on their attaining fifteen years of age. A pension is only paid to a policeman of the force upon the condition that it may be withdrawn by the Home Secretary—(1) On conviction of the pensioner for any indictable offence. (2) On his knowingly associating with thieves or suspected criminals. (3) On refusing to give all information and assistance in his power for the detection and apprehension of criminals, and for the suppression of any breach of the public peace. (4) If he enters into or continues in any business, occupation, or employment which, in the opinion of the Home Secretary, shall be disgraceful in itself or injurious to the public, or in which he shall make use of the fact of his former employment in the police service in a manner which the Secretary of

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State may consider improper. (5) If the pensioner assigns the pension to any other person.

Four-fifths of the single men of the Metropolitan Police reside at station or section houses. There are about one hundred and sixty of these places, of various sizes, for the accommodation of from five or six to sixty men. They are provided and fitted up at the cost of the receiver. The charge to the men for these lodgings is 1s. per week, and is deducted from their pay. The accommodation includes bed, box, mess, library, recreation-rooms, and necessary offices, and in all the new stations bath-rooms. A constable in the section house has one mess per day with his fellows, which is his dinner. He provides himself with his other meals. The general mess is regulated by a mess-master, each of the senior officers taking it in turn for a month.

Much economy is thus effected by living in these houses. In the larger section houses libraries, reading-rooms, and billiard-rooms are provided, but no drinking is allowed therein.

Many important particulars are given in the last published report of the Commissioner, from which I will mention some particulars:—

247 police officers were commended by or received pecuniary rewards from judges and magistrates, and 1,095 were rewarded by the Commissioner.

The supervision of convicts under license and those sentenced to police surveillance has been carried out with strictness and with all possible consideration for the interest of those prisoners who try to lead an honest life.

3,022 persons were arrested for assaults on police officers.

17,203 were charged as drunk and disorderly.

The reputed loss of property stolen during the year was £108,406. The total amount of property stolen was distributed among the following offences:—

	£
Stolen in burglaries	3,481
„ „ housebreakings	11,272
„ „ larcenies	60,791
Embezzlements and frauds	21,774
Other offences	11,088

Half of the burglaries and housebreakings were effected through doors and windows left open or unsecured, and 1,157 houses with no person in charge were entered and robbed.

The number found open by the police was 27,984.

14,478 children under ten years of age, and 3,938 adults were reported by the police as lost or missing; 8,485 children and 821 adults were found by the police. The remainder returned home or were found by their friends, except 74 adults, who committed suicide. The remaining 121 adults and 8 children have never been traced.

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105 bodies of persons found dead and unknown were photographed, but 54 were not identified.

The number of fatal accidents in the streets which came under police notice was 127, and according to the return of the Registrar-General 265.

The number of persons injured in the street was 3,952, a large proportion of the sufferers being persons riding and driving.

Proceedings were taken against 968 persons for furious riding and driving.

16,283 stray dogs in the streets were seized by the police; 1,693 were claimed. The rest were sent to the Dogs' Home and otherwise disposed of.

There were 1,113 registered common lodging-houses under control at the end of the year for the accommodation of 31,064 lodgers.

In the public carriages lost property branch 20,667 articles were deposited. Of these 11,248 were restored to the owners, who paid awards amounting in the whole to £2,036 3*s.* 4*d.* The remaining property was either returned to the finders or sold as unclaimed. The most notable deposits were, "bag of jewellery, £750," and "diamond tiara, £850."

In the public carriages licensing branch 12,904 licenses were granted—viz., 6,832 for two-wheeled hackney carriages, 3,737 four-wheeled hackney carriages, and 2,336 stage carriages.

The number of licenses issued for hackney drivers was 13,824, stage drivers 4,532, and conductors 4,907 = 24,263.

The total number of separate individuals who were on the sick list in 1884 was 5,976. The average daily number of men on the sick list was 329·98.

By far the most important reform which is required in the Metropolitan Police is the settlement of the superannuation question on a satisfactory basis. So widespread are the complaints which have been made upon the present defective system of pensioning the members of this force, that the service suffers, and will further suffer from this cause. Many officers belonging to it are only induced to remain therein on the faith that the Government will duly remedy this grievance in the near future. Over and over again the police have been led to believe by Home Secretaries of different Administrations that this right would be acceded; and every year during which it is withheld adds to the complaints and dissatisfaction of the police. Several bills more or less meritable have been introduced into the House of Commons for a reformed pension system. As to what this should be slight differences of opinion prevail among the police, but it is generally agreed that every policeman, unless he has grievously misconducted himself, ought to be entitled to claim his pension after having served twenty or more years in the force, and that this pension should be at least equivalent to that which was

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provided for all men joining the Metropolitan Police service before 1862. Again, there are many highly meritable police officers who are engaged upon special duty, and several of them are practically barred from promotion for ordinary divisional duty, yet the allowances which they receive in addition to their pay are not calculated in the pensions which are granted to them. In fairness to these men all pensions should be based upon the aggregate amount of the pay and allowances which they receive in all cases when the allowances have been paid for ten years or more. If an officer engaged on ordinary divisional duty is promoted, his pension is based upon the amount he is in receipt of when retiring from the force, although he may only have been promoted a few weeks.

Owing to the additional arduous duties which the police have to perform during public holidays and sometimes for a few days afterwards, extra leave of absence from duty should be granted as an equivalent. This concession might be carried out by increasing the annual holidays of inspectors to twenty-one days, sergeants to fourteen days, and constables to ten days, instead of fourteen, ten, and seven days which they now respectively have granted to them.

New scales of pensions are required for those policemen who, at different periods of their service below twenty years, may be wholly or partially incapacitated from doing duty. Improved rates of pensions, allowances, and gratuities, should also be provided for the widows and children of deceased members of the force. Retired policemen, not again liable to service, should be allowed to commute their pensions for a lump sum. From May to September sergeants and constables should be provided with a light cap and serge suit, instead of the uncomfortable helmet and thick outer garments which they then wear. The sum to be thus saved might advantageously be expended in improved overcoats and better boots and leggings, the latter of which many of them much require. The truncheon cases should be discontinued.

Nearly all the defects which have been found in the Metropolitan Police regulations respecting public meetings have been remedied, while the remainer will soon be got rid of. They formed the subject of an investigation by the committee appointed by the Home Secretary, who have reported to Parliament on the subject, and the contents of their report has been fully published and commented upon in the newspapers.

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SOME GLIMPSES OF WHITTINGTON'S LONDON.

For most minds the tale of the Olden Time, which has furnished the theme of well-nigh every English child's first lesson in English history, possesses a peculiar charm. Even in after years, when for us

> "Bells have forgotten their old art of telling
> The fortune of other days,"

and fuller knowledge compels us to modify, if not to forego, so many of our earlier beliefs, we are very loth to admit that the more romantic portions of the narrative are, in all likelihood, only some of those epiphytic accretions, beautiful indeed but wholly extraneous, with which Time delights to clothe alike ancient pile, decaying tree, and old-world human story. But if —so strong is the force of habit—it be no easy thing to disabuse our minds of their faith even in that part of the tale which sets forth the instrumentality of the Cat in founding the princely fortune eventually amassed and so wisely expended by Richard Whittington, it is—and for the same reason—yet more difficult to realise, amid modern "London's central roar," a time wherein the dimensions of the capital were of such slender proportions as contemporary records show them to have been when, more than five centuries since, the bells of Old Bow rang out their message of hope and endeavour

> "While a boy listened alone;
> Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
> All by himself on a stone."

The definition of London given by Camden, the Elizabethan historian,—"totius Britanniæ epitome,"—was equally applicable to the metropolis of an earlier time; and in the highways and byways of the London of the latter half of the fourteenth and the earlier portion of the fifteenth centuries might be seen a faithful reflex of all that was noble and admirable and wise and good, together with so much that was unworthy and base and mean in both national and individual English life at that time. Although the material memorials of Whittington's London still existing are but few, the literary remains are, happily, many

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and various—ample indeed to enable us to form a tolerably accurate idea both of the external features of the city and of the modes of life and thought which obtained among the citizens.

"The city is compassed about with a high and thick wall, full of turrets and bulwarks. A dry ditch, but deep and broad and overgrown with bushes, briars, and thorns, goeth about three sides or quarters of the city. To the fourth side the river itself serveth as a ditch."

Thus in Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" the imaginary capital is described; and testimony of an earlier date is not wanting to show that in this account we have a trustworthy description of the older London—with its cincture of deep foss and hoary walls on three sides, and on the southern side "river of Thames well-stored with fish"—of the reigns of the last Plantagenet king and Harry of Lancaster who succeeded him. A representation of the metropolis in the time of Henry V., and consequently in the later days of Sir Richard Whittington,—probably one of the oldest pictures of London extant,—may be seen in a very fine illuminated manuscript which formerly belonged to Henry VII., and is now in the King's Library in the British Museum. Therein are depicted, with considerable detail, the Tower and its environs, Old London Bridge with gabled houses standing on it, the cathedral of St. Paul with its lofty tower and spire, embattled palaces, and numerous monasteries and churches; while in the foreground is a graphic picture of old-time life, showing the captive Duke of Orleans and his guards in the White Tower, retainers and richly-caparisoned steeds in the courtyard, and, beneath the walls, barges and light wherries on the river.

During the earlier portion of the period we are considering, besides the postern by the Tower and the watergates, of which Queenhithe, Billings-gate, and Dow-gate were the principal, there were seven gates in the city wall—namely, Ald-gate, Bishops-gate, Cripple-gate, Alders-gate, New-gate, Lud-gate, and the Bridge-gate over the river; and, towards its close, one other, Moor-gate, which was built upon the Moorside, "where was never gate before," in the year of the victory of Agincourt, by the then Lord Mayor, Thomas Falconer, according to Stow, "for ease of the citizens, that way to pass upon cawseys into the field for their recreation: for the same field was at that time a marish."

Among fields and marshes, too, the noble palace of Westminster, and the monastery and church within its precincts, loomed large and high, being approached from the eastward by way of the Strand, which sloped steeply to the river, and wherein stood—besides the churches of St. Mary the Virgin and St. Clement Danes, and the "goodly inns" of lords temporal and spiritual, among the latter being the bishops of Exeter, Bath, and Chester—the stately buildings of the "fairest manor

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in England," the royal palace of the Savoy, tenanted by no less renowned a personage than "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster." Despite its distinguished residents, transit through the Strand was positively perilous at times, the highway being "so deep and muddy, and the pavement so much injured and broken" by reason of the large amount of traffic between "the gate called Temple Bar" and the Staple at Westminster. Covent Garden was then known as Frère Pye Garden, and was an appurtenance of the Abbey of Westminster. St.-Giles-in-the-Fields, where, by-the-bye, stood a very ancient stone cross, could hardly claim to be called a village, consisting as it did of but a few houses clustered round the hospital founded by Queen Matilda some three centuries before for the maintenance of forty lepers. A little to the west thereof was the Tyburn, a limpid brook flowing between a double row of elms. Rivulet and trees were alike intimately associated with the life of the metropolis. From the burn and its springs water was conveyed through leaden pipes to the Great Conduit in Cheapside; while frequently might be seen suspended from branches of the elms—fateful and fatal trees!—bodies of traitors or criminals, it being customary to drag such unfortunates hither on a hurdle to undergo their sentence of being hanged, drawn, and quartered.

As west of the quondam village of Charing, with its octagonal cross said to have been more elegant than any of the others erected as memorials of the "good Queen Eleanor," so also north beyond Clerkenwell and Holborn were open country and green fields; and here, there, and everywhere within the confines of the metropolis gardens were numerous and of great extent. In Clerkenwell, so named because the parish clerks assembled there to play religious interludes, stood the priory of St. John of Jerusalem, the preceptory of which was burnt by the mob who sacked Lambeth Palace and fired the Temple and the Savoy at the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection. Here, too, was a house of Black Nuns founded, as was also the priory, in the reign of Henry I., by Jordan Briset, a baron of that time. Hard by the priory was Pardon Churchyard, wherein, during the terrible year of the Black Death (1348-9), no less than fifty thousand persons had been promiscuously buried. Within its confines stood a Carthusian priory—the Charterhouse—styled by the founder, Sir Walter de Manny, whose doughty deeds were so appreciatively chronicled by old Froissart, the House of the Salutation of the Mother of God.

At the time when Whittington determined upon London as the place wherein he would wrestle with fate for fortune, and long subsequently, Smithfield, or more correctly Smoothfield, was—as the latter name implies—level meadowland; and thither from the Tower came many a royal procession to witness the jousts and pageants which were held there. There, too, was seen an encoun-

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ter of a sterner sort. It was in this same field that Wat Tyler, at the head of his imposing muster of men of Kent, augmented by a heterogeneous following of "shoeless ribalds" from other counties, was confronted by the youthful king, and, while laying hasty hand upon the monarch's bridle, was slain by Lord Mayor Walworth and one of the royal squires. In Smithfield stood St. Bartholomew's Priory, within whose gates was held the famed Bartholomew fair, when booths were erected in the churchyard, and drapers, mercers, and others were wont to come thither to show and sell their wares. Already a great horse and cattle market was held in Smithfield; and there, too, was to be seen, not only on fair and market days, but on most other days beside, a motley assemblage watching the performances of acrobats and sleight-of-hand men, variously designated "jogelours" and "tragetours." Of one of this fraternity Chaucer tells in *The House of Fame*:—

> "There saw I Coll Tragetour
> Upon a table of sicamour
> Play an uncouth thing to tell,
> I saw him carry a wind-mell
> Under a walnote shale."

To the Smoothfield on Shrove Tuesday, after having spent the morning in cock-fighting, the London schoolboys, fortified with fritters, came to play football in the presence of the "antient and wealthy men of the city," who resorted thither on horseback to witness the sport. Thither on certain festivals the schoolboys, probably much less eager to display their parts, came again, accompanied by their masters, to publicly engage in logical disputation.

In those days the highway in Holborn was, Rymer tells us, "so deep and miry that many perils and hazards were occasioned thereby." This thoroughfare, however, was paved and otherwise improved at the king's expense some three years before Whittington's last mayoralty. The locality derived its name from the river which ran through it. From the uplands of Hampstead and Highgate flowed this stream, which was called along a portion of its course, on account of the deep hollows thereabout, Holbourne, and nearer its embouchure, the Fleet—*i.e.*, the flood. Over it were two stone bridges, of which one was called Holbourne Bridge and the other Fleet Bridge. Near Holbourne Bridge stood Holbourne Cross. A little way north-west of this bridge was the residence of the Bishop of Ely, a goodly hostel, with its chapel of St. Ethelreda, gardens, vineyard, and orchard; in sooth, as a later historian (Camden) declared it to be, a place "well beseeming bishops to live in." In Holborn were the churches of St. Andrew and St. Sepulchre, and in Fleet Street those of St. Dunstan and St. Bridget, and the hostel of the Bishop of Sarum. The residence of the Bishop of Chichester and the Domus Conversorum, a royal foundation, hitherto used as a house of maintenance for converted

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Jews, but recently annexed to the newly-created office of Custos Rotulorum, were situate between Fleet Street and Holborn. In both these streets were inns of the nobles and shops of dealers in costly wares. Westward from the Fleet and fronting the Thames, in close proximity to the round church and precincts of the Temple, surrounded by extensive gardens, rose the church and convent of the White Friars. Between these and St. Paul's stood the ruined tower of Montfiquet and the priory of the Black Friars, and frowned the grim old Norman fortress, Baynard's Castle. Near Ludgate, at that time used for a free debtors' prison, under which, "on the side where the Friars' Preachers is situate," a movable stall, leased to a jeweller and his wife for the annual rent of 40*s.*, was erected—was the Church of St. Martin, said by Robert of Gloucester to have been built in the seventh century by a British prince. North-east of Ludgate and between St. Paul's and the priory of St. Bartholomew, in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles,—so-called from the flesh market held there,—was a monastery of Grey Friars, the library of which was built by Whittington, who further expended £400 in furnishing it with books.

High above massive fortress, ancient church, and priory of Carmelite, Dominican, or Franciscan, rose with its lofty steeple—"a mother's hand towards home"—the cathedral of St. Paul. Dominating from its eminence the capital city, the stately edifice was a fitting symbol of Holy Church, whose doctrines were still so powerful, if no longer omnipotent, in shaping and controlling the thoughts and actions of the citizens. True, of late there had been significant signs of a disturbance in men's minds not unlikely to eventuate in a rude arousal. But the time of renunciation was not yet. The citizens were still well content to resort thither to watch the magnificent processions of richly-vested priests and of prelates "in pontificalibus arrayed;" and they and their families repaired to "Paul's,"

> "Many an one
> To worship that Virgin as they ought,"

and to hear the High Mass sung, without, for the most part, any suspicion that the sacred pabulum thereby afforded might be inadequate to their spiritual needs. But other sights and sounds than those of solemn ceremonials and "full devout singing" were seen and heard within the hallowed fane. On ferial days, and on festivals as well, men and women came thither to display their wares and to buy and sell; while dare-devil apprentices from the Chepe and others played at ball within its walls or endeavoured with stones and arrows to dislodge the pigeons and jackdaws which nestled in the crevices of the building.

The spacious precinct of the cathedral was surrounded by a wall, at the north-west corner of which stood the bishop's palace, and beyond this eastward, the chapel originally erected by

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Gilbert Becket (sheriff of London in the reign of King Stephen) and at the time of which we write in course of rebuilding, the college of minor canons and the Charnel. About the middle of the churchyard, according to Stow, stood Paul's Cross, a pulpit-cross of wood on a stone base and roofed with lead, whence bulls and excommunications were promulgated, heresies often denounced and occasionally renounced, and "godly and most fruitful" sermons preached. Hard by the Cross was the Clochier or Bell Tower, which was surmounted by an image of St. Paul. Abutting on the cathedral at the south-west corner stood the church of St. Gregory and the chapter-house; and westward from these were the houses of the residentiaries. On the south side were the dormitory, refectory, and other collegiate buildings. Nearly opposite the bishop's palace was the hostel of the venerable Countess of Pembroke, whose husband had been slain in a tournament on the very day of their marriage as far back as the days of the second Edward. North-west of St. Paul's was the church of St. Michael le Quern, and facing this was the Little Conduit of Cheapside.

Among the many varied and pleasing pictures which successively met one's eye during a ramble through the London streets at that time, none were so full of warm colour and instinct with busy life as the aspect of the thoroughfare which was the aorta of the city's trade and wealth, the Chepe with its tributaries and offshoots on either side. It was merry in Chepe when the Court passed through from the Tower to Westminster on coronation days and other State occasions; for at such times the citizens, eager to demonstrate their loyalty, were lavish of their substance in erecting trophies and displaying decorations along this portion of the route. Banners and streamers in profusion were suspended along and across the streets, and the fronts of the houses were hung with costly tapestries or draped with cloth of gold. At the windows and balconies sat the richly-dressed wives and daughters of the citizens, while their husbands, sons, and brothers, not a whit less gaily apparelled, lined the streets below or rode forth to meet the monarch and swell the ranks of the royal cavalcade. When the first wife of King Richard, the second of that name, made her entry into the City, a castle with towers, made of timber, was erected in Chepe. Beautiful maidens, dressed in white, stood upon the battlements scattering coins before the horses' feet and showering gold leaves upon the royal pair and their attendants until the air seemed thick with golden butterflies, while from the tower on either side welled fountains of red wine. Assuredly a goodly spectacle, and one in welcome contrast to the scene in Chepe witnessed at an earlier period of the reign of the self-same king, when the street ran red, not with wine, but with the life-blood of citizens, who fell here in great numbers,—as in the Vintry and elsewhere did the Flemings and

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other foreigners,—a sacrifice to the fury of a desperate peasantry incited to such deeds of wanton slaughter by the harangues of John Ball, the communistic priest of Kent.

If less imposing, not less suggestive and pregnant with incident was the normal aspect of Cheapside. Around the High Cross, called also "the Standard in Chepe," and by the Broken Cross at the north door of St. Paul's, the vendors of small wares plied for custom; and in front of the numerous shops into which the great selds or warehouses were divided the 'prentices, of whom Chaucer tells that they "loved bet the taverne than the shoppe," were wont to stand and accost passers-by with cries of "What d'ye lack?" "My masters, what d'ye lack?" In the Chepe the fishermen, known as peters, stood and loudly advertised their wares. These men brought fresh fish to the city for sale, but were forbidden to offer it elsewhere than in Chepe. Those traders who dealt in the same commodities still congregated, though hardly so much as formerly, in the same localities, many of which derived their names from the callings of their inhabitants. Thus the paternostrers, or makers of prayer-beads, were found in Paternoster Row, the poulterers dwelt in the Poultry, and the wine merchants resided in the Vintry. The grass and herb market was held in Grass Church Street, and the corn market on Cornhill. On the other hand, the stationers, who were dealers in small wares, derived their name from the stands or "stations" around the two crosses in Chepe which they occupied. In "London Lackpenny," a ballad by John Lydgate, a monk of Bury and contemporary of Whittington, we get vivid glimpses of trading in Chepe and the neighbouring streets:

"Hot pescodes one began to crye,
Strabery rype, and cherryes in the ryse;
One bad me come nere and buy some spyce,
Peper and saffrone.
* * * * *

Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,
Where mutch people I saw for to stande;
One offred me velvet, sylke, and lawne,
An other he taketh me by the hande,
'Here is Parys thred, the fynest in the land;'
* * * * *

Throughout all Canwyke streete
Drapers mutch cloth me offred anone;
* * * * *

Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe;
One cryes rybbs of befe, and many a pye;
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape;
There was harpe, pype, and mynstrelsye."

Here was no lack of variety of sights and sounds; and the excitement of more stirring incident was seldom wanting. Now it was a prisoner, on his way from Newgate to the Guildhall for trial or to Tyburn for execution, who gave his guards the slip or was rescued by his fellows and made for the friendly precinct of

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the collegiate church of St. Martin-le-Grand, an ancient foundation of the eighth century, endowed by the Conqueror with "soc and sac, dot and sheam" and spacious moorland beyond Cripplegate, and accredited with exceptional rights of sanctuary. Perhaps it was Hock Monday—*i.e.*, the third Monday after Easter, and men as they passed down the street were intercepted by ropes and lifted, having to pay forfeit of their coin to obtain their release. Or it was the following day, Hock Tuesday, and female passengers had to submit to the same process, not only to the pecuniary profit of the perpetrators, but to the immense satisfaction and amusement of numerous onlookers of the other sex. Suddenly a "bedel" or other city officer appeared upon the scene, and a conviction that "hokkying" was a fearful joy dawned upon the minds of those indulging in the sport, to be presently followed by a still more palpable conviction attended with fine or imprisonment at the discretion of the authorities in Guildhall. Anon sounds of music broke upon the ear, and issuing from St. Lawrence Lane into the Chepe came the city constables, bringing, with loud accompaniment of trumpets and pipes, some offender on his way to Cornhill, there to be pilloried for one hour in conformity with the sentence just passed upon him by the Mayor and Aldermen in Guildhall.

In many of the narrow winding streets leading into the Chepe, the upper stories of the timber houses extended so far across the path that they were in close proximity to those similarly projecting from the other side. In the Chepe itself, and elsewhere in the City, the alestakes bearing the signboards and bushes which it was customary to display in front of taverns reached so far over the highway as to inconvenience persons riding there. For this reason, and because their excessive weight was injurious to the buildings in which they were placed, the civic authorities at this time resolved that seven feet should be the utmost length of alestakes. We are told that the shops were mere sheds or booths; and probably, for the most part, they were so; but that all of them were not of this description may be inferred from the costly character and perishable nature of some of the wares displayed or stored in them. With respect to the extent and value of some stocks in trade in those days particulars are forthcoming, as many inventories thereof are preserved among the City archives. The stock of "divers jewels" brought into court by the executors of a jeweller named Walter Pynchon, a "citizen of London and merchant dwelling on Cornhulle, who was of late (1398) treacherously slain at Winchester," was appraised by two goldsmiths, of whom one was Drew Barentyn, shortly afterwards elected Lord Mayor, at £600 3*s.* 6*d.* This jeweller of Cornhill must have numbered some very exalted personages among his patrons, since among the articles enumerated were one royal chaplet, valued at £100, one royal "nowche," £100, and one

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mitre, £20. At this time "jeweller" was a somewhat comprehensive term, and the paternostrers were often so designated. From an inventory and valuation made in 1381 of the articles in the shop of a trader of this description, one Adam Ledyard, of the parish of St. Martin Ludgate, amounting in all to but £5 11*s.* 6*d.*, we learn that cheap jewellery, often supposed to be one of the specialties of our own time, was not unknown at that date. In the list, after sets of paternosters and aves of amber, of coral, of jet, and of mazer, mention is made of such items as twenty necklaces of silver gilt, fourteen of jet and silver, and forty-six rings of silver gilt, valued respectively at 5*s.*, 3*s.* 4*d.*, and 10*s.* the lot. The contents of a haberdasher's shop in the parish of St. Ewen in the ward of "Farndone Within" were valued at £3 10*s.* 11*d.* In this stock were, *inter alia*, sets of beads of wood, of jet, and of black alabaster, a paxbread, and "one cloth painted with Him Crucified and other figures." In an inventory of the wares in an ironmonger's shop occurs "one pair of irons for the Eucharist." Other numerous references to articles of an ecclesiastical or quasi-ecclesiastical character in these inventories would be strong evidence, were proof not otherwise forthcoming, of the completeness with which domestic, as well as public, life was honeycombed with the manifold influences of the Church, whose officers and ministers were associated with every occasion and phase of affairs.

The mercers, who had originally been retailers of pedlary, and afterwards dealt in woollen stuffs, now monopolized the silk trade, and held the foremost place among the City companies. Whittington himself was a mercer, and furnished ten cloths of gold and other merchandise on the marriage of the King's eldest daughter, the Princess Blanche. For these he was paid £215 13*s.* 4*d.*, and, subsequently, when the Princess Philippa was married to the King of the Romans, he supplied the bride's dress of pearls and cloth of gold, for which he received in payment £248 10*s.* 6*d.* Another rich and powerful company was that of the goldsmiths, whose hall in St. Vedast Lane was rebuilt during Whittington's second mayoralty by the Barentyn, now Sir Drew, previously mentioned. The goldsmiths were prohibited from selling gold or silver vessels elsewhere than in the King's Exchange, or at their shops, which were in Chepe. There were no universal providers then, every man living "by his own professed trade, not any one interrupting another;" yet, as contemporary records show, the prices of commodities, due allowance being made for the enormous difference in the value of coin in those days and in our own, were surprisingly low. The goldsmiths were not the only traders whose commercial activity and enterprise were subject to limitations; and among recorded convictions is that of a master mercer who was fined twenty shillings for taking wares of mercery "in fardell and horsepacks for sale in

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the country." The bearing of the merchants comported with their position; and, as behoved the citizens of no mean city, they were very jealous of their privileges and dignity. It was repeatedly enacted that no "serf" should, under any circumstances, be admitted to the freedom of the City, without which none could legally trade therein.

Foremost in importance of the houses in Chepe or its tributaries was, of course, the Guildhall, which was entered from Aldermanbury. What St. Paul's was to the religious, such was Guildhall to the secular life of the City—at once its symbol, its centre, and its crown. Its rebuilding was now fast advancing towards completion; and what was formerly "an olde and litle cotage" had been transformed "into a faire and goodly house," worthy of the enhanced importance and wealth of the metropolis. The Corporation had already evinced a laudable impatience of aught that was unbecoming or derogatory to the honour of the City by ordering the old seal of the Mayoralty to be destroyed, "seeing that it was too small, rude, and ancient," and one "of honourable aspect and a work of art" to be provided in its stead. The chapel annexed to the Guildhall was built by Whittington; and herein, on the occasion of his election for the second time as Mayor, a mass was "solemnly chaunted by the finest singers" in the presence of the outgoing Mayor, the Aldermen, and many of the wealthier citizens. The company afterwards repaired to the Guildhall, where the commonalty "peacefully and amicably, without any clamour or discussion," nominated Whittington and Barentyn, of whom the Aldermen in consultation, with closed doors, "by guidance of the Holy Spirit," chose the former to be Mayor for the ensuing year. The meetings of the Corporation were held at the unconscionably early morning hour of six; and any hapless alderman or citizen summoned to attend on "arduous business touching the commonalty of the City," who had failed to put in an appearance when the bell of St. Paul's rang the time of Prime, was amerced in the sum of two shillings. On the morrow of the election, it was customary for the Aldermen to assemble in Guildhall, and thence accompany the newly-elected Mayor to Westminster. A royal charter conceding to the Mayors of London the privilege of having "gold or silver or silvered maces" carried before them on state occasions had been recently granted; and, preceded by the mace-bearers, the civic king, his *confrères*, and attendants rode forth—there were no coaches in those days—"with grete solempnyté:"

> "Ther clothing was of colour fulle covenable;
> The noble Mayer clad in reed velewet,
> The Schrevys, the Aldermen, fulle notable,
> In ffurred clokys, the colour scarlett,
> Each one welle horsed."

Communications upon various matters between the Sovereign and "our very dear, right trusty, and well-beloved Mayor of our

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City of London" were frequent. Now the Mayor and Aldermen were summoned to a conference with the King at Windsor or at the Tower, or commanded to attend him in a royal progress through the City; at another time a present of plate or of money was to be made to the Sovereign or to some member of his family; or an emissary of the King arrived at Guildhall to negotiate for a loan from the City to his royal master; anon a letter from the Monarch at the seat of war informed the Mayor of the capture of some stronghold or the successful issue of some fight. The Crown jewels were often deposited at Guildhall as pledges for the repayment of moneys advanced by the City to the King, generally to enable him to carry on his wars, the subsidies voted by Parliament for that purpose being, of course, wholly inadequate to the royal requirements. Henry V. in particular was very successful in obtaining money from the civic authorities, and from individual citizens as well. Whether we accept as fact or discard as legend the after portion of the old story wherein it is told that Whittington, when entertaining this king and his consort with great splendour in Guildhall, cast into the fire of precious woods mixed with cinnamon and other spices royal bonds to the amount of sixty thousand pounds, thereby freeing the monarch from his indebtedness, certain it is that Whittington's name occurs in the Privy Council minutes as one of the citizens who, in their private capacity, advanced large sums of money to the king. The citizens held this right royal soldier, "hostium victor et sui," in great veneration; and never, even in that age *par excellence* of gorgeous pageants, was a more magnificent welcome accorded to victorious prince than that which greeted the hero of Agincourt—

> "A gyant that was full grym of myght
> To teche the Frenchmen curtesy"—

on his return to the capital after that crowning fight.

To Guildhall came the citizens to claim redress of their grievances, and offenders to be awarded the penalties merited by their crimes. The various guilds were very jealous of the honour of their respective crafts, and very vigilant to detect and expose not only any infringement of their rights but also any fraudulent dealing or tricks of trade. And certainly there was sore need of such supervision. Convictions for attempting to palm off plated goods as silver were not infrequent. The penalty of the pillory was often adjudged to commercial delinquents and dishonest or over-reaching traders. Now this punishment was awarded to a Lombard for forging a bond; anon to a poulterer for offering putrid pigeons for sale in Fleet Street; at one time to a stringer on Tower Hill for selling defective bowstrings; at another to a journeyman baker for inserting iron in a loaf to prevent its light weight being detected when the Mayor went into Chepe "to make assay there of bread;" and, yet again, to a scrivener for forging title-deeds. Other than commercial culprits, however, were con-

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demned to stand in the pillory on Cornhill with bare feet and bare head, exposed to the obloquy and, probably, the missiles of the mob, and with either the evidence of their crime or a whetstone suspended from their necks. Impostors of various kinds, thieves, sorcerers, practitioners of palmistry, slanderers, and other misdemeanants were sentenced to be pilloried; and divers female offenders, among them a kidnapper and a common scold, were subjected to the punishment of "the pillory ordained for women, called the thewe." The justice meted out to offenders, if rough and ready, contrasts very favourably with the harsh and disproportionate penalties of much later times. A terribly literal fulfilment of the injunction, "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off," would be furnished by the sentence passed upon one William Hughlot, who was condemned to lose his hand for assaulting an alderman. Rough justice, assuredly, this; and it seemed likely to be ready too, for immediately the decision of the Court was pronounced, precept for its execution was given to the sheriffs. An axe was forthwith brought into court and the prisoner's hand laid upon the block; but, happily, at the entreaty of several lords the sentence was commuted to a term of imprisonment, at the expiration of which the offender was to carry a lighted wax candle of three pounds weight from Guildhall through Chepe and Fleet Street to the Church of St. Dunstan, and there "make an offering of the same." The pillory, however, was undoubtedly the customary punishment for forgery and many lesser offences which even during the present century were thought to call for the death penalty. Moreover, intercession for diminution or remission of sentence was often made by prelate or noble on behalf of the criminal, and such petition was generally granted "in reverence for our Lord the King." Benefit of clergy was at this time not confined to clerical delinquents, but the privilege, to modern ideas as anomalous as that of sanctuary, was extended, for many offences, to all laymen who could read.

Holocausts of false measures and of goods of inferior manufacture were frequent. False measures, called chopyns, used by hucksters at the Cross, caps "deceitfully made" by other than qualified hurers or cappers, barrels deficient in measure or made of unsound wood, and illicit nets, called burrokes, in turn furnished material for a bonfire in Chepe. Unsound wines were ordered to be poured out in the street and thrown away; and badly-tanned hides were forfeited to the use of the commonalty. Some of the penalties inflicted show the civic authorities to have been eminently practical men and not wanting in humour. Thus a vendor of bad wine was sentenced to drink a copious draught of it, and a cook in Bread Street, for selling putrid conger, was condemned to stand in the pillory and inhale the asphyxiating fumes arising from the rotten fish, which were burnt under his nose. A poulterer, for buying twenty-two geese in Holborn, and so fore-

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stalling the market in contravention of the statute, was ordered to forfeit them to the use of the sheriffs, and an alderman, for having no lining in his green cloak on Whit-Monday when, as was their wont, the City Fathers passed through in procession from the Church of St. Peter on Cornhill to attend a service in St. Paul's, was adjudged to provide a dinner for the Mayor and his aldermanic brethren.

But we have lingered too long among the civic dignitaries and in the Chepe, for we had thought to make a more extended progress, eastward and southward, through the ancient city, and the space of TIME allotted to us for this turn must not be exceeded. Perhaps at some future date an opportunity may be afforded, in these pages, to readers and writer of rambling in company through other parts of Whittington's London.

JOHN F. ROLPH.

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MR. BROWN.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.—*The King's Arms, at Salmoford.*

PETER and Paul, the major and minor waiters of the King's Arms Hotel, Salmoford, were gracefully reclining on a fine August afternoon against the two pillars of the hostelry door. They were waiting the return of the omnibus, which had gone to meet the arrival of the London express. Peter's being a ruminating disposition, he pensively chewed a quill toothpick. Paul's nature was livelier, and he beguiled the time by surveying his well-oiled locks in a pocket mirror, and softly whistling sundry comic airs, which had been popular in the metropolis about ten or twelve years previously, for even comic songs took a long time to journey to Salmoford. A quaint old place Salmoford, with its one long straggling principal street, its great gloomy priory church, its ruined castle, its winding river, and its rabbit-hutch station, situated, after the thoughtless custom of the Great Dawdles Railway Company, over a mile from the town. Not a decaying borough, only a sleepy one, having no special industry of its own, without a particle of municipal pride, and wholly content to be made use of as the convenient centre of the surrounding county circle.

"'Allo!" said Paul, stopping abruptly in his rendering of a selection from *H.M.S. Pinafore*, "'ere's the 'bus."

"Any passengers?" inquired Peter. "My eyes get that bad I can't see nought on a sunshiny day. Plague take 'em."

"'Arry 'olds up his whip once," said Paul, after a searching glance in the direction of the one-horse vehicle slowly lumbering down the street.

"Consequently there's one passenger."

"Sure to be a bagman," remarked Peter. "You attend to him, Paul, while I refreshes myself with a cup o' tea." And carefully removing some particles of dust from the tails of his rusty black coat, the head waiter hobbled past the bar, rung the chambermaid's bell, and disappeared through a green baize door.

"Well, 'e do get uncommon lazy for sure," muttered Paul, as he pulled a square of dirty white linen from his pocket, and gracefully festooned his left arm with it. When the omnibus drew up

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in front of the hotel, he glided down the steps, and threw open the door of the gaudily-painted egg-box with the same flourish that he would have bestowed on the High Sheriff's carriage. A young man dressed in a suit of grey tweed, and carrying a small brown leather Gladstone bag, bearing the initials J.M.B., an overcoat, and a fishing-rod, got briskly out, strode briskly into the hostelry, and finally brought himself to an anchor in a brisk manner in the coffee-room. He was a pleasant-looking fellow, some twenty-eight years old, with a merry twinkle in his grey-blue eyes, and a reckless twirl to his yellow moustaches. "'E's not a bagman," soliloquised Paul, as he followed the stranger. "Looks more like a officer" (an officer was Paul's *beau ideal* of a gentleman, for, in common with many educated and uneducated men and women, he looked upon a red coat as synonymous with rank and refinement). The visitor's first remark confirmed Paul in his belief.

"Brandy-and-soda," he said shortly. "Open it here, and don't give me all the soda. By the way," he added, as the waiter was leaving the room, "just ask if there are any letters or telegrams waiting for me."

"Yes, sir. What name?"

"John Montague Brown. J. M. Brown."

"Yes, sir. J. M. Brown, J. M. Brown," repeated Paul, as he sidled towards the bar."

The young man, totally regardless of a highly-illuminated inscription on the mantel-piece "No smoking," pulled a cigar-case out of his pocket, and in a trice was puffing vigorously at his Laranaga.

"I wonder how long I shall have to stay in this cursed hole," he said, nervously chewing the end of the weed. "I also wonder if the governor will come round. Wish he wasn't so deuced obstinate, and that that d——d Benjamins wasn't so infernally nasty. Anyway, Joe Hobson's sure to wire."

Paul reappeared with a tray in his hand. On it were the ingredients of the beverage and a letter.

"'ere is a note for you, sir," said the waiter. "Left about a' 'alf hour ago by 'and."

"By hand?" echoed the young man in a surprised tone of voice. "By hand? I hope that confounded old woman hasn't been up to any of her nonsense. No," he continued, examining the envelope, "I don't know the writing. However, here goes," and he tore it open. Mr. Brown read the following lines with an air of considerable surprise:—

"PATTON PARK, *Tuesday.*

"DEAR COUSIN,—

"I write as I promised, to tell you that we will call for you at the King's Arms at four o'clock. Your room is quite ready. We are looking forward to hearing of your Indian experiences. With love from the girls,

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"HORACE PATTON.

"P.S.—If you have much luggage the carrier will bring it over in the evening."

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Mr. Brown read the letter twice, exclaimed, "What on earth does this mean?" examined the envelope, and finally gulped down the brandy-and-soda without taking the glass from his lips.

"Hi, waiter!" he cried, "who left this note?"

"One of Squire Patton's grooms," replied Paul. "'Ere's one of the ladies of the party coming this way, sir, perhaps she can tell you how long it's been 'ere," and Paul vanished.

Mr. Brown tried to follow him, but ere he could reach the door a very pretty young woman entered the room and barred his retreat. Both uttered an involuntary cry.

"Miss Sterling!" cried Mr. Brown.

"Mr. Brown!" cried Miss Sterling, a faint blush mantling her cheek. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"From London," answered the gentleman. "But may I ask what *you* are doing in Salmoford?"

"I'm staying with my uncle, Horace Patton, and we've driven in to meet a cousin of his—no relation of mine, by the way—who has just come back from India. Curiously enough his name is the same as yours, Brown. Uncle and Bell went to do some shopping, while I posted my letters, and now I'm waiting for them and the cousin. I wonder what he is like."

There was a whimsical look in the young man's eyes as he asked, "I suppose this namesake of mine is a great favourite with his cousins?"

"Oh dear no!" she answered, laughing. "Uncle has never seen him since he went out to India with his parents when a little boy; they can't even remember what he looked like."

"And yet," said Mr. Brown, "I don't think I could ever forget what *you* looked like the last time I saw you."

"Now, don't be silly," she said. "The last time we met was at Lady Bertram's ball, and——"

"Do you remember," he eagerly interrupted, "all that we talked about in the conservatory, how——"

"I remember," said the girl demurely, "that I got terribly scolded by mamma for dancing so much with you."

"And I suppose if your mother comes in and finds us talking together the scolding will be repeated?"

"There's not much chance of that," she laughed. "Mamma is nowhere near here."

"Isn't she staying with your uncle?"

"Oh no! She has gone to Swalbach with papa. I know it's very wrong to say so, but I don't think I should have such fun at Patton if she were with me."

"Then you do have fun?" he asked, smiling.

"Of course we do. So would you if you were staying at Patton."

"I wish to heaven I were!" he said eagerly.

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"So do I," she said involuntarily, and then stopped abruptly.

"Do you mean that?" he exclaimed.

"Well—of course yes; I mean it's always pleasant to have a cheery party in the house."

"Then I am to be set down as a cheery party, eh? Well," he continued after a pause, during which he bit his moustache with considerable vigour, "well, I am going to give you a surprise."

"Is it something nice?"

"That depends upon how you take it."

"Don't be so aggravating," she cried impatiently.

"Tell me at once, or I shall be very angry."

"Anything but that," he said, and then, very slowly, "the fact is, I am going to stop with your uncle at Patton Park."

"You!" she cried astonished, "why didn't you tell me that before? I didn't even know you knew Uncle Horace."

"Then you will be the more surprised to learn," continued Mr. Brown, "that I am his long-lost cousin." He said these words in a mock heroic tone, and a laughing look in his eyes.

"Nonsense," cried the girl, "you are making fun of me."

"Fun of you!" he echoed "Is that letter a proof of my sincerity or is it not?" He handed the note which he had received on his arrival.

She read it with a puzzled air.

"Well?" he asked, "what do you think now?"

"I think it delightful," she answered, but she added doubtfully, "how could you just have returned from India? What does that mean?"

The young man turned very red. It was evident that his intercourse with the world had not quite destroyed his sense of conscience. But his confusion was only momentary.

"Miss Sterling," he said, taking her hand, "can you keep a secret?"

"That all depends what the secret is," she replied, without however releasing her hand.

"Then," he said, "all I need ask you is not to reveal that the man who is just supposed to have come back from India,——"

"Has," she interrupted, "been plunging into all the gaieties of the London season, while his loving relatives have been anxiously expecting him in the country. Oh! Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown, I'm ashamed of you. I'll only keep your secret on one condition."

"And that is?" he asked.

"That you give me a full and particular explanation of your conduct at some future period."

"Of course I will," he cried. "Ah! if you only knew what motive has prompted me to act as I have done; if you only believed——"

"Come," she said abruptly, "let us go and find uncle; and,"

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she added, as she moved towards the door, "be sure you amuse him with all the latest Calcutta scandals."

With a merry laugh she left the room followed by Mr. Brown.

"I was in a mess before," he muttered to himself, "but hang me if I'm not now in a complete state of Oriental pickle."

"Let us stroll up the High Street," said Miss Sterling, "we are sure to meet Uncle Horace and Bell."

As the pair sauntered towards the Town Hall, Peter, the head waiter, emerged from the back regions sedately wiping his mouth with the back of his large red hand.

"Time for the Parliament'ry," he said, glancing at the clock. "I suppose the dooty of attending to the 'bus will devolve on me. That fellow Paul's idling his time as usual in the decoration of his pusson. It's no wonder to me that the salad oil goes so quickly. One of these days the guv'nor 'll whiff his hair, and then good-bye, Paul, my boy, to a good place lost through your own felonious wanity."

Thus grumbling to himself Peter took up his station on the hotel steps and watched for the approach of the omnibus, in the same position that he had formerly adopted. Scarcely had he done so when his attention was attracted to a telegraph boy and a youth with a butcher's basket on his arm, who on their knees on the pavement were engaged in a friendly game of buttons.

"Them young rascals is loitering," said the head waiter, "to the detriment of Her Majesty's post-office and somebody's dinner. What are you up to, you willains?" he cried, raising his voice, "be about your business, or I'll fetch a perliceman to you in double quick time."

The gamblers started to their feet. The boy with the basket slowly collected his share of the buttons, called out "Yah!" in a defiant tone of voice, and having saluted the waiter with an extension of fingers from his tip-tilted nose, slowly swaggered up the street with as much noise as his hob-nailed boots could extract from the stones with which they came in contact. The conduct of the telegraph boy was widely different. He rushed up the steps with the celerity of the proverbial lamplighter, and almost carried Peter off his legs by the dash with which he thrust an orange envelope into his hand, and had bounded away before the waiter had time to finish an oration beginning, "You young scallywag, I shall report you to the Queen's Postmaster-General——" Seeing the futility of continuing his remarks, Peter examined the despatch, which was addressed to "J. M. Brown, King's Arms, Salmoford."

"There ain't no one of that name stopping with us," said the waiter, "but wery likely it's for a expected wisitor. Here's the 'bus coming; perhaps he's come by it."

As before, the driver of the omnibus intimated, by a flourish of his whip, that his only fare consisted of one passenger. This

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proved to be a short, spare gentleman, with sandy whiskers and blue spectacles. He was arrayed in a light yellow "hand-me-down" alpaca coat, on his head he wore a soft straw hat, bound with a muslin puggaree, while black cloth trousers and white gaiters completed his costume. In his left hand he carried a light green umbrella, also made of alpaca, and in his right a red carpet bag. He might have been of any age from five-and-twenty upwards. His manner was a mixture of nervousness and self-complacency. Peter put him down mentally as a lecturer, the kind of individual who appeared from time to time at the Town Hall, and delivered homilies on a "Jaunt to Jerusalem," "From Charing Cross to Chinborage," and the like, embellished with magic lantern illustrations of dubious quality, and interleaved with jokes crippled and bent with age.

"Want a room, sir?" asked Peter, laying hold of the carpet bag and leading the way into the inn.

"I'm not certain, not at all sure," answered the little man, as he followed. "I'm expecting letters, or rather a letter. Is there one for me do you know, waiter?"

"What name, sir?" asked Peter.

"Brown," said the stranger, "John Mornington Brown—J. M. Brown."

"J. M. Brown," repeated the waiter. "Well sir, by a curious coincident this telegram arrived almost at the same time as you did. Thinking as how you might be in the 'bus I kep' it for you."

"A telegram! That's strange," said the new-comer, taking the message without opening it. "But tell me, waiter, how is it that I have been so long coming here? I thought there was a fast train from London to Salmoford."

"So there is, sir," answered Peter, with a grave wag of the head. "You see there's two trains start within half an hour of each other. The one as starts first is the Parliament'ry; t'other's the express, which, by a curious freak o' railway nature, arrives nearly one hour afore the one what started before it. You must have mistook one for t'other."

"I suppose I did," said the traveller. "Bring me a cup of strong tea and some muffins."

"Tea you can have, sir, but I regrets to say that muffins is out till more seasonable weather," replied Peter with some severity.

"Well, then, tea and toast will do," said the new-comer apologetically, "if it's not too much trouble."

"As the fire is smoky, I would humbly suggest bread and butter," answered Peter. "As to trouble, we has to put up with that. It is our portion in life."

And without waiting for any acquiescence in his suggestion, he left the coffee-room. Mr. Mornington Brown eyed the telegram several times before he opened it.

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"From whom can it be?" he murmured. "He surely wouldn't have telegraphed; and unless detectives are on my track, no one knows my address. However, I suppose I'd better read it." The message was as follows:—

"To J. M. Brown,
"*King's Arms, Salmoford.*
"Sharks abroad. Breakers ahead. Benjamins on the war-path. Lie doggo.
"Joe."

Mr. Brown read and re-read this mysterious communication till he fairly had it by heart. "Sharks abroad—breakers ahead," he muttered. "What's the meaning of it? Who is 'Benjamins'? And what is 'lying doggo'? Is it a practical joke, or have I taken temporary leave of my senses? Has it any reference to *her?* Is she the shark or the breaker? And what on earth has Benjamins to do with it? My poor head is whirling, absolutely whirling," he said piteously, clasping his brow with his interlaced hands, and rocking his body to and fro.

It was at this juncture that Peter and a tea-tray brought physical but not mental solace to the wayfarer. For though he mechanically sipped the syrupy Bohea, and crunched the thinly-spread bread and butter, his mind kept hovering about those words on the dirty pink paper like a hungry sparrow over-anxious, yet suspicious, as to the contents of a well-baited brick trap.

He was so upset, that when he had finished his meal he walked to the bar window in the entrance-hall, and announced to the presiding lady with hair and fringe of two distinct and altogether unblendable tints that he required a bedroom. Having been registered as "No. 39," he slowly and sadly marched up two flights of stairs, preceded by a chambermaid bearing the red carpet bag and the green umbrella.

Peter saw his charge ascend, and snorted softly, as he observed, "If he be a lecturer he ain't amusing, I'll go bail. And now it's about time Paul did his dooty to his neighbour, meaning our customers in general, and myself in particular." And he went in search of his brother officer. The chamber-maid deposited a pint jug of hot water on the washing-stand of the funereal bedroom into which she had ushered Mr. Mornington Brown, and observed, as she retired,

"If you should wish to return to the coffee-room, there's a staircase just outside the door which leads directly into it."

"Thank you," said the traveller, as he took off his coat preparatory to washing his face and hands. A loud, jangling bell resounded through the house at this moment.

"La' bless me!" cried the chambermaid. "That's my bell. Somebody must have arrove."

She vanished, while Mr. Mornington Brown continued his

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ablutions with "breakers," "sharks," and "Benjamins on the war-path," echoed in every splash of the water.

The bell which summoned the chambermaid downstairs had been rung by Paul in honour of the arrival of, apparently, a very distinguished personage—a lady, stout in figure, gorgeous in raiment, and bearing at least forty-five summers on her rubicund countenance. She had arrived in a carriage and pair, having posted twenty-three miles from Hillcot Junction, where she had been deposited by the "Flying Southerner," which, as you know, only stops at Hillcot during the whole course of its headlong career from London to Southerport. The lady was accompanied by a supercilious footman, a smirking maid, a lap-dog, and a green parrot in a gilt cage. Her baggage consisted of many square yards of trunk, and any amount of rug, hand-basket, and sunshade. It was many a long day since so magnificent a being had driven up in such style to the portals of the "King's Arms," and the entire strength of the establishment, from the landlord down to the boy-of-all-work, turned out to do her honour. Mrs. La Ruche, for such was her name, treated the demonstration as though it was only what she expected; and, following the obsequious innkeeper to the large private suite of apartments on the first floor, which was usually reserved for the Earl of Salmoford whenever he visited the town, an event which occurred only when a general election was looming on the political horizon. Having ordered a pint of dry champagne by way of temporary refreshment, and a substantial dinner, with more champagne, at seven o'clock, Mrs. La Ruche demanded audience of the coffee-room waiter; and Paul, who was now on duty, presently ushered himself into her presence, and stood nervously dipping his oily head, while he inquired what were her commands.

"You are the coffee-room waiter?" asked Mrs. La Ruche.

"I are, mum," answered Paul, simultaneously disregarding Peter and Lindley Murray. "My name is Paul."

"Well, Paul," continued the lady, "I wish to ask you a question. Here is five shillings."

"Thank ye, mum," said Paul, pocketing the silver with great alacrity. "What is it you'd be pleased to know?"

"Has a gentleman—a young gentleman—alighted at this hotel to-day?"

"Yes, mum. I showed him in myself; dressed in grey dittoes, and carrying a small portmantel with 'nitials on it."

"Can you remember those initials?" asked Mrs. La Ruche in an agitated voice.

"In course I can, mum, 'cos 'e sent me for 'is letters. They wos, 'J. M. B.,' and his name wos Brown."

"'Tis he," murmured the lady, filling her glass with champagne. "'Tis he!"

"Yes, mum, it's 'im right enough," said Paul; "and I seed

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'im come into the hotel just as I come up 'ere. He wos along with Squire Patton and his ladies."

"Whose ladies?" inquired Mrs. La Ruche anxiously.

"The squire's daughter and niece, mum."

"Oh," said Mrs. La Ruche, seemingly relieved. "Now, waiter," she continued, "do you think——" Here she paused and laid five more shillings on the table; Paul's eyes became wet with emotion. "Do you think you could give Mr. Brown a note from me without any one else seeing it?"

"Mum," said Paul, laying his right hand on his shirt-front, "you may rely on my dervotion in all respecks."

Mrs. La Ruche opened her travelling bag, took out a writing case, and hastily penned a few lines on some heavily monogramed extra cream-laid paper. Paul stood like a statue eyeing the pleasant-looking silver coins with considerable interest. When the letter was finished she handed it to Paul, together with the money. "If there is any answer, bring it to me directly," she said.

"You'll 'ave it quicker nor a telegram," replied the waiter, shuffling from the room, and wondering whether an old horse-shoe which he had picked up in the road the night before had brought him such rare good luck.

As he neared the coffee-room he overheard Squire Patton say, "Come along, Jack, I'm right glad to see you again; though, 'pon my word, I shouldn't have known you, you've grown so. Ha! ha! ha! Come, girls, collect your parcels, the waggonette's been at the door this quarter of an hour, and we mustn't keep the horses waiting any longer. By Jove, Jack! I *am* glad to see you, and so different, too, to what I expected."

"Now's my time," thought Paul to himself. "I'll catch 'im just as 'e a-going to get into the kerridge;" and he stealthily followed the party by a side-door into the inn yard, where the Patton Park equipage was standing. Mr. Patton took the reins from the groom and mounted the box, the two young ladies were handed in by Mr. Jack Montague Brown, who was about to follow them, when Paul softly touched him on the elbow.

"I've a letter for you, sir," he whispered, "wot's confidential; lady in fust-floor, private sitting-room."

"One minute, please," he called out to Mr. Patton, "a note has just arrived for me." And he went to the door to read it.

"A love-letter perhaps, from India," laughed Miss Sterling.

Jack tore open the envelope and read, "*Darling,—I have found you. Come to your own loving sweetheart.*—TILLY."

Here Paul distinctly heard the young man, say "D——n it, it must be she," as he tore the paper into pieces.

"Any answer, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No answer," said Mr. Montague Brown emphatically, "no answer. By the way," he added suddenly, as though he recollected something, "is my bag in front?"

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"No, sir," answered the groom, "only a fishing-rod and a great-coat."

"How provoking!" cried Mr. Brown. "Here, waiter, just run in and get my bag, will you? Look sharp."

"Yes, sir," said Paul, darting into the house intent, not upon getting the bag, but on communicating Mr. Brown's reply to Mrs. La Ruche. On his passage through the hall he fell foul of the chambermaid.

"La, Paul, what a hurry you're in!" she cried.

"Yes," he said, "Mr. Brown, the gent what come this afternoon, is going over to Patton Park, and 'as forgot 'is bag; 'e's waiting in the yard."

"I know where it is," she said, "I'll get it for you." She was a good-natured girl, and Paul was a favourite with her.

"Do, there's a dear," he cried, as he hurried upstairs and dashed into Mrs. La Ruche's sitting-room. The lady was expecting him.

"What answer?" she asked.

"Mr. Brown, mum," said Paul, "fust swore, and then told me 'no answer.'"

"'No answer!'" repeated Mrs. La Ruche plaintively, "'no answer;' waiter," she added faintly, "I shall be obliged by your bringing me another pint of your driest champagne."

"At once, mum," said Paul, flying off to obey the behest of so munificent a lady. But the barmaid of the parti-coloured locks had gone for a stroll among the currant and gooseberry bushes of the back garden, and Paul had to go in search of her before he could obtain the desired refreshment.

Meanwhile Mr. Mornington Brown, with mind still perturbed as to the mysterious telegram, had descended by the direct staircase to the coffee-room, and there, with his back to the main entrance, was searching the county "Directory" for information respecting Patton Park pending the preparation of a chump chop and potatoes, which he had ordered of Peter, who was stung to some sense of duty by the repeated peals on the coffee-room bell, occasioned by the attendance of Paul on Mrs. La Ruche's private sitting-room.

Meanwhile, too, Mrs. La Ruche suddenly determined to confront Mr. Montague Brown without waiting for any refreshment, and, not without some trepidation, made her way to the coffee-room door, where she encountered Peter, of whom she inquired the whereabouts of Mr. Brown.

"Mr. Brown, mum, is a-sitting at the far end of the room, reading a telegram which I have just conveyed to him."

Mrs. La Ruche noiselessly entered the apartment, which was, from economical motives, most scantily supplied with light; indeed, two wax candles on a table represented all illuminating power. She perceived Mr. Brown, with his head bent on his arms, lean-

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ing over this table with his back towards her. No one else was in the room.

Meanwhile also Mr. Montague Brown, who seemed extremely anxious to get away, doubtless because he did not wish Mr. Patton's horses to catch cold, suddenly exclaimed, "That fool of a waiter will never bring my bag. I'll fetch it myself," and he sprang out of the waggonette.

"And, Mr. Brown,——" called out Miss Sterling, but the young man had disappeared.

"What is it, Polly?" asked her uncle from the box seat.

"Only I've left the new books from the library on the coffee-room table. How lucky I remembered them," and she lightly jumped out and followed Mr. Brown.

Scarcely had she gone when the chambermaid brought out a bag. "Mr. Brown's," she said. The groom stowed it away under the apron in front.

"Thank goodness," said Mr. Patton, "we sha'n't have to wait much longer. It will be twilight before we get home." Ere they started, however, an unrehearsed episode occurred in the coffee-room. The telegram, over which the bewildered Mornington Brown was pondering, ran as follows:—

"J. M. Brown,
"*King's Arms Hotel, Salmoford.*

"Volcano burst. Look out for lava. Coming down. Joe."

As he was racking his brain to get even a vague glimmering of its possible meaning, Mrs. La Ruche glided noiselessly towards him. Almost simultaneously Mr. Montague Brown entered on the far side to get his bag, followed by Miss Sterling to recover her books.

Then this is what happened.

A pair of fat arms suddenly clasped Mr. Mornington Brown's neck from behind, and Mrs. La Ruche's voice cried, "Ah! naughty runaway, so I've caught you at last!"

Then there was a struggle and a snorting, during which Mr. Montague Brown exclaimed, "By all that's unlucky it is *she*!" and Miss Sterling said to herself, "Who's *she*, I *wonder*?"

Then Mr. Mornington Brown turned and faced his assailant, and as Peter and Paul entered the room they both distinctly heard Mr. Mornington Brown cry fiercely—

"What the devil are *you* doing here, Matilda?"

They also heard the Patton Park waggonette drive off as they jointly received the majestic form of Mrs. La Ruche in their outstretched arms.

"That champagne 'll come in handy to bring her to," observed Paul.

HENRY POTTINGER STEPHENS.

END OF ACT I.

(*To be continued.*)

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AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

O MERRY, i-wis, at Christmas
  It is for great and small
In hall and cottage, when kinsfolk, freed
  Awhile from the pain and thrall
Of age and sorrow and toil and greed,
  Are keeping festival.

What though the flowers, like the swallows,
  With autumn had taken flight,
And the sun, aweary, forgets to shine
  On a world with winter white!
Gay garlands of holly the children twine,
  And the yule-fire gleameth bright.

When the world is keeping Christmas
  Who recketh the wintry rime?
For now from the minster-belfry near
  Rings out the merriest chime
Of all that gladden the heart and ear
  Of that wrinkled ancient, Time.

Men's mouths are filled with laughter,
  And their hearts with joy and mirth,
And tongues that were holden are thrilled to song
  At this Feast of the Child, whose birth
Was token that not to the proud and strong
  Is the heritage of Earth.

R.

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THE GHOST OF THE TREASURE-CHAMBER.

I.

YES, I hated leaving India where I had been so happy for six years with my dear father, who was the colonel of a crack cavalry regiment at Allahabad. And now I was ordered home, for my health had begun to fail under the scorching sun and enervating climate.

Home, did I say? Alas! England was no home to me. All that were nearest and dearest to me were in India, and I felt that my heart would break at leaving my dear old dad, to whom I had been all in all since my mother's death, which had occurred when I was only fourteen. But it was no use grieving over the inevitable. I had to go; and, as I had no wish to make our parting the harder by useless tears, I tried my best to conceal my sorrow, and I fancy my father did the same. Never can I forget the day when he saw me on board the steamer with my chaperone, Mrs. Somers; there was a long, lingering embrace, a few broken words, and then the gulf of waters widened between us, and his dear grey head and upright form faded from my sight, as the vessel ploughed her way through the smooth, green waves.

Upon landing, I was to go to some relatives, my mother's own sister, the Trevalyons, who lived in Cornwall at Tregarthlyn Castle.

> "By Tre, and Pol, and Pen,
> You may know the Cornish men."

The Trevalyons were a very old Cornish family, who had held Tregarthlyn ever since the reign of Elizabeth; but, of late years, bad times had come upon them; they had grown poorer and poorer; a succession of spendthrift heirs had wasted the substance; and my aunt, with her son and daughter, had much ado to make both ends meet. At all events, I was to stay with them for a time, the doctors being certain that the fresh Cornish air and bracing salt breezes would prove most beneficial to me.

I was naturally of a very nervous and excitable temperament, and was a good deal interested at finding that among the passengers was the celebrated Mr. Delaware, the clairvoyant and mesmerist, then on his way to England.

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To tell the truth, I was just a little frightened of him, he was so tall and thin and solemn-looking, with large pale eyes, which seemed to read one's inmost soul. I felt his piercing orbs fixed on me more than once during the first week on board, and I took care to keep out of his way. But one evening the captain announced that Mr. Delaware had kindly offered to entertain us with some of his spiritual manifestations and mesmerism.

Of course we were all very eager to witness the performance, which proved to be decidedly wonderful. It consisted of thought-reading, writing upon a slate by invisible agency, and in mesmerising most of the crew, who were invited upon the platform for the purpose.

As I was leaving the saloon at the end of the evening, the captain asked me to go with him on deck, and, having received permission from Mrs. Somers, I followed him. It was an exquisite night, bright and balmy; the sky, one vast sheet of purple, brilliant with stars; the moon, a huge globe of silver, illumining the wide expanse of gleaming waters.

Like most sensitive persons, I was peculiarly alive to beauty in every shape and form, and, breathless with delight, I leant against the side, and watched the phosphorescent light from the great green rollers, as they glided away to leeward. But my reverie was interrupted by a voice close by me.

"A lovely night, Miss Jocelyn."

I started, and looked round. There, at my elbow, his tall, thin figure erect, his glassy eyes fixed on mine, was Mr. Delaware!

I assented coldly, for I was somewhat annoyed at the intrusion, but nothing daunted, he continued,—

"You have the true artistic temperament, I can see; you are emotional, and keenly susceptible to beauty. Is it not so?"

"How can you tell?" I replied, interested, in spite of myself.

He laughed. "I am used to studying faces, yours is a very characteristic one. You would make an excellent trance medium and clairvoyante."

"Should I?" I exclaimed, much astonished. "Could you mesmerise me?"

"Easily," he returned, smiling; "let me try."

I hesitated. "Will you promise not to make me do anything foolish?"

"Yes, on my honour as a gentleman; you shall only tell me what you see, and the captain shall stand by you all the time."

I felt horribly nervous, but eventually curiosity got the better of my fears.

I endeavoured to make my mind as blank as I was directed, and fixed my eyes upon those of Mr. Delaware. The sensations I experienced were curious; first, a hazy mist seemed to obscure all surrounding objects, through which Mr. Delaware's eyes alone penetrated; then I lost consciousness, and, as in a dream, there

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arose before my mental vision a fair but wintry landscape, bounded by frowning hills, whose peaks seemed to touch the grey sky-line. Overlooking the valley stood an old picturesque building with castellated battlements, clothed with a tangle of creepers.

As I gazed at it, the light faded, a dim obscurity succeeded the shafts of sunshine, a cold blast seemed to turn my blood to ice, as from the gathering gloom, there approached a tall figure, enveloped in a martial cloak which hid its features. I heard a deep voice mutter:—"To you a task is given; see that you perform it.

"She, who through love the treasure seeks,
Puts nerve and courage to the test;
But woe betide her if she fail
The Phantom Knight's lost bones to rest."

As I stood in breathless horror, unable to stir a limb, the figure raised its arm, a skeleton hand emerged from the heavy folds of the cloak, and touched my elbow. A scorching pain shot through me, I uttered a shriek,—— and awoke to find Mr. Delaware bending over me anxiously.

"Well?" he said interrogatively.

"How strange!" I murmured, passing my hand over my eyes. "But why did you hit me? You must have done so, for my arm hurts me dreadfully," and I pulled up the loose sleeve of my dress, and looked at it; but there was nothing to be seen.

"I have not touched you," replied Mr. Delaware. "Was your vision pleasing?"

"No—not very," I returned, thoroughly puzzled. "I saw a castle and a figure."

"Probably foreshadowing what is to happen, Miss Jocelyn," said the mesmerist.

"Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed; and then I wished him and the captain good-night, and went to my cabin, not a little upset and nervous.

I wrote down the doggerel verse I had heard, lest I should forget it, and retired to rest with my head full of the vision I had seen.

But my sleep was dreamless, and I awoke next morning ready to laugh at myself for my fears, and to think what a fool I had been to allow Mr. Delaware to practise his uncanny arts upon me.

When I met him, I briefly asked him to say nothing about it, as I did not wish Mrs. Somers to know how foolish I had been.

"I cannot understand," I said, "how you managed to make me unconscious. I quite lost myself for a time."

"You were unconscious for ten minutes," he replied, regarding me gravely. "It is simply the extraordinary power that a strong and trained will has over a weaker one. And you, pray forgive me for saying so, are of a highly-strung organisation, and so peculiarly susceptible to magnetic and spiritual influence."

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"Do you believe in spirits?" I asked, much interested.

"Certainly I do; and I have every reason to think that the vision you saw last night came direct from the spirit world. You will know one day; when you do, will you tell me if I am right in my belief?"

I promised, feeling vaguely uncomfortable; the subject then dropped, nor did we again allude to it.

II.

MRS. SOMERS and I were landed at Plymouth one chilly day in the beginning of November. She was going on to London next morning, after she had handed me over to the tender mercies of my relations, whom I had expected to meet me.

We drove to Chubbs' well-known and comfortable hotel, and were duly ushered into a cosy oak-panelled apartment, a blazing fire burning on the hearth, the table laid appetisingly for dinner. I pulled off my hat and cloak, and knelt down on the hearth-rug to warm my chilled hands, whilst Mrs. Somers bustled about with her numerous parcels and bags, worried her maid, interviewed the waiter, and finally departed to arrange her belongings for the night. I was feeling terribly forlorn and homesick, and an inexpressible longing came over me to have my dear old dad's loving arms round me once more; with trembling fingers I drew from my neck a thin gold chain to which was attached a locket; I opened it, and with brimming eyes looked at his dear, kindly face; alas! it would be many weary months before I saw it again. I was just making up my mind for the luxury of a good cry, when the waiter announced a visitor. It was my cousin, Derrick Trevalyon, whom I had not met since I was a tiny child.

I sprang to my feet, as he came forward and took my hand, with such frank, honest sympathy in his dark grey eyes, that my heart warmed to him at once. And then he was so handsome! After all, beauty is a gift of the gods, and its sway is omnipotent. It is all very well for wise people to depreciate it, saying that it is but skin-deep, and that charms of mind are better than those of person. But, in my humble opinion, beauty wins, hands down. Would Helen of Troy, or Ninon de l'Enclos, or Cleopatra, have received a quarter of the meed of love and adoration they exacted, had they been plain women, were they as sagacious as Minerva herself?

Derrick Trevalyon was exceptionally handsome.

He was tall and finely built, with straight, clear-cut features resolute grey eyes, and fair hair, which would have curled all over his well-shaped head had it not been too closely cropped.

"And you are Ruby?" he said, in low penetrating tones, still holding my hand in his firm clasp. "You are not much altered from the little girl I used to play with. My mother is longing to

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receive you. She sent you her best love, and regretted that she could not come with me to meet you, but this is one of her bad days."

"I am so sorry," I replied, withdrawing my hand, and motioning him to a seat by the fire. "Is Aunt Eleanor a great sufferer?"

"Yes, at times she has dreadful attacks of neuralgia;" and then he added, half to himself, "Poor mother, she is but ill-fitted to bear trouble."

Our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by Mrs. Somers, who welcomed my cousin very cordially, and we sat down presently to a cosy little dinner, admirably served, after which Derrick insisted upon carrying us off to the theatre, where he had secured a box.

The next morning I parted from Mrs. Somers with many expressions of regret, and the sincere hope that we might meet again ere long, and then Derrick and I started for Tregarthlyn Castle, which was some miles north of Penzance.

It was growing dark when we arrived at the lodge-gates and drove up a long avenue of fine old elms, whose leaves were now whirling down in showers in the wintry blast.

At the end of the avenue, the castle came into full view, but it was too dark to discern it, though there seemed to be a singular air of familiarity about it, which troubled me considerably. In another minute Derrick had sprung out, and was assisting me to alight.

"Welcome to Tregarthlyn, my fair cousin," he said, heartily. I ran up the stone steps, and entered the hall, where I was folded in my aunt's warm embrace.

"My dear little Ruby," she said, kissing me affectionately, "how glad I am to see you; you must be tired to death with your long journey, and cold too. I hope Derrick has taken care of you," and she led the way to the drawing-room,—such a pretty, quaint, old-fashioned apartment, sweet with the breath of flowers,—where I was placed in an arm-chair, and my aunt removed my hat and furs, and chafed my cold hands in her soft warm ones. The tea stood ready on a little Chippendale table in front of the hearth, and whilst she poured me out a cup, I had time to look at her. She reminded me of my dear, dead mother, and had altered but little in the last twelve years; her features were delicate, she had Derrick's eyes, and her pretty, wavy, fair hair was now plentifully besprinkled with grey. She looked almost too young to be the mother of such a stalwart son.

As I sat there enjoying the warmth, Derrick plying me with hot scones and cake, the door opened and a girl entered.

She was not in the least like Derrick or my aunt, being short and dark, with black hair and laughing brown eyes; such a pretty girl! She greeted me as warmly as her mother had done, saying, "I am so glad you have come to spend this winter with

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us. I have sometimes been rather dull without a companion, so I shall thoroughly appreciate your society. We must teach you to skate, and there are lovely walks and rides about here. I hope you will soon be at home with us and will not feel strange."

I replied that I felt at home already, which I think pleased my aunt, for she patted my cheek approvingly. When she presently suggested that I might like to go to my room, my cousin Beatrice accompanied me.

"I thought you would prefer to be near me," she remarked, as, after ascending the broad oak staircase, we traversed a long corridor, with doors on one side, and finally entered a room at the end, which was simply yet comfortably furnished, and contained a bookcase in which I saw several of my favourite authors and poets, a couple of arm-chairs, and a writing-table; and, better than all, it opened into Bee's bedroom, which gave me much inward satisfaction. I found her a bright, clever, and amusing companion, and she chatted away to me whilst she helped me to arrange my knick-knacks, and get ready for dinner.

The next morning I awoke early, and springing out of bed, ran to the window, and looked out over the gardens, which extended far into the valley beneath, through which ran a streamlet spanned by a couple of rustic bridges, and foaming over huge boulders covered with lichen. In the misty distance was a chain of hills, whose rugged tops were hidden by clouds.

Those hills seemed strangely familiar to me. Where had I seen them?

Like a lightning flash came the recollection of Mr. Delaware, and his interview with me.

As I stood spellbound, unable to believe the evidence of my own senses, the fog gradually rolled away, and there before me lay the landscape of my vision!

A sensation of utter bewilderment, not unmixed with fear, seized me; I dreaded I knew not what. But I longed to go out and get a view of the castle, which was impossible from my present position, so I dressed quickly, and, going downstairs, let myself noiselessly out of the hall-door, and ran down the grassy slope of the lawn, until I reached a thicket of arbutus and laurel, which I had noticed from my window.

Then I turned and faced the castle. Yes, there it stood, the very embodiment of my dream! the sun sparkling on the old diamond-paned windows, and tinting the few leaves left upon the trailing creepers a vivid crimson.

I felt as if turned to stone; and a great reverence for Mr. Delaware, and his spiritual arts, rose in my impressionable mind. As to the rest of my vision, I dared not let myself think of it, it was all too uncanny, too horrible. But my unpleasant reflections were abruptly ended by my cousin Derrick, who emerged from a side path in knickerbockers and gaiters, a gun over his

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shoulder, and who seemed unfeignedly pleased and astonished at seeing me.

"Good morning," he said, taking off his cap, and the sun shone on his bright face and clustering brown hair; he looked so brave, and frank, and handsome, that my fears left me as if by magic.

"You are early; I'm afraid you did not sleep well."

"Yes I did, capitally; but I was possessed of a demon of curiosity, and was obliged to come out. Now, you shall show me over the grounds."

He gladly assented, and we made the tour of the gardens, which were extensive and very lovely, though Dame Nature had it a little too much her own way. Where there had been an army of gardeners were now only two; the acre or so of glass was unused, and falling into decay. The stables were the same: the fine stud reduced to a couple of old hunters, and a rough pony. My heart ached to see the ruin, the desolation, that had fallen upon what was evidently once a splendid estate.

I suppose my tell-tale countenance must have betrayed my feelings, for Derrick turned to me half-laughing, yet with an undercurrent of bitterness which he could not conceal; "It is the old story, Ruby; we must cry Ichabod, the glory has departed. The sins of the fathers are visited on the children. Do you know that in four months we must turn out of here?"

"Is it possible?" I cried aghast.

"Yes, we can no longer keep the wolf from the door. We have struggled on for years; the castle was heavily mortgaged during my father's lifetime; now they mean to foreclose—we can do nothing. My mother has enough to keep her from starving. As to myself I mean to get a tutorship; thank Heaven, my college education will ensure me that! It is hard to give up the old place that has been ours for so many generations, but beggars mustn't be choosers."

There was a break in his voice, he turned away and busied himself with his gun.

I felt very grieved, but could think of nothing to say to comfort him.

Presently he continued, "The worst of it is that there is a rumour that an immense quantity of treasure lies concealed somewhere in the castle."

My heart stood still.

"Treasure?" I repeated eagerly.

"Ah, then you have never heard the legend of the Trevalyons, nor of the ghost which is supposed to haunt Tregarthlyn. But how pale you are, Ruby; perhaps I had better postpone my story."

"Oh no; tell me now," I urged, and drawing my sealskin closely round me, for I shivered intensely, I seated myself upon one of the seats on the terrace which flanked the south side of the building.

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"Well, there was once upon a time, during the reign of Charles I., a certain Sir Guy Trevalyon. Of course he was a staunch Royalist, and something of a freebooter too, I'm afraid, judging by all accounts. This worthy knight was in close attendance upon the King, and was among the escort sent to convey the Queen Henrietta Maria to England. Later on he was despatched on a secret mission to Spain, and whilst there a quantity of Spanish treasure in the shape of money, drinking cups, flagons and chalices, all in pure gold, fell into his hands, and was brought here for concealment. Six months later, during the civil war, Tregarthlyn Castle was stormed by the Roundheads, who were successfully repulsed by Sir Guy; but after the siege was over the knight was found to be missing, and was never again heard of. What became of him, or the treasure, Heaven only knows. Every successive heir to the estate has searched the place, but to no purpose."

"Have you?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes indeed; you may think me a fool, but I have had surveyors and architects here for a month at a time. We found one secret chamber opening with a sliding panel from the picture gallery, but nothing more. There is an old doggerel rhyme about it; it runs something like this—

"'She, who through love the——,'"

he broke off suddenly as I started forward, crying, "No, no, there must be some mistake—it can't be."

"Why, Ruby, what is the matter? you don't mean to say you are frightened?"

I tried to smile, but I felt horrified; what did it all mean? Only too well I knew the remainder of the rhyme, for it haunted me. I had it written down in my desk at this very moment.

"I don't see much chance of any lovely young maiden braving the ghost of Sir Guy for my sake," he went on; but his tones seemed muffled and far away. I have a vague impression that he turned to me with keen solicitude in his glance; then he, the castle, everything, faded into a dark mist; a ghastly terror seemed to shake my very soul, and I fell forward, unconscious.

* * * * *

When I recovered myself I was in the warm breakfast-room, my aunt bending anxiously over me with a bottle of smelling salts.

"My dear child," she said, "how you frightened me. I have been scolding Derrick for taking you out without any breakfast. You must remember, dear, that you are somewhat of an invalid, and quite unused to our cold climate."

I sat up, and tried to smile. "Please don't scold Derrick; it was all my fault."

"Then you must promise me not to attempt to get up another

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morning until you are called. Now you must have some breakfast."

At the mention of that somewhat overrated meal I began to think I was very hungry; and so, much to Derrick's satisfaction (he seemed terribly put out by my sudden collapse, poor fellow), I allowed myself to be ensconced in a warm nook by the fire, and did ample justice to aunt's hospitality. In the afternoon Bee offered to show me over the castle, and I gladly assented.

It was a rambling, old place, big enough to put up a regiment of soldiers. Two wings were entirely closed, and only saw daylight when it was necessary to remove the dust that gathered upon the time-worn furniture and brocaded hangings, relics of past generations.

Everywhere I saw the same evidences of decay, of poverty, that I had noticed out of doors; it was indeed sadly apparent that the glory of the Trevalyons had departed. When we entered the picture-gallery, which ran the length of the north wing, and was shut off by heavy folding doors, the sun was setting, and darkness was coming on apace. We passed down it, our footsteps making no sound upon the tapestried floor, the eyes of the dead and gone Trevalyons following us as eyes will do in an oil-painting, Bee pointing out to me the most noteworthy of them. I'm afraid they were mostly a lawless race, given to cards, dice, and wine, and more apt to love their neighbours' wives than their own lawful spouses.

"This is the celebrated Sir Guy," said Bee stopping short at a full-length picture of a knight in armour, his plumed casque in his hand; "he is supposed to haunt the castle. Isn't he an old fright?"

I looked up at the dark and saturnine countenance above me with something of awe; certainly I felt no inclination to speak so irreverently of the Phantom Knight. His bold, black eyes gazed straight out from the canvas in a defiant stare, and—could it be fancy?—they seemed to me illumined as with an inward flame.

I glanced hastily round. Was it a shaft of sunlight that had caused that unearthly radiance? No, the gallery was already shrouded in darkness.

With a sudden feeling of terror I turned to Bee, who had gone on, and said in a half-whisper, "I don't like this place, it is eerie; let us go downstairs," and seizing her arm, I hurried her towards the door, and we ran down the corridor as if all the ghosts imaginable had been at our heels.

Bee threw herself, breathless and laughing, into a chair when we reached the drawing-room.

"I declare you have given me quite a scare," she said as soon as she could speak. "What on earth did you see or hear? I expect Derrick frightened you this morning with his silly stories."

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"I wish you would not laugh about it," I returned rather pettishly; "I detest ghosts and all that sort of thing."

Bee jumped up and kissed me in her usual impulsive fashion.

"Poor little coz! she looks like a ghost herself with her pale face, and her wondering blue eyes."

"Am I really so hideons?" I asked plaintively, with an anxious glance at the adjacent mirror.

"Oh, alarmingly so," laughed my mischievous cousin. "That is, if one can be hideous with lovely, rippling, auburn hair, eyes like violets, and a little face like a wild rose."

"You are too poetical to be truthful, I am afraid," I returned severely; "but, tell me now, have you ever seen the ghost?"

"I? No, never, thank heaven! Sir Guy has not troubled me. He evidently thinks I am far too material a person to be honoured with his spiritual attentions. But with an ethereal being, like yourself, it may be different. I should not be at all surprised if he paid you a visit, if only out of deference to your personal charms. I have always heard that he was a great admirer of beauty; quite a gay Lothario in fact."

This was too much; I was feeling horribly nervous and unstrung, and here, to Bee's utter dismay, I burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

In an instant she was on her knees beside me, her arms clasping my waist, her pretty, soft, rosy face pressed to mine, whilst she whispered contritely, "My little darling cousin, do forgive me. I am a brute to tease you. I did not mean a word of it, but I am not accustomed to the society of such a delicate little flower as you, so you must forgive me. Sir Guy is a myth, no one that I know of has ever seen him, or any other ghost. Of course, all old places boast of one; it is the proper thing to have, like old silver, old port, and ancestral portraits." So she petted and cheered me, until gradually I recovered myself, though it was some time before I could quite shake off the nervous, uncomfortable feelings that had risen in my breast since my arrival.

III.

THE days slipped away very quickly, and I soon felt quite at home and happy with my relations, though there was scarcely any hour in the twenty-four that I did not think, with a swelling heart, of my dearest old dad, so many, many miles away. I grew rapidly stronger and better; the pure Cornish air, laden with the briny breath of the broad Atlantic, blew a faint colour into my cheeks; and perhaps a hidden happiness, which I scarcely yet realised, lent a brighter colour to my eyes. Yes, I was happy; for I felt that Derrick Trevalyon loved me! I was not a child, and I had had a certain amount of experience in the ways of mankind in India, so I was not likely to deceive myself. I read his secre

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in the ardent gaze of his honest grey eyes, in the fervent clasp of his hand, in the tender inflection of his voice when he addressed me; and gradually the conviction dawned upon me that I reciprocated his affection. And with that knowledge came the belief that it was in me to do something—what, I could not determine—to help him at this crisis.

As the time passed his resolute young face grew graver and graver; on more than one occasion I found my aunt in tears which she vainly endeavoured to conceal; and even my irrepressible cousin Bee seemed sad and anxious. Only too well I knew the cause. In three months they would be homeless! I had never learned the value of money; my father was scarcely a rich man, but we had always had enough for comfort, if not luxury; but now I longed for wealth as ardently as the most inveterate miser could have done.

I had now quite got over my old fear of Sir Guy Trevalyn, and in fact passed an hour or so every day in the gallery, which commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country, whose exquisite hills and dales I was constantly sketching.

We spent a very pleasant Christmas Eve. The rector of the adjacent parish, and his noisy family, together with some distant neighbours, were our guests, and after dinner we had charades, finishing up with a dance. The next day there was a Christmas Tree for the village children, at which Bee and I had worked hard for some weeks, and an entertainment at the schools for the old men and women.

On New Year's Eve we were bidden to a dance at Viscount Ruthlyn's, about ten miles away, to which festivity both Bee and I were looking forward with feverish eagerness. We had seen a good deal of the Honourable Gerald Trevor, his lordship's eldest son, during the last few weeks. Scarcely a day passed without bringing him over upon some excuse or another, and he seldom went away without a glimpse of Bee's pretty face, and some of her saucy speeches ringing in his ears. In truth, she snubbed him unmercifully; but he seemed to like it, possibly because it offered such a complete contrast to the reception he usually met with at the hands of the fair sex, being the heir to large possessions. We started off in high spirits for the ball, Derrick having expressed his satisfaction at our appearance, which we secretly agreed left nothing to be desired,—we were dressed alike in white tulle—and arrived safely, in spite of the slippery state of the roads and the snow that had been falling during the day. Dancing had commenced, and all the notabilities of the county were footing it merrily. The old oak-panelled rooms were gay with flowers and holly, whose shining crimson berries gleamed like fire amongst the myriads of wax-lights.

During the evening, Derrick and I found ourselves in the cool depths of the conservatory, where rare exotics bloomed in a wealth

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of ferns and creepers. Almost hidden behind some giant palms was a cushioned lounge; I sank down upon it with a sigh of content, and commenced fanning myself.

"Hark," said Derrick, listening intently, "it is twelve o'clock; there go the bells. Can you hear them?" and as he spoke, the wild musical ring of many iron tongues announced the death of the old year, the birth of the new.

> "Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
> The flying clouds, the frosty light;
> The year is dying in the night;
> Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

So I quoted softly as Derrick leant towards me and took my hand in his.

"God bless my dear little cousin, and give her a very happy year," he said tenderly, looking into my eyes.

"I should like to wish you the same," I commenced shyly, for his earnest gaze somewhat disturbed me.

He dropped my hand, and, turning away, picked a spray of Cape Jessamine.

"Do you know I am going to London to-morrow?" he asked abruptly.

"No, are you really?"

"I am going to interview a gentleman, who requires a tutor for his son. You may wish me luck if you like."

My eyes filled with tears, his tone was so bitter, so unlike himself.

"Derrick," I said earnestly, "I wish I could help you. I would give all I possess to be able to do something for you all. I wonder what that rhyme means."

I stopped suddenly, half frightened at the light that flashed over his face.

"'She who through love the treasure seeks,'" he said gently. "Ruby, don't tempt me to tell you what I have been longing to say for days past. I am a poor penniless beggar, who has no right to think of love, or any such luxury."

"Don't say that, Derrick; what has money to do with love?"

"A great deal, my sweet romantic little coz; the world cannot get on without it."

I looked up at him, our eyes met, and then somehow, Derrick's arm slipped round my waist, and my cheek found a comfortable resting-place on his shoulder, whilst he whispered that he adored me, had done so in fact ever since he saw me at Chubbs' Hotel,—a forlorn, tearful little figure, kneeling by the fire.

* * * * *

I went home in a dream of happiness, and, as I bade Derrick good-night, promised to be down the next morning to give him his breakfast before starting for London.

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On reaching my room, I told Bee I was tired to death, and shut the door leading into her apartment. There was a bright fire in the grate, and, after undressing, I slipped on a warm dressing-gown, and sat down to consider the state of affairs. The fixed idea in my head was still how I could help my darling. What on earth was the meaning of that doggerel rhyme? Why had I been troubled with that extraordinary vision on board the *Victoria*, if nothing was to come of it?

I sat there thinking and thinking until the fire went out, and I awoke to the fact that I was intensely sleepy and very cold. I got into bed, but I could not sleep; over and over again I recalled my curious interview with Mr. Delaware. He had said that I was peculiarly susceptible to spiritual influence. Surely, the spirits would not harm me if what I desired to know was to benfit those I loved. With a sudden, but irresistible impulse, I rose, took my candle, and stole noiselessly out of the room, along the corridor, to the picture gallery.

I paused for an instant with my hand on the door.

What mad act was I about to do? I knew not—but I was in that stage of exultation when fear is unknown. I turned the handle slowly and entered.

The cold moonlight, pouring in at the uncovered windows, fell athwart the picture of Sir Guy Trevalyon, standing grim and forbidding in his suit of mail.

I went up to it, scarcely conscious of what I was about, but feeling vaguely that I was acting under the guidance of a superior will; I fell upon my knees, and held out my arms imploringly to the portrait. "Great Shade," I murmured, "help me to find this treasure. If it be true that thou walkest through these walls seeking rest, I pledge myself to give thee Christian burial if thou wilt grant my prayer, for the sake of thy descendants, now in such trouble."

Was my petition impious, do you think? I know that it came from my heart; as I ended, my eyes fixed upon the scornful ones above me, a radiant flame, as of an expiring ember burned in them. I almost fancied that those dark harsh features softened as they looked down upon me. I rose from my knees, and was advancing towards the door, when a deep sigh, which was almost a groan, startled me.

In an access of terror I flew along the corridor, and regaining my room locked the door, and jumped into bed.

But I was too nervous, too excited, to sleep.

Great Heaven! what had I done? Invoked the spirit of the dreaded Sir Guy?

A crowd of horrible impossibilities overwhelmed me; I dared remain no longer by myself. I went into Bee's room, and asked her to let me share her bed, to which she willingly consented; and after a long time I fell asleep.

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IV.

How long I had slept I know not, but I suddenly awoke with a violent start. I glanced at my companion, she was slumbering sweetly, I sat up and looked fearfully round the room. The night-light was burning dimly; outside the window was nothing but darkness, the moon had disappeared. How silent everything seemed.

Hark! what was that sound? Surely in the distance I could hear the clank of armour; as it were the echo of a mailed footstep ascending the staircase.

I listened intently, but my heart beat with such suffocating throbs as almost to render me deaf to all else. Every nerve in my body seemed strained to its utmost tension. In breathless suspense I waited; yes, there it was again, that muffled but steady footfall, coming slowly along the corridor towards our room. Nearer and nearer it approached; and, oh horror! *stopped at our door!*

That door was locked, for I had turned the key myself when I came in. The handle was softly turned, it opened, and there entered a tall figure enveloped in a long grey misty cloak. It advanced to the foot of the bed, and, raising its arm, beckoned to to me with a skeleton finger.

I sat fascinated, an icy terror numbing my limbs, paralysing my faculties, my eyes fixed on those of the figure, which glittered like a lambent flame from beneath the folds of the cloak.

As I gazed spellbound, I seemed to hear the words, "You have summoned me—*you must follow me.*"

But I could not have moved a limb. At last I realised the fearful consequences of my rash act, and with a wild cry to Heaven for mercy, I turned, and, flinging myself upon the pillow, hid my face. I seized my cousin, and in a whisper implored her to wake; I shook her, I even pinched her, but though usually so light a sleeper, she remained immovable. Then I wondered if my grisly visitor had departed, but I dared not look up. Unable to endure the agony of suspense any longer, with a desperate effort, I at length ventured to peep out. Oh God! there it stood; its flaming eyes still fixed on me, its fleshless hand still beckoning.

Then as I watched it there came over me something of the same curious sensation I had experienced when Mr. Delaware mesmerised me. It seemed as though I became partially unconscious, my material self remaining motionless and inert, whilst my spiritual faculties were singularly clear and acute. In a dream of horror,—such horror that even now the remembrance of it curdles the very blood in my veins,—yet impelled by an irresistible attraction, I slipped gradually out of bed, and advanced towards the apparition.

It turned, and led the way to the door, which opened, and

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we emerged into the corridor. How ghostly, how quiet the old house seemed! only the clank of the phantom's footsteps disturbing the slumbering echoes. Where was Derrick? I wondered. What would he do if he could see me now, a little white figure flitting along in the wake of the lost Sir Guy. Suppose I should never see him again! Ah! and my poor old dad, what would he ——? a frenzied shriek came to my lips but I stifled it; after all it was my own fault, and I must suffer for my impious rashness.

We came to the door of the picture-gallery; it opened of its own accord. The gallery was full of light, but, oh Heaven! not the light of the blessed day, nor of the moon; but the phosphorescent glare that comes from the putrescence of a charnel-house. The place seemed alive with misty forms; impalpable shapes, perhaps of the dead and gone Trevalyons, glided past me, and faint whispers and sighs sounded in my ears. Probably they were wondering what reckless mortal was this who dared to brave the spirits of the departed. I glanced at Sir Guy's portrait—*it had disappeared!*—only the frame remained.

The ghost paused at the sliding panel which Derrick had shown me, it flew back; he entered, then beckoned me to follow. I would have given worlds to refuse, to run away, to scream, to do anything that would alarm the household; but I could not. My lips were dumb, and the strong magnetic attraction, impossible to resist, that had dragged me from my bed, now forced me to go on. I stepped into the recess, the panel closed; I was a prisoner!

Sir Guy advanced to the end of the small room; I saw his hand raised to a portion of the wainscot, it fell back, and presented to my astonished gaze a steep stone staircase. Down we went. It must have been pitch-dark, but we needed no candle; that pale, phosphorescent gleam accompanied us. The stone steps were dank and slippery with slime, whilst noisome creatures that foster in the dark—horrible toads and bats, that filled me with loathing—slunk away at the strange light, and the clank of armour. If only I could have screamed aloud it would have been some relief to my agonized brain, but I was powerless to utter a sound. I counted the steps as we descended. There were three flights of a hundred each.

At length we came to a huge iron door, bolted and barred. It opened at our approach, and we passed into a kind of vaulted chamber built of great blocks of stone. The ghost laid his hand upon one—it was the centre of the fourth tier—an enormous piece of solid masonry swung back, discovering a smaller room. Here, Sir Guy came to a standstill; he beckoned me nearer, I obeyed him and, looking round, I saw by the light he emitted a pile of gold cups, goblets, drinking vessels of every kind and shape, chalices and crosses set with gleaming jewels. But what was that figure seated by the table on which the treasure was heaped? It

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was habited as a cavalier, while the remains of a plumed hat hung from the back of a chair.

As I gazed at it in horrified silence, it raised its bent head from the table, and looked at me. It was a skeleton, the fleshless, grinning skull glaring horribly in the faint obscurity. Then an icy breath seemed to freeze the marrow in my bones, and a voice said, "I have granted your request; see that you fulfil your promise to me, or you will be lost for ever."

The ghost turned to me, casting his fiery eyes upon mine, he raised his hand, and laid it upon my arm, just as he had done in the vision. A scorching pain shot through me, and served to loosen my tongue. I gave one awful shriek which rang through the vaulted dungeons; a shriek which did not seem to me like my own voice, and frightened me as much as it did the bats; then the ghostly figures, the golden treasure, all faded away in a thick crimson mist, and I remembered no more.

V.

When I regained consciousness I was lying at the foot of Sir Guy Trevalyon's picture; I raised myself on my elbow and looked around; the sickly rays of the cold wintry morning were stealing through the windows. My teeth were chattering—my head throbbed and burned, but I noticed that Sir Guy had returned to his frame, and stood grim and grisly as when I last saw him. Presently there was a sound of voices outside; hasty footsteps ran along the corridor, and my Aunt Beatrice and a couple of frightened maids appeared, looking thoroughly scared and anxious.

"What is the matter, my dear child?" said my aunt, helping me to rise; "your scream awoke us. Why are you in here? you must surely have been walking in your sleep. Even Derrick, in his distant room, heard you."

I looked from one to the other dazed and wondering. How could they have heard my shriek at the bottom of that awful stone staircase, beneath the ground? Then suddenly a fear, a doubt, and a great joy came upon me; I flung myself into my aunt's arms, and burst into alternate tears and laughter, "I have found the treasure-chamber," I cried. "Yes, I have found it; there are three flights with a hundred steps in each."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed my aunt seriously alarmed; "the child is raving. We must get her to bed; she is evidently very ill. Sarah, ask Mr. Derrick to ride off at once for the doctor—at once, mind."

"I am not ill," I gasped, "I have found the treasure;" but I could say no more, a sudden feeling of utter horror and fear of what I had endured overcame me and choked my utterance.

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I remember but little of what followed; I was carried to my room and put to bed.

When the doctor came he said I must have had some very severe shock, and considered my condition serious, with grave symptoms of brain fever. I think I must have told them all my story in my delirium. For three days I was a raving lunatic, and terrified those about me with my piteous appeals to them to save me from Sir Guy Trevalyon. But, thank God! I pulled through; and when I was well enough to be moved into another room, Derrick himself carried me in his strong arms into aunt's cosy boudoir, and there I told them the story I have endeavoured to relate here, from my mesmeric trance on board the *Victoria* to the discovery of the hidden gold.

"I am afraid you don't believe me," I said as I ended, and I noticed that Aunt Eleanor looked at me anxiously, with an incredulous expression on her gentle face; she evidently thought I was still wandering. But Derrick knelt down beside me. "My little darling," he said, tenderly, seriously, "I believe everything you tell me; and I will go at once and prove the truth of your words."

"You can't go alone," I entreated. "Wait till to-morrow, and get Gerald Trevor to accompany you. I will send him a note at once, and Lord Ruthlyn shall come too."

He did so; and the next morning Gerald arrived with his father. When Derrick explained why he required their presence they were tremendously excited and curious.

We accompanied them to the picture gallery; they opened the sliding panel and entered the tiny recess. I pointed out the spot which Sir Guy's finger had pressed. There was a moment of breathless suspense—then incredulity turned to awe, for the partition flew out as I had told them, and disclosed the stone staircase.

I gave one glance at it; then, shivering with horror, I hid my face on my aunt's shoulder, and she and Bee led me away.

My story is told. They found everything exactly as I had related, but they could not unclose the iron door which Sir Guy had opened with a touch. Two locksmiths had to be summoned from the town, and it was accomplished at last; the solid masonry in the stone chamber swung back, as I described, and disclosed the long-lost treasure that Sir Guy had brought from Spain, and which probably caused his ruin. The figure seated at the table was doubtless that of the missing knight, who had been caught a prisoner in this secret chamber by the untoward closing of the aperture, which opened by a spring from the outside. It is needless to say that his remains were carefully collected, and interred with full honours in the Church of Tregarthlyn, and later on I had a brass inserted in the ancient pavement to the memory of the Phantom Knight. Besides, did

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I not owe him a debt of gratitude for his kindly conduct to myself?—and I was so horribly afraid of his visiting me again.

Amongst the treasure were found many Spanish doubloons, and broad gold pieces; enough, thank God! to free Tregarthlyn from the mortgages and debts encumbering it, and to enable my Derrick to hold up his head amongst the greatest in the land.

That summer he and I sailed for India for our honeymoon, my dear father coming over to England to give me to him.

Whether I ever did descend those awful stairs with the ghost of Sir Guy Trevalyon, or whether, under the influence of some powerful supernatural influence, I evolved what I have related from my inner consciousness, I know not; but it is a singular fact that I still bear upon my arm the print of those four skeleton fingers; and, what is more, my two little children have also the sign manual of the ghost of the TREASURE-CHAMBER.

EMILY ARNOLD.

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THE MODERN ENGLISH POST OFFICE.

AMONGST the numerous Blue Books and reports usually published towards the close of the Parliamentary session there is none, probably, that excels in interest the report annually issued by the Postmaster General. Besides giving to the public an account from year to year of the progress—financially and otherwise—of a State department which, in its business, is more closely connected than any other, perhaps, with the daily life of the nation in its individuality, this document is also highly instructive as a fair and accurate illustration of the progress of civilisation and education, and of the condition of trade and commerce in this country. The growth of the Post Office but means, indeed, the spread of education, the development of trade and commerce, and the knitting more closely together of all classes of the community in the bonds of civilisation. It is not surprising, then, that the annual Post Office report is, without exception perhaps, the most popular of all kindred documents, and the report for 1885-6, only recently issued, is probably of even more than ordinary interest, since it deals with a period which, as the Postmaster General himself points out, "has been characterised by the completion of many changes and improvements, which have no doubt afforded very great facilities to the public." There can, indeed, be no doubt that the past few years will henceforth ever be regarded as one of the most important epochs in post office history on account of the manifold useful changes and reforms which, during that period, have been wrought in the service. There have been the introduction and rapid extension both of Postal Orders and of the Parcel Post, the development of Life Insurance and of Savings Bank business, the introduction of six-penny telegrams, the acceleration of the mails in various directions, and a host of minor improvements which have all tended to bring the huge system into greater popularity with the public, and to make it the admiration of foreign nations. In proposing, therefore, to found upon the basis of the Postmaster General's recently published report, which is the thirty-second of its kind, a sketch of the modern English Post Office, we feel sufficiently confident to believe that such a sketch will secure the interest and attention of every intelligent reader.

Dating from the year 1840, the development and extension of

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the postal system have been very remarkable, and, as a matter of fact, the whole of the collateral branches of the Post Office have been established since that date, with the single exception, perhaps, of the Money Order Office, which was incorporated in 1838. So great, indeed, has been the expansion of the service that its branches now spread throughout the length and breadth of the country like the numerous feelers of some great deep-sea monster; and scarcely a village or hamlet exists in the United Kingdom into which the Post Office has not now penetrated, as may be judged by the fact that, up to the 31st of March last, the total number of receptacles of all sorts for the posting of correspondence was 34,280, of which 16,805 were post offices; and the public appreciation of the accommodation thus afforded is perhaps best demonstrated by the marvellous quantity of correspondence which annually passes through these receptacles. Thus in the year 1885-6 the aggregate number of letters, etc., dealt with is estimated at 2,064,766,400, a total that is rendered all the more striking if we set it in contrast to the number of letters, etc., posted in the year preceeding that which is now noted for the introduction of penny postage, viz., 76,000,000—a number that even falls far short of the increase in a single year at the present time, which last year amounted to over 80,000,000. The letter statistics of this country are now, indeed, but a record of the unqualified success resulting from Sir Rowland Hill's plan of postal reform, and viewing these results at this distant date and enjoying, as we do, to the full the benefits conferred by penny postage, it is certainly difficult to credit the amount of opposition and resistance which were at first made to the proposition. Experience, however, teaches that in some natures it is inherent to regard all innovations and schemes for improvement with distrust and suspicion, so that, when Sir Rowland had to prove his opinions, to struggle for a trial of his plan, and to meet the host of objections and obstacles placed in his path, he but passed through the ordeal which all reformers, before and since, have, more or less, had to undergo. For all these trials, however, the reformer was no doubt consoled in having been spared, as he was, to see his calculations and predictions realised so immensely, beyond even his own expectations.

Out of the total correspondence for the year 1885-6 the number of letters proper was 1,403,547,900, of post-cards 171,290,000, of book packets and circulars 342,207,400, and of newspapers 147,721,100, and the aggregate of these figures shows an average of over fifty-six letters, etc., per head of the population. That such a result would surely never have been attained but for the constantly increasing facilities offered for the interchange of communications can hardly be doubted, and as an instance of departmental enterprise in this respect it is worthy of mention that a novel kind of service has been established on the Clyde

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by placing a post office on board the *Columba* steam-vessel plying between Greenock and Ardrishaig, and conveying a large number of passengers. All ordinary postal work, excepting money order business, is carried on in this vessel, the messages received for transmission by telegraph being despatched at each place where the vessel calls.

Amongst the various reforms inaugurated by the late Sir Rowland Hill during his administration of the Post Office was the reduction of the fee for the registration of letters, which previously had been somewhat excessive. The subject has always been one of considerable importance, for it is essential that letters which contain coin or valuables passing through the post should, as far as possible, be insured against risk of loss or theft, while, on the other hand, it is equally desirable to remove, by the system pursued in dealing with registered letters, the temptation to evil into which the handling of such letters might lead those who have to deal with them. Prior to 1840 a wholesome practice seems to have existed of registering every letter supposed to contain articles of value; but the constantly increasing pressure arising from the rapid growth of letter business after the introduction of penny postage, gradually led to the abandonment of this precaution—a circumstance from which, however, numerous complaints of theft from the public and other difficulties speedily arose. The remedy, of course, was to revive the abandoned practice; but this was not so easily to be done since it was now considered necessary, in view of the great increase of postal work, to charge for the trouble involved by the registration of letters, and the question arose as to what the fee should be, no such payment having previously been demanded. The Post Office authorities of the day proposed one shilling for country letters and twopence for district-post letters; but Rowland Hill, who at that time held his Treasury appointment, strongly objected to the proposition on the score of the former rate being too high, and also that no sufficient reason existed for the variety. He was very desirous of introducing a uniform sixpenny rate, but the objections raised by the Post Office were so numerous, and his influence at that time so small, that he was obliged to give way as far as to agree to a uniform shilling rate. The whole question of the registration of letters is interesting, if only for the reason that the difference of opinion just alluded to was the indirect cause of Rowland Hill's subsequent dismissal from the Treasury in 1842, inasmuch as he had, it appears, crossed with his advice a strong wish of Lord Lowther's, the then Postmaster General,—a circumstance that was neither forgotten nor forgiven. On his recall to office, some few years later, Rowland Hill was not slow to introduce the sixpenny rate,—a boon that was greatly appreciated at the time. This rate was subsequently reduced to fourpence, and on the 1st January, 1878, to so low as twopence, a circumstance which, coupled with

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the facilities now offered to the public for sending registered letters by the sale of envelopes specially devised for the purpose, and the comparatively high scale of money order commission, soon caused a huge increase in the number of registered letters. In the first year after the reduction of the fee to twopence considerably more than 7,000,000 such letters were transmitted through the post in the United Kingdom, being very nearly double the number posted in the previous year. In the following year the number again showed a marked increase, being more than 8,700,000; and, although an increase has not been maintained in every year since on account of the popularity of the Postal Order system as a means of remitting small sums of money, yet a very high number has nevertheless been maintained, the number for last year being over 11,000,000. These figures afford a certain amount of satisfaction, as showing that the public are gradually becoming alive to the great importance of letter insurance when valuables are concerned; and thus, while securing comparative safety for their letters in transit, they also assist in removing a source of temptation that has already brought to ruin many a man who otherwise would doubtless still be a respectable member of society. There are, however, still some who, either for the sake of saving a few pence or of cheating the revenue, appear to be unable to divest themselves of the propensity of transmitting through the post, without the precaution of registration, articles which ought clearly to be registered; and it is curious to notice, notwithstanding the present cheap rate, what devices are frequently resorted to for this purpose. A Bank of England note for £20 found pinned to the page of a book addressed to the initials of a lady at a receiving house in the metropolitan district, and a half-penny wrapper containing, besides a letter, a bill of sale and four Bank of England notes, are but two instances out of many annually observed by the Post Office, without taking into account those that pass undetected. But every letter so detected is, we are glad to know, forwarded to its destination with a registration fee of 8*d.*, to be paid on delivery,—a rule which, with the Postmaster General, we cordially hope may gradually lead to "the discontinuance of a practice which throws great temptation in the way of the Post Office servants." A peculiar trait in the character of the public is also exhibited by the fact that the authorities are in constant receipt of applications for missing registered letters which, in most of the cases, on inquiries being made, are found either never to have been posted at all, or to have been mislaid and their delivery forgotten. In one case a number of Suez Canal shares, which were applied for as missing, were found in the addressee's waste paper basket, where they had been thrown under the impression that they were circulars; and, in another instance, a letter containing bank notes, said to have been registered, was discovered behind a desk in the sender's

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office. It is needless to remark, perhaps, that the rashness in jumping to conclusions in this respect by the public is apt to hamper and harass the Post Office officials in their already onerous and numerous duties. It may further illustrate the want of care which the public are wont to display in regard to letters of all kinds, to state that nearly 27,000 letters passed last year through the post *without address of any kind*, of which 1,620 actually contained cash, bank notes, and valuables to the amount of nearly £4,000. The use of too fragile covers also occasioned the escape of many thousand articles; and although no doubt much disappointment was entailed thereby, it must in all fairness be admitted that in most cases the senders themselves have been to blame by failing to see that their letters were properly secured before dispatch. Out of nearly 13,000,000 letters dealt with in the Returned Letter Office during last year about 442,000 could not be delivered. It is recorded that one such letter contained a bank note for £100, which is still unclaimed, and that attached to the seal of another was a sovereign, which was returned to the owner, who had omitted to remove it, and whose want of care most persons will surely think was hardly deserving of this good fortune. This latter incident speaks well and forcibly for the high moral rectitude of the sorters and letter carriers as a class.

One of the most important developments of our postal system in modern times is undoubtedly the introduction of the parcel post on the 1st of August, 1883. The question of initiating such a system had long agitated many minds, and was broached, indeed, so far back as 1842. In that year Sir Rowland Hill, in connection with his penny postage scheme, recommended the establishment of a parcel post, but, as he himself tells us, he was prevented from any immediate action by his dismissal from the Treasury. Even when he was re-instated, and had leisure to go into the matter, "the ill-judged opposition of the railway companies remained a constant obstacle," as it continued to be until Mr. Fawcett appeared upon the scene. The question was also taken up at frequent intervals after Rowland Hill's time. It was brought before the Society of Arts in 1858, and a special meeting was held on the subject, at which Earl Fortescue—then Lord Ebrington—took the chair. An able report was drawn up and adopted by the Society, recommending that the Post Office should convey parcels at moderate charges, irrespective of distance; but although carefully considered by the postal authorities, nothing practical resulted. Mr. Edwin Chadwick also took the subject in hand some years later, but with no better result than that which attended the Society of Arts. Chief among more recent advocates of the reform was the late Professor Jevons, whose great authority in all financial matters, of course, lent great weight to the arguments he used in favour of the scheme. The difficulties which lay in the way of a state parcel post being established were apparently very

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great; and it was not until the late Mr. Fawcett took up the question that they were overcome. The characteristic activity and tenacity which Mr. Fawcett, as Postmaster General, displayed are matters of recent history, and must be so well known as to require no lengthened mention here. It is sufficient to say that by dint of his usual perseverance and dauntless energy he got the necessary Act passed in 1882, and twelve months later the new service was in operation.

It is now more than three years since the parcel post was inaugurated, and the progress of the business, on the whole, appears to have been satisfactory. There were at first grave doubts entertained in many quarters as to the possibility of the system becoming financially successful; but it was hardly to be expected that there would not be many little defects and shortcomings at the commencement in a service which was so entirely new to the officials who were responsible for its introduction and maintenance. It only required a short experience to show where modification and reform were needed, and so much has already been done in this direction, that the Postmaster General, in his last report, is able to give some very satisfactory statistics relative to the business. Thus the total number of parcels posted during the year in the United Kingdom amounted to over 26,000,000, showing over the previous year an increase of about 3,500,000, and an increase in gross postage of £84,000. When the system was introduced, the scale of charges was as follows:—3*d.* for 1lb. and under, 6*d.* from 1lb. up to 3lbs., 9*d.* from 3lbs. up to 5lbs., and 1*s.* from 5lbs. up to 7lbs.; but, as the reader is no doubt aware, a revision of the rates and weights of Inland parcels came into operation on the 1st May last, by which the postage was fixed at a minimum of 3*d.*, increasing by 1½*d.* per pound to a maximum of 1*s.* 6*d.*, and the weight extended from a maxmium of 7lbs. to 11lbs. It should also be mentioned that since the introduction of the parcel post here the system has been gradually extended to many foreign and colonial places, the first such despatch having taken place on the 1st July, 1885; while by the 1st of January in this year arrangements had been completed for the interchange of parcels with twenty-seven different countries. The total number despatched up to the 31st March last was 71,900, and the number received was 40,800. The largest business, it is interesting to note, was transacted with Germany, with which country in six months 46,000 parcels were exchanged. India shows a business at the rate of 36,000 parcels in six months, and the smallest business recorded is one parcel in three months for the Island of Tortola.

There can be no doubt that a considerable impetus was given to the Inland parcel post by the introduction, on the 1st May last, of a system of insurance and of compensation for loss or damage, under which compensation not exceeding £1 is now given where

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no insurance fee is paid; and where an insurance fee of one penny or twopence is paid, compensation is given to the amount of £5 or £10. It need hardly be said that the plan was one which fully commended itself to the public, and in the first month 17,600 parcels were insured, producing £87, while the compensation amounted only to £6,—a circumstance which shows that the system, whilst proving a benefit to the public, is also not unprofitable to the State.

We now turn to the Money Order Office, an important and useful branch of the Post Office, the progress of which during the last forty years has been very marked. Considering that when this business was acquired by the Post Office in the year 1838, it was commenced with only three clerks in a couple of rooms at the north end of the old General Post Office, one cannot but be impressed with the astonishing results which have since accrued. At the very outset, when the money order service was a purely private undertaking, conducted by three enterprising individuals, who happened to be engaged in the Post Office, the principle and utility of the system were at once seen and admitted, although the high rates of commission which, from various causes, it was necessary to charge, restricted the usefulness of the service, and to a great extent rendered it prohibitory. As soon, however, as the charges were reduced, on the system passing over to the Government, the business immediately expanded, and a considerable increase at once took place in the number and the amount of the transactions,—an increase that was rapidly progressive year by year, and which, with each successive reduction in the scale of commmission, was further greatly augmented. In 1871, when the initial rate was reduced to one penny for orders of 10s. and under, and the whole scale based on the uniformity of the postage rates, rising by gradations of a penny to a shilling, the increase in the number and amount of money orders issued was something enormous, being, as regards the number, nearly 3,000,000, and as regards the amount, more than £2,000,000 more than the relative figures for the preceding year. But, notwithstanding these facts, the last reduction proved somewhat unsuccessful, for, however growing the business, as far as actual transactions were concerned, appeared from that date, the revenue derived from this important branch of the Post Office began very perceptibly to fall off. Nor is the explanation of this circumstance far to seek, since, as every money order issued and paid is estimated to cost the department on an average threepence, it followed that, on the introduction of the penny initial rate, those orders upon which the commission was a penny or twopence were creative of a positive loss, while the threepenny orders were devoid of profit. So serious, indeed, was this circumstance, that it soon became a source of much anxiety to the Government, who, after full consideration of the subject, found it absolutely necessary to take

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precautionary steps, by raising the initial rate from a penny to twopence (as was done on the 1st January, 1878), with a view to avert a deficiency that had hitherto, it seems, only been avoided through the profits yielded by the foreign and colonial money order business in conjunction with those derived from the larger inland orders. There is no disputing the wisdom of the course which was adopted, retrograde as it may have been, for it is undoubtedly the first duty of a government department to protect itself against loss of revenue, and it seems to us even a question whether it would not, indeed, have been as well as to have reverted at once to the old threepenny rate, as was actually suggested by the late Mr. Chetwynd, C.B., of the Post Office, whose forty years' direct and indirect experience of the Money Order Office have constituted him the very best authority on the subject. As it was, the authorities had in view a scheme which, while it was to offer to the public a sort of *quid pro quo* for the loss of the old penny money order rate, would in operation displace such orders as were profitless to the department. Although the measure, which provided for a system of postal notes, ingeniously devised by Mr. Chetwynd, had been introduced into Parliament on more than one occasion, it was not until the year 1880 that it became duly legalised under the "Post Office (Money Orders) Act" of that year, considerable opposition having been encountered from the representatives of the banking interests, who entertained grave apprehensions as to the manner in which such a system would affect the currency question. Upon a better acquaintance with the proposals which the scheme set forth, and upon the assurances of those in charge of the Bill that the introduction of a paper currency by means of this new system was furthest from the mind of the Government, these fears were to a great extent allayed, and with some few modifications in the details, the measure was allowed to pass, and, as will be recollected, duly came into operation on the 1st January, 1881. Postal Orders—the name "orders" having been substituted for the original term "notes" as being less objectionable, just as if a rose by any other name would not smell as sweet—are now issued for fourteen classes of fixed amounts, namely, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.*, and 20*s.*, at a commission of one halfpenny for each of the two first classes, a penny for each of the next ten, and three-halfpence for each of the remaining two classes. When first issued the postal order is payable to bearer at any money order office in the United Kingdom, but the Act requires that the purchaser shall insert the name of the payee and that the payee shall insert the name of the money order office at which he desires to get it cashed; and the remitter may, if he choose, cross the order either generally or specifically, so as to invest it with the advantages and safeguards of a cheque similarly dealt with. The period of circulation for postal orders

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is restricted to three months, after which they are only renewable upon payment of a commission equal to the amount of the original poundage. The results of this new business have conclusively negatived the very unfavourable predictions which, prior to the passing of the measure, were so freely uttered; for postal orders are now being sold at the enormous rate of 26,000,000 a year, to the value of about £11,000,000. From these astonishing figures it is plainly evident that the public appreciate the convenience thus provided, and that the anticipation of the benefits which this new remittance-system would confer were fully justified.

The money order system still remains in operation, of course, as hitherto, and is probably not further affected by the issue of postal orders than by being relieved, as was desired and intended, of those orders for small amounts on which either a loss, or no profit, accrues. The result that the increase in the initial money order rate, to which we have already referred, was designed to effect has been partially accomplished; but, as was only to be expected, the number and amount of transactions have in some measure diminished. The total number of money orders issued in 1885-6, was a little over 10,000,000, and the amount for which they were issued was nearly £22,000,000,—these figures showing a marked decrease both in number and in amount as compared with the results of previous years. This decrease is due, however, as we already know, partly to the introduction of postal orders, and also partly to the reduction in the registered letter fee in 1878; but the diminution in the number and amount of money orders issued is amply compensated for by the number and amount of postal orders now annually issued; and if we but remember that the results of both methods of remittance combined now produce a total very considerably in excess of the amount formerly transmitted by money orders alone, there is really little of which to complain.

In turning to the Savings Bank department, we approach one of the brightest chapters in Post Office history; for, in viewing the results that have been accomplished in this popular department, it is seen how much has been done by the Government to foster and encourage habits of thrift and providence amongst the poorer classes of this country. The subject has always been a generally interesting one, and the desirability of the Government assuming the custodianship of the savings of the poor was foreseen and advocated long before the idea was reduced to any practical form. So early, indeed, as 1807, a bill to legislate on the subject was brought into Parliament by Mr. Whitbread, but was subsequently withdrawn owing to its impracticability. In 1860, the matter was again revived by Mr. Sykes, a bank manager in Huddersfield, who submitted a plan for the purpose of utilising the existing money order offices for savings bank business, which, while the

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principle of it was seen to be useful, was, however, so crude, and possessed such drawbacks, that it could not be acted upon. It was left for Mr. Chetwynd, already referred to, and who at that time was engaged in the Money Order department, to develop the idea and to bring it to a practicable and successful issue. Discarding all other schemes then under discussion Mr. Chetwynd submitted to the Postmaster General, in November 1860, a plan based upon the principle that savings bank business might be done "through the various money order offices in a much more economical manner than by the issue and payment of money orders," as had been suggested by Mr. Sykes, and proposed that it should be so comprehensive as to dispense with the pound restriction (also part of Mr. Sykes' proposal), which he rightly considered to be "so large as to seriously reduce the value of the benefit proposed to be conferred on the provident portion of the public." The whole proposal, from its completeness and clearness on every point of detail, at once commanded the favourable attention of the Postmaster General, and speedily fell into the hands of Mr. Gladstone—then Chancellor of the Exchequer—who with his characteristic energy and spirit lost no time in introducing a Bill on the subject into the House of Commons; and on the 17th May, 1861, the measure became law. To say that the measure did not pass through its various stages without encountering a considerable amount of opposition, and that there were not wanting those who sanguinely predicted the speedy failure of the whole scheme, is but to substantiate what we have previously remarked concerning the inevitable ordeal which all schemes of reform and improvement have to undergo; but, in the present case, the groundless character of the objections that were raised was very soon conclusively exposed by the immediate success that attended the new system of Government Savings Banks. The following testimony was borne by the *Times* in September 1861, to this gratifying result:—"The country," wrote the leading journal, "soon recognised the universal boon of a bank maintained at the public responsibility, with the whole empire for its capital, with a branch in every town, open at almost all hours, and, more than all, giving a fair amount of interest."

The development of the system since the date when it was commenced with a staff of twenty clerks in a moderately-sized room in the old General Post Office, has been marvellously rapid; and the business transacted during that period has been productive of a net profit of considerably over a million pounds. The statistics on this subject recorded by the Postmaster General in his recent report are in the highest degree satisfactory. They show that there are at the present time more than 8,000 post offices open throughout the country for the transaction of savings bank business, being an increase of 350 over the number in the year. The number of deposits made last year was 6,474,484 to

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the amount of £15,034,694, while the total number of withdrawals reached 2,280,062, amounting to £13,202,742. The total amount of deposits had, on the 31st of December last, reached £47,697,838 showing an increase of £2,924,065 over the amount recorded on the corresponding day of the preceding year. From the foregoing figures it will be seen that the deposits still continue to exceed the withdrawals, and this fact, together with the increase of over £2,000,000 sterling in the balance due to depositors, is to be regarded with the greater satisfaction if we take into consideration the dulness that during recent years has existed in trade.

The great success that has attended the establishment of Post Office Savings Banks not unnaturally led to a demand of late years for an extension of the benefits conferred by them, and it was with a view to partly meet this demand that the Savings Bank Act, which came into force on the 22nd of November, 1880, was passed in the session of that year. The provisions of this Act have already been so fully made public that it is not necessary to refer to them further than to recapitulate the main points thereof. The first part of the Act provides for the expunction of the deficit incurred by the national debt commissioners as regards trustee savings banks, by the creation of a terminable annuity for a certain number of years, not exceeding twenty-eight, of such an amount as will pay off the deficiency if the interest is calculated at 3¼ per cent. per annum, the annuity to be a charge on the consolidated fund; and it enacts that the interest payable to the trustees of trustee savings banks shall be reduced from 3¼ to 3 per cent., and the interest payable to depositors in such banks from 3 to 2¾ per cent. The second, and perhaps most important, part of the measure, gives power to depositors in trustee and post office savings banks to invest any part of their deposits, being not less than £10 and not exceeding £300, in Government stock through the agency of the post office, at a trifling cost, varying from 9*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.*, the dividends being collected free of further charge. The investment can be effected either by a transfer from a depositor's account, or by means specially deposited for immediate investments. The working of this Act has proved satisfactory, and the Government stock investments were, in 1885, 17,133 in number, the amount of stock purchased being £859,050. The sales numbered 7,443, and amounted to £326,445 stock. The total amount of stock held at the close of the year 1885 was £2,452,252, and was held by 30,597 persons. The machinery required to set the new Act in motion throughout the country was of a complex character, and the fact that the measure was carried through without any failure certainly reflects the highest credit on those upon whom the duty devolved.

When the Act, to which we have just been referring, was in committee, Colonel Harcourt, M.P., proposed an amendment with

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the object of reducing the present shilling limit for deposits in Post Office Savings Banks, so as to admit of penny deposits; it having been frequently urged of late years in many quarters that the limit in question is not sufficiently low to reach the poorest classes. To anyone at all acquainted with the working of the postal savings bank system it was, of course, obvious that such a reduction was impracticable, especially in the view of the fact that the average cost of each transaction is estimated at eight pence. Mr. Fawcett, however, ever anxious te meet, as far as possible, popular requirements, while declining to accept the amendment, announced a plan he proposed to bring into operation, which would, without involving any actual relaxation of the shilling limit, have the effect of practically fulfilling the same ends as would be gained thereby. That the postage-stamp savings scheme—which was the plan alluded to,—has now been tried for nearly six years with the utmost success, is a fact that every reader must be well acquainted with, as so much has been both said and written about it since its introduction. It need, therefore, only be succinctly stated that the plan enables poor persons desirous of saving to collect by means of penny stamps a shilling for deposit in the postal savings banks. The stamps are to be affixed as collected to specially prepared slips which are supplied gratuitously at any post office, and they must not, of course, be defaced or in any way damaged or mutilated. The extreme simplicity of the scheme, which is another of the late Mr. Chetwynd's inventions, is its great beauty and recommendation; and, although the objection was at first raised that it would afford an opening for the disposal of stamps dishonestly obtained, experience has shown that no serious risk in this respect need be feared. The results of the scheme up to the present time are most gratifying, both to the postal authorities as repaying their strenuous efforts to encourage providence by creating an opening for the saving of the smallest sums, and to the public in dispelling, in a great measure, a notion hitherto generally entertained, that the poorest classes of this country lack the faculty for saving, even if afforded the facilities for so doing. The whole subject of small savings has of recent years been a favourite theme, and particularly as regards the useful character of the scheme at present under notice, and it is gratifying to notice the determination which the Post Office shows to shut out no opening which may serve to encourage the habit of saving, and the fresh facilities it is constantly offering for the convenience of depositors. Arrangements are now made, for instance, by which the personal attendance of children and others at a distant savings bank may be avoided and those who are desirous of promoting thrift are invited to communicate on the subject with the Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank. Navvies, too, employed on the construction of several public works, are now afforded at the place where they

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receive their wages, through the enterprise of the post office, the opportunity of depositing money in the postal Savings Banks, as well as of procuring money orders,—an arrangement that proves of marked value to the class of men whose character for improvidence has ever been conspicuous.

The life insurance and annuity business of the Post Office is gradually expanding under the ingenious system suggested by Mr. Cardin, the present Receiver and Accountant General of the Post-Office, and which was introduced in 1884. The changes which were then made must be well known to every reader, and as the benefits which the new system confers become more appreciated by those for whose advantage they were designed, there is reason to hope that the business will increase as rapidly as was anticipated. Even at present the increase is not unmarked, the number of annuities in existence on the last day of 1885 having been 10,306, and the insurances 5,155.

We now turn to the last section of the Post Office service we have to deal with in this paper, namely, the telegraphic system of the country, and in which unusual public interest has centred since it was first acquired by the Government on February 5th, 1870. Previous to the transfer the usefulness of the "telegraphs" as a medium of general communication was considerably restricted, owing to the high charges which were made; for, although the telegraphic wires of the country were in the hands of various competing companies, there nevertheless appeared to exist a sort of tacit understanding amongst them that it was desirable to maintain as high a tariff as possible. In addition to this, no great spirit of enterprise was exhibited by the companies, who were apparently unwilling to enter into any measures which would develop the system. Under such circumstances it was no wonder that high expectations were entertained of the change of management in 1870, and the institution of a system of Government telegraphs was hailed at the time as the inauguration of a new era in this mode of communication. The results achieved by the Post Office, after more than sixteen years' experience of the system—a period sufficiently long to test the merits of any scheme—have amply proved that these expectations were by no means ill-founded. Telegraphic resources have undoubtedly been wonderfully developed by the Post Office, and the extension of the system has certainly exceeded general anticipation. When the electric wires were taken over there were only 2,488 telegraph offices open throughout the country. That number has now been increased to over 6,000. The messages transmitted over the wires, which have also increased in a marvellous degree, by the companies in the year previous to the transfer were 6,500,000. The number transmitted by the Government in 1885-6 was 39,235,813.

The great attraction of the transfer was, of course, the intro-

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duction of a uniform tariff with a minimum charge of one shilling for twenty words; and this it is that is to be regarded as the primary cause of the rapid and marvellous increase of business. Unfortunately, however, the revenue of this department has not always exhibited such brilliant results; for, although the receipts have every year exceeded the expenditure, it is only within the last few years that the net profit derived from the service has proved sufficient to pay the full interest, 3 per cent., on the debt of over £10,000,000 incurred since 1869 for the purchase of the electric wires of the country, and to leave a surplus towards the cancelling of the debt. For some time the results of the undertaking exhibited an annual deficiency, amounting in the aggregate to not less than £1,216,000, which had to be charged on the Consolidated Fund, and the fiscal difficulties long engaged the serious attention of the Government; commissions of inquiry having from time to time minutely examined into and investigated the working of the system with the view of curtailing the expenditure in every practicable way. These efforts proved, on the whole, satisfactory, and the condition of the revenue earned in the last few years is no doubt due, in a great measure, to the results thereof.

The great event of the Postal Telegraph world during the year 1885 was the introduction of the reduced rate for Inland Telegraph messages decided on by Parliament. The desirability of a sixpenny rate for telegrams had frequently been urged on the Post Office; and shortly after assuming office, Mr. Fawcett, who was ever anxious for the public welfare, suggested a word-rate, including addresses of a halfpenny, with a minimum charge of sixpence, which he considered would be effected with only a small sacrifice of revenue, probably about £170,000 a year. Practically this is what has been adopted, and the result so far has been satisfactory. The change commenced on the 1st of October, 1885, so that of the financial year 1885-6 six months of the telegraph business were at the old shilling rate, and six at the new sixpenny rate. To quote from the Postmaster General's last report:—

"The number of inland messages in the first six months under the old rate was 11,314,423, and produced £604,436. The number in the last six months under the new rate was 16,787,540, and produced £564,203. The actual loss of revenue involved in the introduction of the reduced rate was only £22,019."

These figures indicate a very satisfactory result of the cheaper tariff for telegrams; and bearing in mind that the system has operated but little more than a year, there is good reason for anticipating that our telegraph will wholly recover itself from loss within a few years' time.

As regards the financial results of the Post Office Service generally, it may be stated that the gross revenue derived from postage on letters, etc., commission on money and postal orders, the value of unclaimed money orders, and from the telegraphs, was a little over £10,250,000 sterling, while the

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expenditure amounted to a little more than £7,500,000, thus leaving nearly £3,000,000 as the net revenue. So gratifying a result is the more satisfactory, perhaps, if we bear in mind that, excepting the telegraph service, the Post Office has no capital account, and consequently provides out of its annual income for the expenses of all the extensions inseparable from so rapidly increasing a business.

It but remains to add that the stupendous results here briefly indicated are not, as may be imagined, attained without the assistance and co-operation of a large staff of officials. This staff now numbers, all told, more than 96,000 persons. So large a force is indeed a matter for wonder; but remembering the gigantic operations of our modern Post Office, and the multifarious character and enormous quantity of its work, the figures quoted need occasion no surprise. The duties, too, devolving upon this enormous staff, which are at all times onerous and arduous, have frequently to be discharged in the midst of great difficulties and impediments, often of a trying character; and it is, therefore, extremely satisfactory to notice how favourably the Postmaster General speaks of their conduct and of their efficiency. Without such efficiency and good conduct our present postal service could scarcely be what it really is—the finest and most perfect organisation in the world.

ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

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POEMS.

I.

Rondeau.

When Summer dies the leaves are falling fast
In fitful eddies on the chilly blast;
And fields lie blank upon the bare hillside
Where erst the poppy flaunted in its pride,
And woodbine on the breeze its fragrance cast.

And where the hawthorn scattered far and wide
Its creamy petals in the sweet Springtide,
Red berries hang, for birds a glad repast
When Summer dies.

Gone are the cowslips and the daisies pied,
The swallow to a warmer clime hath hied;
The beech has shed its store of bitter mast,
And days are drear, and skies are overcast;
But Love will warm our hearts whate'er betide
When Summer dies.

II.

A Memory.

The hornëd moon low hanging in the sky
Casts a mild radiance o'er the steely blue,
Which twinkling stars are peeping softly through
And sounds far distant seem to be more nigh.
Low in the valley the grey mist doth lie,
The air is moist and heavy with the dew,
And night fast closes in with ebon hue;
While from the stubble comes the crake's weird cry.

Three monthly roses, bought of one who stands
At busy corner, earning daily bread
In that great city, pride of many lands.
Three dainty buds, a gift to me, who said
"Do you remember?" straight Time loosed his bands,
And swiftly to the past my memory fled.

ARTHUR G. WRIGHT.

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"LOVE'S A TYRANT!"

A Novel.

BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP).

Author of "Denis Donne," "Theo Leigh," "Played Out," "Eyre of Bleadon," "Allerton Towers," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE IS YOUR KINGDOM?"

"THIS is Holsworthy! This is our station, Marcus, and here's the old Colonel's dog-cart waiting for us."

"What a jolly stretch of moor away to the left! the air's like champagne; can't we walk, and send our luggage on in the trap?"

"It won't do to appear ready to lag on our way. The Colonel is a fine old boy, but apt to feel slights before they're offered; he'll feel it to be one if we don't use the speediest means of gaining his portals. You're highly favoured, let me tell you, Master Marcus; as a rule, the Colonel shows a grim front to men young enough to be attractive to his pretty niece and lovely daughter."

"Evidently I'm not considered attractive enough to be dangerous; but no matter," Marcus Gwynn laughed, as he stepped on to the platform impatiently. Then, as he was more deliberately followed by his older, staider companion, he added—

"But you're right; we had better not walk, as he has sent the trap; moreover, the mention of a pretty niece and charming daughter has made speedy locomotion desirable in my mind; tell me more about them, or, rather, tell me something about them, for I've heard nothing yet."

"Not before the groom," the elder man muttered; "he's one of those faithful servitors who are sure to go and misquote and make mischief out of any remarks on the family. Good-day, Lawson; the Colonel and family are all well, I hope."

"Quite well, sir; young ladies out riding as usual; they're going to fall in at Alterton Cross, they told me to tell you, and Miss Constance said she 'hoped you'd appreciate the compliment at its true value.'"

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"I shall make no mistake about it. Miss Constance might have spared herself the trouble of sending me such a message," the elder of the two travellers said, with such cold anger in his tones that the man he had addressed as "Marcus" looked round at him in surprise in time to see a bitter black frown on his brow, which he banished abruptly as he felt his young companion's gaze.

"Miss Constance Brymer is rather disposed to fear that her scantiest courtesies may be misunderstood," he explained lightly. "She never forgets that she is an heiress and a beauty, and that mortal man is liable to error where such as she are concerned. She's afraid that even such an old fogey as I am may presume to adore her if she seems to be a little kind."

"You've forgotten your caution to me, Conway; ah! here comes the finishing touch to an already perfect scene; by Jove! I've seen nothing to equal *that* in the Row this year."

As he spoke, two ladies on horseback had trotted into view in a field on their left, and, clearing the hedge and bank, had dropped into the road a few yards ahead of the dog-cart. The latter was immediately pulled up, and Mr. Conway, all smiles and suavity in a moment, was presently introducing "his friend and ward," Mr. Marcus Gwynn, to a couple of the fairest young Dianas that had ever gratified his passionate love of the beautiful.

The two girls wheeled round and rode along one on either side of the dog-cart, and without a shade of either shyness, constraint diffidence, or hauteur, began doing the honours of their own land.

"We came out to meet you, Mr. Gwynn, because we were so afraid Mr. Conway would forget to point out the hollow oak, and the wayside cross, and the view over Holsworthy Vale, and the Three Barrows. He hasn't a proper respect for our scenery, and—can you believe it?—after having been here every autumn for the last—how many years is it, Mr. Conway?—ten, I believe! he doesn't remember which is the Western Beacon, and which is Brent Hill. Such forgetfulness, such ignorance, is unpardonable in the eyes of us west-country people."

"I have never forgotten Hanger Down, at any rate," Conway said quietly, and Marcus Gwynn saw that the face of the girl who had spoken the rebuke grew scarlet with a sudden angry blush.

"Why, Connie, what's the matter?" the other girl cried, inopportunely. "What is there in Hanger Down that Mr. Conway should remember it so well, and that you should get so red about it?"

"Miss Brymer is annoyed at my having so successfully disproved her assertions as to my forgetfulness of all the places of interests in the neighbourhood."

'Here's the wayside cross," Miss Brymer interrupted, "Do you sketch?" she went on, addressing Marcus Gwynn. "I make

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every one who can draw sketch the cross and the hollow oak for me. The oak by moonlight is lovely. We'll bring you up here again after dinner."

"Oh, and to-morrow we are going up on the moor trout-fishing, Papa and all of us. Mr. Conway and Papa are going in the dog-cart with the rods and the luncheon. I hope you like fly-fishing? But never mind if you don't; we can sketch and read and get rid of the time deliciously. Don't you think so, Mr. Gwynn?"

"I am sure of it," he answered, rather rapturously for so recent an acquaintance, as he looked from the pretty fair face of the speaker to the far prettier and more piquant one of her cousin.

"Now look to your right, Mr. Gwynn, right through the gateway up that avenue of beeches. Isn't that a vista! Aren't those dear old pillars well worth coming from London to see?"

"I would have come from the other end of the world to look at them," Marcus said, enthusiastically.

"But you're not looking at them, you're looking at me and that's foolish, with that avenue of beeches before you. Belle, please to ride on, and to the charm of the landscape add the beauty of thy grace; doesn't Longfellow say something like that somewhere?"

"'And to the charm of the poem lend the beauty of thy voice,'" Marcus quoted, rashly.

"Now look at Miss Hillier, sir, she's going to take the hurdle on the lawn, and a prettier jumper than the bay and a prettier rider than our young lady you'll not see anywhere," the old groom struck in, pointing excitedly, as he spoke, to the graceful pair who were harmoniously popping over the hurdle in the distance, but Marcus Gwynn's eyes were still riveted on the girl who remained by the dog-cart.

"My Make Haste jumps quite as well, Lawson," she was saying, deprecatingly; "it's only because Bayleaf is a daughter of the soil that you always pretend to think her better than my dear little wild Irish girl. You shall decide on their respective merits, Mr. Gwynn. Make Haste and I will follow Belle's lead, and if you don't admit that Make Haste jumps as neatly as Bayleaf, the relations between us will be strained for some time to come." Then she went off with a graceful parting salutation, carrying Marcus Gwynn's heart with her.

Their host, Colonel Hillier, was waiting for them at the entrance door of one of the most picturesque and pleasant houses in Devonshire. An old red brick house, with its roof broken by many a gable, turret, tower, and chimney, and with a long stretch of frontage to the south that was particularly conducive to the growth of the many-hued roses that clambered wildly over it. Virginian creeper and its glowing relation the amphilopsis had it all their own way over the western end of the quaint old house. And on two sides of it a formal terrace walk was the

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fitting resting place and promenade of a couple of grand, yellow greyhounds and a pair of gorgeous peacocks.

In fact Glade, the old family residence of Colonel Hillier, was as perfect a type of the good old English home of an unpretentious, thorough-bred, dignified, proud, not too well-off English gentleman as can be seen in any corner of the land. From its iron-bound oaken front door to the rafters of its nethermost attic everything about it was solid, true, perfect in the fulfilment of its apparent purpose, time-worn or stained as the case might be, and harmonious with the harmony that is only born of time. That its present owner was considerably poorer than his forefathers had been was a regrettable misfortune, not a reprehensible fault. His poverty was more than balanced by his jealous pride in all that appertained to himself and his possessions, and those who said that Colonel Hillier was a discontented or unhappy man in his seldom-disturbed seclusion at Glade made a comical mistake.

"That man might be a millionaire if he pleased," Mr. Conway found time to whisper to his ward as they drove up to the old hall door and were greeted simultaneously with gracious words from the Colonel, weird shrieks from the peacocks, and interrogative barks from the greyhounds. "Marble on his land, my boy, that's worth a king's ransom. You look after the daughter, and owe me a debt of gratitude for the hint."

"The daughter would be the most charming girl in the world if the niece didn't exist——"

"The niece doesn't exist for you, Marcus," his guardian muttered; "she's pledged over her handsome little head and ears to another man. Be prudent, my dear boy. Consult taste and expediency, and see the daughter's charms. Glade is looking more beautiful than ever, Colonel Hillier; allow me to congratulate you on the prosperous aspect of everything. I feel it in the atmosphere; you are working that green marble quarry at last."

The handsome, Roman-nosed, well-bred Colonel raised his eyebrows and hands in affected humble deprecation.

"Far from it, Conway," he said; "I have sold the right of working my marble quarry to my enterprising niece. Connie will manipulate the marble, as she does everything else that comes into her hands, to the best advantage of her fellow-creatures."

"She has bought the right of working it?"

"She has, indeed! And liberally has the dear girl remunerated me for the resignation of a right that I should never have exercised. Here, Hill, take Mr. Gwynn's luggage up to the brown tapestry room, and tell the young ladies to come in their habits to afternoon tea; we don't care to wait while they change into any less becoming garments."

"As if we required such a reminder!" and "as if we didn't

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know that we look best in our habits!" two bright young voices cried as their owners stepped forward. And then Mr. Gwynn had to sustain a brisk fire from two pairs of eloquent lips.

"Mr. Gwynn, say, didn't my Bayleaf take that hurdle and bank as if she'd known them all the days of her life, whereas she had never looked at them before?"

"And didn't Make Haste slip over as if she thought she was on the level, Mr. Gwynn? Really I didn't know she had risen to it, till I looked down through a dim distance and saw a shadowy hurdle far away below me. Make Haste can jump, and no mistake. Mr. Conway, you look incredulous. Let me entreat you to ride Make Haste to-morrow, and give her her head. You'd find yourself in high latitudes in no time."

"It is kind of you to remember my fondness for horse-exercise," Conway retorted grimly, and Marcus Gwynn exclaimed simultaneously,

"I thought you had never been on a horse in your life. What was the memorable occasion, Miss Brymer, on which my guardian displayed a fondness for riding?"

The girl laughed with a sort of merry malice that was an infinitely attractive thing in the eyes of the man at whom she was NOT laughing. Mr. Conway glowered rather grimly both at her and at his ward.

"Is Connie reminding you of the header you took into the meadow-brook the day the old roan tried to take you over it?" Colonel Hillier asked carelessly. "Pay no attention to the young people's impertinence, Conway; they think that we old fellows are fair game for their fun."

"Miss Brymer knows that I am delighted to contribute to her amusement in any way—even at the cost of being made to look ridiculous," Conway replied. But though he smiled as he spoke, and tried to sustain an expression of frank and manly toleration for the exuberant spirit of youth, the expression speedily flagged, and was succeeded by one of sour gloom.

"What can make old Conway hate that charming girl?" old Conway's ward mused, as he looked quickly from his guardian's face to the brilliant sparkling one of the most fascinating girl whom it had ever been his fortune to meet. "Fancy not taking a joke in good part when it's uttered by such a pair of lips!" he went on thinking, and in his heart he felt contemptuous pity for the man who had outlived the faculty of being charmed by the charming frivolity of girlhood.

They were sipping their tea soon in the soft shady light of the oak-panelled drawing-room,—a room rich in corners and nooks, and deep window seats cushioned and curtained into seductive seclusion; a room rich in Old English and Oriental china, in Indian cabinets and Persian rugs, all of which, however originally gorgeous the hues of the latter were now so well toned by time,

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that they harmonised with furniture that had been new when the last James was king.

"How could he ever have thought a modern drawing-room anything but uncomfortable and incongruous?" Marcus asked, as he found himself seated in a window recess far apart, it seemed, from the others, with the daughter of the house. It is true that he would have preferred having the niece of the house as the companion of his retirement. But at this stage this young man was modestly contented with the goods the gods gave him. Accordingly he submitted to the fate which adjudged him the daughter with a good grace, and talked to her with animation, while he let his eyes and thoughts wander off to her cousin.

"I owe my guardian a debt of gratitude for many things, Miss Hillier, but for nothing more than the introduction to your father, which got me the invitation to Glade."

"You don't owe him much on that score. He told Papa you were in such a whirl of gaiety in London, that you'd find Glade monotonous."

"A whirl of gaiety in London in September? Old Conway is forgetting the times and seasons; he didn't really make such a mistake, did he?"

"He said it, at any rate, and from what he wrote to Papa, Connie and I expected to find you a fatigued society young man, who would contrast Connie and me to our disadvantage with the smart young ladies you had left behind you."

"The only true count against me in your indictment is that I'm 'young,' that is, I am twenty-four; but I certainly am neither a 'fatigued,' nor a 'society' man; nor do I contrast you and your cousin disadvantageously with any human beings; nor do I find Glade monotonous."

"Four-and-twenty, are you? Why is he your guardian still?"

"By my father's will, not by my own, I assure you. My father wanted me to have a long minority, so I'm not legally of age till I'm twenty-five. Then—it will be in December—I come into my kingdom, such as it is."

"And where is your kingdom?"

A quickly checked smile flitted over his face as he answered,

"In London."

"Oh dear! that doesn't sound interesting. I want the boundary lines of the kingdoms of people I like to be well defined."

"Thanks for the unconsciously implied compliment, Miss Hillier; let me hasten to assure you that the boundary lines of my kingdom are uncommonly well defined. I can't encroach an inch to the right or left on my neighbours' territory. Nor can they encroach on mine."

"And do you, shall you always live in your London house?"

"I've never lived in it, nor shall I ever live in it."

"You'll let it when you come of age, do you mean? That's a

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pity," she said, sagely; "a London house is a delightful thing to have of one's very own for the season, I should think; we only go up into lodgings for six weeks, and papa always grumbles at the ghastly rent he has to pay. Where do you generally live?"

"Since I left Cambridge, two years ago, I've travelled."

"Oh, how I envy people who have the power to travel, to go anywhere and everywhere they like for pure pleasure," Miss Hillier said, with a touch of self-pity in her tones; "my travelling has been so limited: once to Boulogne, when Papa was even poorer than he is now, where we stayed for two years, once to Paris for a fortnight, and since then up and down to London once a year. After hearing this you won't be surprised to find me very local."

"If staying at home much and travelling very little has made you what you are, the recipe is one other girls would like to use. But let me tell you at once, Miss Hillier, I haven't travelled for 'pure pleasure,' as you call it. I have travelled for business."

"You've been abroad with pencil and paint in search of the picturesque, you mean? You're an artist?"

"Not I. Not an artist by profession, at least. I won't take shelter meanly under the shadow of the many canvases I've spoilt in many lands. I was an ambassador from——"

"An ambassador! No, you're too young. Don't try to trade on my local ignorance," she interrupted, laughing. "You've been *attaché* to some embassy. What a delightful life! If I had been a man instead of a mere useless young woman, I should have gone in for diplomacy. Where were you? What adventures have you had? Tell me all about it. Connie and I have guessed you to be a dozen different things, but never what you are."

"No, never what I am, I'm sure, for I am head partner in a large drapery establishment in Oxford Street, Miss Hillier," he said, in low, horribly mortified accents. "My guardian should have spared me this; he led me to understand that he had explained my position before I permitted myself to accept Colonel Hillier's invitation. My travels have been on behalf of my house. At least, Miss Hillier, admit that I have been candid as soon as it was possible for me to be so."

She bent her shapely head in gracious, proud acknowledgment of the justice of his plea.

"You must not think me snobbish, Mr. Gwynn, if I acknowledge that I *am* both surprised and sorry! Yes, there, the truth is out. I am sorry that your calling in life isn't more congenial; not that exactly, but more befitting to you. But you are the same guest we welcomed so warmly just now, and I can't make my meaning quite clear without telling the truth. I dislike Mr. Conway more than ever for having let Papa invite you in ignorance, and for having allowed you to come unaware of that ignorance. But I'm glad you're here, Mr. Gwynn, and I

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hope you echo the sentiment. Now, at least, it is all clear light in the atmosphere between *us*."

He was a handsome young fellow to whom she addressed these words, tall and well built, with a brave manly face and carriage, and a manner that had already moved many a woman to regard him tenderly. But he felt that in this girl's frank kindliness there was not a touch of sentiment. She offered his wounded, mortified sensitiveness the compensation and solace of her comradeship and understanding of him should he need it, offered it to him as a man might have offered it, though perhaps more delicately.

"And I should be a coward if I could regret any invitation, even if it were made of *malice prepense*, that had made me acquainted with you," he said heartily, and as she rose up and moved away she replied, encouragingly, "That's well. After dinner, remember, we are going up to the wayside cross, for you to sketch it by moonlight." Then she followed her cousin out of the room, and Marcus Gwynn drew nearer to his host and his guardian, and tried to listen interestedly to a vehement political argument that was sustained apparently by Mr. Conway for the sole purpose of irritating the Colonel, who had fixed principles, whereas his adversary had none.

Accordingly when the Colonel, who was a thorough Conservative, staunchly advocated the cause of the late Liberal member in the coming general election, because he was a Unionist, Mr. Conway jeered at what he was pleased to call a vacillating policy, and declared himself in favour of an out-and-out Radical who had just been put forward in opposition to the Liberal candidate who asked for re-election.

"I care nothing about the 'united' kingdom, Hillier, and I haven't the smallest prejudice in favour of my views, such as they are, being represented by a 'gentleman,' as you have. I'm above, or beyond, class prejudices, and the only line of poetry I carry about with me for purposes of quotation is the grand one—

'A man's a man for a' that.'"

"All through it I've been ready to lay down my unworthy life for my Queen," Colonel Hillier responded gently, "and only a gentleman," he added more firmly, "could possibly represent *my* views in Parliament or elsewhere."

"Your new member, for Hill will be at the head of the poll in the teeth of all your bigoted opposition—is an excellent fellow; he makes no secret of having carried a mason's hod professionally half-a-dozen years ago."

"An excellent fellow, and admirable mason, no doubt," assented Colonel Hillier, "but no more a fitting member of the legislature than any other labourer or tradesman."

"You would exclude all men connected with trade from the

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House, sir?" Marcus questioned eagerly, and Colonel Hillier held his head half an inch higher as he answered:

"Not all men 'connected' with trade—noblemen with the best Norman blood in their veins are levelling themselves down to the spirit of the age—but all men who by birth, breeding, habit, tradition, and association, are tradesmen."

"All such men as myself, in fact, Colonel Hillier," Marcus put in quietly. "I fear my guardian has, out of misplaced consideration for me doubtless, allowed you to misunderstand my position ——"

"Stop, Mr. Gwynn; whatever the position, the man who fills it is a gentleman," the old Colonel interrupted, with his most superb air, and, in spite of a disapproving frown from Conway. Marcus went on more rapidly.

"I fill it like a man, I trust, honourably, and to the best of my ability. I am the head of a large linen drapery firm in Oxford Street, Colonel Hillier, and I thought you knew this from my—from Mr. Conway, when you invited me to Glade?"

The younger man stood, heated and flushed now, before the cool, composed, searching glance of his host. The ordeal was a sharp one, but it lasted only for a moment or two.

"I did not know it then, Mr. Gwynn, or I should not have invited you. I know it now," he added, with charming, hearty courtesy, "and repeat my invitation with greater pleasure than I felt in giving it at first."

Chapter II.

"FOR HIS OWN GOOD!"

"A DRAPER! Are you sure, Belle?"

"Quite sure; there was no buried joke in the statement. He made it in bitter earnest, and was unfeignedly and horribly mortified at having to tell me what Mr. Conway ought to have told Papa at first."

"Then 'are things what them seem, or is visions about?' A draper! and he looks like a duke!"

"Not a bit like the only duke we've seen, Connie, for His Grace of Wedford is little and limp, and has a low forehead and a long upper lip. This man looks like Lancelot, tall and comely, graceful and gracious and gay——."

"You've discovered a good deal more than I have about him. 'Tall and comely,' I admit he's that; 'gracious' he can't well avoid being to the ladies of the house he's staying in; but 'graceful and gay' he most distinctly is not! I thought him constrained and absent, as it becomes a man to be who feels he has obtained admission into an exclusive circle under false pretences."

Pretty Constance Brymer stepped haughtily and elastically about her room as she uttered these sentiments; and Belle her cousin, listened and laughed at her.

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"Do you know, you remind me of Pauline, of poor Adelaide Meilson's Pauline, when she discovers her Claude is a clod and not the Prince."

"That's just the one bit of Pauline that I could act to the life; when she relapses into the supinely infatuated, forgiving woman my sympathies flee from her. How malignant of Conway to have foisted this young draper upon us, and how mean of the draper to have come!"

"Papa invited him, and he accepted the invitation believing that papa knew him to be a—in business."

"Belle, beware! You're falling in love with him! I'm sure of it, or you wouldn't be shrinking from speaking of him as the draper he is; it's distasteful, of course, but if you haven't the courage of your opinions before, what will it be after?"

"'Before' what? 'after' what?"

"Before you marry him."

"Connie, it's not like you to be silly and coarse; you're both now," Belle Hillier said indignantly, and the next moment Constance Brymer found herself alone, for her cousin had quitted the room precipitatly.

"She's taking it too seriously. And so are you, Constance Brymer, you fool!" the girl said to herself. "Can this be Conway's revenge upon me for having refused him?—to bring a man in trade here to conquer my heart, and sting my pride? No! I don't believe that even Conway would be as bad as that. It's only a woman scorned 'who does furiously malignant things out of revenge,' a man must be more generous, and after all I've never 'scorned' Mr. Conway; I only told him in other words that crabbed age and youth should not wed together."

The dinner gong sounded as the girl's soliloquy reached this point, and gave her no time for further reflection on the subject of Mr. Conway's possible motive in bringing a tradesman, "a draper, who might be a duke," as she had said, into their midst. Punctuality was one of Colonel Hillier's favourite foibles. He had several others, but this was a cherished one, and the one who ran counter to it was one upon whom he never smiled again. Consequently now Constance hurried down to put in an appearance in the drawing-room for a moment, before she had given herself time to come to a decision with regard to the manner it behoved her to adopt and sustain towards Mr. Marcus Gwynn.

"Not that it matters a bit how I behave to him, but it's a positive calamity that I have not had time to put Belle on her guard, she's such a kind-hearted susceptible goose, that if the young man means mischief; she will surely fall a prey to him," she thought as she advanced into the room and took in at a glance the position of the "bold invader" towards the family, and of the family towards the "bold invader."

Colonel Hillier was courteously entreating the stranger with

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his best manner, entertaining, or striving at least to entertain, him with the latest absorbing local interests; and Bella was standing by, silent, but evidently shyly pleased by the effort her father was making to show distinctive friendly consideration to his guest.

As to the guest, he looked handsomer and more at ease than ever. "How can he dare to be so perfectly the right man in the right place when we are what we are, and he is a ——" No! she couldn't constrain herself to form the obnoxious word in her own mind even, for at the moment Marcus Gwynn turned his head and looked at her, looked at her with such honest admiration in his eyes that she forgot her half-formed resolution to hold him at moral and social arm's length instantaneously.

At the same moment her uncle was saying, "Mr. Gwynn, will you take my niece? Conway, Belle falls to your lot as usual," and Constance Brymer found herself walking into the dining-room with her hand resting on the bold invader's arm.

She had looked superbly well in her habit, but how much more beautiful she looked now in her dinner dress, her smooth neck and arms almost gleaming in their ivory pallor under the soft lamplight. Constance Brymer had not the milk-and-roses beauty of complexion which distinguished her cousin, Isabel Hillier. But her smooth, creamy skin had no taint of sickliness in its colourless uniformity; and the deep blue eyes that shone through long curled black lashes were bright with high health, and higher spirits. Her thick dark chestnut hair had a few rich bronze gleams in it as it reposed in soft artistically disposed rolls on the top of her head. Her throat was straight and full, rising freely from splendidly modelled shoulders, which in turn sprang from a waist that was slender without being attenuated. Her hands were small and delicately shaped, not transparently white, with rosy-tipped fingers, like her cousin Bella's, but creamy-tinted, like her face. Her mouth was sweetly moulded, not coldly chiselled, a mouth that was made to be kissed and to utter loving words, and her little ears were set just in the right place, and very close to her head.

Not a line in the drawing of either face or figure was out of harmony, and each rapidly changing expression of feeling seemed to suit her best. Altogether, a girl calculated to bewitch many men by her beauty, and to retain her influence over them by her charm and intelligence. Altogether, a girl who was likely to make him rue the day he had set foot in Glade, Marcus Gwynn felt.

Opposite to him sat Belle Hillier, but her bright blonde prettiness, her large blue eyes and curly pale gold hair hardly commanded his regard for an instant. She had been very sweet in her kindness and graceful ladylike tact when he had made the disclosure about his true status which his guardian ought to have

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made for him, and he admired her for it, and was grateful. But of what avail was her sweet kindness while he remained in the dark as to her cousin's feelings about the matter? And how was he to fathom those feelings without resorting to Belle for aid?

These speculations caused him to be rather silent for the first few minutes after they were seated at table, and when he spoke it was not to the one who already absorbed all his thoughts and interest.

"The 'hunter's moon' favours our sketching expedition to-night, Miss Hillier; the wayside cross will be an inspiration under such a light."

Belle blushed and brightened visibly as he addressed her. Depression had been her portion for the last few minutes, for unconsciously she was a trifle aggrieved that Constance should have been apportioned to the man with whom she, Bella, and she only in the house, had a perfect understanding. "Poor fellow! he would have been much happier sitting by me, knowing that I know everything and don't mind it a bit, than he is by that cool, unkind Connie," she had thought resentfully, and in her resentment she had refused her favourite soup, and snubbed Mr. Conway's languid attempt to open a conversation with her.

"Why, Bella, it's the first time I've ever seen you refuse Palestine soup since your babyhood; and, my dear girl, I may add it's the first time I've ever known you speechless for two consecutive minutes."

"Tastes alter. I neither want to talk nor to take soup to-night," Belle had replied; and then she had relapsed into depression until roused by Mr. Gwynn's remark about the "hunter's moon" and wayside cross.

"I think the moon will look so well from the bow-window in the drawing-room to-night, that I, for one, shall not be tempted to go out in search of better effects," Constance put in, looking warningly at her cousin as she spoke. But Belle either did not see or disregarded the warning, for she answered buoyantly,

"Then I must take the sole responsibility of guiding you to the best point for the sketch, Mr. Gwynn. My cousin's taste would be the best, but since she won't go, you must put up with mine alone."

"I am sure it will be faultless," he said heartily, and Connie felt her heart throb with indignation, possibly at the audacious way in which this man from the city was daring to make advances to Miss Hillier, of Glade.

"Belle has a cold, uncle; surely it will be unwise for her to go out to-night?" she said quickly, but Colonel Hillier was striving to discern what was missing in the sauce which accompanied his salmon cutlet at the moment, and so it came to pass that his niece's application to his parental authority was not only unheeded but unheard by him.

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"Why endow me with a cold that isn't mine, Connie?" Bella asked blithely. Her spirits had risen unaccountably in a minute. The girl felt that boundless possibilities of happiness were almost within her grasp, and without staying to try and analyse one of them she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the sparkling will-o'-the-wisp sensation that thrilled her.

"As usual, Miss Brymer must:

> "'Reign, and reign alone,
> And always give the law,
> And have each subject to her will,
> And all to stand in awe.'"

Mr. Conway said, laughingly, "You two will have to subdue your enthusiasm for art by moonlight if she wills it otherwise."

"How can you put it so?" the girl cried, reproachfully; "how can you try to make me appear a detestable mixture of autocrat and wet blanket? Belle, do I ever try to interfere with you or any one else? I only thought that just to-night——" She paused in painful embarrassment, and oddly enough, as her embarrassment deepened, so did Belle's undefinable sense of happiness decrease, and Mr. Marcus Gwynn's sensitiveness as regarded being in a false position lessen.

"As you are a gracious sovereign, it is only fitting that you should reign absolutely; consent to countenance our proceedings to-night by going with us?" he asked, so softly that only Constance heard him. And only Marcus Gwynn heard her whispered answer,

"I will."

His muttered thanks were uttered under cover of a rambling fire of complaint from Colonel Hillier anent the hanging of a leg of Dartmoor mutton.

"Another twenty-four hours, and it would have been eatable, just eatable, Conway!" he was saying, and then he added pathetically, "There's no Devonshire mutton, cream, or butter to equal that which I get from Tucker, in the Strand, when I'm up there."

"Up there" always meant London with Colonel Hillier, who, a country gentleman and county magnate from necessity, was a veritable cockney and clubman by taste.

"Father insults his moor-fed flocks, and my dear 'deer'-eyed Jerseys on every possible occasion," Bella pouted. "You shall see our dairy to-morrow, Mr. Gwynn, and after that I shall think badly of you if you ever taste Tucker's cream again."

"Belle and I could earn our living by going about to different exhibitions as dairy-maids, if needs be. I suppose you never saw a cow milked or butter made in your life?"

"Indeed, I have often enjoyed that privilege," Marcus Gwynn said merrily.

"Where? At the 'Aylesbury Dairy,' or at Welford's place, or the 'Healtheries'? All that counts as nothing! Confess,

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you've never seen real cows milked by real dairy-maids in a real country place."

As Constance asked the question she saw a swift glance of amused intelligence pass between Marcus Gwynn and his guardian, and in a paroxysm of annoyance she added:—

"Mr. Conway and you evidently see some joke in my ignorance of your experience; if there is anything that we really ought, as moderately well-informed people, to know about you in relation to cows and dairy-maids, pray enlighten us, and forgive our stupidity in having taken you for what you seemed to be——"

"And that is——?" he began.

"A gentleman!" she answered, throwing her head up with indescribable haughtiness, "who would not go partners in any mystery or joke that was meant to bother or beguile two mere country girls."

"If you will let me, I will bare my whole life, my whole experience, my whole heart, to you to-night," he muttered fervently, and though no one, save the girl he addressed, heard him, he felt conscious immediately of having been idiotically emotional in having so spoken to a stranger.

"It must have sounded like an offer! What an ass she must think me!" he said to himself, not venturing to turn his eyes in her direction, from a mortifying sense of self-sought humiliation. Had he looked at her he would have seen that she was to the full as embarrassed as himself, only pleasurably so.

And all the while Belle Hillier was thinking what a pity it was that Connie should let her pride of station trample down her ordinarily strong sense of the courtesy that was due to every guest at her uncle's table. Quite a pang of disappointment assailed the gentle heart of the daughter of the house at the sight of that obvious incompatibility, that entire want of sympathy, which existed between the cousin she loved and the stranger whom she already liked so much! so very much! It occurred to Bella that she must as soon as possible win Constance to show a kinder front to the gentleman who looked like a duke, and said he was a draper, "or else my father will claim her on his side, and vote against me," Belle thought, colouring consciously as she thought it, in dismay at the way in which she had let her hopeful imagination run away with her.

When the two young ladies were passing out presently, Mr. Conway, who was deferentially holding open the door, bent forward and said in a low voice to Constance Brymer—

"Will you give me a song to-night while the people with a rapturous feeling for art go out to study effects of moonlight?"

"I can't. I'm one of the people who are going out to study effects," she answered aloud, passing nimbly out of earshot of his snappish retort that he "had hardly supposed she cared to be the proverbially superfluous third."

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The two girls stood in the dimly lighted drawing-room, wrapped up in fleecy white Shetland shawls, close together on the rug in front of the glowing woodfire, openly expectant of the same person, yet in reality farther apart than they had ever been in their lives, and secretly conscious of a great gulf being fixed between them and the realisation of their respective hopes.

"I wish Mr. Conway would come with us," Belle began; "I see you would rather not be thrown on the other one, and I can't promise to take him entirely off your hands if we three go out together."

"I don't want you to take him off my hands," Constance said steadily.

"But you think it rather derogatory to your dignity to have to make talk for him, or to entertain him; now confess, don't you?"

"I would rather have to deal with Mr. Conway's ward, than with Mr. Gwynn's guardian."

"Would you really! I'm astonished at your saying that, for you know all about Mr. Conway; you know he's a gentleman born and bred, and you know that he holds the position of a well-born, well-bred gentleman——"

"I know he's a barrister, and I know he's legal agent for two or three noblemen; and I know that he's a self-seeking, cynical, unscrupulous man of the world."

"Not all that, Con—not so bad as that, surely?" Belle expostulated nervously, for she wished Conway for this night, at least, to be tolerable in the estimation of her cousin. But Constance disregarded the expostulatory tone, and went on vehemently,

"And I feel him to be a false friend and guardian to this young man; therefore to-night, when we stroll out to the wayside cross, I shall leave you to the congenial society of the man of good birth, breeding, and position, while I, for his own good, will make a study of the other one, whom he has led into a false position. Don't be afraid that I shall say or do anything that may hurt Mr. Gwynn's feelings, Belle; he will be quite safe with me, I assure you."

As she uttered her promise the men came in, and after a growling protest from Colonel Hillier, who disliked being left alone when he had strung himself up to the pitch of endurance of society, the four started on their walk.

"For his own good, I'll keep him away from Belle; she's inclined to like him already, and Uncle would never hear of *that*. What madness or malice on Conway's part to bring this distinguished-looking draper upon us!" This was Miss Brymer's reflection as she stepped out into the moonlight, with Marcus Gwynn by her side, "where, for his own good," she resolved to retain him during the walk.

(*To be continued.*)

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TIME'S FOOTSTEPS FOR THE MONTH.

It is only in turning over the pages of that kindly chronicler of genius, Mr. Isaac Disraeli, that one realises the value of Dr. Johnson's advice to authors, "that they should keep out of the way of one another." Hobbes, Warburton, Pope, and Swift passed the greater part of their lives in quarrelling with somebody; and even the sublime mildness of Milton was provoked by Salmasius into the most disgusting Billingsgate. These, of course, were the wars of the giants; paper duels went out of fashion with the other kind of duelling, for obvious reasons; and, instead of quarrelling with one another, authors have taken, in these piping times of peace, to puffing one another. This practice has, it appears, been stirring the bile of Mr. Churton Collins for some time, and having at length caught a discarded friend and Cambridge lecturer "on the hop," he has spitted him on the pen,

"That mighty instrument of little men."

It is not easy to find a parallel to the very pretty quarrel that has been raging between the *Quarterly Review* and Mr. Edmund Gosse, to the great edification of the literary and demi-literary world. Mr. Collins is not so big a man as Macaulay, nor Mr. Gosse such an ass as Montgomery; but to say that they are nobodies, is absurd. However Mr. Swinburne may rave, the *Quarterly Review* is still the *Quarterly*, and Mr. Collins's articles on Bolingbroke and Voltaire, now republished in a small volume, are so well and widely known, that to ask who is Mr. Collins, is at once to put yourself out of court in a literary dispute. As for Mr. Edmund Gosse, he has been for some time, next to Mr. Matthew Arnold, the most fashionable man of letters in London, and he is the Clark lecturer at Cambridge. Having read everything that has appeared on both sides, we are bound to say that in our opinion Mr. Gosse has been convicted of several very gross inaccuracies, out of which he has tried to escape by every device which an astute ingenuity might suggest. In relating an anecdote of Waller, he mistakes George Savile, Lord Halifax, for Charles Montague, also Lord Halifax, and he ascribes some verses to George Savile which were written by his brother Henry, and

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he says, in his defence, "these Saviles and Halifaxes make rather a tangled web." He is convicted of a mistake as to the date of Phillips' *Cider*, and he has the impudence to ask, in his reply, "Who but my reviewer and myself cares much about Phillips' *Cider?*" A specialist is nothing if not accurate; anybody can read English literature for himself, and can choose or ignore what books he pleases; but a man who writes a book on the cause and phenomena of the rise of classical poetry in England, is simply adding insult to injury, when he muddles up dates and names, and then says, "Who cares?" He is accused of referring to the *Arcadia* and the *Oceana* as poems, and he replies by pettishly asserting that he knew the author of *Oceana* was James Harrington and not Sir John Harrington, the Elizabethan poet. As Mr. Gosse's friends declare that the passage referring to the *Arcadia* and the *Oceana* is ambiguous, it may be as well to reproduce it.

"Poetry began to be written for poets. Utter disregard was paid to unity, to proportion, to extent. In the great generation there had been too little regard for these qualities. Without profanity be it spoken, Sidney's *Arcadia* is dreadfully amorphous and invertebrate. . . . But if the *Arcadia* is shapeless, what are we to say of the *Oceana?* And let him not call the *Faery Queen* tedious or dull who has never grappled with Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island*."

We put it to any candid reader whether the *Arcadia* and the *Oceana* are not referred to as poems? One thing is quite certain; that if Mr. Gosse had not read Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* when he wrote his little book on the "Rise of Classical Poetry," he has read it now, for there is an article on "Sir Philip Sidney" by Edmund Gosse in the November number of the *Contemporary Review*, from which it appears that the writer is aware that the *Arcadia* is a prose romance, with poetry or "verse divisions" in it. The article was commenced, we are informed in the first line, on the 1st of October, 1886; the *Quarterly Review* appears, as we know, in the last week of September; possibly Mr. Gosse saw the proof-sheets at an earlier date. Under the circumstances, the appearance of the article in the *Contemporary* is decidedly curious; will somebody explain? Mr. Gosse admits that it would be a "monstrous statement" to say that "between 1660 and 1760 only Milton and Roscommon used blank verse," but he denies that he said it, when he has a note to his book in these words:

"Milton would stand absolutely alone in his preference of another form" (*i.e.*, a form other than that of the heroic couplet), "if Roscommon also, in 1684, in emulation of *Paradise Lost*, had not chosen to throw off what he calls 'the constraint of Rime' in his *Art of Poetry*."

He is accused of confusing the first Earl of Shaftesbury, the famous chancellor, with the third, the author of the "Characteristics," and he says in his defence that, "when in a purely literary treatise Shaftesbury is mentioned, the third Earl, the author of the 'Characteristics,' is meant as a matter of course;" yet in his own index he puts "Shaftesbury, Ashley-Cooper, first Earl of, his

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exaggerated diction, p. 12." Why go on? Mr. Ralston, one of Mr. Gosse's staunchest partisans, admits that he has been convicted of some slight mistakes, and that Cambridge ought to be grateful to Mr. Collins for having cleared a good book of a few slips! Would such slips be tolerated in a professor of science, of Greek, of Latin, or of history? Why then in a professor of English literature? The toleration of Mr. Gosse is the strongest confirmation of Mr. Collins' contention that the way in which English literature is studied at the Universities is a disgrace. We do not agree with Mr. Collins that as there is a school of philosophy, of history, and of science, so there should be a school of literature, in which Cicero, Plato, and Burke should be studied for their literary form. Without entering into the question of the appointment of a philologist to the new chair of English, we think that men should be made to learn at the Universities what they are least likely to learn in after life, and it is quite certain that if a man does not read his "Ethics" or his Thucydides at college, he will never read them. A man does not sit down with lexicon and note-book after he has left the University. But English literature ought to be the relaxation of every rational life; and literary form comes to some men and escapes others. The professional man of letters will write none the worse for having been put through the metaphysical mill. But though opposed to the foundation of an Honour School of *Belles Lettres*, we quite agree with Mr. Collins that English, as taught by Mr. Gosse, is a scandal. It had better not be taught at all than so taught; for if ignorance is bad, assuredly down-at-heel dilettantism is worse. Of all the silly ebullitions of anile spite that proceeded from Mr. Gosse and his partisans, the least defensible was the charge that Mr. Collins was animated by motives of personal malice. The public has nothing to do with the private relations of A. and B. A man who makes a charge against another's reputation, and appeals to the public judgment, stands or falls by his facts. We regard Mr. Collins's article as a very manly and successful protest against that affectation and pretentiousness, which are the most detestable vices of the day.

Municipal elections do not, as a rule, attract the interest of the world, either here, or in the United States. But the names of the candidates concentrated a great deal of attention on the recent election of the Mayor of New York, which, as usual, was fought on strictly party lines in an enormous constituency. The Labour party were first in the field with their candidate, who was none other than the redoubtable Henry George. As Mr. George proclaimed his familiar theories about rent, wages, and the functions of government with more violence than ever, his candidature was not, at first, regarded as serious by the citizens. Contempt, however, soon gave way to panic, when Mr. George

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announced his intention of releasing the citizens from "the bonds of the police;" and the Democratic party felt that a really unexceptionable candidate must be put forward. They accordingly ran Mr. Congressman Hewitt, a strong man in every sense of the term, who united the Democrats, and who, it was thought, would not be opposed by the Republicans. To the surprise of everybody, the Republican party nominated, at the eleventh hour, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, a gentleman who, though not yet thirty, had carried through the State Legislature Acts fundamentally amending the charter of New York, and who may therefore be said to have stood on the Municipal Reform ticket. There was a great deal of excitement, and a great deal of betting on the result, and two ex-Mayors committed themselves to the following forecast:—Hewitt, a hundred thousand votes; Roosevelt, seventy thousand; George, fifty thousand. What actually happened was, that Congressman Hewitt headed the poll with 90,296 votes, Mr. Henry George came second with 67,099, while Mr. Roosevelt came last with 60,392 votes. It is rather hopeless for an Englishman to attempt to explore the recesses of American politics. Mr. Roosevelt was, as we said, a municipal reformer, and his election would have meant the extinction of the "Jakes" and "Mikes" and "Johnnies," who infest the purlieus of American public life. It is, therefore, not unlikely that these gentlemen nominated Mr. Roosevelt out of revenge, and made money by supporting him publicly, and betraying him privately. Others ascribe the result to the very large foreign vote, German and Polish, which was cast for Mr. George, and others again to the Fenian party. Whatsoever the agency, the result is awful enough. That in the second richest city in the world, under a form of government whose theory is that all men are equal, and among a constituency which boasts that education is universal, Henry George should score sixty-seven thousand votes is a very nasty fact indeed, and one that might well make politicians uneasy all over the world. The red spectre is beginning to loom pretty large, and is apparently quite as much a reality in a republic as in a mixed monarchy or absolute autocracy.

Death has been knocking at a good many different doors during the last month. The demise of the Marquess of Ailesbury excited an attention that was not entirely due to the virtues of a most amiable and respectable nobleman. The Lord Savernake, who succeeded his grandfather, has endeared himself to the British public in a variety of capacities, as coachman, costermonger, and breaker of policemen's heads. He was true to his democratic sympathies even in his choice of a help-meet, whom he took from the most popular class of "women who work." Altogether he is decidedly an original, who in a happier age would have beat the watch and ended the night in the round-house; but who in these decorous days will have to sober down to politics

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or philanthropy; for "that in the viscount's but a choleric word, which in the marquess is flat blasphemy." Very sad, indeed, was the death of General Sir Herbert Macpherson, on board a steamer near Rangoon. General Macpherson was in the Indian Mutiny, and the Afghan war of 1879, in which he commanded the first brigade of the first division of the Khyber column; he was present at the capture of Cabul in 1879, and marched to Candahar with Roberts; he commanded the Indian contingent in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, for which he received the thanks of Parliament; he was a V.C., a K.C.B., and a G.C.S.I., and was appointed to be commander-in-chief of the Madras army, whence he was ordered to transfer his head-quarters to Burmah, upon the failure of the first military expedition. The Government have appointed General Sir Frederick Roberts to be his successor, which looks as if they meant business in Burmah. In Count Beust the world has lost one of its greatest actors, who was unhappy enough to outlive his reputation. Few perhaps remember, or ever knew, how Beust and Bismarck were once deadly rivals, and how, but for the chances of a battle, the former would have filled the latter's place in Europe. Count Friederich Ferdinand von Beust was born at Dresden in 1802, and became Foreign Minister for Saxony in 1849. It was in this capacity that he encountered Otto von Bismarck, then merely Prussian Minister, and for ten years it was doubtful which of the two men would prevail. Count von Beust's idea was to band all the smaller German states together for protection against Austria and Germany, and Count von Bismarck's "Unity of the Empire" was the policy against which he hurled himself with all the energy of his nature. Bismarck triumphed in 1866; but von Beust had made such a name for himself in Europe, that after Sadowa the Emperor sent for him to Vienna to save the Hapsburg empire from dissolution. It is as Austrian Minister that he is best known to the present generation. The work of liberalising Austrian institutions had to be done with a rough hand, and the Catholics and the nobles never forgave von Beust, and took their revenge by defeating his scheme for an alliance between France and Austria against Germany in 1870. In 1871 he resigned, and came to London as Austrian ambassador. He was a bitter and disappointed man, and his memoirs should be very interesting. The suicide of Fred. Archer caused a profounder sensation throughout England than the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, or any other event in the year. Archer was more popular, certainly better known, than any other living man, not excepting Mr. Gladstone. He won the Two Thousand Guineas on Lord Falmouth's Atlantic, at the age of seventeen, and he won five Derbys, *i.e.*, on Silvio, Bend Or, Iroquois, Melton, and Ormonde; altogether during a career of sixteen years, beginning in 1870, he had 8,084 mounts, and rode 2,748 winners. That he fell a

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martyr to the cause of sport was not the least tragic feature of his early death, at twenty-nine. Archer was 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and in order to ride St. Mirin for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, he tried to train down to 8 st. 8 lbs., a very light weight for so tall a man. The jockey, it is said, stood to win a large sum of money over the race, seven thousand pounds, according to some, twenty-seven thousand, according to others. Money was his ruling passion, and in order to reduce himself he resorted to the usual means of medicine and Turkish baths. He trained himself into a delirium, and then blew his brains out. He married the daughter of his first master, Mr. Matthew Dawson, who died two years ago, and he left a fortune of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds, which must have been amassed in ten years. Lord Barrington is one of the few men who really "will be missed" in London society, for he was one of the best specimens of the lord of the old school. It is a familiar saying that great men love the society of fools, and this is sometimes illustrated by pointing to the fact that Lord Beaconsfield's most constant companions — for friends he had none — were Lord Rowton and Lord Barrington. But neither "Monty" nor Barrington were fools, as Lord Beaconsfield knew very well, for no one appreciated more keenly than he the truth of Pascal's saying, that it is never worth while to have a fool for a friend, because his praise does you no good, and he is just as likely to abuse you *par compagnie*. Lord Beaconsfield really liked Lord Barrington, who was a man of consummate tact, and his was one of the few houses in which Disraeli was natural and anecdotic. Lord Barrington was only sixty-two.

The religious world has been gently stirred of late by two events: the quarrel of a popular clergyman with his bishop, and the conversion to the Romish faith of a wife against the will of her husband. It appears that Dr. Parker, the well-known Congregationalist minister, invited the Rev. H. R. Haweis to preach in the City Temple; Mr. Haweis accepted the invitation; when, in what Mr. Haweis described afterwards as "an evil moment," Dr. Parker wrote to inform the Bishop of London of what he had done. Thereupon the Bishop wrote to Dr. Parker to say he did not like it, and to Mr. Haweis stating that if he went it would be without his sanction and against his wishes. Mr. Haweis then wrote a letter of remonstrance to the Bishop, to which the Bishop replied by reiterating his strong and earnest wish that he should not go, and reminding Mr. Haweis that he had the power of inhibiting him from preaching in his diocese. Mr. Haweis did not go to the City Temple; but he preached a sermon of self-defence in his own church upon the text, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," which, he said, meant "there shall be one flock and one shepherd," and which was nothing short of a con-

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tumacious attack upon Dr. Temple in particular, and bishops in general. Here are some of the things which Mr. Haweis allowed himself to say in defence of his acceptance of Dr. Parker's invitation:—"He did not think of keeping the law; no clergyman did. He did not suppose that there was one who really kept the law of the Church of England in all its rubrics and statutes. He supposed that very few of them read the Church service morning and evening as they were bound to do by the law. The Athanasian Creed was quietly dropped out in many churches. He did not read it in his church because he did not like it. But if the Bishop told him to read it he would do so with the greatest possible pleasure, and would explain it afterwards, that was more. He had never rebelled yet against the Bishop, and that was why he did not go to preach to Dr. Parker's congregation. They would ask him the Bishop's motive in forbidding him to go in the face of so many respectable precedents, and at the risk of creating so much bitterness. Who could look into the secrets of the episcopal heart? Who could pretend to know what the motives of bishops were beyond what they had pleased to tell them and Dr. Temple had not pleased to tell very much? He had stated that he thought the step would greatly embitter the feeling now existing between the different sects. He (Mr. Haweis) thought that the bitterness of feeling would be made greater by his not going than by his going. The Bishop did not face the question of the desirability of an interchange of pulpits; he did not condemn the practice, and it was impossible, when they remembered what he was doing at the very time that he refused his sanction, to believe that he was not in sympathy with the methods of the Dissenting communities, for at that moment he was presiding over a great meeting of the Church Army, which was a body patronised by the clergy and bishops of the Church of England, whose methods and machinery were a parody of those used by Moody and Sankey. The Bishop, therefore, only thought it inexpedient that when he was asked to Dr. Parker's chapel he should go. Was not that a most hopeful position? Their action in the future should be guided, not by episcopal or ecclesiastical authority, but by the New Testament." All of which things may be very excellent, and very humorous, and very true in their way, but all of which simply go to prove that Mr. H. R. Haweis has no more business to be in the Church of England than Dr. Parker or Mr. Spurgeon. Prelacy is of the essence of the Church; the authority of bishops is precisely the point on which Dissenters differ from the Church, and on which they left it. Yet here is a man enjoying the position of a clergyman of the Church, and drawing whatever pecuniary advantage may be derived from that position, who says that "their action in future should be guided, not by episcopal or ecclesiastical authority, but by the New Testament." Mr. Haweis would perhaps be happier and more

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powerful if he were to carry out his views by freeing himself from the authority of bishops.

The other case was a very different and a very common one, which was tinged with comedy by the behaviour of an irate husband. A certain lady was received into the Church of Rome by Mr. Harrington Moore, a well-known Catholic priest of the highest character in Kensington, against the wish, and as regards the precise moment of time, without the knowledge of her husband. When that gentleman discovered that his wife's perversion was an accomplished fact, he proceeded to pose as the injured husband before the public by writing furious letters to the priest and to Cardinal Manning. He asked Cardinal Manning solemnly whether he, as the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, was prepared to sanction the practice of a priest worming himself into the bosom of a family, receiving ladies alone at his lodgings, and breaking up a household by weaning a wife from her husband's faith. These were not his *ipsissima verba*, but they were the substance of his complaint. He wished to know whether these things were in accordance with the creed of the Romish Church. The cardinal and the priest answered him politely but evasively. Cardinal Manning quite sympathised with the husband's wrath; declared that he was against all secrecy as a general rule; but he pointed out that a priest was perfectly entitled to receive anybody alone; indeed it was difficult to see how he could otherwise impart the necessary instruction; and more than hinted that a grown-up person has a right to join what religion he or she pleases. This is perfectly true, and to gain converts is one of the cardinal points of the Romish religion. Upon the first blush of the thing, the brutal Englishman is apt to say that the husband should have broken the priest's head; and probably no British jury would have punished him very severely for the assault. But on reflection, the husband's anger with the priest was very absurd. It may be very heartrending to discover that one's wife has gone out one fine morning and joined the Church of Rome; but this is a free country, and really a husband has no authority over his wife in matters religious. Wise husbands, somehow or other, manage to prevent this sort of thing; and unwise or unfortunate husbands had better grin and bear it. Mr. Harrington Moore was only doing his duty as a priest; his character is above suspicion; and a husband might as reasonably object to a doctor's receiving his wife alone.

The Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of November was awaited with an interest not usually accorded to that performance. The Social Democratic Federation had declared their intention of hooking on a tail of ragamuffins to the Lord Mayor's procession, and wrote to inform Sir James Fraser, Chief Commissioner of the City Police, of their plan. Sir James Fraser, after a rather

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undignified attempt to dissuade the Democrats from their purpose, prohibited by proclamation any procession through the streets but that of the Lord Mayor; and the Democratic Federation, after writing insolent letters questioning the legality of the Commissioner's proclamation, gave up the idea of a procession. They then announced to the world and Sir Charles Warren that they would hold a meeting in Trafalgar Square at three o'clock, and Sir Charles Warren answered by forbidding the meeting. On that eventful day, Jupiter Pluvius came to the assistance of authority, and poured cats and dogs upon the devoted heads of the Democrats. A steady torrent of rain is absolutely the best dissolvent of revolutionary mobs. But even if it had not rained, Lord Wolseley and Sir Charles Warren had made their plans, and taken precautions which would have defeated anything short of a real revolution. A sort of a kind of a meeting there was in Trafalgar Square; that is to say, there was a steaming and draggled mob; a few hoarse and unknown "saviours of society" climbed upon fountains and statues, and bellowed inaudible speeches; there were a few scuffles with the police, and the Life Guards, in their long red cloaks and brass helmets, clanked slowly round the square. "To Hyde Park!" and off scuttled the Democrats to the statue of Achilles, scene of their triumph in February, where, to their disgust, they found drawn up a line of silent, helmeted horsemen, looking with Olympian calm upon their sorrows and their strife. No ladies in carriages to rob of their diamond earrings, no shops to sack, no old gentlemen to rifle; nothing but an empty park, the pattering rain, and the motionless horsemen! Whether the meeting, such as it was, should have been allowed to take place after Sir Charles Warren's prohibition, is not worth discussing. No harm was done to life or property, and the Democrats were defeated.

The Guildhall banquet is always an important function, because it is generally made by the Prime Minister an opportunity of addressing the nation upon the session that is past and the session that is coming. In the present condition of Europe, a speech from Lord Salisbury was looked to with the keenest anxiety. If, as is said, Lord Salisbury is never happy in his speeches on Ireland, never strikes the right note on the subject of the Celtic race, he is always happy in his speeches on Foreign Affairs, for he has the just instinct of a true diplomatist, and his crisp and literary style lends itself better to the historical treatment of European questions than to the recriminations and recantations of domestic politics. With the rapid yet accurate hand of a Quarterly Reviewer, he sketched the story of "the midnight conspiracy" in Bulgaria "by officers debauched with foreign gold," all of which cannot be pleasant reading for the Czar, or his subjects. But they will find "balm for healing" in Lord Salisbury's conclusion. England's policy is to follow Austria's lead. England's interest in Bulgaria

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is not isolated, but corporate; and if none of the other Powers think it worth while to enforce the Treaty of Berlin, it is certainly not England's business. "If," as Lord Salisbury cleverly put it, "Austria and Turkey do not find their interests threatened by Russia's action, how can England pretend that her interests are imperilled?" Moreover, it is the traditionary policy of England not to go to war without allies. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Beaconsfield, neither of them peace fanatics, did not go to war about the Eastern Question, because England had no allies; Lord Aberdeen embarked upon the Crimean war because Turkey, France, and Italy were the allies of England in that quarrel. At the very hour that Lord Salisbury was delivering these sentences to the Lord Mayor's guests in the Guildhall, the Bulgarian Sobranjé was debating, with closed doors, the election of a successor to Alexander I. After three hours' secret discussion the Sobranjé decided to elect Prince Waldemar of Denmark as Prince of Bulgaria. The Sobranjé met publicly on Wednesday, the 10th of November, when M. Radoslavoff, the Premier, proposed Prince Waldemar, whereupon the House rose in a body, as prearranged, and elected Prince Waldemar by acclamation. The complement to Lord Salisbury's speech was supplied on the 13th of November by the statement of Count Kalnoky in the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Hungarian Delegation. Count Kalnoky began by stating that the internal policy of Bulgaria was not an interest of Austria-Hungary; but the sanctity of treaties was, and Bulgaria's autonomy had been guaranteed by the Treaty of Berlin. "The most difficult task for the Government," said the Count, "is to avoid taking action during a momentary excitement." The keynote of a very long statement was "masterly inactivity" on Austria's part; but there were three points in the speech that deserve notice. (1) Had Russia attempted to send a commissioner to Bulgaria and seize the reins of government, or had she taken steps for the occupation of a port, or the country, Austria would have "taken a decision" according to some reports of the speech, "would have interfered" according to others. (2) Upon the relations of Germany and Austria, Count Kalnoky pointed out the absurdity of supposing that every German interest was an Austrian interest, or every Austrian interest a German interest; but, he added, it is an important interest of both to maintain the other as a strong and independent power. The only interest of Prince Bismarck in the Bulgarian question is the prevention of war. (3) "Our relations with England are at present of special interest. . . . The identical views held in England on the important questions now under discussion, and the wish for the maintenance of peace, permit us to hope that England will join us if necessary." It is said that this statement was too pacific for Count Andrassy and the Hungarians; but the Emperor has sent for him, and told him that

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Count Kalnoky's policy of watch and wait was quite in accordance with the ideas of the Court. What will be the next move? The Bulgarians elected Prince Waldemar, brother to the Princess of Wales, and husband of the Roman Catholic Princess Marie of Orleans. The Prince declined the proffered honour; the question of a successor to Prince Alexander therefore remains in *statu quo*. Russia may not occupy Bulgaria, as it will probably not be necessary; but she will put upon the throne a puppet of her own choosing, at her own time.

A. A. B.

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Critical Notices.

SOCIETY IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.*

MR. HUBERT HALL, of H.M.'s Public Record Office, who attracted favourable notice by the issue of his "History of the Custom Revenue of England" some time ago, is to be congratulated on having produced the most important historical work of the month, if not, indeed, of the season. In a series of essays descriptive of social life during the second half of the sixteenth century, he has successfully placed before the reader a number of familiar names in new characters, with the aid of a mass of information, curious and new. The work is divided into three parts, describing in succession life in the country, in town, and at the court; the types being the landlord, the steward, the tenant, the burgess, the merchant, the host, the courtier, the churchman, the official, and the lawyer. The "star" of the historical company is Wild Darrell, the lord of Littlecote,

"whose evil fame has descended to us from a barely contemporary gossip, and is now best known through an exquisitely pathetic ballad of "The Friars of Orders Grey," in Rokeby, together with Burke's version of the same legend."

Among the other characters are Dr. Richard Cox, Elizabeth's Bishop of Ely; Master Edward Baeshe, the veteran Surveyor of Navy Victuals; Sir John Popham, the lawyer; and Sir Thomas Graham, the merchant. Starting with a description of country life at Littlecote, which the author places before the reader in a curiously realistic manner, we have portrayed all the pleasures, the cares, the troubles, and the habits of provincial society of the reign of good Queen Bess. To the chapter on Tenants is appended a coloured picture of an Elizabethan hamlet, from the original plan of the manor of Bradwell, Essex. It is curious to note, as instancing the tenacity with which English farmers have clung to the soil, that the descendants of many of the families recorded in this print are to be found in the same holdings still. Mr. Hall describes in a most elaborate manner the tenure of the soil at the time, the methods of agriculture, and the troubles the tenant had to contend with. In his account of town life, it is interesting to find that the merchants complained of foreign competition, and the artisans bewailed being beaten by cheap foreign labour. Wild Darrell, the hero, appears in quite a new light, and Mr. Hall claims

"the just credit of having redeemed his character from the most part of the odium unwittingly attaching to it. He is, in fact, the hero rather than the villain of the piece."

The appendices are very valuable; among them the Littlecote rent-roll; Wild Darrell's diet at Warwick Lane from April 16th to July 14th, 1589, throwing a vivid light upon the *menus* of the Elizabethan period; the Darrell correspondence, and particulars of the Darrell divorce case. The book is beautifully "got up" in a strikingly artistic cover, and is enriched by a

* "Society in the Elizabethan Age." By HUBERT HALL. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

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number of coloured plates of the highest order of art, among which we may cite the arms of the Darrell family, and a splendid folding coloured map of London during the Elizabethan period. In every respect, within and without, it is a most important addition to modern historical literature, and we imagine will be widely read and appreciated.

THE INTERPRETATION OF MERCANTILE AGREEMENTS.*

THE author has supplied the mercantile world at large, and the legal profession in particular, with an exceedingly useful work, having for its object the interpretation of the various words and provisions in written agreements for the sale of goods, in charter parties, bills of lading, and marine policies, words which are frequently not only confusing, but even misleading, to the legal as well as to the lay mind. As the author states in his preface, there are many excellent treatises on agreements of the above-mentioned classes, but this is the first treatise that has appeared limited to the subject of the interpretation of such agreements, and the author has succeeded well in supplying the deficiency that has hitherto existed. The work is one that may with advantage form part of the library, not only of every mercantile lawyer, but also of the many merchants and others who daily find themselves face to face with the many and complex questions arising under charter parties, and the large subject of marine insurance, with its many conditions and exceptions. This work will be found especially useful to that large number of the legal profession who do not make a speciality of work of this description, but to whom it not unfrequently happens that they are called upon to advise on some complicated question of the kind, an answer to which has hitherto only been obtainable after much labour and research in the larger text-books on the subject. Mr. Wood's book contains an excellent appendix of explanations of the various technical terms to be met with in mercantile agreements, and also of various mercantile usages that have been proved or admitted, including many usages of various ports, which cannot fail to be most useful to the practitioner.

The index is remarkably good for a legal work, not being encumbered with the usual multitude of cross references.

The work is well printed and neatly got up, and can be confidently recommended to every lawyer as a valuable acquisition.

* "The Interpretation of Mercantile Agreements." By JOHN DENNISTOUN WOOD, of the Middle Temple. Stevens & Sons. 1886.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.*

So long as human intellect holds its sway, so long will Homer stand in the front rank of those works of human genius which have moulded the thoughts, and left their impress upon the lives of men. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, each possesses his particular claim to our admiration and interest, but among these illustrious names, Homer—whether we accept the older view of his personality and authorship, or adopt the opinion of F. A. Wolf, the father of the destructive school of Homeric criticism, and his able successor, Dr. F. A. Paley, who regard the Homer of the age before Pericles as a series of epics on Troy and the Trojan heroes, sung by the Rhapsodists—will stand pre-eminent. The dramatic vigour, the dignity and beauty of diction, the poetic faithfulness of Homer, will ever characterise it as a work of remarkable and powerful genius. There have been many translations of Homer, more or less literal. Among these are the excellent German translation of J. H. Voss, Pope's, Cowper's,

* "The Iliad of Homer." A Translation, with Greek Text. By J. G. CORDERY. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1886.

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and the late Earl of Derby's; while Mr. Gladstone, who is *par excellence* a lover of Homer, has given us his valuable "Studies on Homer," and "Homeric Synchronism," and the late Sir G. Grote also rendered valuable critical service.

Mr. Cordery's book possesses very high merits, which will make his translation a very useful one to the student and to the general reader, and to the former the Greek text will supply an easy means of reference to, and comparison with, the original. The republication in a new form, after a lapse of some fifteen years, has enabled Mr. Cordery to very greatly improve his original work, and to correct errors, which in a work of the kind are almost inseparable with a first edition. There are still points upon which there will be a divergence of view among critics, but on the whole the translation is a remarkably good one, and reflects credit both on the industry (the work being undertaken during the administrative duties of English Resident) and classical culture of the author. It should find a place in all libraries, as well as be widely used by individual readers.

THE NEW LIBERAL PROGRAMME.*

THE title of Mr. Andrew Reid's new book, when considered in connection with the recent enunciation of the new Tory programme at Dartford, suggests how rapidly events are moving in obedience to forces apparently independent of that clumsy machine, the British Parliament, whose mills grind slowly, and by no means "exceeding sure." The two great parties, which were alive and well in November last, are now both dead, and we have a new Tory party and a new Liberal party, though the latter still retains the old leader. He, however, is only in touch with the new Liberalism on one great question, namely, that of the future government of Ireland. The first and most important of the "contributions of representatives of the Liberal party" to Mr. Reid's book consists of a letter from Mr. Gladstone, in which he says:—

"I hold on to politics in the hope of possibly helping to settle the Irish question, but the general operations, both of party and of particular subjects, I am obliged, and intend, to leave in the hands of others."

The great political chief, whose illustrious career covers the eventful history of the last half century, pleads, not without a touch of pathos, his great age as an excuse for the attitude he thus assumes. The next most important contribution to "The New Liberal Programme" appears to us to be Mr. Jacob Bright's declaration that Liberal disunion arose from the fact that a portion of the party either did not understand the principles of the party, or had not the courage to apply them.

"We have to learn," he says, "it seems to me, in the light of the Irish question, that the broad and distinguishing principle of the Liberal party is the government of the people by the people—the government of the people by their own consent. If Liberals surrender this principle, or are afraid to acknowledge it, and to act upon it; if they compel the people to be despotically ruled, then parliamentary representation is useless, and had better be laid aside."

The place of honour, however, in Mr. Reid's collection of opinions from representatives of the new Liberal party is given, next to Mr. Gladstone, to Mr. Labouchere, who seems to be bidding against Sir William Harcourt for the future leadership. According to Mr. Labouchere, the chief items of the new programme are the establishment of a domestic legislature in Ireland, with Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament for imperial purposes only; a progressive income tax and succession duty; the disendowment and dis-

* "The New Liberal Programme." Contributed by Representatives of the Liberal Party. Edited by ANDREW REID, author of "Why I am a Liberal," etc. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., Paternoster Square. 1886.

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establishment of the Church; a thorough reform of the land laws, and the abolition of all hereditary rights to legislate. Curiously enough Mr. Labouchere is almost silent on two questions which another distinguished Radical, namely, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, considers of paramount importance. Sir Wilfrid says: "The British nation may be described as a great drinking and fighting establishment," and his recipe for getting the Liberals back to power, is for them to declare a crusade against drinking and fighting.

"If they will only tell the people honestly and straightforwardly how the publicans rob them every year of £120,000,000, and the fighting interests of about £30,000,000, for no earthly good to any human beings, except to a few beneficiaries of national abuses, they will, by-and-by, in spite of all the rubbish of Primrose Leagues and Conservative Working Men's Clubs, have an army of intelligent and earnest supporters at their back, who will smite hip and thigh the hosts of Toryism and obstruction."

Other noteworthy contributions to Mr. Reid's volume are from the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Thurlow, Mr. Walter James, Mr. Thomas Burt, Mr. Allanson Picton (who is strong on the education question), Mr. Benjamin Pickard, Mr. Edward Russell, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. William Summers, Lord Kilcoursie, Mr. George Howell, Dr. Parker, Sir B. W. Foster, and others. Mr. Reid's own introduction and concluding remarks also add considerably to the interest of his book.

IRELAND AND THE CELTIC CHURCH.*

THE learned Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Trinity College, Dublin, will add both to his own reputation and that of the illustrious University with which he is connected by this, his latest, production. Originally delivered as public prelections in the Divinity School, these lectures embody in a pleasant style, and in non-controversial treatment (can any Irish subject at the present time be non-controversial? the reader will probably exclaim), the history of the age specified on the title-page. As the author justly remarks, the learned volumes of Skene, although giving the latest results of modern research on the subject, do not deal with purely Irish matter, Scotland being also included. The older historians, as Lanigan, King, and Todd, are too erudite for the general student, or reader, and are, to a large extent, controversial. Dr. Stokes, keeping these facts in mind, has produced a work which, while it may justly lay claim to be regarded as authoritative, the principal writers upon the subject having been consulted with judicious discrimination, will interest the general reader, and should form a valuable addition to the library. These lectures trace the origin of Celtic Christianity and its development, discuss the vexed question of St. Patrick and his mission and place of birth, and weigh the evidence afforded by the "Book of Armagh;" the conversion of Ireland; St. Columba; treat in an interesting manner the famous Paschal controversy; narrate the mission of St. Augustine; draw a picture of monastic and social life in those early times; investigate the origin of the Round Towers, to which Dr. Stokes assigns a much later date than many antiquarians; show the influence of the Danish invasion of Ireland and the Danish kingdom of Dublin; the influence of Brian Boru, and the ultimate triumph of Christianity; and conclude with a narrative of the Sees of Dublin and Armagh and the union with England. Every student of Ecclesiastical history in its various branches should obtain Dr. Stokes' valuable book.

* "Ireland and the Celtic Church." A History of Ireland from St. Patrick to the English Conquest of 1172. By GEORGE T. STOKES, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

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COLONIAL FRANCE.

THE determined efforts made by France during the last ten years to establish extensive colonies in various parts of the world, have not been so fully appreciated by English political writers as to induce any authority of note to write a clear and exhaustive account of her operations. The gap has now been filled by Captain Norman, late of the 90th Light Infantry, who wrote some years ago an excellent work on "Armenia and the Campaign of 1877," and more recently another on "Tonkin; or, France in the Far East." The present volume deals in the most elaborate manner with the colonial possession of our Gallic neighbour, giving first a historical summary and an account of the financial administration; then describing in succession the French settlements in Africa; the islands in the Indian Ocean; the remaining possessions in the East Indies; the islands in the Pacific; Cochin China, Annam, and Tonkin; Martinique, Guadaloupe, Guiana, Madagascar, Obock, and Tunis. The author has gone to work in a most systematic manner, and the chapters devoted to each French possession are crammed with facts and statistics as closely as Hazell's "Annual Cyclopædia." Captain Norman very truly observes that:—

"From the colonial history of France we may learn many a valuable lesson. The rapidity with which the colonial empire founded by Louis XIV. crumbled to pieces under the unskilfully conducted expeditions of our naval and military forces, should teach us the necessity for inaugurating such a scheme of Imperial defence as shall effectually prevent a like humiliation overtaking Great Britain. In the system which gives its colonies representation in the Senate and the Chambers may, perhaps, be found a solution for that vexed question, an Imperial Parliament; and out of the many plans propounded by French Ministers of War may be found a royal road, the construction of a Foreign Service Army, which shall obviate the necessity of garrisoning our distant stations with half-trained and half-grown lads."

While persons interested in Imperial Federation will find the book of great value, the deductions the author draws from the colonial progress of France are so serious that we trust that it will be generally read and appreciated by the public at large:—

"There is no shutting our eyes to the fact that the distant possessions of France are not colonies in our sense of the word, nor are they looked upon as colonies by our neighbours. They are purely military settlements, destined, in the event of war, to be strategic points whence England's trade can be crippled, and England's colonies ruined. Scarcely a week passes without some leading Parisian journal betraying this sentiment, and it behoves us to act in time. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. The whole Eastern portion of the peninsula of further India is now overrun with French troops, and ere long our frontiers will be conterminous with those of France on the eastern boundary of India, as they practically are with those of Russia on the western frontier."

"Colonial France" is furnished with a good map.

KINTAIL PLACE.*

A TALE of the French Revolution is a novelty nowadays, and the author of "Dorothy: an Autobiography," therefore, has provided the circulating libraries with something fresh for their jaded readers. The story is laid partly in England and partly in La Vendée, and the great historic struggle of the peasants is portrayed with a skill which would have saved the novel from being a failure, even had the story been less dramatically told. At times the writer seems to forget that she is writing a novel, and becomes too much of a historian; but this is a common failing even with the best of novelists, and the charge has been even brought against Dickens in describing too minutely the Gordon riots in

* "Colonial France." By C. B. NORMAN. London: Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. 1886.

"Kintail Place." By the Author of "Dorothy: an Autobiography." London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co. 1886.

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"Barnaby Rudge." However, too much cream is better than too much water, and after the thin and sketchy stories English novelists have been regaling their readers with of late, "Kintail Place" will be read with relish. The heroine is a charming character, and relates the story of her love troubles and terrible adventures during the Vendéan conflict in an unaffected and yet dramatic manner, which gains her the esteem and affection of the reader, who is not likely to forget her for a while. The plot is excellent.

THE EGOIST.*

"THE EGOIST" is the most remarkable, though not, I think, the best, of Mr. Meredith's novels. It is not so much a story as (what indeed it claims to be) a comic drama in the style of Molière, devoted to the exposition of a single character, Sir Willoughby Patterne, the typical egoist. Sir Willoughby is the Sir Charles Grandison of our day, taken from another and an adverse point of view, and treated with double-edged irony in place of the sincerely respectful attitude of Richardson. I know nothing in prose fiction equal of its kind to the relentless persistence of manipulation, the undeviating and unpitying accuracy of vivisection, shown in the whole treatment of the self-worshipper. Without losing individuality he becomes a type; and there is in egoism so much of our common nature, that the representation throws light on the broad outlines of humanity. Indeed, in wealth of thought and comment, in analysis of character, in shrewd wisdom, "The Egoist" is at the head of Mr. Meredith's books. To read it is to enlarge our knowledge of the world and of ourselves.

At the same time we miss—according to the plan of the work, we cannot but miss—those two qualities of tragic intensity and poetic richness, which many of Mr. Meredith's admirers consider to be his very greatest gifts. It is these qualities which raise "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Rhoda Fleming," and "Sandra Belloni," to a station almost as far above "Evan Harrington" or "The Egoist" as Shakespeare is above Molière. It is a touch of the same qualities that renders the "Tale of Chloe" the finest—decidedly the finest, I think—of the three short stories published by Mr. Meredith in a magazine now extinct,—stories which I may be permitted to hope will be included, with "The Tragic Comedians," in a future volume of the uniform edition. On its own ground "The Egoist" is matchless: indeed, the very ground itself is far out of the reach of any rival. It remains, and it must remain, solitary among novels, a work which is at once more and less than a novel, a work which it is given to but one man in a generation, perhaps to but one man in an age, to write; a work which must be prized by the few, and yet for ever "*caviare* to the general."

* "The Egoist: a Comedy in Narrative." By GEORGE MEREDITH. New edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1886.

THE CRUISE OF THE LAND YACHT "WANDERER."*

THE title will recall to mind Mr. C. A. Collins' vivacious story of "Cruise upon Wheels," in which the journey of the timorous Mr. Pinchbold and the sagacious Mr. Fudge, in their cabriolet through France, is told with so novel effect and humour. Mr. Stables, also a hero of the road, but of a very different type, astutely provided for himself and the companions of his tour a most elegant equipage, which he, true to his nautical instincts, christened the land yacht "Wanderer." From the description given us of this "land

* "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer.'" By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

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yacht" it must have presented a most imposing appearance, brave in its polished mahogany with black-and-gold mouldings, and we can readily imagine the look of awe-struck wonder which the advent of this novel carriage would produce upon the faces of our unsophisticated rural populace, who, as we understand from the author, were greatly exercised in mind to discover under which of the thirteen designations the gallant owner and his "yacht" were to be classed, these being respectively and continually mistaken for—1. "General" of the Salvation Army. 2. Surgeon attendant on nervous old lady supposed to be insane. 3. A travelling artist. 4. Photographer. 5. Menagerie. 6. Cheap Jack. 7. Bible carriage. 8. A mad man. 9. An eccentric baronet. 10. A political agent. 11. Lord E——. 12. "Some other 'Nob.'" 13. The King of the gipsies. The reader must refer to the book—which we very cordially recommend—for the plan of the yacht, and the description of its ingenious, not to add luxurious appointments, among which were included a harmonium and a pier-glass! All these are clearly stated, and to one who possesses the time and means requisite we can conceive of no more pleasant and healthful manner of spending a few weeks than that pursued by Dr. Stables, who in his very admirable Appendix gives us, among much other valuable advice, a list of diseases for which this novel species of "yachting" may be supposed to prove a specific. The book contains some very excellent descriptions of the country travelled through from the South of England to Scotland and back, the doctor being evidently an ardent lover of nature, which he admires apparently not only enthusiastically but also intelligently. "The Cruise of the Land Yacht 'Wanderer'" should have a wide and well-deserved popularity.

CHARLES DICKENS.*

ADMIRERS of Dickens will welcome this edition of Mr. Dolby's interesting book. Even in these days of cheap popular editions it is a surprising three-and-sixpenny worth.

Mr. Dolby's main object is, as set forth in the sub-title of the volume, to tell the story of the famous Reading Tours of Charles Dickens, and he does this with equal credit to himself and pleasure to his readers. He says of the Tours that they were the most brilliantly successful enterprises of their kind that were ever undertaken, and judged by the financial results, this does not appear to be an exaggerated statement. But what will probably interest readers most is not the chronicle of Dickens's successes on the platform, so much as the personal characteristics of the man which this book reveals and the glimpses it gives of his private life. According to Mr. Dolby's friendly portraiture, Dickens was the soul of geniality, sympathetic, and full of consideration for others; appreciative in the highest degree of attentions shown to him, yet modest in all matters appertaining to himself; infinitely painstaking, and faithful in carrying out all he undertook.

In common with many other great men, Dickens was at times possessed of an almost boyish exuberance of animal spirit. It is amusing to think of this man, tall, upright, sinewy, with eyes large and eloquent, and face deep-lined and bronzed, with wiry moustache and grizzly beard, dancing a "sailor's hornpipe" in a railway carriage, or imitating the frolics of a Grimaldi in one of the squares of Portsmouth.

The "American Experiences" furnish instructive and enjoyable reading. Having in mind the recent visit to this country of Henry Ward

* "Charles Dickens as I knew him." The Story of the Reading Tours in Great Britain and America. By GEORGE DOLBY. Popular edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

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Beecher, it is interesting to learn what Dickens thought of that much-admired and much-abused Divine.

"I found him" (writes Dickens) "an unostentatious, evidently able, straightforward, and agreeable man; extremely well-informed, and with a good knowledge of art."

Altogether a large amount of exceedingly pleasant reading is contained in this volume, and in its present cheap form it should have a very great sale.

THE QUEEN'S LAND; OR, ARD AL MALAKAT.*

COMMANDER LOVETT CAMERON, who has recently established for himself a reputation as a writer of the class of stories that have become so popular since the success of "King Solomon's Mines," has on this occasion struck ground in a fresh part of Africa—Somali land, and the region lying between it and the Equator, now the scene of rival Italian and German exploration. Starting from Aden the hero and his companions cross over to the Somali coast, and, plunging into the interior, penetrate to a wonderful country, the home of savage and curious tribes and animals and reptiles, whose ferocious attacks haunt the reader for many a day. The journey through the Valley of the Snakes equals in dramatic intensity anything ever written by Mayne Reid, and in realistic writing some of the best episodes in Jules Verne's books. The fight with the giant lizards and the conquest of the king of the snakes are described with unusual dramatic skill. The hero is a genuine English hero. If there is any adventure in front of him he goes straight at it, and penetrates, as a matter of course, to the dark and gruesome caves of the lizard country, where human skeletons everywhere mingle with the bones of wild animals, and hideous monsters lay in ambush for fresh victims. Commander Cameron is a capital story-teller, and there is not a single dull page in his book. Now that Christmas is at hand, we would strongly recommend it as a gift book to boys, who will appreciate the adventures in it as keenly as any adult.

* "The Queen's Land; or, Ard Al Malakat." By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON. London: Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co.

FOREST OUTLAWS; OR, SAINT HUGH AND THE KING.*

MR. GILLIAT has produced a most charming book for boys, which will be read with no less interest by those of a larger growth. The incidents of the tale have reference principally to the reign of Henry II., shortly after the murder of Thomas à Becket, and present to the reader a capital picture of life, monastic, social, and military, in the twelfth century. The author has evidently been inspired by the utterance of Mr. Froude in one of his "Short Studies," in which he (Mr. F.) declares "the story of Hugo of Lincoln has been too long unknown to us. It ought to be familiar to every English boy. Such men as he were the true builders of our nation's greatness," and, as the result, done his best to give practical effect to the learned historian's remarks. Mr. Gilliat has obtained the materials for his story chiefly from the two Latin lives of St. Hugh, in the Roll's series, and has also consulted the works of Walter Mapes and Giraldus Cambrensis, etc., with the result that we have vividly brought to our notice both the importance and influence of the monastic institutions of that day upon the education and manners of the age. Our young friends will enter with much enthusiasm into the adventures of Mervyn and his sister Nesta, and brave Maurice de Caen, whose noble

* "Forest Outlaws; or, Saint Hugh and the King." By the Rev. E. GILLIAT, M.A. London: Seeley & Co. 1887.

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but mysterious parentage is concealed during the progress of the greater part of the story, while the bold vigour and manful piety of Bishop Hugh and his fearless encounters with King Henry II., Richard Cour de Leon, and King John will make them staunch adherents of that doughty and remarkable prelate. The sketches of the Priory of St. Albans, and of the unjust operation of the Forestry laws are good. The volume, handsomely illustrated, will form an admirable Christmas present for the rising scions of our homes fresh from school, with a keen appreciation for any augmentation of the enjoyment of their holidays at that hilarious season.

WAR AND PEACE.*

RECENTLY Europe has discovered that Russia possesses some good native novels, and in America there is quite a mania for translating them just now. This mania has hardly yet "bitten" the British public, and although Turgenieff is known through half-a-dozen bad translations and one good one, Tolstoi is still a comparative stranger. "War and Peace" is a novel of twelve hundred pages, every page containing an ample allowance of print. It is a historical novel, of the period preceding and during the French invasion of Russia, and possesses very little plot. There are plenty of heroes and heroines, at least three of each; and a swarm of minor characters representing almost every type of Russian society of the period. Tolstoi is a realist, and at times he is as cynical as Balzac, but he is never disgusting or repulsive; he sketches the good and humorous side of life as cleverly as Dickens, and, like that Radical, delivers many a hearty blow at the barnacles of Russian bureaucracy. In Russia "War and Peace" is a favourite novel, and considering that Russians still take a deep interest in the invasion of their country by Napoleon, one can readily understand why it should be more popular than in this country, where the interest in that catastrophe is limited, and people too busy to read a novel longer than three ordinary English novels put together. None the less, Tolstoi's description of Russian events of the early part of the present century is so valuable, from a historical and social point of view, that we venture to predict for "War and Peace" a permanent place among translations of standard foreign novels. It is rather a pity that it should have been done into English, not from the original Russ but from a French translation. This accounts for the frequency of French and French-spelt words, which no translator from the original would have used, or misspelt; such as, for instance, *Telega*, a cart, which is printed throughout as *Télègue*. However, on the whole, the translation is a good one, and we trust Messrs. Vizetelly will follow it with other novels of Tolstoi.

* "War and Peace." By COUNT TOLSTOI. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1886.

THE HISTORY OF THE FORTY VEZIRS.*

IT is still a debated point whether classical stories of the East should be rendered into English with the plainness Burton has adopted in his version of the "Arabian Nights" or appear solely in the abridged and emasculated form favoured by certain publishers. Mr. Gibb has endeavoured to steer an even course between these two rocks, with the inevitable result that he will please neither the scholar nor the general reader. For the former he has not gone far enough, although rendering some of the tales very plainly, and in three instances printing the original transliterated into the Roman alphabet. We hardly see the use of this, for if a reader knows Turkish he does not need

* "The History of the Forty Vezirs." Done into English by E. J. W. GIBB. London: George Redway. 1886.

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the transliteration, as he can readily turn to the original, and if he does not, and is reading the works, say, in the course of investigation into the origin of popular stories, he is sure to be offended at having his curiosity baffled. On the other hand, there are passages and incidents which render the book scarcely one the average English paterfamilias would care to leave about the place. On the whole, therefore, we are inclined to think that Mr. Gibb would have done better in realising his earnest desire to render into English a standard and permanent version of the celebrated Turkish romance of the "Forty Vezirs," if he had first followed Burton's example, and issued a limited number of unexpurgated copies for scholars, and then a popular edition devoid of every passage that might offend. Perhaps this latter course may be yet adopted, for "The History of the Forty Vezirs" is so interesting that Mr. Gibb's translation is sure to be widely read, in spite of blemishes which, if they had not existed, would have certainly secured it a wider circulation still.

HEATHER BELLES.*

PORRIDGE is a very wholesome and nourishing article of diet, but it is possible to have too much of it. At present Scotch novels are a little "off;" and the average English reader is roving in fresh directions in search of love scenes new. On this account, for the sake of an author who has really written a very good story, we have refrained from appending prominently to "Heather Belles" the sub-title, "A Modern Highland Story," fearing that we might cause the reader to turn away his eyes at once to some other review. However, now that the secret is out, we hasten to explain that "Heather Belles" is not all porridge; half of the scenes of the book are laid in the Riviera, and in the remainder there is very little indeed of the Scotch dialect. The motto of the book, "*L'Amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher*," affords a fair indication of the tenour of this very pleasant story of the Lily of Glenarton and the Rose of London, who marry the young laird and the minister of Glenarton after the usual complications and misconceptions, that beset Cupid in Scotland and the Riviera as well as elsewhere.

* "Heather Belles." By SIGMA. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo, Hay, & Mitchell. 1886.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHAPLAIN IN THE ROYAL NAVY.*

THIS little book is devoted to the career of William Guise Tucker, vicar of Ramsay, Essex, formerly chaplain of Greenwich Hospital and head of the naval chaplains, who was connected for half a century with the Royal Navy, and whose service was fraught with great moral and spiritual improvement in the lives of men-of-wars' men and marines. Although there was nothing very stirring in his life, he visited many countries and saw many people, and his impressions impart a certain amount of interest to the biographical sketch prepared by his widow. About one-third of the book is devoted to extracts from sermons, letters, and printed works, and to essays on John Wicliff and Huss. One of his observations will indicate the vigorous character of some of his views:—

"I much regret to say that I think the Church of England has nearly failed of doing her duty in this country (Canada). Instead of preaching Christ, the clergy, I hear, preach nothing, or nearly so, but the Church; and the more the people ardently desire the preaching of Christ, and seek that kind of teaching, the more the clergy think it necessary to reiterate 'the Church! the Church!' I have taken, and intend to take, the opposite course, and already I have begun to reap the abundant fruits of it."

* "Recollections of a Chaplain in the Royal Navy." Compiled and edited by his Widow. London: Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. 1886.

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JACK AND THREE JILLS.*

THERE is a good deal that is clever, and more that is amusing in these two neat volumes, which, in their sober dress of plain red sides and salmon-pink back, appear to aim at looking like fiction in handy-volume-classics' clothing.

The reader will probably be sufficiently interested to read them through from cover to cover. Having done so, he will, probably, wonder why he took the trouble, as there is no particular plot, nor any remarkable excitement, and there *is* a perceptible, though perhaps not easily defined, flavour of vulgarity about the book.

Not that the characters are vulgar people. *Jack* (who, by the way, is George for the first seventy pages) is evidently meant to be a sort of Pelham written up to date, who succeeds in life, because somehow he cannot help doing so, who belongs to the best clubs, and moves in "county" and other very superior society. But, somehow, we feel him to belong rather to Bayswater or Bloomsbury than to Mayfair, while yet we are ready to confess, as Mr. Russell Lowell does in one of his pleasant essays, that we tremble before the effort to define the vulgarity of which we are conscious.

The fascinating widow or grass-widow, with a past which is not a favourite subject of conversation, who is the first of the three "Jills," is a good sketch, and the relations between her and Jack are capitally described. Jill the third, the American heiress, whom Mr. Severn, the successful and very self-satisfied hero, ultimately marries, is also a very nice girl indeed. Her father, Cyrus Napoleon Washington Q. Rock, belongs to the tribe of Gilead P. Beck. He, too, has made his pile, and by means of those wonderful oil-wells, which, as Mr. Rock explains, Providence, for its own reasons, has confined to the United States.

He is a good sketch of the shrewd, drily-humorous, American self-made man, who has a proper respect for dollars, without being in the least purse-proud.

He likes literature and art, he enjoys modern Paris much, and old London even more, rummaging out every famous old spot with intense delight.

His daughter is an American girl of the good sort. To prove whether Jack Severn's affections were truly for her or for the dollars, Mr. Rock gives out that he is ruined. Jack, however, comes triumphantly through the ordeal, and we are glad that the bells ring for his wedding with Elizabeth Rock, and not with Jill number two, the rather vixenish Lizzie Vivian, who swayed his heart for a while.

The book will not bear quotation; its merits lie in the ease and fluency of the narrative, the brightness and *entrain* of the style, and a certain freshness in the sketching, rather than drawing, of the characters in the cheerful little drama. Its worst blemishes are faults of taste, which collectively become distinctly bad taste, and are to be regretted.

* "Jack and Three Jills." By F. C. PHILIPS. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

POETS IN THE GARDEN.*

MISS CROMMELIN, the author of "Queenie," "In the West Countrie," etc., has worked out a very graceful idea. Various flowers of the garden are chosen, and verses appropriate to each of the plants selected are given. We have, for example, under the heading *Acacia*, short selections from Moore, Tennyson, and Swinburne; Shakespeare, Spencer, Herrick, Drayton, and others, are laid under contribution for verses on the *Carnation*, or *Pink*; while the *Rose*, as might be anticipated, receives the homage due to the "Queen of Flowers," from

* "Poets in the Garden." By MAY CROMMELIN. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

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numerous bards, including, in addition to Shakespeare, the names of Dunbar, G. Herbert, Waller, Burns, Wordsworth, and Shelley. The excerpts have been wisely made, and the names of the flowers being given in alphabetical order, enables any particular favourite to be found at a glance. There is, in addition, a well-arranged Index, both of the flowers included and the names of the authors whose verses are quoted. We notice in the front page that Miss Crommelin has in preparation a new work, "Poets in the Field," which, if worked out with the same judgment and taste, should prove a welcome companion to the present volume, which every lover of nature will read with interest.

PRINCE PEERLESS.*

THIS book, with illustrations by the pencil of the Hon. John Collier, should prove an attractive volume for the little ones at the coming Christmastide. The tales are graceful and pleasing, and will afford both the eye and the ear of their little readers many an hour of pleasant interest.

* "Prince Peerless." A Fairy Folk Story Book. By the Hon. MARGARET COLLIER. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1887.

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE PAST MONTH.

A Classified Bibliography of the Best Current English and American Literature is in preparation by the Compiler of the following List, which he has arranged to continue monthly in the pages of TIME. *The book itself, which will be issued very shortly, will comprise all the "best books," arranged under scientifically classified Subject Headings, and will indicate the dates of the first and latest editions, the publisher's name, the size and the price of each entry.*

Where the Sub-Class Heading is itself sufficiently distinctive, the arrangement of entries follows the Alphabet of the Authors' Names: otherwise the Subject Word of the Title, or in some cases an Explanatory Key-Word to the contents of a book, gives the Alphabet. Remarks in square brackets are by the Compiler.

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A 1.—BIBLE AND BIBLICAL STUDY.

Blackburn, H. Bible Beasts and Birds, ill. ; 42s., 4to, Paul.
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Smith, Dr. R. P. Daniel : an Exposition ; 6s., cr. 8vo, Nisbet.

A 2.—HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

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A 3.—SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY.

Anselm. Cur Deus Homo ? [tr.] ; 2s., cr. 8vo, R.T.S.
Row, Rev. C. A. Manual of Christian Evidences ; 2s. 6d., 12mo, Hodder.

A 5.—DEVOTION.

Bellars, Rev. W. Before the Throne, w. Pref. Can. Mason ; 2s. 6d., 32mo, Sonnenschein.

CLASS B.—NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND MYTHOLOGY.

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